

FATIMA
MESSAGE
REVEALED

DATE WITH THE GODS

by CHARLES A. SILVA



About the Author

Charles Silva spent a good part of his life as a free-lance public relations man for some of the major motion picture studios in Hollywood.

A typical child of the Jet Set, he worked in many parts of the world. He is well known in Europe, The Orient, and Latin America.

In June of 1974 his life changed dramatically when he had a close encounter with an extraterrestrial in the Andes Mountains of Peru.

Braving scorn and ridicule, Charles Silva shares his enlightening experience giving us a detailed account of the UFO phenomena, God as "The Force" as well as upcoming events for the human race and the planet.

It is fascinating to see how he makes an intelligent parallel comparison between Biblical Prophecies and the headlines today.

The Book . . .

—Reveals the actual text of the Fatima Message suppressed by Church leaders for two decades.

—Confirms that the Biblical Angels are indeed space travellers and intelligences from other parts of the Universe.

—Explains the Mysteries of Sodom and Gomorrah, the Origin of the Great Pyramid, Atlantis as well as the Earth's encounter with a huge celestial body (3200 times bigger). The Bible calls it "Wormwood". Could this cause the tilt on our planet's axis?



Photo by James Black

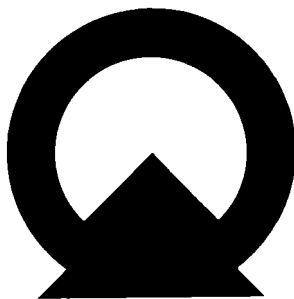
SCIENCE FICTION . . . or REALITY?—YOU BE THE JUDGE.

Price \$9.95

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To Gilbert and Nancy

*And to all those
who cooperated in making this book possible.*

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Editor's Note

We must be continuously aware that the anti-Christ was born out of the negative thought forms of man, and that what was created by man, can also be changed by man.

It is of the utmost importance that we recognize the creative power of our thoughts—a power that transcends knowledge. Our thoughts, attitudes and visualization are potent tools in forging our reality. If we dwell on negative thoughts and express negative attitudes, we will manifest this negativity in our reality. Conversely, if we dwell on positive thoughts and exert our potential for positive living, we will manifest that in our reality.

We are truly the creators—not only of our individual circumstance, but of our world. Each of us as a unit effects the 'whole'. With 'mass' consciousness focusing our energy in unison on positive living and outcomes, there is literally nothing that we cannot accomplish. Together, in this spiritual revolution, we can grow into love and light. But the law of love and light must be made more than just a law. We must make it a way of life. Another key to changing our consciousness to a higher and more developed level is through mindfulness. It is through the quiet mind that the knowingness will surface.

Compassion and Wisdom are the highest forms of Love, so let everything you do be your religion and everything you say be your prayer.

CMB
GJE

Prologue

On October 13, 1917, in Fatima, Portugal, seventy miles north of Lisbon, seventy thousand people witnessed one of the most amazing events of this century. The sun turned pale, emitted brilliant rays of multi-colored light, spun three times on its axis, then power-dived dizzily towards the earth.

The witnesses fell to their knees, terrified and screaming, believing that the end of the world had come.

This was the sixth and last consecutive monthly sighting that year, during which time people reported movements of a tree and the arrival and departure of a cloud-like phenomenon.

Among the people present was a correspondent for one of the major news services of the United States of America. The story, and its details, were printed in less than five hundred words in some hidden corner of one of our largest newspapers. The World Series of 1917 was getting most of the news coverage that week. People here and in the rest of the world just weren't concerned with three young peasant children who had spoken to the Virgin Mary.

The children called this woman "Our Lady of Fatima." For more than a quarter of a century, the Fatima incident went virtually unnoticed, except for an occasional article in some religious magazines.

Later, the picture changed. Fatima became a subject of universal interest. People began talking about a message to the world given by Our Lady of Fatima, to be revealed in 1960. Somehow that message ended up in the Vatican, and as far as all the research is concerned, no Catholic church official has ever made any kind of formal statement about this matter in its entirety.

However, many Roman Catholic priests and scholars have knowledge of the existence of such a message. It was written by one of the three shepherd children who witnessed the event, Sister Maria das Dores, also known as Sister Bernadette.

In 1917, talk about UFOs was not the subject of people's everyday conversations. Flying saucers, Martians, and spaceships were things one read about only in science fiction books. However, when we examine the holy scriptures, legend, and mythology from many parts of the world, we continually come across the same old plot:

Some divinities come from the heavens in some kind of flying chariot. Fire, smoke, light, sound and movement are always described. The idea is the same—the creatures whose presence accompanies this phenomenon are thought to be some type of god, or related to God. They come into some kind of contact with someone. These encounters have been reported in many parts of the world. When the divinity decides it is time to leave, a message is left that eventually becomes religion, mythology, tradition, or legend. Generally, these messages are peaceful, filled with expressions of love, prophetic, spiritual, and, most importantly, they all promise eternal life, Utopia, or paradise. Whatever its called, the imagery remains the same.

This same general plot is recorded in many forms throughout the world and throughout the ages. Some of these events can be verified through research and investigation. When that happens, we call it history.

In this century, the Fatima incident can be likened to the Biblical account of Moses talking to Jehovah on top of Mount Sinai, or to his conversation with the 'burning bush.' If a serious investigator really wants to consider the possibilities, he or she may come up with some answers.

Talk of UFOs is not uncommon these days. Many people from all over the world have claimed to have had some experience with these types of extraordinary events. But, so far, no one has said anything to either conclusively support or deny their existence. According to a Gallup Poll taken in 1973, fifteen million Americans say they have seen some sort of UFO.

A great deal of science fiction material has been written on the subject of extraterrestrial visitors from outer space, from Jules Verne's novels to the world's most sophisticated motion pictures, television series, and non-fiction books.

Modern science has yet to say very much about the outer space phenomena. However, many scholars and investigators are dedicating time to this type of research. As a result, discussions on the subject of UFOs are becoming both more scientific and more common place.

Authors who write about beings from outer space often refer to them as "gods." They cite the holy scriptures of many religions—the bible, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, among others, for UFO evidence.

Mythology, legend, tradition, and history also indicate and bear witness that the earth has been visited by cosmonaut "gods" throughout recorded history.

In order to understand science, one must make objective studies and observations. History, legend and tradition require that one take into consideration their sources and make unbiased deductions. For the deepest understanding of religion, one must also have faith. Often science, history, religion and legend merge, forming a comprehensive picture of the actual events which have inspired such accounts.

This book is one account of an incredible experience that this author would like to share with the reader, or perhaps with some 144,000 people in this world who

have enough wisdom and understanding to see in its pages a parallel to the Fatima incident.

Why 144,000? That was the number given to a man who had a vision on the island of Patmos some 2,000 years ago, thereby inspiring the book of "Revelations."

Keep in mind that 144 is the product of twelve times twelve. Twelve is also the number of signs in the zodiac, the disciples of Jesus the Christ, the tribes of Israel, months in a year, and represents many other things related to astrology and astronomy, *i.e.*, the stars.

Contained in this book is the exact text of the Fatima message as it was given to those three shepherd children. The reader can make his or her own deductions and come to an independent conclusion after reading it.

This time, however, the message will not be given to a church organization. It will go to a publishing company, and I sincerely hope it reaches you.

Before I actually began writing this story, I had many second thoughts. I couldn't even conceive that something like this could have happened, even though I had personally experienced the events related in this book.

How can a person doubt his own experiences? In this case, it was probably because of my unusual religious upbringing. I was raised with the teachings of both the Jewish and Christian religions, and had participated in the rites and rituals of both. My parents agreed that I would be taught both Orthodox Kasher Jewish and Roman Catholic belief systems. Therefore, by the time I was nine or ten, I was a very confused child in matters of religion. When I reached the age of thirteen, I had had both a first communion and a Bar Mitzvah.

As a teenager, I became very rebellious against the guilt that came in the wake of my religious upbringing. By the time I finished high school, I had come to the conclusion that rabbis and priests teach things as far-

fetches as any talk about UFOs and visits to this earth by "gods" from outer space. I learned to be very skeptical of what other people told me to believe, especially religious authorities.

One important benefit I received from my background was an international education. Both of my parents were world travelers and I went to high schools and colleges in many parts of the world. As a result, I received more than mere academic knowledge. I learned about life and people from diverse cultures.

That was sufficient for me to land a job as a junior executive on the tenth floor of a large international corporation, whose headquarters were located in one of the larger buildings in New York City. Having such a job, and being able to speak several languages enabled me to travel to many places in many countries.

In 1974, when these events took place, I considered myself to be an average person. I belonged to the "do your own thing" crowd. I kept up with the Joneses, fought traffic, commuted, went to parties, work and the movies. I liked sports, and did all the ordinary things that average people all over the world do in their everyday lives. Accounts of flying saucers seemed irrelevant, or at best, a subject only for talk at parties, the barber shop, or the local pub. It never goes much beyond that, because most people have been conditioned to believing that anyone who sees a flying saucer is either crazy or high on something.

Before my knowledge of UFOs was probably the same as that of any average world citizen.

I am not a writer. I am simply an ordinary person who has a story to tell. My intention is to relate the experience as it actually happened, rather than to create one. I ask you to judge this book by the content, rather than the form in which it was written.

Our purpose is not to prove the existence of flying

saucers; this is a detailed account of a personal experience. To get the full benefit from this message, it would be advisable to keep an open mind. A few sources of information already in print might be useful to help support this premise.

An author by the name of Erich Von Daniken, and many like him, have been doing research on UFOs, giving lectures, and publishing fully illustrated, documented books, complete with facts, photographs, maps, scientific evidence and other relevant material. Von Daniken is a modern scientist who is looking for answers to the questions left here by the "gods," "angels," "cosmonauts," "chariots of fire," and "flying saucers" of legend, tradition and history. All of these, says Von Daniken, have been visiting the earth for thousands of years.

Many thanks are due these brilliant scientists, for their courage to face prevailing cynicism in order to tell the world, in easy to understand language, supported by documented evidence, that UFOs are not fiction.

Without Mr. Von Daniken's studies and published evidence, I would never have dared to tell my story. I would have feared that people would think I am either a "nut," or someone seeking publicity.

My fear of ridicule, however, was not as great as the guilt I knew I would feel if I didn't share these enlightening experiences with others. At least with those who want to understand the connection between world-wide holy scriptures and the headlines today.

I also felt this story was particularly important for the present time because the world is experiencing much turmoil from wars, pollution, earthquakes, changes in climate, racial unrest, crime, terrorism, and the threat of nuclear devastation, conditions which the Bible describes as being evidence that the earth is now living in its 'last days.'

What you are about to read took place in 1974, in the very same land where "gods," "angels," and "divinities" have been recorded by our ancestors for thousands of years in the form of scriptures, works of art, legends and colossal monuments.

UFO sightings, contacts with alien beings, trips to other planets, and interplanetary pregnancies, have all been reported by ordinary individuals all throughout South America for many years, right up to the present day.

If you have a Bible, it would be useful, to have it handy for reference as it would be of great value to anyone trying to understand certain concepts.

The names of persons and places mentioned in this book have not been changed. They are real places and real people. Since this is a world of reality, and this is a journalistic report, I used the names and trademarks that were part of the story, never meaning to misrepresent them in any way.

It began on June 16, 1974, with a Braniff International flight to Lima, Peru, from Los Angeles, California. A junior executive with a large United States International corporation was going on a business trip for a few weeks.

Chapter I

Discovering the Andes

Arriving at the Jorge Chavez International Airport in Lima, Peru, at seven in the morning was an experience I had gone through many times. The familiar rituals of going past immigration and customs, as well as renting a car, went smoothly. It felt good being back again; the easy-going pace in South America was always a welcome contrast to the rush of big American cities.

After checking into the Lima Sheraton Hotel I went out, had some breakfast, and reported to our Peruvian office for my assignments. As I had anticipated, my stay was set for a few weeks. I looked forward to a round of pleasant, relaxed work which would give me the feeling of productiveness I felt I needed.

As I was leaving the office that afternoon, I saw a notice posted on the bulletin board. A four-day weekend was coming up, and I would have the opportunity to be a tourist for a few days and perhaps venture outside of Lima. Traveling on business makes one a traveler. Doing it for pleasure, one becomes a tourist. On my previous trips to Peru I had visited some nearby towns and cities, but had not ventured further due to lack of time.

Peru is a nation about three times the size of the State of California, with three contrasting climates. It has a lot to offer in the tourism department, and in this modern jet era, one can get to and from the many interesting places in no more than two hours.

The subject of the long weekend came up in a conversation with Nancy, the secretary at our Lima office. Since she had no plans for the long weekend either, we decided to take a trip together to a city called Huancayo, located high in the Andes Mountains. Nancy

recommended Huancayo because it was where tourists went to see the "Sunday Fair," that city's main feature, in addition to the lovely climate, good food and things to buy, and, most important of all, a relaxing atmosphere conducive to a few days' rest. We planned to leave right after work Thursday evening and to return the following Monday afternoon.

For the next two days, I looked forward to an idyllic, honeymoon-like weekend that would take me away from my fellow human beings. My body was hypertensive from living in large cities such as New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Rome where people bumped into each other on crowded streets, elevators and trains. I was also tired of hustling waiters, catching the 5:09 to Babylon, battling congested traffic and living with the fear of being mugged. The weekend in Huancayo with Nancy promised a little rest and made me feel at ease; for a few days I could throw aside the suit and tie, forget business and have some fun.

About half an hour before departure time on Thursday, Nancy called and said she couldn't go. Something about her aunt. Blast it. Not for a minute did I believe her story. Angry and hurt, I went out driving to a local resort and stopped at a night club, where I drank and brooded about my ruined weekend. Before I knew it, I was very drunk.

Later, as I drove back to the hotel in my inebriated condition, I remembered that the car rental company had told me the rented car I was driving had already been prepared for driving conditions in the Andes Mountains. Rather than let this sudden change in plans spoil my fun and long weekend, I thought, I would make my way to Huancayo by myself.

By 9 o'clock Friday morning I had gotten a few things together and was driving towards the mountains alone. It was dark and gloomy when I left Lima, but the sunless

dismal day suited my mood. I felt like a rag; I had a hangover, complete with a splitting headache and queasy stomach.

After I had been driving for about 45 minutes, the weather changed. The sun came out and with it appeared blue water, beautiful green valleys and small villages with grazing cattle and happy natives working in the fields. I began to feel better immediately.

I stopped at a small village and had an Alka Seltzer with mineral water to ease my stomach. I later discovered that this beautiful spot was the beginning of the Andes Mountains. The refreshing, clean air was a real treat to my lungs.

The people at the restaurant told me I had another six to seven hours driving time to Huancayo, which was about 150 miles further. Since I had already covered 75 miles in one hour and a half it didn't make any sense that it would take six hours to cover 225 miles. But I soon found out why. As I continued my drive toward Huancayo, the road began to deteriorate with large holes, bumps and ruts. All I could see was a road winding like an endless serpent into the high peaks of the Andes Mountains.

When I passed a small mining village, a sign indicated the altitude was 3,746 meters, 11,238 feet above sea level. The altitude was getting to me, but the worst was yet to come. The higher I went, the sicker I became. I was dizzy, nauseous and my murderous headache returned. I stopped at a nearby mining center, Casapalca, where I was given oxygen. I wasn't sure if the altitude was bothering me or if I was still suffering the effects of the hangover. A nurse at the center assured me that even people who never drink get the worst kind of altitude sickness in that part of the Andes.

Ticlio, a cold, barren spot is the highest point of the Lima-Huancayo drive. A railroad crossing intersects the

road and a sign says, "Punto Ferroviario Mas Alto del Mundo," Highest Railway Point in the World. A figure is given in both meters and feet: 4,818 meters and 15,806 feet above sea level.

Reading that made me even sicker. I stopped the car and had to throw up. As my nausea eased, I looked up and saw another sign. This one said, "Existen Los Platillos Voladores, Contacto Con Ovnis," or, Flying Saucers Do Exist—UFO Contact Point." Below that were some words in Spanish to the effect that one should be prepared to meet them.

Even in my misery at that moment, I managed an uncomfortable smirk. I was in no mood for jokes. I figured some Peruvian clown had gone to a lot of trouble, coming all the way to this high point of the world, 16,000 feet above sea level, to put up a crazy sign. If any place could be called "the middle of nowhere," this was it.

The drive got smoother as I continued my journey. The road, paved at some intervals, started descending. From that high point, one of the most beautiful natural panoramas I had ever seen unfolded in front of my eyes. The mountainous terrain was filled with large cliffs, blue lakes, steep canyons and rolling green hills. I paused to ponder the triumph of engineering that was able to build a railroad at this altitude in this kind of topography.

It was a little past four when I arrived in Huancayo. In spite of the height, it was warm and sunny. The beauty of the countryside soothed my mood and though I still had a slight headache I was beginning to feel like my old self. I drove around the city for a while, but found nothing charming about it. It was commercial, big, dirty, and contained no visible tourist attractions to speak of. What a bummer, I thought, marooned here until the Sunday Fair. I tried to console myself that the beauty of the countryside made the trip worthwhile. I brought the

car to a halt in front of the Hotel de Turistas at Huancayo Civic Center. As I walked into the front door of the hotel, to my surprise I saw an old college classmate friend of mine. We both said at the same time, "What a small world" and "What in heavens name are you doing here?"

"Richard, after not seeing you for five years, here I find you at the top of the Andes Mountains," I said.

"Yes, I'm with the Peace Corps," he said.

"Peace Corps, uh; CIA is more like it."

"Oh, come on, Chacho, you're beginning to sound like that History 102 teacher we used to have."

"Who cares, Richard. I want to get settled. I'm beat."

"Are you staying in the hotel?" Richard asked.

"Not yet, I've just come in. I'm about to check in; I came to see the Sunday Fair."

"Oh, really? That's something well worth seeing," he commented.

"So I've been told by the lady who was supposed to come with me," I said, "but she chickened out at the last minute."

"Listen," Richard said, "you can stay with me, but first let's go and get a good meal."

At that point I didn't feel like eating anything, but it was good to hear English spoken, so I accepted. I followed him to the Restaurante Olimpico, located in the downtown area of the city. I watched Richard order a full course meal. I was afraid my altitude sickness and nausea might return, so I ordered only coffee and toast.

We sat for nearly an hour and recounted the past five years of our lives. I told him about my adventures getting through those mountains. And I complained about the circumstances for which I was sleeping alone this long weekend. I described the beautiful places I'd seen driving to Huancayo. We both agreed this was indeed an enchanting land. Richard told me about a

place, not too far from there, maybe one hour's drive, where one could bathe in warm medicinal waters fed by volcanic springs, which when coupled with the beauty and serenity of the countryside, made this an Andes-Shangri-La. It sounded great, so I made plans to go there that evening.

When he saw how impressed I was by his bike, he said he wouldn't mind trading it for my car for a day or two. He also offered to entertain me that evening, but said he was seeing a couple of girls who had arrived in Huancayo that day. He suggested a double date with them Saturday night. The offers sounded great; impossible to refuse, as I am, number one, a motorcycle freak, and, number two, always available when it comes to ladies.

Armed with just my toothbrush, shaving gear, Richard's directions and the motorcycle, I headed out for the hotel at the warm water springs. By the time I got there it was quite dark, and very cold. I was ready for a good night's sleep.

Acaya Pacte, population twenty-five, and that's pushing it, has maybe twelve or fifteen houses in the whole community. There are two hotels that offer a comfortable bed, a few thick, coarse wool blankets and a bed spread. There are no sheets, no heat, and no toilets. A table and a chair completed the accommodations, but under the circumstances, I was grateful to have these offerings. The people were warm and friendly so I felt at home immediately.

I had just enough strength left to hit the miracle medicinal waters before retiring for the night. The lady at the hotel gave me a gas lamp and the keys to a dilapidated adobe-like bathhouse, located on the shore of the Mantaro River, just a short distance away. Inside the bathhouse was a square hole in the ground, maybe six feet deep and twelve to fifteen feet in length and width, one wooden bench, and some nails on the wall where I

could hang my clothes. The place smelled like a sulphur mine. The water content was high in minerals—sulphur, iron, zinc and vanadium.

It was very cold, but I quickly took off my clothes and jumped into the water. It was like bathing in champagne; millions of tiny bubbles started building up all over me. Then the tremendous carbonation caused goose pimples to appear over every inch of my body. What a magnificent feeling! It was the first relaxing moment I'd had in a long time. Far from the maddening crowd, this was indeed an ideal place for peace and quiet. I immediately decided to stay in this part of the world for my entire weekend.

The water was naturally warm; getting out of it in the below zero temperature took a lot of courage. Not even at reveille in the army had I seen anyone get clothes on their body as quickly as I did that night. I raced up the hill to the hotel to have some hot soup to help warm me.

Despite my fatigue, when I finally got into bed I lay awake, thinking of all the events that had led me to this most beautiful place in the mountains. I was still feeling sorry for myself and angry about having to sleep alone. I wondered why Nancy had decided to cancel our date at the last minute.

I played back the whole Lima-Huancayo trip, including my reaction to the altitude, meeting Richard after five years and getting the motorcycle that brought me to this lovely place. The strangest thing of all kept surfacing in my mind: the UFO contact sign.

Knowing that tomorrow was another day, I grumbled, "*Que sera sera*, whatever will be will be," and fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Chapter II My First UFOs

Saturday morning I awoke to the peaceful, quiet beauty of an Andean sunrise. There was not one cloud in the bright blue sky. The only place in the world where I remember ever seeing a sky like that was in Greece some years ago. I got out of bed to the sound of the flowing river and singing birds. A gentle, caressing breeze completed the perfection of that moment.

The day promised to be a good one to ride around the Andes Mountains on Richard's motorcycle. I felt relaxed and refreshed without a trace of yesterday's ills. Apparently my whole system had already become acclimated to the extremely high altitude.

I dressed quickly and hurried down to the bathhouse. I was lucky to find an open pool, because Saturday was the day many people come here to take their mineral bath. I stayed in the water about half an hour before realizing my appetite had returned. I went back to the hotel for a hearty and delicious breakfast. Then I got on the bike and drove around the mountains and valleys without a thought of the big city. No traffic lights, pollution, speed signs or traffic anywhere. For the first time I was able to open up the throttle on the four-cylinder Honda. The only sounds I heard were those produced by the echo of this powerful bike racing full blast.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself. Suddenly I realized I was approaching the top of the Lima-Huancayo drive, about forty kilometers from where I had seen the UFO contact sign yesterday. I wanted to see it again, and I had the gear to protect me from the cold now. When I got to the sign I stopped, got off the bike, lit my pipe and read both sides of the sign more carefully.

16 DATE WITH THE GODS

Existen Los Platillos Voladores
Contacto Con OVNIS
Saluda A Usted Y El Mundo

(Flying Saucers Do Exist
UFO Contact
Greetings to You and the World)

And on the other side:

Preparamos
Contacto Con Ovnis
Para Salvar A La Humanidad

(Let Us Prepare
UFO Contact
To Save the Human Race)

There was some other small writing, apparently the name of the shop that had manufactured the sign. In good spirits, I smiled as I carefully examined the sign.

A native woman was standing nearby. I asked her, in Spanish, if she had ever seen a flying saucer. But we couldn't communicate as in this part of the Andes the natives speak their own quechua dialect.

I stood there for a while, wondering how the sign got there. Then, deciding it was far too cold to be reading and asking questions about a stupid flying saucer sign on top of a mountain, I took off again on the motorcycle, which seemed a lot more fun.

It was early afternoon when I arrived back in Acaya. The medicinal baths beckoned. My whole being vibrated with all kinds of beautiful feelings. The balmy weather, enticing me to swim outdoors, made me feel even better. In spite of the high altitude, the noon sunshine was warm enough to dry my damp skin, so instead of

toweling myself dry, I stretched out on the grass, hoping to get a sun tan.

I lay there feeling wonderful and at peace. Suddenly, the silence was broken by the sound of a powerful motorcycle approaching. I raised my head at the commotion and saw, at a distance, the shape of a Harley Davidson, the type American patrolmen use. It was too far away for me to make out the driver. My appetite for lunch overcame my curiosity. I got up and started walking towards the hotel dining room. As I approached the hotel, the cycle came nearer and I saw that the new arrival was a girl and she was indeed riding a black and white police bike, complete with red lights, radio, antenna, and all the paraphernalia for police work in the United States.

Unable to control my curiosity, I went right up to the bike. I was stunned to see the L.A.P.D. seal on the gasoline tank. The bike's driver, a very petite young woman, was heading toward one of the bathhouses nearby.

She didn't look very friendly, so I hesitated to approach her. But seeing a Los Angeles Police Department motorcycle high in the Andes Mountains, about 11,000 miles from Hollywood, Los Angeles, Long Beach, or whatever division that bike came from, was enough to overcome my reluctance.

I walked up to her and asked, "How in the world did you manage to get that bike all the way here?"

"Oh, I have ways," she replied noncommittally.

"Didn't the Peruvian customs officials question you when you brought it into this country?"

"Well, actually, they didn't see the way it came into this country."

"How did you smuggle it in, then?"

"That's a long story," she answered, "and even if I told you, you'd probably never believe me."

"Try me; I'm open," I coaxed.

"To answer that, we'd have to chat for the next few days," she said mysteriously.

I gathered from this brief conversation that she was a well educated American girl, more or less in her twenties. She had fair skin, a very pretty face and long black hair. She was wearing jeans, hiking boots, a swiss army shirt, and a heavy army coat with synthetic fur around the hood. Her appearance was pleasant, but for some reason, I immediately judged she was one of those American hippie pot heads who roam around the world hitchhiking and asking for spare change.

I asked my questions cautiously, but she remained aloof, answering with a mischievous smile and a mysterious expression. There was something strange about her eyes that I found disturbing, but I couldn't quite figure out what it was. Since she didn't appear very willing to talk about the police bike, I changed the subject.

"Are you with the Peace Corps?"

"No," she answered simply.

"Then you must be with the CIA."

"No," she said emphatically, "I am certainly not with the CIA."

"Are you an American?"

"No."

My patience running out, I decided to end this brief conversation. I started to walk away. She stopped me with a question, "You'd really like to know, wouldn't you?"

"As a matter of fact, I would."

"Okay, what would you like to know?"

"First, how did you get that bike away from the fuzz?"

"Oh, that was easy. One day a few friends and I were driving on the Hollywood Freeway in California, minding our own business, when a policeman comes up

behind us and gets us out of the car at gun point, for no reason whatsoever. We didn't appreciate this one bit and, with our combined efforts, some persuasion and charm, we managed to leave him handcuffed with his own cuffs to a freeway pole. We took the motorcycle as a souvenir of sunny California."

"You really expect me to believe that?"

"Why not? What reason would I have to lie to you? You're the one who wants to talk, not me," she said, annoyed.

"I beg your pardon," I said sarcastically, "I didn't mean to offend you, but I come from a city where one meets a lot of nuts who say some far out things to get attention."

Her eyes looked at me steadily. She certainly didn't look like a nut. "Anyway," I continued, "who is this 'we' you keep talking about?"

"We are a few friends. We travel around the world bringing the word of God."

"Oh, you're one of those 'Jesus freaks.'"

"No, I'm not a Jesus freak."

"Oh no? You just bring the word of God by stealing motorcycles from poor, defenseless policemen, right?"

"Not really. Things like that happen only when we encounter too much interference with the purpose of our mission."

"And what, pray tell, is your mission?"

"To save humanity," she said without a trace of embarrassment.

"What's the name of your group?"

"There is no name and we teach no religion or dogmatic creeds. Just the plain Love of God.

"Are you some kind of missionary?"

"Yeah, I guess you could consider me a missionary . . . - in your language."

"What do you mean by 'in your language'? By the way, you haven't even told me where you come from?"

"In due time, and by 'in your language' I mean that when someone brings teachings and guidance, he or she is called a missionary, a guide, a teacher, you name it."

"A hermit, a guru. You enjoy being mysterious, don't you?"

"Let's say cautious."

"Well," I said, exasperated, "if we're going to play 'what's my line' or some guessing game. . . ."

"No, we're not going to play any games. If you have a few minutes to spare, we may come up with some intelligent conversation, though. You don't need to be a genius to understand what I teach; just a little logic, an open mind, some general knowledge and the willingness to understand. I imagine you must have some kind of religious belief. . . ."

I interrupted her irritably. "None, I have none. I don't have any religious or political affiliations. I'm a people lover and consider myself a citizen of the world. I don't even believe in international boundaries."

"Very good, but what about your religious upbringing? Some of it you must still remember, I imagine."

"My religious education was a tough one. Both very Jewish and Roman Catholic. I've learned to be rebellious, materialistic, mean, cruel and to have this terrible guilt about the natural functions of being alive. Like making out, masturbating, even having a girlfriend. You have no idea how much I had to go through to get rid of all the guilt. I abandoned both the church and the synagogue. My last time there was when I was thirteen. I haven't been back since, and I don't intend to return, either. That's how I feel about religion. I get the creeps every time I remember how I had to listen to all that church stuff. I'm a promiscuous character, and both of my religions made me feel dirty for even thinking about sex. Since I sincerely enjoy my sexual freedom, I figured it was better not to worry about religion at all."

I warmed to the subject, which gave me a chance to vent my feelings. "When I lived with my father I had to attend a school run by priests and nuns . . . some places it meant parochial school or no school at all. There are some countries in this world where the whole national education program is in the hands of the Vatican. I guess now you can understand why I'm so fed up with religion."

"Splendid!" she cheered.

Her response surprised me. "What do you mean by that? I don't consider what I've gone through 'splendid.'"

"Don't be angry," she said. "You seem like a bright fellow. You must be the type of person who understands things that can be reasoned at a logical level, right?"

"You're darned right," I said indignantly. "But coming from a world where everything is a rat race, including religion, both faith and spiritualism are out. Commercialism is in. The almighty buck is the general creed, and the most powerful god. Religion is sold on the streets and in the news media—Times Square in New York, Hollywood Boulevard, in Los Angeles, North Beach in San Francisco, Via Veneto in Rome, Picadilly and Oxford Circus in London, Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, Brussels, Paris, Amsterdam, and in any downtown anywhere, you find them: Your Krishnas singing and dancing, Jehovah's Witnesses, Salvation Armies, missionaries, preachers and you Jesus freaks selling Jesus as if He were a piece of meat. Handing out, selling, hustling literature, telling people doomsday is near. And always asking for a handout.

I've traveled all over this blasted world, and I find them no matter where I go. And each step of the way I feel like saying, 'get out of my way.'"

"I think you're right," she said coolly. "But take it easy; don't get so excited. You're supposed to be resting here, right?"

"You mean you agree with me?"

"Well, I certainly do."

I was ready to continue loudly voicing my outrage when something stopped me. From behind one of the mountains, out of the clear blue sky, three slow-moving flying objects appeared, perfectly lined in a triangular formation. As I watched, they suddenly stopped in mid air. I forgot what I was about to say, fascinated with the sight of the oblong objects shaped like two soup dishes put together against each other. They had little humps on the top. While they were hovering over the mountains, I noticed they were metallic in color, something like aluminum. I also saw a glowing amber-orange color that changed to green—almost turquoise. They began moving soundlessly, traveling in different directions. At times their horizontal movements changed to vertical, then hovered in mid-air. Suddenly, with a great burst of speed, they took off, disappearing into the sky. When this happened, I heard a small explosion.

I was thunderstruck. I didn't know what to make of the situation. My mind went totally blank. It's hard to describe my feelings upon realizing that one is actually seeing something from outer space. I flashed back to the UFO contact sign at the Ticlio Pass.

I turned to my new acquaintance and saw her smiling. She seemed amused by the sighting, and not at all surprised.

I said, "Those things weren't airplanes or helicopters."

"Yeah, I know," she said calmly. "They're flying saucers."

I could hardly believe my eyes. Yet, when she reacted to seeing them so casually, I told her I was impressed by her calm attitude.

"Of course I'm calm," she said. "I see them all the time. They're all over the world."

"I never believed those things existed."

"What do you think now?"

"Wow, I don't know what to say."

"I can tell you a lot about flying saucers," she said. "I'm an expert on the matter."

I became suspicious. "Are you sure you're not with the CIA?" I asked. "I know a lot of people who claim to be with the Peace Corps, but they're nothing but CIA agents."

"Don't worry about it. I'm not."

Her know-it-all attitude began to irritate me. "What could you tell me about UFOs?"

"Listen," she said, looking at me directly, "if you have sincere desire to know about UFOs, and all their related matter, why don't you meet me here tomorrow. If you have an open mind, a little simple logic, and some common sense, I can assure you one pleasant day. By the way, bring a Bible."

"A Bible?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes, if you want to know about flying saucers, the Bible is the place to go. There's a lot of evidence of flying objects in its pages."

"You have to be kidding!"

"No, I am not."

"Look," I said, exasperated, "I've just told you how I feel about religious nuts and Jesus freaks. I thought by coming into this part of the Andes Mountains I would be getting away from them, but I can see that you people have taken over these mountains as well!"

"First of all," she said patiently, "let me make it clear that I am not a Jesus freak or a religious fanatic. I won't tell you anything you don't want to believe. If I ask you to bring a Bible, it is mainly for academic purposes, not religious ones."

"All right," I said. "I'll listen to what you have to say. If it makes any sense, I'll be open to it. I still think you're kooky. But I also think there's more to you than meets the eye."

"Try to be here around noon or thereabouts."

She picked up her canvas bag and walked down to the bathhouse, and I went up towards the hotel.

I waited around until I was sure she was in the water, then walked over to the Harley Davison and examined it closely. I had done some work at MGM Studios in Hollywood, and I remembered seeing police motorcycles like the ones used for the television show, "CHIPS." They looked pretty much like this one.

I opened the pouch over the back wheel. It contained an L.A.P.D. traffic citations pad, flares, and a few more items associated with police work. I was convinced the bike was for real.

I walked back to where I had parked Richard's Honda and lay down on the grass by the river, staring up at the clear sky, hoping to see some more flying saucers. I began musing about the UFO contact sign. It meant something after all. And now this girl tells me that I can find evidence of flying saucers in the Bible. And that she had come to bring the word of God.

I started laughing. Here I was in some God-forsaken place in the Andes Mountains of Peru, going to spend my Sunday with some hippie girl reading the Bible. Well, I rationalized, I was already here, my previous plans ruined. At least now I had an adventure to look forward to. I had to admit I was fascinated by anyone with the audacity to leave a cop handcuffed to a roadside pole on a California freeway and take his motorbike. She had to be an interesting character. Besides, I consoled myself, if worse came to worse, I could try to start a romance with her. Who knows, with a little luck I might even score.

I took a swim and then headed back to Huancayo. It seemed to me that it wasn't in the cards for me to see that fabulous Sunday outdoor fair, after all.

During the ride, my mind was on the UFO sighting. I knew what I'd seen in the sky was as real as the motorcycle I was riding. I even remembered very clearly

seeing their shadows on the ground as they hovered above. I never thought I would be one of those people who see "them flying saucers."

It dawned on me that the girl had never told me her name nor where she came from. I knew nothing about her, yet we were supposed to have an open-minded conversation the next day.

When I arrived in Huancayo, I drove around the downtown area, stopping at several places, trying to find a Bible. I hit two bookstores. One was closed, the other didn't carry Bibles.

I went to Richard's apartment. As soon as he saw me, he told me he had lined up the two American girls for a date that night. I accepted the invitation appreciatively, providing he helped me find a Bible first. I'll never forget the look on his face. He said he thought something was wrong with me—first coming to Huancayo alone, then this nonsense about finding a Bible on a Saturday evening just before a date.

Since I didn't think the real reason would improve Richard's opinion about my state of mind, I made up a plausible reason why I wanted the Bible. He suggested we go see one of the local priests and try to borrow a Bible.

The priest was warm and pleasant, but he was unwilling to lend us his Bible, even though there were several in the back room of the church where he received us. I tried persuasion, pleasant manners, charm, bribery. All to no avail. The priest wouldn't release one book. He excused himself, saying he was about to perform a religious ceremony. While he was getting into his ritual clothes, I put one of the Bibles under my heavy jacket. When he returned, we thanked him very kindly for his time and made our getaway as smoothly as possible with the contraband Bible.

Later that evening, Richard and I went out to dinner

with his friends. Later, we went back to Richard's apartment. When everyone was relaxed and comfortable with each other, I decided to tell them about the UFOs. The girls were interested and curious, but Richard took it as just one more account of such sightings. He said he'd never seen one himself, but lots of people in the Huancayo area claimed to have seen some kind of UFO. His comments made me even more curious, and determined to go back to Acaya and meet that girl again. To heck with the Sunday Fair.

The next morning, Richard and the girls were still sleeping when I left the house. I wrote a note saying I wouldn't return until later, but to enjoy the fair for me. I took Richard's bike, certain they would prefer to use the car.

Chapter III

My First Meeting with Rama

A Sunday morning in Huancayo was like being in the vicinity of Pasadena before the Rose Bowl parade. There were people everywhere. They come from many miles away, bringing their goods to the fair, much like the American flea markets. The people, who lived in the neighboring towns, were both manufacturers and buyers. They meet here at the culmination of a week's work. There was an air of business and festivity mingling together to create a cheerful mood in that city.

Seeing so many people on the street that early in the morning aroused my curiosity. I decided to browse around the fair for a while. I even bought a few things.

Some time after 10 o'clock, I headed for the mountains. It didn't take much more than an hour to get to Acaya Pacte. I immediately headed for the medicinal springs to bathe as I had noticed how great I felt afterwards. Again, I spoke to someone at the pool who related stories about hopelessly ill people who travelled great distances to bathe in these volcanic springs and who had been cured of such formidable diseases as ulcers and cancer. I listened politely because the young man spoke with faith and sincerity, but to me his stories of miraculous healings were a little unbelievable.

As I nodded and yessed, I was thinking about the girl I would meet here later. I began to feel nervous and anxious; the longer I waited, the more I just wanted to get it over with.

I began considering several bizarre possibilities. After all, I knew nothing about this woman. What if she were a mental case? Or with the CIA? Or connected to some international smuggling operation involving drugs, the Mafia, espionage. Even the Peace Corps was suspect as it was sometimes used as a front for illegal activities. This

place would be an ideal hideout for someone avoiding the law. She might even be a member of the Symbionese Army, or the long-sought Patty Hearst, whose kidnapping had dominated the news recently.

I tried to relax. So what if she were? She was nice, not bad looking, had a good body, was certainly interesting enough. And she had left me with a good impression. She seemed sincere, open, straight-forward, and extremely self-confident. She didn't show the kind of underlying fear of someone who was being hunted by the police or Mafia executioners. But the police motorcycle bothered me. How could anybody manage to get away with riding around on something so obviously stolen without getting caught? Someone had to see it in over 11,000 miles of travel. This young lady was very mysterious indeed. And there was something strange about her deep, penetrating eyes.

I was out of the water, feeling great, when she finally arrived. I didn't hear any cars, buses or her Harley Davidson to announce her arrival. We greeted each other. She seemed light-hearted and cheerful. I asked how she had gotten here; she said she had walked. She was wearing a white, one-piece robe-like garment with a light blue sash around the waist. Again, I was struck by the unusualness of this girl.

"By the way," I said casually, "you never told me your name yesterday."

"Call me Rama," she said.

"What an unusual name."

"Thank you. What's yours?"

"Charles. But my friends call me Chacho. Are you going to tell me where you came from?"

"Please, let's not start that again."

"Look, I really don't care if you are the queen of Sheba or Patty Hearst in disguise, but I'd like some answers to the questions I've been wrestling with for the last 24 hours."

"Well, I don't know you all that well yet," she answered, "but once we get acquainted a little better, and if I think you're able to handle it, I'll tell you many interesting things."

"It's a deal."

"I see you were a good boy and brought your Bible."

"Well, isn't it nice to feel superior and teacherlike," I said sarcastically. "It wasn't easy, but here it is." I held out the book. "Uh oh, this Bible is written in Spanish!"

"That's okay with me," Rama said coolly. "I speak Spanish, too."

Rama's Spanish was more than good, it was great; fluent as any Peruvian native. Her proficiency in the language reawakened my suspicions. She had obviously had lots of training in Spanish. Maybe I had been right; she could be CIA. After all, in this part of South America, secret agents were not uncommon.

She looked straight at me as these thoughts raced through my mind. Again I observed that strange mysterious stare. Then, with a Mona Lisa like smile, she said, "Relax, I'm not with the CIA."

Her comment startled me. "How did you know what I was thinking?"

Again, the mysterious smile. "Your eyes are giving you away."

"If I remember correctly," she said, "you are here today because you are interested in UFOs."

"You're right," I said, turning my attention back to the Bible in my hand. "What kind of relationship do you establish between the Bible and flying saucers?"

"First of all," she began, "let me remind you that this little book was written many thousands of years ago by many people whose names are familiar to you—Moses, King David, Solomon, Ezekiel, Daniel, Saint John, Saint Matthew, even the words of Christ are here."

"Yes, I recognize those names."

"Chacho, these were sober people who wrote of their

personal experiences, as they happened to them. Sometimes they related events that happened to others. I'm sure you don't believe they were giving accounts of things they had only imagined, do you?"

"No, I don't think so," I said.

"We must take into consideration that these people had to have some actual experiences in order to write their stories. And you have to realize that language changes over the years and that these accounts have been subject to different translations and many kinds of interpretations. This little book has been through the mill.

"Moses and Ezekiel did not use the words UFO, flying saucer or spaceship, because that type of terminology was unknown in their day," she explained, teacher-like. "They called them 'thick clouds,' 'pillars of fire,' 'chariots of fire,' and 'pillar of cloud.'"

She was making some sense. I remained quiet and let her continue.

"All right; American Indian traditions also talk about 'the Thunderbird,' and the 'Phoenix Bird' that rises from the flame to fly with its wings on fire. Let's say you were going to write about the launching of a spaceship from Cape Kennedy next week. You would use the terminology available to you today. Thousands of years ago, you most likely would have used the words associated with flying and sound, using 'bird' for flying and 'thunder' for sound, thus creating the imagery of some object flying with a sound like thunder.

Let's take for instance, Chap 19 of Exodus, written by Moses, verse 16."

"How do I find it?" I asked.

"Just as in any other book, look at the index."

I felt like an idiot, but I had never really read the Bible, except briefly in Junior High School, when a few friends

and I tried to get turned on by reading some erotic passages about King Solomon. Besides, the Bible had never held the same attraction for reading as Penthouse or Playboy magazines.

I started to read aloud, Exodus 19: 16 to 19:

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled.

And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

I stopped reading, "Okay, hold up a minute," she said. "What do you make out of these words, using simple logic?"

She looked straight into my eyes. "If you think you need more background to understand it, remember the movie 'The Ten Commandments' where Charlton Heston plays Moses? The whole movie is about the book of Exodus."

"I remember; I saw the movie."

"Well, what do you make out of it?"

I reviewed the passage I'd just read. "Okay, verse 16 talks about a thick cloud, light, and a blasting sound. The loud trumpet I can associate with the same kind of noise you hear at JFK International Airport after a TWA 727

or 747 has taxied down the runway and is about to turn off the engines. For some reason, they get louder before shutting off completely.

"In verse 18, the smoke could have been the result of an aircraft's propulsion system."

I continued my recitation to my young "teacher."

"The mountains quaking could be the echoing of the landing sounds. In verse 19, the voice of the trumpet might have been some sort of loud speaker system."

This whole conversation began to get too serious for my comfort, so I added playfully, "And the burning, the smoke, was probably weeds, plants, or garbage like paper cups, fried chicken boxes, what have you, left by people after their coffee breaks . . ."

"You're being funny," she said, laughing, "but you're getting the idea. Now, look at Ezekiel. First chapter, verse 4."

I began reading again:

And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire.

"Just listen to the words! This is a descriptive narration. The guy is just giving us a detailed account of what is happening. Take it from the very beginning, see his style—descriptive. It's hard to refute after you read the whole thing. It doesn't seem possible that this man could have made it all up, or that he was tripping on something."

"Fine. I believe you. I believe what's in here. It makes a lot of sense. But why didn't they teach it that way in Hebrew school?"

"We'll get to that later," she said. "Let's get back to Exodus for now, Chapter 13:19—remember the part where the Jews get out of captivity in Egypt?"

"Right!"

"Then start reading from here."

And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him; for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones hence with you.

And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness.

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

Rama said, "Doesn't it make sense that this pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night has to be some kind of UFO?"

"Maybe if I hadn't seen those flying things hovering over this mountain yesterday, I'd say you were cuckoo, but after what I saw, I guess I could imagine Moses talking to someone inside a UFO at Mount Sinai in biblical times." I looked at her questioningly. "Yesterday you didn't seem surprised at all. Do you know something more about this than you've been telling me?"

"Yes, I know a great deal," she said without hesitation. "Much more than you seem to know. Now, going back to what I was saying, don't you think that these words, just by matching mental images to the literal translation, can mean something today? You can take any Bible of any religion, any translation, any version and every single one of them will tell you that Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of fire."

My cynicism forgotten, I said, "Wow! You are really blowing my mind. I've always wondered what made you hippies so interesting. What else can you tell me? What you're saying makes a lot of sense to me. I guess you

were right when you said that one doesn't always have to be a genius to understand what you're saying."

"Charles, I told you that you have the right kind of mind. I'm glad I met you. You understand, and that's important."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we always look for people who are open to these subjects."

"But how could you know I am open to those subjects?"

"It's written all over you. Just remember the day before yesterday when you saw the sign about UFOs in Ticlio, you laughed. Look at you now; you're a believer."

She started to laugh, and suddenly got up to go to the edge of the water. I sat there with my Bible, completely amazed. Then it dawned on me. I had never told her about reading that sign. How did she know?

She called to me then. Together we walked towards one of the bathhouses.

When we went in, Rama undressed without a trace of shyness and jumped into the water. I stared, transfixed. She was absolutely beautiful; I had never seen such physical perfection. Even though she was very petite, her anatomical proportions were exquisitely feminine.

Without hesitating, I took off my clothes and followed her into the pool.

"Rama, you are indeed a beautiful girl," I said, feeling a need to make some comment on the subject.

She didn't respond to my compliment, so I decided to make conversation along other lines.

I was very curious about this strange young woman. I wondered who was the "we" she had spoken of. Maybe a commune where young hippies lived together?

"These friends of yours," I said, "do they have some ideas about flying saucers?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Do you people have a name?"

"What kind of a name?"

"Well, like Jehovah's Witnesses or the Krishnas, you must call yourselves something."

"No, we don't have any identification tags. We don't live in one place, either. We go all over the world, talking to all kinds of people."

"Then how do you manage to finance yourselves, your magazines, literature, your trips? Do you sell dope or does the CIA support you?"

She laughed. "You're cute. And you're getting to be a lot of fun. Stick around."

"That depends on what you have in mind," I said, with a seductive tone in my voice.

"Not what you have in mind," she said firmly, smiling.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

She interrupted. "It's all right, you don't have to apologize for a man's natural reaction. And, by the way, we don't sell magazines, literature or dope."

I was relieved she was able to take my promiscuous nature in stride. So far, we were getting along very well and I knew I shouldn't blow it by suggesting something like sleeping together. Not yet, anyway. I said, "Rama, you have a nice easy way of handling people. Your attitude is healthy."

"Talking about healthy, how's your health?" she asked.

"Great," I said, "I feel fine."

"You really think so? Come over here and we'll see. Sit by the edge of the pool and let me see the bottoms of your feet."

"My feet?"

She took one of them and began pushing the knuckles of her fingers into the bottoms of it. I screamed in pain with some of the thrusts.

She commented on each area, saying, "This part of

your feet reflects the lungs, this is your liver, your spleen, your spine. . . ."

In a few minutes she told me I was smoking far too much, eating too much meat, and that my eyes were somewhat tired due to too much motion picture and television viewing.

A month earlier a doctor in New York City had told me exactly the same thing.

"This is called foot reflexology, zone therapy," she explained when I questioned how she could know such things by massaging the bottoms of my feet. "The very tips of the nerve endings of every organ in your body come all the way here to the bottom of your feet. When I put pressure in this part, you don't get any sensation of pain."

"What part of my body is that?"

"Your spleen. But if I put pressure here," she said, pressing, "you scream bloody murder."

I screamed. "That hurts! What part of my body was that?"

"Your stomach. It seems you have an ulcer."

She was right about that, too. "I've been burning my blood with some job assignments lately," I said. "Hey . . . this is really interesting."

"Actually, you can cure many things by massaging the key points where the nerve endings are."

"If you say so. Where did you learn these things?"

"Just as I go along—from people, places, books. . . ."

"Rama, you sure are full of surprises, but let's get back to UFOs. How does organized religion take this theory about finding evidence of spaceships in the Bible?"

"So far, nothing is happening. I guess everyone is more concerned with church attendance. But there are scientists who are working on finding a connection between holy scriptures and the stars and other planets."

"Yes," I said, "I remember not too long ago, there was something on television about ancient astronauts. At least I heard something to that effect. It's hard to make a point of seeing these things when one doesn't even imagine flying saucers exist. And there's a book by some German guy... about the 'Gods.'"

"'Chariot of the Gods,' by Erich Von Daniken," Rama quickly interjected.

"Yeah, that's it. There's even a movie about it."

"When you see a copy of the book, I suggest you read it. It'll convince you of the existence of UFOs."

"I'm convinced now."

"No, you're not. Not completely. You still have doubts, even after seeing them yourself. But Von Daniken makes it easy to grasp the concept without problems."

"Well, now I'm anxious to get a hold of this book."

"If you're really interested, I could give you a long list of literature of the subject. Actually a lot is being published in newspapers, magazines, books, on it."

"You mean I could go to my local library and study ufology as it is connected with holy scriptures, tradition and legend?"

"I'd say, yes, you definitely could."

"Why aren't these works given publicity and media exposure, then? That would make it common knowledge throughout the world."

Looking at me with a somewhat sad expression on her face, she said, "I'll answer that question later."

"Later?"

"Yes, later. I don't think you're ready for it now."

"Listen," I exploded, "what's with all this, 'I'll tell you later,' 'stick around,' 'if I think you're open enough to handle it,' 'we'll get to that.' Rama, if you know something I don't why don't you just level with me now? I consider myself to be an educated individual with the

ability to handle some pretty tough things. Let me have it straight."

"Are you sure you can handle it?" she said, baiting me.

"Look, I've been around, and seen a lot. And I've handled some heavy assignments in the past. At my age, I don't think here's anything that could shock me."

"How do I know you won't flip out on me?"

"Well, unless you pull a gun on me, or get violent, I don't think I'm going to flip out on you. I like you. You seem peaceful enough. And whatever you tell me, I'll keep under my hat. I'm not the police—if you're into something heavy, I'll keep it to myself. I don't think you could upset me with anything you say."

"That's what you think!"

"Oh, be a sweet little girl; let's get out of the water. Give me a try."

"All right," she said. "But I want no wisecracks nor any of your smart aleck attitude. I won't shove anything down your throat. You can believe what you want to believe, okay?"

"Sounds like a fair deal," I said. "But only if you promise to tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"Look, if I knew the whole truth, I would be God, I'll tell you what I know to the very best of my ability.

"For starters, what if I told you this world is coming to an end in one month and that you and the whole coast line of where you live would fall into the ocean and everyone was going to die one week before—could you handle that?"

"I'd just think you were one of those Jesus freaks going around scaring people about doomsday. I'd be very polite, listen to what you had to say, maybe contribute to your cause and then go my way very happily, doing exactly as I damned well pleased."

"I figured you'd say something like that. You haven't surprised me."

"Well, you asked if I could handle it and I did. I guess that makes me pretty open."

"Pretty open so far. But wait until we get to the good part."

"You mean there's more?"

"Plenty! What if I told you the world was coming to an end and used what's available to prove it to you—simply, scientifically. If it made sense, would you accept it?"

"What would you use, the Bible?"

"That and other things. Science, prophecy, tradition, history, predictions, headlines, and news media. You name it; they all help prove my point."

"Well, is the world coming to an end?"

"Not next week . . . but soon."

"Rama, I don't think anybody with half a brain is going to believe that. When I was a child, there were rumors about the world coming to an end in 1960. Here we are now in 1974 and we're still going strong. You just can't believe this nonsense anymore. Besides, why worry about it?"

"The point isn't to worry about it; let's do something to be prepared for such a thing happening."

"And how do you plan to do that? Maybe you think you can do something from here on top of the Andes Mountains, hiding and running away from God knows what. You Jesus freaks are all the same; you think you have all the answers. 'Let's do something to be prepared.' Ha! Even if the world came to an end, how could you prepare for it?"

"There are many ways, Charles."

"Oh, sure, and you can do it, right, Rama?"

"Why not?"

Her smile slowly disappeared. She was so serious, so sure of herself, I had to laugh. I found her interesting, but I was losing interest in flying saucers and talk about the end of the world. I began scheming to get her into bed. I wasn't sure yet what approach to use on her; I

knew it would be challenging. She was smart, opinionated and the kind of girl who enjoyed giving a fellow a hard time.

As I enjoyed my erotic fantasies in silence, watching her, she looked at me with a cool, penetrating gaze.

"Don't get any ideas," she said, "I'm not that kind of girl."

"They all say that," I said defensively. "What is it with you? How did you know what I was thinking? Are you psychic or something?"

"Something."

"You're something all right. But I'm not going to ask you any more. No sense asking, since, according to you, I not open enough to handle it.

You're with the CIA, right?"

"Wrong. Don't be so sensitive. I'm being cautious for your own good."

"Rama, is it that terrible?" I asked, genuinely concerned.

"Well, not exactly terrible, but. . . ."

"Embarrassing?" I said interrupting her thought process.

"No, not at all. Look, it seems to me you've suddenly lost your interest in flying saucers," she accused.

"No, I haven't."

"Then why don't we continue? There's much more."

"What, for instance?"

"Did it ever occur to you that there may be life on other planets, in other parts of the universe?"

"Yes, it has come to my mind. But who cares about other life in the Universe when there are more important things right here on earth that need our immediate attention?"

"Have you ever wondered if life on the other planets could be the same as it is here, or what the people look like?"

"No, not really. But I believe you are about to be very sweet and tell me."

"Don't be so lazy," she said teasingly, "try to figure it out for yourself."

"Well, those things we saw yesterday. There was intelligence inside; if nobody was there, then they were being manipulated from somewhere. As for their appearance, I couldn't tell you very much; I didn't get a close look at them. Figuring it out for myself, the only thing I can say is they are probably monsters from outer space. Am I correct?"

"No, you're not. They aren't monsters. Life all over the universe is basically the same as far as the form of the human body is concerned. The universe is inconceivably large, but there are few minor differences from one galaxy to another. These variations are mainly ones of size and color. But then, you have those differences right here on earth—people are black, white, red, yellow...."

"Oh, I see. Then if I go to Mars, I'll find the Martians have a nose, eyes, mouth, all in a head, a body, with arms and legs."

"Exactly. The differences are based upon atmosphere, climate, size of the planet, kinds of foods they eat. But life begins on a planet when it's brought to that planet by space travelers from another planet. The same way it started right here on earth."

"You're telling me that life on our planet was started by cosmonauts who came here in flying saucers?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying."

"What about the theory of evolution; Darwin, Cro-Magnon Man, the Neanderthal, Pitcantropus-Erectus, all those?"

"Theories. Just theories. Has modern science come up with an answer to the missing link yet?"

"I really don't know."

"Well, let me assure you, they haven't. If scientists would assume that, on earth, interplanetary contact is a common thing, I'm sure they would have found that missing link a long time ago."

"In other words, what you would have me believe is that at one time, when the earth was populated by apes, some flying saucers landed here and by means of interplanetary pregnancies, man appeared on this planet?"

"It's not quite that simple. But you're on the right track."

"No, it can't be. It sounds too easy."

"But that's just the way it is; easy."

"Then why is it that no one has ever even thought of going into something this simple? Why hasn't anybody, after years of study and investigation by evolutionists, even considered the possibility that life on earth was started by ufonauts?"

"That's a long story, Charles."

I couldn't handle another long story right now. It was early afternoon and I was getting hungry. I invited Rama to join me for lunch, but she said she would eat later. My hunger waits for no one, no matter how pretty, sexy, or intelligent. I went up to the restaurant and brought some fruit, cheese, wine and crackers back to where she waited near the bathhouses. She only took an occasional sip of my wine and a few bites of the food. For some reason, she seemed reluctant to permit herself to eat. We continued talking about the medicinal waters, acupuncture, zone therapy.

Rama spoke simply and pleasantly. What she was saying began to seem reasonable to me. It suddenly dawned on me that I was starting to believe her.

"Rama, you're one heck of a salesman," I said, choosing to forget my own experience the day before. "You've done a real good job on me; you're selling me on this UFO business."

"Charles, are you really interested?"

"Interested in what," I teased. "You'll have to be a little more specific."

"What would your reaction be if one day you were walking down the beach somewhere and suddenly you see a flying saucer come down and people started emerging from the saucer, walk up to you and engage you in conversation?"

"I'd probably either go into shock immediately or start running like hell."

"Why that type of reaction?"

"Scared. Fear of the unknown, like most people, I guess."

"What if I were to tell you that on the first week of July, 1968, you spoke to an extraterrestrial?"

"How could you know something like that? That's almost six years ago."

"Listen to me very carefully; I will make you recall. You were in New York City on business. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. You were standing at the subway station on the corner of Hillside Avenue and Parsons Boulevard, waiting to take an E or F train to go to the Paramount Pictures building in Manhattan. You spoke to a girl holding a sweater in 85 degree weather."

"Yes, I remember it very well," I said, no longer amazed by her ability to discern these things. "She went with me to the office and afterwards to Radio City Music Hall. Later we dined together. And eventually she almost ruined my life."

"I'm glad you remember, Chacho, because here comes the punchline. Do you remember what happened after you dropped the girl off?"

"Yes, I went to Amsterdam Avenue and 76th Street to pick up my car at a garage and then drove out to Long Island."

"Aren't you forgetting something else that happened?"

"A hitchhiker thumbed a ride with me from Manhattan

to Roosevelt Field, Westbury, or Garden City... I don't remember exactly...."

"That's not important. Do you remember anything about your passenger, his looks, his conversation?"

"He looked like something out of Washington Square, Sunset Strip, Woodstock, Haight Ashbury... a real hippie."

"On the contrary, he was an extraterrestrial, a 'god,' an 'angel,' ufonaut, cosmonaut—call him whatever you like, but he was very real indeed, nothing to be frightened about."

"He talked about peace, love and how people in these times have forgotten to love one another. I really just half-listened. What was really on my mind was the girl I'd just met, so I more or less tuned him out."

"Are you surprised that I've mentioned this incident to you?"

"Why should I be? I never saw him again." Then it hit me. "Wait just one blasted minute! How in the hell did you know about that incident, about what happened in New York that particular afternoon and evening? That was six years ago. Are you following me closely? Do you have an open file on me or what?"

"You remember that day very vividly because you became so close to the girl holding the sweater. You lived together in New York until a year ago. And you almost married her, didn't you?"

"How do you know all this? Are you really psychic?"

"Yes, kind of...."

"You're really amazing; I'm shocked."

"You're giving off strong vibrations; I can read you like a book."

I was about to say some very rude things about invasion of privacy, but she motioned me to have patience, saying gently that I would understand everything in due time.

"So, Charles, don't tell me that you know there are no extraterrestrials here on earth. Because if you saw one, or even bumped into one, you couldn't tell the difference. Because in looks, an earthling is no different than any form of human life, in any other part of this galaxy, where conditions are proper for it. Tell me, if you were to meet that hitchhiker again, do you think you would recognize him?"

"Yes. I'm a fairly good physiognomist. Part of the job, I guess."

"Chacho, are you sure you're not with the CIA?" she teased me.

"I refuse to answer your question on the grounds that it may incriminate me. Besides, I don't know you that well yet. How do I know you're open enough to handle it," I taunted. "I am not with the CIA. And as far as the fellow I drove to Long Island, I suppose I probably would be able to recognize him. But what proof would that give that he comes from outer space?"

"Before I tell you, Charles, answer one small question. Don't rush your answer. Think about it for a moment or two, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed.

"How would you react? Would you be frightened, flabbergasted, shocked? Would your head continue working the same way it has all your life?"

"You mean my meeting an alleged extraterrestrial?"

"Yes, that's precisely what I mean."

"Well, I might be anxious, but more than anything else, skeptical. I don't think I'd believe a word of what you're saying."

"Suppose I told you that you were talking to someone from outer space, what would you do? At this very moment. What would your reaction be?"

"Are you trying to tell me that you are an extraterrestrial? From outer space?" I searched her face to see if she

were serious. She looked straight at me with those strange eyes. She was serious. "Oh, well, then, allow me to introduce myself," I said, with exaggerated gallantry. "My name is Napoleon Bonaparte." She kept looking at me with those serious eyes. "Or I might start looking for Mr. Funt's candid camera. But above all, I would smile."

She took a few moments before answering. Then she said very slowly and deliberately, her eyes still fastened to mine, "Charles, you might just as well start smiling, because I am informing you that at this moment you are talking to an extraterrestrial. Yes," she said, nodding slowly, "someone from outer space."

I wanted to laugh, but I couldn't. Her words, her expression, her eyes, made me feel uncomfortable. "Look, Rama," I said, "I've heard a lot of far out stories, but yours takes the cake. What have you been smoking?"

"I had you pegged as a smart girl, but. . . ."

I was getting ready to let her have it when something about her expression stopped me. Her eyes looked into me with such an expression of sadness, I couldn't continue. She looked down, uncharacteristically averting her eyes. All my anger left me. Again this young woman was managing to touch me. I remembered my promise to her to keep an open mind. "Okay, let's say for the moment that I buy your story," I said, "and that I go along with it."

"Good," she said, her sad face transformed by a dazzling smile.

"Now, wait a minute, Rama, I said I wanted to hear more, not that I'm necessarily going to believe you."

"That's fine," she said, "You don't have to believe me. Not this minute, anyway. That will come later, by itself."

"Your friends—are they also alien beings from outer space?"

"Yes, they are. We are all here. We live right here in these mountains."

"Why so far away from civilization? This is the middle of nowhere."

"There are several reasons." She looked at me for a moment. "You're still puzzled and confused, aren't you, Chacho?" she said softly.

"No shit, Sherlock. You're very observant, aren't you," I said, feeling somewhat annoyed by the way she could penetrate my thoughts and feelings.

Sensing my agitation, she said, soothingly, "I'd like you to be relaxed. After all, you're been taking all this very well. And even if you don't believe a word of what I'm saying, I'd still like to tell you more. I'm quite serious. And remember you asked me to tell you the truth, and nothing but. There's no reason why you should feel the least bit uncomfortable. Now, I'll explain to you why we choose to be in these mountains."

"Yes, I'm very curious about your preference for the wilderness rather than city life."

"The location is the most important thing. This place is inaccessible. Not too many people in their right minds would come this far looking for flying saucers. You definitely couldn't walk to this place. Regular planes are out of the question. In short, only a very specialized kind of aircraft could navigate around here. A kind of aircraft not yet known in this world you live in."

She started walking, gesturing me to follow. "There's something I'd like to show you. We can't see it from here, but if you come with me to the top of a hill, we will be able to see one of the most beautiful sunsets one will ever view."

We both rode on my bike to the base of a steep hill. Rama indicated I should stop. We left the bike there and started climbing. The higher we climbed, the more I complained. My heart was pounding rapidly, my breath was short. This altitude was tiring me quickly. She wasn't even winded. Obviously she was in much better

shape than I. I had to stop and rest several times. Finally, she took me by the arm and helped me climb the rest of the way.

While she held my arm and we climbed the hill, she continued talking to me. I was happy to just listen.

"This is another reason why you'll find us here," she said. "This type of atmosphere, this thin air, is right for us. Just as in our own world. This is the type of air we breathe normally. And being isolated gives us lots of room to move about unmolested—clear skies, not too much air traffic, no radar. This is our type of area. The native Peruvians are always kind to us. They think we are, as you've said before, part of the Peace Corps. They seldom, if ever, bother us. And we don't bother them. They help us; we help them. This is the one place where we can be ourselves without worrying about the horrible world in which you live out there. Understand?"

"Yes," I said, panting, "but I can't make it to the top. It's too steep."

"Yes, you can," she said firmly, putting even more pressure on my arm. She still showed no signs of tiring. Then, quite suddenly, I started feeling new energy and strength. I was amazed. At this altitude, the slightest amount of exercise for even a few minutes would be extremely tiring for anyone not used to the atmospheric conditions. When we finally made it to the top, still breathless, I wondered how I had done it. Rama seemed unaffected. She pointed to some higher mountains in the distance about 40 or 50 miles. The icy grandeur of those sweeping forms was even more breathtaking than the climb up the hill had been.

"That's it, Charles," she said. "Our temporary home on this green water planet."

"Those white mountains out there?" I said, incredulous. "Is that where you people live?"

"Yes, Chacho. For the time being."

"But all I can see is massive chunks of ice."

"We live inside."

I said the first thing that came to mind. "How do you get in and out?"

"We have our ways. Our entrances and exits. I don't think an earthly could get in there."

"I see what you mean when you say 'inaccessible.' Secret entrances and exits, right?"

"Right."

"How often do you get out? You know, mingle with civilization."

"Whenever we want to. From this point we are able to circle the earth in a matter of minutes. In a vimana."

"What's a 'vimana'?"

"The objects you saw yesterday," she said simply.

"I didn't get that good a look at them," I said. "And I think I went into shock. Remember, it was the first time in my life I've ever seen anything like that. I was facing the unknown." Again, I found myself feeling agitated by her story. "This whole thing is getting harder and harder to believe. You've got to come up with a lot more proof if you want to convince me that what you're saying isn't bullshit. Show me. Prove it to me."

"I'll do no such thing."

"Why not? Is this all a big joke?"

"Listen, Charles, I'll give you more than enough proof. But I will not show you anything. That'd be much too easy."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Like most earth people, you don't believe anything unless you see. You want to see flying saucers, get inside them, take a ride, and be convinced. That kind of proof I will not give you. Neither will my friends. For once in your life, you will have to open your mind a little bit."

"What you're telling me is one of the most incredible things I've ever heard. And you expect me to blindly accept whatever you tell me?"

"Yes. And for a good reason. You see, the main purpose of our mission to this world of yours is not to prove the existence of UFOs. In order to talk to me, or to any of my friends, as extraterrestrials, you must begin with the premise that space travel is not unreasonable, and that there is absolutely nothing to be frightened of. If you will take the time to do some research, and if you have the intelligence I believe you have, you'll understand everything. You can draw your own conclusions. But very soon you will be able to grasp the idea that UFOs have always existed and that we are not alone in the universe. Literally millions of people on your planet have seen some sort of UFO at one time or another.

"You will be Rama's little experiment. Based mainly on faith, you will come to accept what I am telling you just by compiling your own evidence. And by making intelligent observations on what we make available to you."

Her self-assured confidence really got on my nerves. "What do you mean 'your little experiment'? You think I'm a guinea pig or something?"

"Now, Charles," she said, again "reading me like a book," "Hold your horses. Don't get so excited. All I'm saying is that if you are as sharp as you claim to be, it will be a very simple task for you to understand this whole thing. I'll tell you everything you want to know. But if that is to be, you'll have to relax. Right now you're very confused. And extremely doubtful. You'll have to be in a much more receptive mood for me to get through to you."

"Yeah, you're right. This altitude has given me a massive headache."

"Let's just sit down here for a little while, Charles, and admire the sunset. This is the one time of day we give

our spirits a necessary electrical charge of solar energy."

"By watching the sunset?"

"The sun is a source of inspiration and energy. You charge the batteries of your spirit by meditation. And at this time of day we spiritually travel into the cosmos."

"Now you're really sounding like a guru."

I sat down, got more comfortable and started to enjoy the incredible view. Rama stood behind me, massaging the back of my neck. Then she placed the tips of her fingers on both sides of my head, pressing gently. In no more than twenty seconds, all my aches and pains were gone. I was so grateful and happy, I started to ask how she had done it. But before I could speak, she silently motioned me to be still, to just enjoy the spectacular scene surrounding us.

We watched in silence as the sun disappeared. It started getting colder. I asked Rama, only half-jokingly, if she'd give me a lift back to Huancayo in a vimana. She saw no humor in my request. Regretfully, I realized that if I hadn't made fun of her and the things she'd been telling me, there would have been a better chance for that.

"I'd better go now," I said. "My friends will be worried about me. And it's getting very cold down here."

"I'd like you to come back tomorrow," she said. "And we'll continue your education."

"Okay. I'll spend a couple more hours with you. But tomorrow I have to leave early. I have a long drive back to Lima and these mountain roads are rough driving."

"Fine, Charles. I'll be waiting for you at the same time. And do me a small favor, will you?"

"That depends."

"Don't tell anybody about this. Not yet. Let's just wait a while. Then you can tell it to the world."

"What could I tell anybody? You know no one would ever believe me."

"We'll talk about that tomorrow. The important thing is that I see you are taking it well. And, in spite of what you are saying, you are starting to believe me. I'd like you to be conscious. No mental or physical harm will come to you. You'll revise a good deal of your thinking, in fact, and physically feel better than you've ever felt before."

"Revise?"

"Yes. All those negative things you've been doing since childhood must be readjusted. Then you'll learn even more. I promise you the experience of your life."

"Will I get to meet your friends?"

"I guess so. . . ."

"Okay, then. I'll be back tomorrow. I won't have the motorcycle—just look for an orange volkswagen."

"Don't worry, Charles. I'll know exactly when you arrive."

I didn't doubt it for a moment. "Let's go," I said.

"You go ahead. I'll stay here. Don't bother waiting for me to come down, because I won't."

I started to argue, but she made it sound like a command. Dutifully I started to go back down, looking back and shouting, "If you say so, my dear friend from the stars!"

Riding back to Huancayo on the bike, many thoughts went through my mind. I consider myself to be a serious person; it was difficult for me to believe I had been actually talking to an extraterrestrial. I'd known many girls in my life, from all corners of the world. And I'd met a lot of nuts—people who would say or do the craziest things to get attention. But she was the most unusual person I'd ever met. She couldn't be for real. Or was she? I knew I couldn't tell these things to anybody, much less the world.

Confused, I continued driving through the mountains until I reached an open valley. I could clearly see the peaks that Rama had shown me just before sunset. By

now, the last specks of light were disappearing behind the tip of the highest peak. The white ice and snow had turned a bright pink.

It was not possible. How could it be that in June of 1974 of our twentieth century, with all of our modern technology, that a terrestrial UFO base could have gone unnoticed?

I drove all the way back to Huancayo and went straight to Richard's apartment. He and the girls had spent the day at the fair and seemed to be exhausted. We all decided to go out for a quick dinner and, since we were all beat, we came back to the room and went right to sleep.

Chapter IV

Science Fiction or Science Fact?

On Monday morning I awoke and found Richard still sleeping and the girls gone. He opened his eyes when he heard me moving about and got up. We both looked like we'd spent a rougher night than we actually had. Richard went into the kitchen to make some coffee, while I shaved and started putting my things together. As I dressed, I thought about Rama and the things she had told me.

When I was finished, I wandered into the kitchen. As Richard and I sat down, drinking our coffee, I decided to probe him a little about flying saucers in the area.

"Say, Richard, Saturday night when we were talking about flying saucers, you seemed to know something about them," I said, as casually as possible.

"Lots of people around here claim to have seen them at various times, in various places," he said.

"Good, reliable people?"

"Well, yes, there was one fellow, by the name of Herrera or something, I don't remember the exact story, but it was all over town, even in the news recently. I'm not sure if he saw the UFOs or communicated with some alien beings from outer space—I don't really follow those things—but supposedly it did happen. You know how difficult it is to believe these things."

"Yes, I know what you mean," I agreed.

"Then there was another story about this mining engineer not too far from this area."

"What was that all about, Richard? Do you recall any of the details?"

"Yes. On the way here, just a little ways past Ticlio, there's a place called Morococha. An engineer was doing

some fieldwork with an assistant and a UFO supposedly came down and suspended about twenty feet in the air, about a hundred and fifty feet away from them. The assistant ran towards it. When he was under it, the object just took off and disappeared, quick as a flash, into the skies. Of all the UFO accounts I've heard, this one I tend to believe the most because the report was made by the engineer. He works for a company I'm familiar with—Cerro de Pasco. And I know that in order to work for that company one has to be tops in every way. They scrutinize their employees thoroughly."

"Is that the Cerro Corporation headquartered on Park Avenue in New York?"

"That's the one."

"What else do you know about that incident?"

"Well, one of the workers I know personally told me he was there when this engineer made a drawing of the UFO. The description was supposedly pretty accurate: thirty feet or better in diameter and eight to ten feet thick."

"Where could I find these guys if I wanted to talk to them?"

"I couldn't tell you. As of the first of this year, Cerro de Pasco is no longer in Peru, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Why? What makes it so important?"

"I'm curious, Richard. Very, very curious."

"Well, I'd like to help you," Richard said, "but that's about all I know, my boy."

"You've already helped me, my friend, more than you realize," I said.

Richard looked at me for a moment, then said, "By the way, Chacho, you never did tell me how you managed to get lost for two full days in this part of the Andes Mountains."

"I wasn't lost. I spent the weekend at the water

springs. They really are something. And thanks to you and your motorcycle, I had a ball." I hesitated a minute before deciding to continue. "I also met a nice chick there on Saturday. And I guess you must have guessed by now, I saw some flying saucers."

"Really? Were you behaving yourself?"

His response didn't surprise me, nevertheless, I was annoyed. "Come on, Richard. I've been straight for over a month. And when I'm traveling, I never carry anything. You know how difficult it is to pass through customs. A man in my position just can't risk these things. It's much too easy to get busted."

"Yeah, I read you, Charles, but if you're telling me you've been out with flying saucers for the last two days, you've got to be high on something."

I decided not to pursue the subject any further. Let him believe what he wanted to believe.

"Richard, I thank you very much for your hospitality. I have a hunch I might be coming back here soon, real soon."

"Like when?"

"Like maybe next weekend."

"This girl must be something special."

"I don't know yet."

"Chacho, you're welcome to stay here anytime. As you can see, there's plenty of room."

"Thanks. I guess the CIA must be in good financial shape to keep you guys living so comfortably."

"You still think I'm with the CIA, huh, my friend?"

"Own up, baby, you don't think I really believe you're here to teach the natives how to work the land and construct homes, do you?"

"Look, let's just say I enjoy working with these people."

"Okay, forget it. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm just teasing you."

Later, after Richard had helped me put my things in the back of the car, I took a sheet of paper and a pen out of my briefcase and made a few notes on some of the things Rama had told me. Even though I kept telling myself there was absolutely no way she could be a creature from another planet, some of her ideas intrigued me. I decided to keep a record of everything she said.

I went back to say goodbye to Richard. I asked him if he knew anything about the ice peaks Rama had pointed out to me. I didn't mention the possibility of them being a UFO base. I didn't want to invite any more cynical remarks about my state of mind.

He told me that one can't see them from Huancayo and gave me directions to a certain point where I would be able to see the Nevados of Huaytapallana. It took only five minutes to drive to a place near the Mantaro River where I could get a clear, far-seeing look at them, high against the sky. Again, I was awed by the magnificent sight of those icy peaks glistening and cold against the blue sky.

A little past midmorning, I was on the central highway back to Lima, wondering what I was doing, going back to talk once more with my new acquaintance from outer space.

I parked the car as close as I could to the bathhouses. Rama was waiting for me. We greeted, happy to see each other again, and went straight to a bathhouse. She was carrying a newspaper. She laid it down as we began to undress. I noticed it was the *Denver Post*. Today's copy. I checked my watch. It was only 10:51 a.m. At this moment it was 8:51 a.m. in Denver, Colorado. I didn't know exactly what time this newspaper hits the streets, but it certainly was a little too early for it to be on top of the Andes in South America, about 12,000 miles from Denver. This newspaper couldn't have traveled in a

commercial jet to Lima and still another six or seven hours to where we now were standing. I knew the airline timetables. No way could that newspaper have come here that fast. I stared, speechless, at the newspaper.

"Yes, it's real," Rama said, smiling.

"I can see that. Don't tell me you got it via satellite?"

"Via vimana, actually. It took nine and one half terrestrial minutes, with a stop over in Yucatan Peninsula to get that newspaper from Fort Collins, Colorado, U.S.A., to Acaya Pacte, Peru."

"Nine and a half minutes, huh?"

"Wira, a friend of ours, dropped me off here when you were asking directions to Huaytapallana Peaks."

I didn't even bother to question how she knew when and where I had asked directions. "Here we go again," I said. "I guess I just have to believe you."

"Right."

"I've given some thought to the things you told me yesterday, Rama. And I'm feeling a little generous this morning so I decided to give you part of my day." I took out my notepad and pen. "You don't mind if I take some notes do you? I'd like to check out some of the things you say."

"Well, isn't the junior executive something?" she said, laughing. "Part of your day. Not bad. Sure, take all the notes you can. And check them out. That's probably the only way I'm going to get through to you."

"That will involve talking to a great many people."

"I know, I know. But since your generosity only allows us so much time, we must spend it most wisely."

She looked at me closely for a moment before continuing. "Charles, listen to me. This time I ask you to be a little more serious. It's not that I lack a sense of humor. As a matter of fact, I enjoy your humor. But there is much ground to cover."

Without realizing it, I found I was not really listening

to her words. My thoughts were focused on her beauty, her aliveness. I was turned on by her. I was about to say something designed to turn her on when I suddenly remembered her ability to read minds. I tried to bring my concentration back to the subject at hand. But it was too late. She already picked up my vibes.

"See what I mean?" she said, exasperated. "How easily you allow yourself to be distracted. Suppose we were in the middle of getting a point across about a complex concept, this gets us away from the subject, we lose our trend of thought. The same thing happens when you make fun of me. The fact is, I'm from another world. You must accept that."

"I'm sorry, Rama," I said.

"I'm not going to put any pressure on you. And I couldn't care less whether you believe me or not. But at least give me the chance to have an intelligent conversation with you, okay, Chacho?"

"I won't play tricks on you. I'm not going to hypnotize you or experiment with you. I want you to be completely conscious, relaxed and aware. I'm not going to drug you, either. The things you're going to hear will be so interesting to you that they will raise even more questions. The more intelligent and challenging your questions are, the more interest I will take in giving you straight answers. I realize I'm talking to an earthling of average intelligence, with little more than basic religious and general education. If there's anything I say that seems too far-fetched for you to believe, make a note of it and, at your own convenience, check it against the scientific, religious or university studies of your choice."

Her chastising remarks had an effect. I said, "Okay, Rama, fair enough. I'll try not to distract you with any more of my smartass remarks. And I'll even try to watch what I think since you've more than proven your ability

to read my mind. I guess psychic abilities are part of being an extraterrestrial?"

"No, not exactly," she said. "A lot of people on earth can also read minds. It's simply a telepathic way of communication using mind waves to tune into other minds around you. The concept is quite simple: You have a radio transmitter and a radio receiver. They both have complicated machinery capable of producing and receiving electrical waves. These vibrations aren't visible, but the machinery can broadcast them either into sounds or images, as in the case of television and radio."

"You're saying, then, that my mind could broadcast a thought at some frequency, perceptible to you. You sort it out in that beautiful head of yours, and you know what I'm thinking?"

"Good boy, Charlie! Yes, something like that, but I'll go into more detail when we talk about the force that keeps things rolling in the universe."

Her words conveyed enthusiasm and sincerity, yet it was still difficult for me to say, "Yes, Rama, I believe you, you're a space traveler." So, instead I said, "Look, Rama, I'm very impressed by your sincerity, but I've just never met anybody from outer space before. That's why I'm trying to be open to what you're saying. There are certain hang-ups I have that make it difficult for me to cope with this. I enjoy being with you, though."

"I can see you're still confused," she said, "even somewhat afraid. But at the same time, you're too curious to let go, and that makes you willing to give it a try. So, why don't we get out of the water and go somewhere comfortable where we can talk more."

"Not to the top of that hill again," I groaned.

"No, on the grass by the river."

We got out of the water, collected our things, and walked, naked, to the back of the bathhouse. The sun was beautiful, warming us. By now I was certain that

this part of the Andes Mountains was something like the Utopia we all dream about. A peaceful, beautiful serenity permeated the whole place.

We found a comfortable spot to settle down, then Rama said, "While we're getting to know each other better, I'm going to tell you more about things here on your planet. Once I tell you about these things, it's up to you to form your own conclusions."

"What things?"

"Lots of things. People, nations, world powers, churches, planets, wars, earthquakes, outer space people, a great international politician, famine, pollution, ecology, the great battle of Armageddon, the prophecies of the Great Pyramid and of the Fatima incident.

In a little while, you'll see how all of this clicks into place. The time is right for this to happen. I'm going to answer the age-old question, 'What's this world coming to?' Right now there's a lot of concern for this question. And a great deal of curiosity and interest in the Bible as a means of knowing what lies ahead. But let's take one thing at a time. Yes, take your notes."

She settled down comfortably and began.

"Armageddon is the name given to a great battle destined to end all battles and all wars. You're about to see for yourself, by reading the Bible, among other things, just how all of this will come about.

We will also talk about a man, a great political figure who will eventually be the world's king—a dictator, a fuhrer, an egomaniac who will go so far as to call himself God. He will say he is the Messiah. For our purposes, let's call him the 'antichrist,' the beast and his false prophets.

We'll talk about a nation that is one of the greatest powers on this planet. A nation that in only two years is going to be very busy with elections, a new president,

and a bicentennial holiday. A society that was founded by a bunch of religious fanatics. The Bible talks about the fall of this kingdom.

You'll get a chance to look at some of the most fantastic revelations that the Great Pyramid of Egypt holds for you people on Earth. Within its labyrinths the whole Adamic era is recorded from beginning to end in allegories.

The Bible doesn't mention how the Pyramids were built, mainly because no power on earth could have built them, not even today.

You're going to learn about a huge celestial body, about 3,200 times the size of Earth, approaching our solar system. This planet orbits in another solar system and travels parallel to ours. Its volume could cause very serious imbalances to the earth and neighboring planets. The Bible calls this huge planet "Wormwood."

A church, fraught with power and riches, plays a very important role in all of these events. A church that speaks on behalf of Jesus, the Christ, but has completely abandoned all of his teachings, and now works for politics and war of the worst kind. The Bible has a name for this church. We're also going to get on the subject of 'the Devil.' But not the kind of devils with tail and horns, as you have been taught—Satan and Lucifer. An evil force exists that is not confined to your planet. It's a universal, intelligent, evil vibration. In the Bible, it's called *'the power given to the beast . . . and he doeth great wonders so that he maketh fire come down from heaven and on earth in the sight of men.'*

We're going to talk about a race of people mentioned in the Bible continuously from beginning to end. This race will produce two important figures, both of whom are alive and well today. One, who could be called the antichrist, is a great political person. The other, the promised Messiah, is getting ready for Armageddon.

He's going to lead this battle with wrath. This man's name is Jesus Christ. But not the meek, gentle, good-natured man Jesus you've heard about all your life. This time, he comes with all his power and glory. I don't think I have to remind you that the Bible is full of prophecies about this . . . or do I?"

"No, you don't," I said, suppressing the incredulity I was feeling, listening to her statements. I showed her the notes I had been taking as she talked. "Is that it? She looked at my list and nodded her approval. Then she stared at me. In order to get her to continue, I asked, "Are you sure you're not putting me on?"

"I know that's what you think. But these things I'm saying are nothing new, much less a joke. Many people know about this. Everyone's confused, but, in some way, you, myself and my friends can work together and make some sense of all this."

"What for? What could I do?"

"Remember yesterday, when I told you that I'd like you to tell this story to the world?"

"Yes. . . ."

"That's exactly what we want you to do. To come here, talk to us, go back into that world of yours, do your research, and write about this experience."

"Are you kidding? If I were to write these things, or even mention them to my closest friends, they'd think I'd gone bananas, or that I'm making it up, that it was all bullshit. You're asking too much. I'd be the laughing stock of my entire company, my neighbors, my relatives, not to mention my friends."

"Yes, we foresee that. No doubt you would be ridiculed as you've never been before. Not only by the people you mentioned, but also by scientists, religious authorities, the erudites, reporters, critics. In short, people who only accept their own studies in their own laboratories and their own methods of research and

investigation. We've taken all these negatives into account. But why should you care? Isn't it enough satisfaction to know you are one of the chosen few who will know the real truth of what lies ahead?"

"What is the truth? In whose book?"

"The kind of truth that you discover when you set your own rules, when you've been honest with yourself and do your own work. Just wait, you'll see all this for yourself."

"Okay, let's assume I accept what you tell me as the truth. How would I tell it to the world?"

"You could write a book."

"Rama, you don't know how funny that is. You're talking to someone who gave up law school because of his inability to write and poor grades. And now you want me to write a book."

"Your giving up law school was a decision you made that had nothing to do with your ability to write."

"Well, anyway, the idea of writing a book sounds ridiculous to me," I said, unable to contradict her statement. I knew I had been unable to write and get good grades more because I resisted becoming a lawyer than anything else.

"Charles," she said, looking at me directly, "those children in Fatima were not writers, either. When they spoke to the Lady of Fatima, they were having a similar experience to what is going on right now. But, like in Biblical times, the experience was understood only in terms of a religious experience. The world wasn't ready for ideas about UFOs and extraterrestrial beings at that time. But this is something that humanity must know about now. But the information must be organized and sorted out first. Then let it be known."

"Humanity must know?"

"Yes. We're going to rewrite something like the Fatima incident, which happened in 1917. This heavenly message should have been revealed to the world in 1960,

but it wasn't. But this time, we'll rewrite it for the 144,000 people in the world who are ready to hear and understand it."

"I don't understand. Why 144,000 people?"

"That's the number written in the Bible. We'll go into more detail about the significance of this number later."

"What does the Lady of Fatima have to do with what is happening now?"

"Good question. These Madonnas, who have appeared around the world, are basically the same person—the Virgin Mary, who descended to earth to talk to chosen, humble people. In Mexico, this virgin is called 'Our Lady of Guadalupe.' In Portugal, she is called 'Our Lady of Fatima,' in France, 'Our Lady of Lourdes.' Always, this lady spoke about peace, love, and asked for prayers to save the world and humanity, correct?"

"I guess so."

"Have you ever seen any representations of the Lady of Guadalupe?"

"I'm not sure. Doesn't she have something like rays of light all around her?"

"Yes, Charles. The Lady of Guadalupe is always shown with a background of multicolored rays. This fits the description given by the eyewitness, a man named Juan Diego, who saw the apparition in Mexico.

"Now, think for just a minute. Couldn't those rays of radiant color have been the aura of some super human being from outer space?"

"How the heck would I know?" For some reason unknown to me, I was feeling angry.

Rama continued, as if she hadn't noticed my response.

"In the Fatima incident, there were many eye-witnesses on the day of the last apparition. They all say the Lady was surrounded by magnificent rays of light and that she shone brighter than the sun. Now, I have something I want you to look at closely."

She walked towards her canvas bag, taking out a long,

cream-colored robe. I watched as the smooth folds fell softly over her beautiful naked body. She stood on top of a rock a few feet away, as if waiting. Then her erect form began emitting bright colored light all around her. The rays, moving slowly and caressingly in undulating motions away from her body, were like a pale consuming fire that somehow left her untouched. I was seeing this with my own eyes, yet I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It was as if I were awake in a dream.

Without saying a word, she came down and took off the robe-like garment. I walked over and touched it. I had never seen a fabric like this one before. It was rather heavy, about the weight of an overcoat, and very clean. It reflected the sunlight in a most unusual way. I noticed the texture was very fine and by the thickness, it resembled a good-quality polyester double-knit. She folded the robe carefully and put it back into the bag.

"Charles," she said, finally, "what you just saw could very well have been the same phenomenon the man in Mexico or the children in Fatima saw, wouldn't you say?"

"I guess so," I said, still not believing what I had just seen. "Now, would you please explain to me what went on just now?"

"It's very simple. Have you ever heard people talking about the human aura?"

"Yes, I've heard it mentioned."

"Auras are the energy rays emitted constantly from the body. This is nothing new. Many books have been written on this subject. In fact, photographs have been taken of various auras through Kirlian photography. So don't look so frightened and helpless. Come closer to me. Take hold of my hand."

We held hands for a moment in silence. Finally, I said, "My friend Gracie has talked about auras. She told me they reflect one's mood. I think she said the Lamas in Tibet teach about this."

"She is absolutely right. In fact, there is a connection between the name Lobsang Rampa, the Tibetan lamas, the ancient Incas, the Third Eye, and UFOs."

"Yes, my friend also mentioned the Third Eye and this Rampa character. But how are all these things related to UFOs?"

"Well, Chacho, if you remember what your friend Gracie told you, Lobsang Rampa makes a descriptive account of undergoing an operation in which they open a small hole in his forehead."

"Yes, that's right. I remember her mentioning that."

"Well, the ancient Peruvians practiced this very same operation. They opened a small hole in the skull and refilled it with plaques of gold or silver. According to modern scientific studies, those trepanations were indeed some kind of brain surgery. But the ancient Peruvian traditions used it as a psychic way to keep in touch with the 'gods' or divinities from heaven, or, if you want to accept it, beings from outer space."

"How does Rampa fit into this?"

"This has to do with the cosmic connection. What is known on your planet as the soul, ghost, spirit, spook—the elements which make up the human body—that is, an energy, a vibration, a force that is unique in the universe. You've heard that Lobsang Rampa used to travel spiritually, out of his physical body?"

"Yes, and that only his spirit experienced the out of body travel. His physical body never went to the actual places where the Third Eye took place. But that poor man was ridiculed, humiliated and made fun of."

"Yes, that's true. But, nevertheless, to be able to travel out of one's body means there is a way of controlling that energy we will call 'spirit' for now. A human spirit is a combination of two energies—magnetic and electric. These are units of energy that go way beyond the atom."

"Can they be seen?"

"Yes, they can. I speak with certainty, that in this

world, these units of energy already have been seen in laboratories. This is not matter, connected to the atom in a cellular or molecular form. This is the energy that moves the elements of the atom. We can call it The Force. Why don't we forget about Lobsang Rampa for the moment, and try to understand this force."

"Let's stop for a while," I said. "My head is spinning. You've given me a lot in a short time."

She agreed to an intermission. I walked to my car to get my pipe. I had a feeling, or perhaps a hope, that any minute she would say the whole thing was a joke. I almost needed to hear that. I could think of no logical explanation for the newspaper. It was real, no doubt. Then there was the police motorcycle, and the way she had shone like the Lady of Guadalupe when she had put on that robe.

Everything seemed strange, unreal. I'd always been a wise-guy type of person, able to spot a fraud in a minute, always scheming for my own pleasures, with smart answers for everything. But not today. At this moment, I was totally confused and bewildered.

I tried to find a way to explain the things I'd been seeing, to find rational explanations for what she was telling me. I felt that if I believed her, my life and lifestyle would be changed. Drastically changed. No, it was easier to keep mocking the situation, hide my fears, forget her and everything I'd seen and heard, and just return to the world I'd enjoyed before meeting her.

I lit my pipe and began blowing puffs of smoke around my head. She was a fascinating creature. Yet she asked me not to tell anyone about her. Not yet, anyway. But she'd also asked me to write a book, telling her story to the whole world. What a crazy idea. I didn't know how to write a book. It was ridiculous. I had a job, and a reputation to consider. My weekend was almost over. In five more hours I had to be back in Lima, driving through these treacherous mountains before the sun went down.

I wanted a coke or something to drink. I headed back to the hotel. On my way, I met Rama, holding the newspaper.

I said to her, "Rama, I'm very confused about all of this. I want to believe you, but I'm afraid of something. I think it would be better if I just go about my business. The things you're telling me are very interesting, but who would ever believe me?"

"Charles, I know exactly how you feel. I understand. Your reaction is a natural one. I somewhat expected you to react this way. But before you leave, I want you to know that if at any time you should change your mind, you may come back and we'll just pick up from where we left off. Maybe when you've had some time to think about things, you'll feel differently. You know, I heard what you were thinking right now."

"Look, Rama, maybe that's what's bothering me. You're invading my privacy all the time. I feel like I'm made of transparent glass and you're looking right into me."

"Why won't you give me some kind of proof now? If you did, it might take away some of the doubt and fear I'm feeling."

"Sorry, but we're not here to make such demonstrations. Not to human beings who have enough intelligence to at least try and understand for themselves," she said firmly. "What about faith, have you lost your good faith? Isn't there anybody you can trust?"

"I sincerely want to believe. But I have lots of hang-ups."

"What are they?"

"My upbringing. All the fanatics, the phonies, the con men, the crazy people I've met and worked with. Who can you trust? And I'm afraid of being ridiculed."

"Well, just in case you should change your mind, it might help if you became more knowledgeable on the subject of UFOs by reading some scientific studies. Start

with Von Daniken's *Chariot of the Gods*. Compare these studies with the biblical accounts. Use simple logic. For example, if there is no logical astronomical explanation for the star that guided the three wise men to where Jesus was born, that is, if it wasn't a star, what was it?"

"Some sort of UFO?"

"Good boy. That's the spirit."

"Get out of here, you phony," I said angrily.

"You go now, Charles. If that's what you think you should do. But if you decide to come back, all you have to do is drive to this part of the world and we'll find you."

"Is this what you do all the time? Meet people and tell them you're a visitor from another planet and that you know the secrets of the ages?"

"Yes. We talk to lots of people all over this earth. But we're very selective who we tell about ourselves."

"Have you told very many people that you're visitors from outer space?"

"Not too many. Just a few. We can always sense friends."

"You ever get negative reactions?"

"Some think we're crazy. Some listen politely. Some show genuine interest then fade away. Some think we're saboteurs, infiltrators, spies, CIA agitators."

"Where do I fit in?"

"You're still in no man's land. You could go either way."

"I need some time to think all this over."

"It's up to you, your own choice. You can come back whenever you're ready. But before you go, let's read something here in your bible. Then I have a hunch you'll want to come back."

"Do the names Sodom and Gomorrah mean anything to you?"

"Two cities of some given time in history. Someone wrote something tragic about them."

"They were biblical cities."

"Right. Destroyed by fire."

"Read Genesis, the 19th chapter, verses one through 29. You may also remember that these two cities were destroyed because they were corrupted to the point that they had forgotten God. Fire rained on them."

"I remember that now."

"Read that; I'll return shortly."

When she left, I started reading:

The two angels came to Sodom in the evening; and Lot was sitting in the gate of Sodom. When Lot saw them, he rose to meet them, and bowed himself with his face to the earth, and said, "My lords, turn aside, I pray you, to your servant's house and spend the night, and wash your feet; then you may rise up early and go on your way." They said, "no; we will spend the night in the street." But he urged them strongly; so they turned aside to him and entered his house; and he made them a feast, and baked unleavened bread, and they ate. But before they lay down, the men of the city, the men of Sodom, both young and old, all the people to the last man, surrounded the house; and they called to Lot, "Where are the men who came to you tonight? Bring them out to us, that we may know them." Lot went out of the door to the men, shut the door after him, and said, "I beg you, my brothers, do not act so wickedly. Behold, I have two daughters who have not known man; let me bring them out to you, and do to them as you please; only do nothing to these men, for they have come under the shelter of my roof." But they said, "Stand back!" And they said, "This fellow came to sojourn, and he would play the judge! Now we will deal worse with you than with them." Then they pressed hard against the man Lot, and drew near to break the door. But the men put forth their hands and brought Lot into the house to them, and shut the door. And they struck with blindness the men who were at the door of the house; both small and great, so that they wearied themselves groping for the door.

Then the men said to Lot, "Have you any one else here? Sons-in-law, sons, daughters, or any one you have in the city, bring them out of the place; for we are about to destroy this place, because the outcry against its people has become great before the Lord, and the Lord has sent us to destroy it." So Lot went out and said to his sons-in-law, who were to marry his daughters, "Up, get out of this place; for the Lord is about to destroy the city." But he seemed to his sons-in-law to be jesting.

When morning dawned, the angels urged Lot, saying, "Arise, take your wife and your two daughters who are here, lest you be consumed in the punishment of the city." But he lingered; so the men seized him and his wife and his two daughters by the hand, the Lord being merciful to him, and they brought him forth and set him outside the city. And when they had brought them forth, they said, "Flee for your life; do not look back or stop anywhere in the valley; flee to the hills, lest you be consumed." And Lot said to them, "Oh, no, my lords; behold, your servant has found favor in your sight, and you have shown me great kindness in saving my life; but I cannot flee to the hills, lest the disaster overtake me, and I die. Behold, yonder city is near enough to flee to, and it is a little one. Let me escape there—is it not a little one?—and my life will be saved!" He said to him, "Behold, I grant you this favor also, that I will not overthrow the city of which you have spoken. Make haste, escape there; for I can do nothing till you arrive there." Therefore the name of the city was called Zo'ar. The sun had risen on the earth when Lot came to Zo'ar.

When the Lord rained on Sodom and Gomor'rah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the valley, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and what grew on the ground. But Lot's wife behind him looked back, and she became a pillar of salt. And Abraham went early in the morning to the place where he had stood before the Lord; and he looked

down toward Sodom and Gomor'rah and toward all the land of the valley, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the land went up like the smoke of a furnace.

So it was that, when God destroyed the cities of the valley, God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when he overthrew the cities in which Lot dwelt.

When I finished reading, I looked up. Rama was returning with my towels. I put the book down.

"I'm not impressed," I said as cuttingly as possible. "This and a 35-cent token can get us into the subway."

Rama looked at me calmly. She ignored my remark. "Let's see," she said, "it says here that two angels came to Sodom in the evening . . . who do you think those angels were?"

"Spacemen out of a UFO, naturally. But I'd prefer a drink right now. I need one to swallow some of your stories."

"Listen. Give your tongue a rest. Nowadays, some scientists theorize that two atomic explosions were the cause of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah—like the kind that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Two Russian scientists have pointed out that the Tecktites found in that part are similar to rocky materials known to nuclear physicists as the consequences of atomic reactions."

"Who are these Russian scientists? I want names so I can check this out for myself. I'm not just going to take your word for all this."

"You're so suspicious. But you're catching on fast."

"Their names. What are they?" I demanded impatiently.

"Russian professors—Agrest and Alexei Kazentev."

"I'm going to research this," I said, making a note to check the spellings.

"Please do, the sooner the better. And when you come

back, I hope you'll be loaded with intelligent questions."

"What else can you tell me about these two doomed cities?"

"Extraterrestrial beings have been here on earth for many thousands of years, cultivating the planet with life and teachings. Sort of an experiment. Sometimes experiments fail. What if you had a garden you loved and tended, and one day you notice the plants are poisonous and dangerous. But there are one or two worth saving. You save those and destroy the rest.

"In Sodom and Gomorrah, the situation was similar; people there had gone against nature. Perverse sexual practices were widespread, beyond hope of redemption. People there had forgotten about God.

"The angels who came to visit Lot were crew members of a UFO. Their mission was to get Lot and his family out safely before blowing these cities to pieces.

"This story in Genesis confirms the extraordinary powers possessed by the extraterrestrial visitors. And they used them to defend themselves against the attacks of the Sodomite people, causing blindness to those who stood outside Lot's house demanding to see the 'angels.' Remember these 'angels' were considered by the Sodomites to be ordinary human beings. They didn't have wings attached to their backs. But, coming from outer space, they had to be using some kind of flight device, therefore, the concept of 'angels' was used to describe them."

Rama's version of Lot's story fascinated me. I wanted to hear all her explanations of these biblical events.

"How did Lot's wife turn into a pillar of salt?" I asked. She was ready with her answer.

"Speaking scientifically, the woman was warned not to look back. But she did anyway. The light probably blinded her and she couldn't move because of shock. The intense heat killed her and the radiation covered her skin

with coats of salt. You remember in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, when the bodies were found, they had the same layers of salt, or salitre, all over their skins.

"You're saying that this salt is the result of some kind of chemical changes produced by the heat and atomic radiation?"

"Exactly. After the angels completed their mission of destroying those cities, they just flew away in their spaceships. One thermonuclear bomb over each city and the job was finished."

"That sounds pretty fictional."

"Let me tell you something. There are only 27 years left before the year 2001. Within that period, lots of things are going to happen on your planet. This is the end of an era. Destruction is coming through wars, terrorism, revolutions, racial uprisings, cataclysms such as earthquakes, fiercely cold winters, cities falling into the ocean. In fact, California will fall into the ocean. And the world will suffer one of the most horrible natural disasters ever known."

"I've heard that one before. It hasn't happened yet."

"Our mission here now is to collect some 144,000 people—the cream of the crop of all the millions of people now walking on your planet."

"You're telling me the world is coming to an end and you're here to save 144,000 people from disaster?"

"Something like that, but you can't just take my word for it. Research must be done. You'll need guidance to see these things for yourself."

"If I decide to come back and talk further to you, will I get to see your flying saucers?"

"That depends on a few things, like how fast you lose your fear and how well you adjust to all the new things you learn."

"If I'm going to write a book about all this, I need a lot more information than you've given me so far."

"It will take a little time and patience, and lots of explanation, before you're convinced of our existence."

"Is it okay with you if I use a tape recorder?"

"Yes, of course. But after a while, that won't even be necessary. You'll be able to cultivate your mind on such a level that your memory cells will store data in your brain—any amount of it. Then when you want to remember anything, you'll have no problem remembering the most insignificant, small details."

"How will that be possible?"

"You will see. Now, all I want from you is a clean mind and a sincere desire to do this."

I decided to test her, to see if she could produce proof for the things she was saying.

"Rama, I want to come back, perhaps next weekend. I'm here on business, but I'll read whatever I can get my hands on pertaining to this subject. Wait for me next weekend. And be patient with me. If you're as psychic as I'm starting to believe you are, you know I mean what I'm saying."

"Yes, I know. And I'm also aware of your confusion. I will wait, my friend."

"Okay, it's settled. I have to leave now; the road is awful and I don't relish the idea of driving it in total darkness."

She handed me the newspaper. "Here, Chacho, take this newspaper and try to find a logical explanation for it."

I took the newspaper. "Thank you, Rama, it's been a most unusual weekend."

With those words, I got into the car, drove off to a gas station about a half a mile down the road and fueled for the trip back. Gas in this remote part of the world is poured out of a metal barrel and put into the gas tank with a funnel. The contrast between this crude, back-

ward little roadside station and Rama's technology seemed literally worlds apart.

As I continued my journey back to Lima, the whole weekend started to seem unreal. And the more distance that came between me and my experience with Rama, the more difficult it was to accept the idea of space ships and alien beings from outer space.

Driving to Lima wasn't bad at all, even though the only road between Lima and Huancayo was damaged beyond hope. I was able to make the trip in about four and a half hours. This time I had no trouble with altitude sickness.

When I arrived in Lima, I went straight to the hotel to check my messages. Finding none, I went up to my room, took a shower and then went out for a walk. I was looking for an open bookstore, but it was too late. I walked to the other two major hotels in the area where I had seen magazine stands selling paperback books in English. Neither place had anything dealing with flying saucers. I saw some fictional related material, but no factual or scientific accounts. I asked the clerk at one of the hotels. She suggested I try the airport.

The twenty minute drive was worthwhile; I found a paperback copy of Erich Von Daniken's *Chariot of the Gods*, and a very thin book, *Mystery of the Desert*, by Maria Reiche, which was fully illustrated with aerial shots and drawings of the Nazca Plains, located in Peru about 220 miles south of Lima.

I bought both books and headed back to the hotel. Making myself comfortable, I started reading the Von Daniken book at about 10 o'clock that evening. By 5 o'clock the next morning, I had read one hundred and fifty-three pages of the paperback edition. What I discovered in these books made it well worth losing a night's sleep. Doors opened in my mind, and I was given

a whole different outlook on religion, science, history, architecture and UFOs. I found simple, logical explanations for a lot of centuries old stories and myths.

By 6:00 a.m., I had developed an irresistible curiosity. I wanted to check out, first hand, some of the things I'd just read about.

Chapter V

My Trip to Nazca Plains

I didn't have to show up at the office until 10 o'clock that morning, so I managed to get a few hours sleep.

Since I felt rested, I made up my mind to see those landing strips and ground drawings I'd just read about. As long as I was already in Peru, I decided the time to do it was now.

I had a quick breakfast and headed directly to the office. Very little was happening. Everyone had Monday morning faces, even though it was Tuesday.

Nancy was very apologetic about breaking our date the Thursday before; I told her cheerfully to forget it and assured her that I'd had a great time on the trip.

I worked until about noon, then left and went to a travel agency located in our building. I wanted to find the best and fastest way to the Nazca Plains. The agent told me I would have to drive to the city of Pisco, where I would find an airport with small aircraft for hire. He recommended flying as the best way to get a good look at the ancient relics. I also learned I could drive to the Ingenio Valley by way of the Panamerican Highway, which is the only coastal road running through the Nazca Plains drawings.

That evening after work I drove to the city of Ica, about 180 miles south of Lima. Since the speed limits weren't enforced, it took me only three hours to get there.

Ica was a very charming place. Even though located in a hot dry desert, the town offered great weather, a lot of greenery, and the magnificent Hotel de Turistas, which is comparable to the finest hotels in the United States.

Again I discovered it is "a small world," when I ran into

the mayor of the town, Alfredo Elias Vargas, whom I'd met about three weeks before at a horse show in Santa Rosa, California. We had even traveled in the same Braniff aircraft to Lima.

When I mentioned the purpose of my visit to Mr. Elias, he called his brother, a pilot at the Pisco airport. The two of them made arrangements for me to get a plane the following morning.

Mr. Elias asked me to join him for a drink at the hotel and also invited me to his hacienda the next day to look at some of his horses. I accepted his invitation, excused myself, and immediately headed to my room to get some sleep. Even though I'd had an afternoon siesta, I was still feeling the effects of the long drive and lack of sleep the night before.

I arrived, fresh and rested, at the Pisco Airport around 7 o'clock Wednesday morning. The sun was bright; a marvelous day for flying and exploring. The pilot arrived with two other men. They spoke in German and were not very friendly. The four of us strapped ourselves in our seats and took off. In a few minutes we were viewing a large fork-like figure on the side of a sandy cliff at the Pisco Bay. The figure had three main stems, the one in the center was longer than the other two. Spreading out from the long stems were smaller branch-like stems, all pointing in the same direction. It was about three to four city blocks in length.

After flying about forty-five minutes, we were able to see the Nazca Plains at a distance. We followed the direction indicated by the fork-like figure. The pilot was Peruvian, but had an excellent command of English. I wanted to ask questions, but it was difficult to hear over the noisy engine. I gathered that this was just a routine flight for the pilot. But for the rest of us, it was an exciting new experience.

We flew at a high altitude for a while, getting an

overall picture of the markings of the Nazca lines, all going in different directions. As the plane descended, we circled the area. Everything I was seeing at this moment I had already seen in the Maria Reiche book and in a few illustrations from *Chariots of the Gods*.

The long strips just stopped, leading nowhere. It seemed reasonable to believe that they could have been used as landing airfields for some huge aircraft.

I also saw perfectly drawn lines of animals—a monkey, a spider, birds, lizards and other creatures. The pilot asked me, in Spanish, to translate to the Germans that at this altitude, one could identify all the animal figures perfectly, but from the ground, the incisions in the earth were unidentifiable, appearing to be just lines in the sand. The pilot emphasized that whoever made those drawings meant them to be seen only from high above. The big question was, who?

It was a temptation to blurt out the information I had recently heard from Rama, but decided against it.

We were in the air for approximately two and a half hours before heading back. We landed in Pisco about midmorning. By noon, I was back in Ica to visit Mr. Alfredo Elias's estate, just outside the city.

I was spending a wonderful couple of hours with Mr. Elias at his hacienda, viewing his horses and enjoying the smoothest riding I'd ever experienced. Then suddenly I remembered I had a job. I called the office from the ranch. Nancy told me not to worry, she was holding the fort.

When I got back to Lima, I went to a few bookstores where they sell books in English and began looking for literature on flying saucers. I bought a copy of Erich von Daniken's *Gods from Outer Space* and John Fuller's *Incident at Exeter*. I reminded myself to keep an open mind as I read these books. I spent the next three days reading. Von Daniken's books were interesting, quite explicit, and

convincing. Both books dealt with unexplained mysteries in recorded human history, linking them to visitors from other planets. Many questions are raised as a challenge to modern science.

Because these books are well written in simple, layman's language, anyone with little more than an elementary education could understand them. They are fully researched and investigated and well documented. The authors have traveled to many continents in search of the evidence of ancient astronauts. I wished I'd had the opportunity to read one of these books before I had gone on my trip the previous weekend. My whole attitude would have been different, both about seeing UFOs for the first time and the information conveyed by Rama. I thought about Rama while reading them, because the authors quoted the Bible extensively, making comparisons between the Holy Scriptures and the ancient texts of Indian and Oriental Cultures. It became very clear to me that the beliefs of various cultures are very similar, the differences being only a matter of language.

I also discovered that Von Daniken had gathered much of his information for his books in the territory where I was presently working. I decided to do a little first-hand research on the area myself. I asked Nancy, a native of Peru, to tell me about the ancient legends and myths of the ancient Peruvians. I was now convinced that Peru was a land where history and science could not come to a conclusive agreement on how the Nazca markings came to be or who had carved the stone-faced, brooding monoliths at Easter Island.

This was not my first experience seeing these things. On two of my previous visits to Peru I'd had the opportunity to travel to Cuzco, Sacsayhuaman, Macchu-Picchu, the Titicaca Lake, Tiahuanaco, going as far as La Paz, Bolivia. At that time the tour guide told me

that no one had been able to determine how these cities were built at such incredible altitudes without modern technology. I saw the underwater conduits, the Gate of the Sun, the Citadel of Macchu-Picchu, and now I was seeing the frosting on the cake, the Nazca Plains.

Meeting Rama had intensified my interest in the mystery of these ancient relics. My studies reassured my radical mind; I was not quite as frightened as I had been about what had happened in the Andes Mountains. The more I read on the subject, the more I was able to accept some of the things Rama had told me.

Incident at Exeter, written by John G. Fuller, was a turning point for me. Fuller gave a completely detailed journalistic report on several UFO sightings in various parts of the United States. After reading this book, I was able to seriously consider the possibility that Rama could be an extraterrestrial.

An intriguing part of Fuller's book dealt with the blackout that hit the northeastern part of the United States on November 9, 1965, leaving Boston, New York and New Jersey without power for over seven hours. Fuller points out that this power failure is still unexplained and that some weeks before several people reported seeing UFOs, or strange objects, in the sky, on or near the ground, close to power lines.

Fuller gave very plausible explanations to many questions I'd been asking myself since that blackout.

On the first Friday of July, 1974, less than two weeks since I'd met Rama, I sat in my office, looking at my desk, piled high with all kinds of literature on Peruvian history and legend, scientific reports, magazine articles on UFOs in ancient times, and essays on Inca architecture. How could I continue to believe that all these reports of flying saucers were fiction? Especially now that I had become an eyewitness myself. But here I was, still skeptical about my friend from outer space. While I was becoming

more receptive to the idea that she was some form of super intelligence from another world, I was still afraid to believe it. I wanted to know more, I was ashamed of my ignorance.

I opened one of the drawers in my desk where I still kept the copy of the *Denver Post*, dated Monday, June 24, 1974. Again I tried to find a reasonable explanation for its appearance in the remote region of the Andes Mountains the morning it was to hit the streets in Colorado. A jetliner takes between six and eleven hours to get to Lima, Peru, depending upon which city it departs from and how many stops it makes before it arrives. Then, from Lima, it would have had to travel another six hours to the place where we had been, by train or automobile. By train it would have taken eight hours. I know some newspapers go to bed dated before they hit the streets, but this was one of the newsstand copies, a regular city edition. I knew my airline timetables by heart. The connection from Stapleton International Airport in Denver, Colorado to Jorge Chavez International in Lima was not that simple.

Even if I assumed the paper had hit the street at five in the afternoon the day before, it could never have made it to Huancayo by twelve noon the next day. I tried working it out in very possible way. I couldn't come up with any logical answer. To add to my confusion, I recalled that there was a two-hour time difference. And I couldn't imagine anybody going that far out of their way to play a joke on someone.

I knew I had to go back and see her again. The Peruvian general manager of our office was vacationing in Europe. Nancy and I were minding the store. As far as my work was concerned, everything was somewhat under control. This was my golden opportunity to return to the Andes Mountains.

This time I was prepared. I made up my mind that I

would fear nothing. I had read all the UFO reports I could get my hands on and never came across any evidence of physical harm to any witnesses. Besides, Rama didn't seem to be the kind of person with such intentions.

I recalled her exotic, almost oriental, beauty. Her eyes, big, deep, and slanted, were enhanced by high cheekbones. The last time I had seen her I looked into those eyes. They revealed an almost childlike warmth and vulnerability. And her patience was almost beyond comprehension. Even when I insulted her, calling her a fake or accused her of putting me on, she remained sweet and kind.

I decided to close shop early and head for the mountains. I even considered calling New York to request a permanent transfer to Lima. About mid-afternoon I drove Nancy home and asked her to take care of all the incoming calls from headquarters, just in case I didn't get back on time Monday morning. Then I stopped off at the Sheraton to pick up a few things, including my Bible (I had found one in English) and all of the books I had read.

The drive up the mountains was nowhere as painful as my first trip, but still no joy ride, either. I took it slow and easy, not wanting to push myself or the rented car. I stopped to pick up a hitchhiker, who told me he was a mine worker on his way to La Oroya, a big town in the Andes Mountains where all the minerals from Cerro de Pasco mines were sent for smelling. As we passed the UFO contact sign, the man mentioned that a policeman in Huancayo had had some sort of contact with beings from outer space. He said he thought the man was as crazy as all the other people who still believed in flying saucers.

When I arrived in Acaya, the lady at the hotel fixed me a room and a good meal while I went down to the bathhouses. As it was extremely cold, I gathered some

wood and built a fire, knowing I would be freezing when I got out of the water. I was right. I dressed in front of the fire, had my meal and went straight to bed. As soon as my head touched the pillow I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up a little past nine. The morning sunshine made the air seem crisp and fresh. I went down to the bathhouse and, as it was Saturday, a number of people were waiting a turn for the baths. I could have gone into the open swimming pool, but it was still a bit too cold for that. I waited in the warm sunshine, making an effort to be calm and relaxed.

In spite of myself, my anxieties returned. Even though my studies had convinced me of the existence of UFOs, I was still uncomfortable with the idea. What if this were all a hoax? Maybe I had been right all along and Rama was working for the CIA, or she and her friends were up to something not quite kosher here in Peru. Or maybe she was just some smart aleck who wanted to have a good laugh at my expense.

The only thing I knew for sure was that she always knew exactly what I was thinking. I had always thought that people who claimed to be clairvoyant, or have ESP, psychic or mind-reading abilities were phonies. Now I wasn't so sure.

Just then, at a distance, I heard the sound of a powerful motorcycle. I turned to see Rama arriving on her L.A.P.D. Harley Davidson. I resolved that today I would demand some proof of her claim to be an alien being from outer space.

"Hello, Rama," I said. "How are you?"

She looked into my eyes for a moment before answering.

"Salve," she said, which is Latin for "hello."

"What do you see?" she asked.

"I like what I see. But I came here to straighten out some things."

"Charles, my friend, my brother," she said, "please save your words. I've been listening to you thinking. I know you have doubts. But my being here is not a hoax. I don't have time to play little games with you. So as far as proof is concerned, I told you before, that all depends on how fast you rid yourself of your doubts and fears."

She was responding to my thoughts as if I had spoken them aloud to her.

"Rama, you're utterly fantastic. You seem to know my thoughts almost before I think them."

"No, not before you think them."

"Is there a simple, logical explanation for the way you appear to sense my thinking?"

"Yes. You call it telepathy. It's a universal way of communicating. Brain waves are explosions of energy all around you. Remember the force we talked about the last time we were here?"

"Vaguely, but I don't understand it."

"Then we have to start at a level where you can make a picture in your mind what this force really is, and what it's called. Then you'll understand it; later, you'll learn to control it."

"Control it, how?"

"Once you know and understand it, you can actually control it."

"How long will it take me to learn that?"

"It depends on how fast you can accept the fact that I'm really an extraterrestrial.

Look, forget that I'm from another world for now. Let down your guard. Let's just pretend we're friends from different countries or cities. Isn't that the way you'd do it with any one of your girlfriends?

"Yeah, I guess so. But they don't pop into my life and say, 'Hi, I'm from another planet,' either. Anyway, if you have something for me to learn, tell me. I've been looking forward to this. I read some things and made

some of my own investigations. I have a lot of questions."

"That's terrific. It pleases me that you're here. I must be doing something right. You win yourself a cookie. I'll let you drive my police bike. About five minutes from here is another place we can bathe. It's close to the river bank and to get in we have to go into a subterranean passage."

"Great!" I said, both pleased and apprehensive; as I had never driven a Harley Davidson before.

I sat on the bike, fidgeting with its paraphernalia until I got the feel of it. Then we took off; Rama rode behind me, hugging my back.

We drove for a while before I became confident enough with the bike to let my mind wander. I thought about all the questions I wanted to ask Rama about the Von Daniken books. I'd marked passages I wanted to ask her about. I had even made indexes. I couldn't wait to talk to her about these books.

Suddenly, while I was deep in thought, I heard Rama's voice inside my head. It was very clear, yet her voice was in my mind without using sound. In fact, it would have been impossible for us to even try to talk to each other as at that moment our ear drums were being assaulted with the sound of a powerful precision made machine echoing against the mountains and canyons at full speed.

I accepted it, without trying to understand what was happening. I returned my thoughts to her the same way. I recall the dialogue we had in direct mind-to-mind conversation. It started with Rama saying, "I can see you were a good boy and did a lot of reading."

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"What we are doing now," she explained, "is an old way of getting the point across without speech. We are now at such a proximity with each other that it makes this telepathic conversation a lot easier. I know you're

getting my thought waves and understanding perfectly. Mental communication is faster and more accurate."

"You're coming through loud and clear. It's sort of weird, but it's difficult to fight it. There's no logical explanation of how this is happening."

"There's nothing weird about it, Charles. Lots of people here have mastered this telepathic ability. As I told you the other day, there's nothing strange about it. It's new for you, but as soon as you accept it and understand it logically, you'll have no problems communicating the same way with me and those who have reached the point of using it wisely."

"Will I, Rama?"

"You're doing it now, aren't you?"

"It could still be a trick."

"I'm sure that some people here on your planet would call it a trick, a miracle, supernatural, from the world beyond, and for a scientific mind like yours it would be a little difficult to accept. But be patient. You'll see how well we're going to get along."

"Is this part of the Force you keep talking about?"

"Yes, by all means."

"Rama, I have all kinds of questions about UFOs. The first thing I want to know is about the power blackout we had in November, 1965, in the northeastern part of the United States. Did you have anything to do with it?"

"Not me personally, but 'us,' yes. It was a strategy, sort of a test. I'll tell you more about it when I talk about our activities in this world. We thought something like that would be the best and quickest way to get your interest."

"When that happened, I was in New York. I followed all the news coverage. I had a very special interest in it because at the time I thought it might be a communistic sabotage, or a conspiracy to take over the country. Even months later, when everyone seemed to have forgotten

about it, including the ones who were investigating it, I was still intrigued by this mysterious event. Once in a while I'd think about it and wonder what could cause a power failure of such magnitude. Nothing was broken very few people were hurt; yet no one seemed capable of finding or repairing the damage. No one ever came up with a sensible explanation for the failure, either; the lights just came back on seven hours later.

"You say it was some kind of test?"

"Yes, a strategy, an experiment, just as you are."

"I'm an experiment? You said that once before. Just what exactly do you mean?"

"The time has come; we find it necessary to establish contact with a number of people on this green, water planet.

"You're the kind of person we like to talk to. I'll level with you. First, I'll share my knowledge with you, including how to handle The Third Force. That's imperative before we can go any further. Then you'll be able to read minds as well as we're carrying on this mental conversation at this moment."

"You've got to be kidding, Rama."

"No, I'm not kidding."

"I'm just being cautious. Remember, Rama, I'm only a lowly earthly and my mind doesn't function as quickly nor as well as yours."

"Do you believe me now?"

"You're reading my mind and you know I can't help it. But I'm still doubtful about your being from another world."

"Why do you find that so impossible to believe?"

"It's just too staggering to my mind and imagination. Maybe if you keep talking to me like this and making sense as you've been doing, you'll convince me."

"All right; I'll do just that. But you have to promise me that you'll keep an open and objective mind, and that

you'll refrain from spoiling things with your ugly thoughts. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"The Fatima message is the word of good will delivered from someone who appeared to three shepherd children by someone who was supposed to be the mother of Jesus Christ, correct?"

"That's what I've read."

"Well, in reading the Von Daniken books, didn't you constantly come across the same old plot of 'gods coming from heaven in their chariots of fire'? Didn't they usually communicate with earthlings before great disasters such as the great flood and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah? Haven't you read accounts of them helping people, mingling with them, founding nations and countless other activities?"

"These people descend upon the earth to teach, and the special individuals lucky enough to receive their instruction write about their experiences."

"From the little I've read, it seems most of these authors are people who are troubled and searching for some specific answer to philosophical questions about God, humanity, justice, slavery; things of that nature."

"We choose the people that we reveal ourselves to very, very carefully, because what we offer primarily is wisdom and eternal life."

"Eternal life? Are you saying that if I'm a good boy, as you put it, I'll get to live forever?"

"These are the only really special things I have to offer you. Wisdom and eternal life."

"You're putting me on again, Rama. I could say some very nasty things, but since you're allegedly a creature from another planet, I won't be quite so vulgar."

"You see, my suspicious little brother, how you try to spoil this beautiful thing? Here I am, offering you a way to achieve eternal life, and you're thinking of obscenities."

"I keep thinking you're just someone from this planet who is trying and succeeding in making fun of me. I may accept that you do possess some very extraordinary powers, such as the ability to read minds, and that you're quite astute, clever, very beautiful, and sweet as sugar, but when it comes to being from another planet, with all due respect to your fantastic abilities, I have to tell you there are times when I think you are constipated."

"I take it that's your way of saying I'm full of it?"

"I guess mind-to-mind communication conveys semantics very well."

"Charles, all I have to say for now is that I will be patient with you. I'm certain you'll come around when you're good and ready."

"Rama, can you imagine what my people back in New York would say if I told them I'd met a creature from another planet?"

"If your people have an open mind they would at least give it some consideration. They might also be able to achieve eternal life."

For awhile we rode in complete silence. I went deeper into my thoughts. With every turn and bump on the road I could feel Rama's little body tenderly snuggle against me, hugging me reassuringly. I began to feel guilty for having been such a bastard to her. She was very sweet and gentle and didn't deserve that kind of treatment; yet I couldn't get over the feeling that she was still putting me on.

We drove to the end of one of the canyons. A huge stone chimney loomed like a warning sign, indicating we would soon be in the vicinity of toll booths and the Peruvian road patrols. I downshifted, made a U turn and headed back in the direction of Acaya. Rama never uttered a sound, but I sensed her approval. Again we drove in silence, mentally and otherwise, for almost an hour.

By now the noon sunshine was hot and strong. We both felt the need for a break. Three miles before the city limits of Acaya, slightly off the main road, a bridge led to the old central highway on the opposite side of the Mantaro River. Not far from the bridge was an old house, almost in ruins. We parked the bike and walked about a hundred feet further to a subterranean passage that led directly into an underground cave where the water emerged in warm springs, bubbling up from beneath the river. It was a beautiful natural spa where the clean, clear water appeared to actually boil because of the intense carbonation.

As we reached the water's edge, I said to Rama, "I feel badly about the things I said. But this whole thing is so unbelievable, I guess I got kind of hostile. Forgive me for saying those things I did when we were on the bike. The one consolation is you've provided me with a good start towards mental communication."

"Don't feel too bad, Chacho," she said gently. "I know how you feel. I'd like you to do something for me. Go into the water for a couple of minutes. Dig deeply into your thoughts. What I'm about to tell you requires a lot of recalling."

As we prepared to get into the water, Rama said, "Throughout your schooling, you must have had some pretty fantastic teachers whom you could hardly wait to see in your next class. . . ."

"I can name a few without going into any deep recollection: Richard Smith, Psychology 305, University of Northridge, California; Carmelo Gariano, Carlos Blanco Gonzales, Iris Shah, my swimming and diving instructor. I guess there are more, if I really gave it some thought. What's the point?"

"Would you have insulted Iris Shah by telling her she was a phony? Or would you have told Richard Smith you thought he was neurotic? Or hurt the feelings of Carlos

Blanco Gonzales by telling him he was a fraud? No, you certainly would not have. These were people who you respected for their knowledge and abilities. The swimming teacher, who you used to remind how good she looked in clothes when you saw her outside the swimming pool—you swam 36 laps each class because you liked her," she said laughing.

"You're right. I wouldn't have done that to them."

"So why do it to me? If you give me a chance, I'll tell you things that will change your life, things more important than any lessons you've ever learned." She spoke softly, firmly, clearly and with much wisdom and self assurance. I had to respect her.

We entered the water together. Rama began massaging my feet. With each stroke of her hands I felt the tension leaving my body. After awhile, she repeated the reasons I was experiencing so many aches and pains: I was eating too much meat and not watching my diet.

I mentioned to Rama that I had visited a friend in Lima who had a library of books in English. Looking through her collection, I had come across a book on foot reflexology which had included diagrams, charts and photographs of the places on the foot one could massage to restore health to various parts of the body. When I saw she was impressed, I told her about the books on homeopathic remedies and macrobiotics that I had also read.

She said, smiling slowly, "Good boy, Chacho. See, I never tell you useless things. The value of everything I'm teaching you is already known here by some people"

"Rama, if you're from another world, why do you know so much about this one? You're well read for some creature who's only here on a visit."

"I'm an expert on planet Earth affairs. In your job, your title is 'Latin American Relations.' You're here on a mission, a job, an assignment, whatever you want to call

it. You work for a company that sent you here on business. The same way I was sent here."

"Then we're both here on business. You're doing your thing; I'm doing mine. We can talk about anything you want. I just don't want you to put me on."

"I promise I won't put you on, today, tomorrow, or ever. Let's just talk and learn about new things. I know you have the intelligence to understand The Force."

We got out of the water and headed to where the bike was parked. Rama insisted that from now on it would be assumed between us that flying saucers do exist or else she would be wasting my time.

"If you see me do something that people on your planet would call magic, a miracle, supernatural, or just plain weird, hold on. Don't get all excited and keep asking me, 'How did you do that?' When and if this happens, it will simply be a matter of fact. There's no reason to waste time on such things as 'proof.' We don't put on cheap shows; we simply control The Force. Not as a business to cash in on, not to gain publicity. The ones who will get the most are the ones who believe out of sheer faith and conviction. In the Bible, Christ tells one of his disciples, 'You're lucky; you believe because you see, but luckier are those who believe without seeing.'"

"I'd like to see that in the Bible."

"I'll show you later."

"Pretty soon you're going to be telling me that Jesus Christ came out of a UFO."

"If you choose to stay, you might even get to see that," she said coolly.

"Yeah, I bet...."

She stopped me. "What I'm going to tell you is important. This time I'll be firm, as I have only so much patience. I'm telling you these things because I want you to help us."

"Help you? How?"

"Just listen. You're at a crucial point in your life. It's about time you start making some important decisions."

"Right."

"I'm going to give you two choices. One, you stay here, learn, get convinced, do your work and research and then help us publish this message. Two, you get in your VW and go back to that horrible world of yours and forget you ever met me. As you said, no one would ever believe you, anyway."

"Then how do you expect me to write a book that will be believed?"

"That's part of the message. Out of the millions of people now walking the earth, only a few are going to be saved. We don't care whether we are believed or not. The important thing is to give those millions a fair chance if they are sincere with themselves.

"We don't want to antagonize anyone. We're not trying to make waves with any church or government on this planet. What we teach has no national border, nor is it ever imposed on people through fear.

"We're going to write this for a very select audience. They don't have to be super geniuses. But they will have at least an average intelligence, a general education and have an open and receptive mind to new ideas, concepts and experiences.

"Examine your conscience, Chacho. And tell me if you want to go through with this project. It may not be easy, but it will be rewarding. I'm not promising you gold and riches, but I do promise you wisdom and eternal life."

"Amen. Or should I say, 'Hey, Man!'"

"Either way, Charles. You got my point. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT."

"Those are very strong words."

"Let's take a break. I hope you're not as belligerent when I see you this afternoon. We'll take a nap after lunch; it's good for the spirit."

The conversation ended with her reading to me from

my Bible, in St. John, Chapter 20: 27-31, where Christ talks to Thomas about faith.

Then he saith to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou has believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

After reading this scripture, we got on the bike and drove back to the hotel in silence.

As we hid the motorcycle in the back of the hotel, Rama talked more about Jesus the Christ. But always in an unusual way. When she referred to him, she made it sound as if she knew him personally, continually calling him a friend, a dude, a cool individual, a freak. This was the first time I'd heard someone I like say good things about Jesus, without calling him "Our Lord Jesus Christ." Strangely enough, there was nothing disrespectful nor arrogant about her way of expressing her feelings about him. She said she was sorry she couldn't talk to me about Jesus because she could feel that my belligerent attitude got to the best of me whenever the subject came up.

I liked the way Rama talked about him, in language that enabled me to grasp the idea rather than the words. And in a way that didn't get my adrenalin rushing.

Rama went down toward the river and I went into the restaurant.

Chapter VI

Ananas and Anionites

I left the restaurant after having something to eat and walked slowly to my car to get a blanket. My head was spinning. I needed time to think, to sort out things in my mind. I wandered down to the river, where I found Rama sleeping peacefully on a patch of green grass near the water's edge. I put my blanket down and sat next to her.

She looked exactly like any other earthling born in Levittown or any other city, I thought, contemplating my beautiful sleeping friend. I'd always imagined an extraterrestrial would look different, perhaps green with one eye and antennae, wearing a space suit with a helmet. Certainly not someone walking around with jeans, hiking boots and a scarf on her head.

The circumstances in no way matched the mood and the feelings I'd have anticipated on meeting an extraterrestrial. I thought someone from outer space would arrive in a large city in front of crowds of thousands and emerge from a flying saucer or some other kind of incredible flying vehicle. Definitely not on an L.A.P.D. patrol motorcycle in a remote place in South America.

I guess the image I had was of some kind of invasion that would cause destruction and interplanetary wars.

Who could have guessed that an alien being would be talking about Moses, Ezekiel, Jesus Christ and the Bible?

Rama looked sweet and gentle as she slept; it was so nice being around her.

But I knew she wasn't kidding when she'd said, "Take it or leave it." She had said it emphatically enough for me to get the point. As soon as she opened her eyes, I was supposed to have made up my mind.

Rama was being very understanding about my feelings of incredulity and disbelief. She even said she didn't

care whether or not I believe her as long as my attitude didn't distract from the concepts she was trying to convey to me.

I wanted to believe her; but living in various cities in the world, I'd learned to be paranoid, to not trust people. Everyone seemed to be out to get you, from the muggers on the streets to the Internal Revenue and the rotten establishment. I wasn't born that way; I was conditioned to it.

There were also other considerations. I thought about my finances. What she was suggesting I do could jeopardize my lifestyle. I kept an expensive apartment in Beverly Hills and drove a fancy sports car. I liked my salary and the things I could do with it.

I had always liked to be a free spirit, to do what I wanted whenever I felt like doing it. That's why I had no binding commitments, not to a particular person, company or a family.

On the other hand, I knew that it was also because of the nature of freelance work that I had made a decision not to marry. Any sudden or drastic changes in my life therefore wouldn't hurt anyone else.

After a while, I lay down close to Rama and fell asleep. About an hour later, I was awakened by her touch as she lightly stroked my forehead with the palm of her hand. I stretched and shifted my body towards her lovely face above me. She called me "sleepy face." We got up and walked to a nearby spring to drink sulfuric water. There we found another comfortable patch of green and sat down.

"Rama," I said after a long silence, "I've decided I want to stay. I'll do whatever I can to help you write that message of yours. I'll introduce you to some writers and people in the publishing business."

She shook her head. "No, Chacho. I'll give you all the help you need, but I want you to do this by yourself."

The last of my resistance dissolved. "All right," I said,

"but be a little more specific. What will we be doing? How long will it take? When do you want me to be here? I have to make some plans you know, and as it stands now I have a commitment to be in Los Angeles by July 15th."

"Good questions. When you're serious like this you're even more charming and handsome. It's not necessary for you to come here that often. I don't want to interfere with your plans and present contracts. But, sorry, I don't see you being in Los Angeles by July 15th."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You won't be leaving by July 15th."

"If I'm not back by that date, I'll be violating a judicial order. What makes you say I'm not going?"

Something important concerning your work is going to come up, some complications you will have to resolve. On July 18th, or thereabouts, your South American supervisor is coming to Lima to straighten out a certain mess."

"He's only supposed to come if things get really bad. I spoke to him yesterday and told him to kill the deal. He said he couldn't come; he's much too busy."

"Charles, I'm not making this happen. Don't be upset. Just hang in there, and let's leave it at that. But I repeat, you will be spending more than just a few weeks in Peru. You'll have time to yourself. And we can always use it. Go places, have a good time. Do things that are relaxing.

Your learning will be gradual, and you'll be taking many notes. The more you receive, the more your mind and memory will develop.

That's why I want you to be conscious and aware. We don't want to give the impression to your future readers that you came here drunk or high, and, therefore, that you imagined or made up this whole thing. We'll work when and where we want. If you keep your mind receptive, we'll be productive. The most important thing is for you to be relaxed and comfortable. But if you want

to drink, smoke, snort or drop something, don't do it when we're scheduled for a session."

"I'm free to go any time, say, if the going gets rough or I find it's detrimental to my health? I'll be able to take care of my business transactions and come back whenever I want to?"

"Of course. The choice is yours; you're a free-willed individual. You will only come here when you want to come, and because being here makes you happy.

"It's to our advantage that you be at peace with yourself and others; with inner peace, you'll get a lot more out of our work together."

"Okay, I'm ready now. What next?"

"You'll be learning some simple things first; scientific phenomena that, up to now, many people on your planet still refuse to believe."

"Such as?"

"Certain kinds of unexplained experiences that have been ignored because they were considered old wives' tales, or taboo. Supernatural things, like the soul, ghosts, spirit. Things you've read about in horror comic books related to death, contact with the world beyond, mediumship, fortune tellers, witchcraft, voodoo, religious cults, exorcism, satanism. I could go on and on. All these phenomena function in relationship to natural law. These things are also related to science because they can be observed and studied using the principles and methods of science. Nothing new. These subjects have always been quite popular in your world. The stuff has even become quite commercial. Don't be surprised if one day you pick up a paper and read an ad in the classified section saying, 'Dial a Ghost Service,' or if someone hands you a business card for 'Black Cat & Co., Inc., bad luck guaranteed or your money back.'"

I laughed, amused by her analogy on the commercialism of it.

"All the phenomena I just mentioned are related to a

certain cosmic force we could call 'spirit,'" she said. "We're going to study the spirit in detail. Don't look so surprised. Once you understand it, how it works, its components, your learning is going to become easier."

I began taking notes.

"When I said you will be able to live forever, I meant it," she continued. "By seeing and knowing your own spirit, you'll be getting closer to living forever. Remember, Jesus Christ promised eternal life as the ultimate reward."

"That's what I was taught in Catholic school."

"But we're going to be more academic and open minded about it."

"That's more my style."

"Yes, I know. What we're dealing with is simple science and logic."

"I'm listening."

"On this planet Earth, modern science still refuses to recognize the existence of the spirit. To understand anything about nature is to recognize the working of an intelligent force in the universe. But in this world of yours, science doesn't go beyond the atom. So let's start with it. In a very elementary way, let's revise your understanding of the atom."

She took my pad and drew the whole atomic concept with its parts. "This is a proton," she said, drawing a plus sign, "and an electromagnetic charge is found in the nucleus of the atom. Now this negative sign (-) we call an electron. You know from your science classes in college that negative and positive attract each other and equal signs repel each other. Both of these signs carry a charge of equally balanced energy. And when they unite, they form a simple atom."

"The electrons rotate constantly around the proton at great speeds," I interjected; "the same way the earth and other planets orbit around the sun."

"You're right. An atom is a planetary system in miniature. And the distance that exists between electrons and protons is relatively the same in proportion to its own environment as in a planetary system.

"Do you know the name of the cohesive force that moves and organizes the atomic complex or a planetary system?"

"No; I don't know any names for it."

"Let's call that moving, organizing energy The Force. Now, I want you to visualize it. It's important to make mental pictures of these concepts. Let your mind go for a moment. Imagine we're inside an atom, standing on the surface of the proton.

"In Disneyland, there's a gadget that demonstrates this principle. A reducing machine allowing you to travel inside a snowflake. You sit strapped into a chair inside a tram that takes you into a cave. Special effects, lead you to believe you're getting smaller and smaller until you can see the intimacy of the atom. Then gradually you return to normal size. Then you see somebody's eye looking at you through a microscope."

"Yeah, I've been on that ride. Disneyland has it now, but a chemical company, Monsanto, originally developed that idea and introduced it at the New York World's Fair in 1964. It really gets the concept across effectively."

"Here, from our proton," she said, reminding me that we were in a similar space, "we can see the electrons orbiting us. Within the distance between us and our electrons, there is an atmosphere. It's what we're calling The Force. This energy organizes matter from the very beginning of each world. It creates the first energy, positive (protons), and the second energy, negative (electrons). It organizes these two energies. When all three forces work together, they create and organize matter. That Force is the thinking element of nature.

"When scientists on your planet finally recognize the existence of this force, they'll give it a name. But what science believes or doesn't believe isn't what concerns us. We're concerned with the function of this Force and the role it plays in the universe. Once you see it and sense it, you won't care whether anyone believes you or not. Something funny happens. You're only too happy to enjoy it selfishly."

"Can you draw a picture of this Third Force, too?"

"It's a combination of two elements, two energies. Let's call one ananas, the other anionites. I got those names from a book published in Spanish here in your world. Someone we respect very much wrote it, a Mexican author, Rodolfo Benavides. The name of the book is *En La Noche De Los Tiempos*, which means '*In the Night of Time*.'"

"I've never heard of it."

"That doesn't surprise me. These elements are still unknown to most scientists in your world. However, the names used in this book are the same given to these elements in other parts of this solar system: the Sun, Neptune, Mars, Venus and many other places where they are known and referred to in universal language."

"Are you saying there's intelligent life on the sun?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not, but let's not get off the subject; we'll discuss that later. This third element of the atom, found in the space between the protons and electrons of the atom, is intelligent energy.

"Now, look," she said, drawing a few circumferences on my pad, "It'll be easier if you make an imaginary comparison of the atom to our planetary system. The 'P' will be the sun and the 'E' a planet.

"Some scientists already suspect this force exists.

They refer to it as the cohesive element of the atom which fills the inter-atomic space. This force is the atmosphere organizing the elements of the atom."

"If science knows or suspects this third energy of the atom, terminology isn't important. What doesn't science know?"

"It's physical constitution, the way the ananas and anionites are arranged in the universe to function as a cohesive force. The intelligence within it."

"These little characters you call ananas and anionites—they're particles much smaller than the electron and proton and are so micro minute that in my horrible world nobody understands them?"

"Yes, but they're not, I repeat, not particles of matter. They're units of energy. They have no molecular bodies.

"Here, let me draw them for you."

She started drawing a series of plus and minus signs in several rows.

- + - + - + - + -
+ - + - + - + - +
- + - + - + - + -
+ - + - + - + - +
- + - + - + - + -

Then, with great enthusiasm and conviction, she said, "This is your soul, your spirit, what you are, what I am, what we all are. Our human bodies are made of atoms; our spirit is made of ananas and anionites."

I stared at the markings on my pad.

"So, this is the human spirit."

"Yes. Spirit is energy; a vibration is energy."

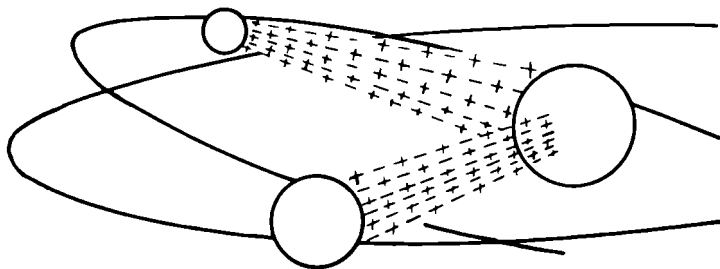
"This really shocks me. It differs so much from what I've been taught and believed all my life. This shatters my whole outlook on modern scientific concepts."

"Just wait until an intelligent, open-minded, material-

istic scientist proves that this is actually a physical force, organized physically, with physical qualities and characteristics."

She pointed to the block of positive and negative signs on my pad.

"This is how ananas and anionites are found; alternated. These are the elements that fill everything in the universe, from the micro-smallest to the super gigantic. This is the beginning and the end, the alpha, the omega, the natural intelligence that organizes life . . . God, if you want to get serious. For me, this is the Eternal God of Creation."



She paused. We stared at each other for a few moments, then she drew another sketch on the paper.

"This is the way ananas and anionites function within the interatomic spaces," she said.

"What's the origin of this energy? What starts it? Where's God?" I asked.

She took my pad and drew two lines, a vertical and a horizontal one, covering the whole page. A big plus sign. She pointed to the center of the two lines.

"Here. This is the magnetic vibratory center of the universe, the Eternal Thought of Creation, Eternal Life. The main shaft, motive, and cause of everything in existence in the whole wide universe.

Ananas and anionites are the manifestation of that vibratory center. Positive and negative. Eternal life uses these two elements as an instrument to generate and create atoms, then all life.

You remember being told that God is everywhere at all times, that you are made in the image of God, and that God is the creator of all things in the universe?"

I just sat there dumbfounded, shaking my head.

Her reasoning was somewhat deep, yet I understood the concept rather well. The whole thing was hard to fight. But then again, who did Rama think she was to draw some glyphs, and so matter of factly call them God.

It took me years in high school and college to figure out the composition of the atom. Now everything I'd learned in the past thirty years seemed useless. In my thoughts I saw Rama going into a church on some faraway planet where they sang hymns and prayed to some positive and negative signs plastered on the walls.

My silence was interrupted by Rama's sudden outburst of laughter. She had been reading my mind again.

"You really have an interesting sense of humor," she said, "It's tough to explain the concept of God and creation in this world of yours.

The problem lies mainly in the efforts made by humans, lock stock and barrel, to picture God as some supreme being with a physical body and human form.

When physicists in your world get to know and understand this field of science, when they're thoroughly convinced that the soul of the human body is a part of God, made solely and exclusively of these two elements, this binary code of ananas and anionites, then they'll have to define God as a great positive energy, an intelligent force pervading the entire universe. The total sum of ananas in the universe is God. The total sum of anionites is the creation."

Again I was silent. I tried to be careful what I was

thinking, knowing she would hear my thinking as well as what I said aloud.

Finally, after a few moments, I asked, "What's the difference between the way the Third Force is found in the universe and the way it's found in individual spirits of human beings?"

"The third force starts by creating atoms. Obeying natural physical and chemical laws, the atoms construct the molecule. Molecules, again obeying these same laws, make the cell. Cells, also obeying biological and physiological laws, make other cells. Multiconglomerations of cells create the life forms of humans, animals and even the lowest forms of intelligence. To understand it in your time element, this process takes ages, unlimited centuries, of development.

A bunch of ananas and anionites consolidate and work together for a main goal, a common cause—to create life, for instance. Assume they decide to organize the body and soul of Joe Blow. He's born, lives his life, and eventually dies. The molecules that were his physical body transform to ashes. But the ananas and anionites that were his spirit do not die. They're transformed. They can self-recognize, associate and consolidate again, even if the work takes them centuries.

A number of ananas and anionites come together out of the whole to make an individual vibration. Someone's spirit is another intelligent life in the spiritual form."

"You're saying that when these tiny fellows want biological life, they coordinate, work together, create atoms, molecules cells and biological life."

"You've got it. Remember the phrase, 'Energy cannot be created nor destroyed, just transformed'? For those who still believe the cell is the beginning of life, here's a challenge to revise their thinking.

Your human spirit is what makes your physiological body tick. The Bible describes this element as 'that in

which we live and move and have our being.' Every religion talks about 'Holy Ghosts,' 'Holy Spirits,' and divinities. To simplify it, they tell you God gave Adam a 'divine touch,' the breath of life, the 'divine spark placed in the heart.'

You asked me what the spirit was. It is an accumulation of positive energy originated and generated by the Eternal Creator. God, if you prefer, for terminology's sake. Each spirit has its own free will, given by God. It individualizes itself in order to incarnate for one biological life period. This varies according to how time is measured in each world and the life expectancy at any given part in the universe.

Once these ananas and anionites have again united and individualized into one being, they melt with the atomic matter of their previous incarnations. The individual unit gets better and stronger because it keeps adding more Third Force and more atoms, using the vibratory pattern still existing and remembered from the ancient records and experiences of its past lives.

We're talking about a process known as karma, reincarnation, resurrection of the flesh, the 'Ye must be born again' idea."

I interrupted her. "What about death in relation to the atom and this Third Force? I'm interested in hearing your opinions."

"These are not my opinions," she said. "I haven't invented all this. Just like you, I had to learn these things at one time in one of my lives. I'm talking about cosmic laws that have been known throughout the galaxies for millions and millions of your terrestrial years."

"Rama, I'm sorry," I said. "Please don't lose your patience with me."

"All right," she said, "We're talking about common death as it's known on earth, when your heart, lungs, brain and everything else, cease to function.

To understand death a little better, let's make an analogy. Take a factory where 200 people work. Out of the 200, ten are responsible for running the operation smoothly. One fine day these ten individuals decide to quit all at the same time. Then you have chaos, confusion, anarchy—a mess.

Now, compare this factory with the body of Joe Blow. The 200 workers are his heart, brains, ananas, blood, bones, veins, arteries, anionites, nervous system. The ananas and anionites are the ones running the show. One day they decide they no longer want to work for Joe Blow, and they split. Now the heart, brains, blood, bones, arteries, lungs and nervous system don't have the intelligent direction to organize and synchronize them properly, because the ananas and anionites are on strike. What happens? The blood flow can't coordinate with the heart, which in turn can't work with the brain, because there isn't enough oxygen coming in from the lungs. In short, you've got chaos, anarchy, confusion. Another mess. That's physiological death."

"You're saying that the spirit is what makes our bodies function? It's so simple. That's fantastic!"

"I'm glad you like it. Now that you know and understand that your spirit is the Third Force, you can control it. You can take your ananas and anionites out of your body and transport them to any place. Nothing I'm telling you is unknown nor new to your planet. It's called astral projection. Remember when I mentioned mediums, spiritualists, exorcism? These powers derive from the control of this force.

There are religions that base their entire teachings on taking the spirit out of the body. Lobsang Rampa and the Tibetan lamas practice it. They're saying the same thing, that you can take your ananas and anionites away from your physical body for an outing."

"I've heard of this. If I remember correctly, Rampa

goes to places where his physical body has never been."

"Right. His ananas and anionites, in the form of spirit, are the ones doing the traveling. This morning you and I communicated with each other mentally, using the Third Force as a common vehicle to establish it. I was receiving your thoughts as you wanted them to get to me. But you were so insecure, you wanted to use semantics."

"Yes, it was weird. I'm almost afraid to ask about it."

"I was in tune with you spiritually. Our ananas and anionites consolidated in to one mass of spirit."

"What happens to the physical body while the spirit is out having a good time?"

"The body stays put wherever you leave it, in a coma-like state. You're completely out. The organs of your body keep on working, not as accurately as when you are fully conscious, but with the proper training, there's nothing to fear.

"Lobsang Rampa uses a term for the connection between the body and the spirit. He calls it the 'silver cord.' That's the link, the liaison between body and spirit.

Here, we have to use an analogy again. You're working at your tenth floor office and you have to go to the mailroom in the basement, then from there to the executive suite on the 14th floor. You ask your secretary to give you the paging beeper to keep in contact with your desk by an electrical radio frequency.

Let's say your spirit wants to go for an outing tonight. Ananas and anionites decide to go and play some golf for a while. They set up the silver cord to keep in touch with the body. Then away they go. Your lungs, brain and heart keep working on automatic pilot, but are still in close contact with the spirit by a micro-frequency, very elastic and mighty strong."

As she spoke, I remembered coming across several

books on this subject: *The Third Eye*, *The Silver Cord*, and *You Forever*. I'd read them and there were bits and pieces etched deeply in my memory. Also my friend Gracie, who studied metaphysics, had told me about "going out of your body" and "taking fantastic trips," but at that time all this stuff was too far out for me.

As I sat, somber and deep in thought, Rama put her arm on my shoulder and pointed to the positive signs on my pad.

"These signs make your soul," she said. "They're constantly revitalizing your physical body. This is your thinking process, too. It can be projected to any point in the universe, depending on how you stretch it.

"Your thought is your soul. You transport thoughts, you're transporting ananas. The shape of the thought is a conglomeration of ananas."

"I don't understand you on that."

"Close your eyes. Mentally transport yourself somewhere." I followed her instructions to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in New York City.

Then she said, "I can see you're creating shapes. You see the high buildings, Loew's Theater, the Castro Convertibles sign, the Times Square building, the entrance to a subway station. Now your thoughts have movement; I can see cars moving, a fire engine going down Seventh Avenue."

"Rama, you're fantastic! How'd you do that?"

"Don't be impatient, my friend, you'll be able to do it, too. Want to do another one?"

"Yes! This is fun."

"You go. I'll tell you."

I mentally transported myself to Radhusplätzen in Copenhagen, Denmark, and imagined going on a tram from Radhusplätzen toward Viktoriasgade. I had a mental image of going past the entrance of Tivoli Gardens, the great S.A.S. Building at the corner, the

Den Permanente Department Store." She began talking at that point.

"You are moving at about forty miles an hour down the main road of Copenhagen, Denmark."

"Du er good."

"Mange tak," she said, which is "thank you," in Danish.

"Rama, how many terrestrial languages do you speak?" I asked, surprised at her command of yet another language.

"Twenty-seven. And about 115 dialects."

I was impressed. And becoming more and more interested in this Third Force and all the powers that apparently were connected to it.

"What about the negative signs, the anionites, can they be projected too?"

"Yes, they can, and when they are, they manifest as light to the naked eye. When that happens, someone would say they'd seen a ghost. That's what ghosts are all about."

"So Casper the Friendly Ghost—is ananas and anionites." I reflected. She nodded and continued.

"When you learn to control the anionites, to free them from your body, the phenomena of spiritism begins. What a medium does is facilitate his or her anionites to help other spirits materialize."

"What happens when the ananas and anionites project together, at the same time?"

"Then you're able to reproduce at a distance your physical form, taking your thinking element with you. Your whole spirit, your complete third force energy goes wherever you want to take it, fully conscious, while your atomic structure sleeps peacefully somewhere."

"You're talking about physical and chemical phenomena now, right?"

"That's right. All of this is pure science. There's

nothing supernatural about it. No miracles, no magic. It's all part of the cosmic force, a manifestation of that vibratory center of the universe. God, if you want to approach it scientifically."

"What about the theories of spontaneous generation, the theory that life just spontaneously appeared at some point in time on this planet?"

"There's no such thing. Once conditions are appropriate to sustain natural life in a world, this third energy, with the sanction of the eternal universal force of creation, God, individualizes and then organizes matter to create life."

"I studied the ego in college. That was the name given for individuality, or at least that's how I understood it. Until this moment I never had a clear idea of what the "Internal I" really was, though."

"It's the counterpart of your cellular body."

"Now this whole confusing idea about reincarnation makes simple sense. Transformation of energy. Just ananas and anionites being transported from one body to another, if that's what you mean when you talk about eternal life. I reckon I've been a little too dense to understand this."

"No, you're not that dense. No one has ever taken time to explain it to you in simple terms. These concepts are in the minds of people. Some know of its existence, or suspect this force, but they don't understand it. They do use it, however."

"How?"

"Mediums, spiritists, witches, parapsychologists, telepaths—they all have to use the third energy as a tool. And the evidence of their using it is called magic, the supernatural, witchcraft, the world beyond."

"I remember the famous statement made by the French philosopher, Rene Descartes: 'I think, therefore I exist.' That's it. He was saying that to recognize his existence he had to know his spirit first."

"Exactly. To think is to create. By triggering certain electrical charges, your brain starts thinking. By thinking, you create forms and shapes, igniting a number of ananas. These move in the air, all with charges of equal chemistry. When they mingle with anionites, your thought is materialized, because ananas and anionites organize matter."

"Is that how you always know what I'm thinking?"

"There's more to it than that. Watch this, here on this rock."

The rock was about the size of an average coffee table. Since we were sitting down, it was like a table to us.

"Now, I want you to concentrate," Rama said. "Let's make believe I have a can of aerosol spray in my hand. The label on the can reads: Thoughts Materializer. Now, make a mental image of something. Don't tell me what it is. Don't close your eyes."

I imagined a brown felt toy bear with round ears up, glass-buttoned eyes, embroidered nose and mouth with a piece of red fabric giving the impression it was sticking out its tongue.

Rama went through the sounds and motions of spraying the rock with her make believe can. Then right before my eyes, the teddy bear that was only a thought in my mind took shape. It had become real. Incredibly, I saw it materialize on the rock. I felt the hair raise on the back of my neck as a thrill of panic rushed through my whole body. This was no joke, or entertaining magic trick. I was so frightened that to my ignorant mind, I thought this was the work of the devil.

I sat there, staring, dumbfounded, unable to believe what I was seeing. Rama broke the spell with an outburst of laughter. She picked up the bear and hit me on the head with it, then tossed it into the river.

"Well, big man," she said, "so you've been through a lot, huh? You're such a tough guy that nothing I do or tell you can shock you? A little act of magic and you fall

apart. Come on, you need a break. Let's go get some wine. It's getting chilly for you. Put on your jacket."

I followed her instructions, mumbling under my breath, "Now you're starting to sound like a Jewish mother."

"There's nothing supernatural nor magical about what you just saw. It isn't even anything super spectacular. Here on your planet a person could easily bend metal with his or her thoughts, or make a seed germinate and even grow in the palm of a hand. Or heal a paraplegic and change water into wine."

"You're saying that thinking in itself is capable of changing and even creating matter?"

"Only when the proper magnetic, electrical and chemical conditions are present. There was no reason for you to freak out like that down there now that you know what this force is."

"I know, but..."

"That's why I was so reluctant to come out openly in the beginning. It takes time just to get to know one another. Charles, you're just beginning. The fun is about to start. You have yet to take a little trip out of your body."

The panic returned. "Are you kidding? You're out of your mind!"

"Why not? It's the only way you can get to live forever. To use religious terminology, it is the key to the kingdom of heaven. Knowing how to take your spirit out of your body is the first step to eternal life."

"What makes you think I could do that?"

"Everyone can. Did you see the movie, 'Jesus Christ Superstar'?"

"Sure. I was involved in its promotion throughout Latin America."

"Then you must remember a song Jesus sings, it goes like this:

There is not one of you who cannot win the kingdom; the slow, the suffering, the quick, the dead.

"Yes, I remember," I said, trying to understand the meaning of the lyrics she was quoting.

"That's what Jesus was saying. Anybody can do it."

"He wasn't talking about astral projection."

"No, but he was telling us what to do to prepare our bodies for it."

"How long do you think it would take me to train myself to do this?"

"We could start tonight, if you want to. That is, if you can rid yourself of your fears and doubts."

"Tonight?"

"The sooner the better."

"Would you be with me?"

"Of course."

"All right. I'll give it a try. God, do I need a drink."

"Now you see why I wanted you straight, sober, conscious, and with a clear mind. I wanted you to see for yourself I wasn't playing tricks on you. I want you to be fully aware that whatever goes on here is neither the product of your imagination nor the result of drugs."

"Yes, I understand."

"When we start taking your spirit out of your body, you'll have to be relaxed, at ease, unafraid."

I was anything but relaxed at that moment. As usual, Rama sensed my feelings.

"Take the police bike out for a while, and go riding," she said. "Let your mind go. When you come back, you'll feel refreshed. Are you hungry?"

"No, not really."

"I suggest you have a light meal. If we're going to try it, I don't think it would be a good idea to do it on a full stomach. There's a bit of yoga involved in this."

"Where are we going to do it?"

"Anywhere. It really doesn't matter. Preferably in a place where you can be comfortable."

"This hotel isn't exactly the Holiday Inn, but it does have a good bed and a chair if you want me to be lying down," I suggested.

"I know!" she said, brightening. "We'll do it in the bathhouse. In the water. Make sure you get the keys to the bathhouse from the woman."

"All right, I will."

"I'll see you later. I'll come back and get you. When you bring the motorcycle back, hide it behind the hotel. Out of sight. I'll be spending the night with you. If you don't mind me sleeping with you, that is."

Now I was really feeling like my old self again. "Come on, Rama," I said, teasingly, "you know darned well I can always make room for a pretty lady like you in my bed. Besides, I thought you'd never ask."

"Now go give your mind a break," she said. "We'll see each other tonight."

It was a little past four in the afternoon. I went to the hotel and had a glass of sherry before going out on the patrol bike. My head was aching. I realized I still hadn't adjusted to the shock I'd experienced when Rama revealed her startling ability to play with reality the way a child plays with a toy.

My mind was racing as I got on the motorcycle and headed toward Huancayo. I was excited by the matter of fact way Rama had invited herself to spend the night with me. Not that it would be an unusual occurrence in my promiscuous career, but her complete trust unnerved me.

Rama was very confident. And probably well able to take care of herself. Maybe this was her way of making me relax and feel comfortable with her. I thought about the way she called me her pet, her little experiment. I felt

good when I was with her. Still I wondered with some apprehension what was in store for me. If she had wanted to drug or hypnotize me she had already had many opportunities. I found myself beginning to accept that she was an alien being to this planet. But for an alien she knew a lot about the planet Earth. She could quote books and names in any field, like an encyclopedia. And she had some very powerful tools besides knowledge.

As I came near a village called Parco, I stopped to admire one of the most beautiful vistas I'd ever seen. I've seen many enchanting places in many different countries—Japan, Austria, Switzerland, England, Germany, but this particular spot in the Andes Mountains of Peru was truly spectacular. I thought, no wonder the E.T.'s have been landing here for thousands of years.

I stayed there for nearly an hour, letting myself be nourished by the stillness and beauty all around me. The sun disappeared behind a chain of purple hued mountains.

I felt a deep peace and intense inspiration within, more so than I'd ever known before. It was like a spark inside me was beginning to flicker and grow brighter. I'd never suspected such a feeling could exist. It was better than any high I'd ever experienced, even with the best pot. The feeling was coming from someplace deeper than my mind or my body; it was within my soul, my spirit, or as Rama might say, within my ananas and anionites.

As soon as the sun went down, it started getting cold. Too cold to be riding around on a motorcycle. I went back to Acaya, got into my rented car and drove to a nearby town called Jauja. I had a light meal there, per Rama's instructions.

Afterwards, I looked around the town. Jauja is a quaint little town, very clean and serene. As usual, I talked to natives of the community. I was told the climate in this area was very conducive to the curing of tuberculosis.

I found a movie house, bought a ticket and enjoyed a few hours' relaxation.

Chapter VII

My First Extraterrestrial Love

It was a little past nine when I arrived in Acaya. I went to the back of the hotel to check on the police motorcycle. It was there, covered with burlap, where I had left it earlier that evening.

The hotel was in complete darkness. The diesel motors which produced electrical power for the whole complex had broken down. I went back to my car to get a flashlight and then walked to the restaurant to see if Rama was there. She wasn't.

I remembered she'd said she would be coming up for a swim, but I'd had a full day and wasn't in the mood for swimming. Since Rama had said we should work and sleep whenever we wanted to, I picked up a few candles, the keys to the bathhouse, and a gas lamp and went to my room.

After lighting a candle, I lay on top of the bed with my clothes still on and fell asleep. I was awakened by Rama's touch as she tenderly massaged my forehead and the sides of my head with the palms of her hands. She was wearing a heavy parka jacket with synthetic fur around the hood.

I hadn't even heard her come in. I checked my watch; it was a little after 11 p.m., still Saturday. She'd lit another candle as the one I'd had burning was melted down to its holder.

In the soft candlelight, Rama's exotic beauty seemed to stand out in relief in the room. Her dark, almond-shaped eyes gazed at me penetratingly. Her looks fascinated me, not quite oriental or Chinese, a mysterious blend of human cultures organizing in the features of one beautiful face.

Basking happily in the caressing motions of her hands, I asked, "Are all the girls in your world as lovely as you?"

"What do you think?" she answered noncommittally.

"Rama, you're answering my question with another question. Don't you want to answer?"

"In my world, people are equal. We are as beautiful as you can see. But we don't try to compete for beauty because it's evenly distributed among everyone."

I decided to change the subject. I wanted to find out if she would still hold me to our appointment in the pool this evening.

"Are you going to take me swimming?"

"Do you want to?" she asked, again answering a question with another question.

"Well," I said, unsure, "I know what is supposed to happen down there. I'm a little edgy about it. I don't know about this astral projection bit, taking your spirit out of your body. . . ."

"What's your question?" she demanded.

"My question is, is it safe? Shouldn't there be some kind of preparation?"

"Yes, there is a preparation period in order to completely master this whole operation. But only in your world. Because people here don't understand the workings of ananas and anionites. Even those who perform miracles."

"Are you talking about the Houdinis, who perform acts of magic? The modern prophets? The people who hold seances, the spiritists?"

"Yes, they use the third force energy without really understanding it. They do their magic act; they've learned to condition their bodies so they can do their number, but I doubt they even suspect this force we are calling ananas and anionites."

"I had my palm read by a woman one day at the Santa Monica Pier in California. She was about 85 percent

right about the things she told me. That's pretty accurate for the \$3.50 I paid her. What sort of preparation would that woman have to have to possess that type of insight?"

"She has a gift of nature. She's sensitive to vibrations, certain charges of electric and magnetic energy coming from the people with whom she comes in contact. She processes those vibrations into thought forms, images, ideas.

"Let me demonstrate; give me your hand."

"The first thing they do is hold your palm like this," she said, taking my hand in hers, palm up. "Then they usually take the index finger to make it follow the lines in your palm. By doing this, they ignite the person's vibrations. The electrical energies of the two people mix, creating a connection between the reader and the readee.

By touching the readee's palm, the reader merges with the other's spirit and energy. The reader learns about the other person, understanding what he or she is thinking and feeling, through mental images or waves that come in flashes, in the form of vibrations. Remember, vibes are electric and magnetic energy.

It's a simple case of mental telepathy on the part of the reader. Some people possess strong vibrations, others weak ones. A person's vibrations change according to many variables, including mood, health, state of mind, emotions. If someone has just gotten good news, bad news, a surprise, or feels happiness or pain, their energy becomes either stronger or weaker, depending on the circumstances.

One of the important things you have to learn in order to prepare to take your spirit out of your body is to control your vibrations so the ananas and anionites work at an even frequency."

"How do you learn to control your vibrations so they operate at an even frequency?"

"You have to be relaxed, at peace with yourself. Do you remember that Mazda commercial, that even humming, how relaxing it was, contrasted with the distorted sounds you hear just before that?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"That's what I mean. Your ananas and anionites must be humming at an even pace, at the right beat."

"Why?"

"Can you imagine what would happen to someone's spirit traveling out of his body fifty times faster than the speed of light? If his ananas and anionites had to return to his body at that speed, without warning the silver cord, they'd get distorted. That would create great upheaval and imbalance to his nervous system. Many people in your world are now in mental institutions as a result of having been awakened too abruptly while sleepwalking."

"I know you shouldn't wake up a person who's sleepwalking. What connection does that have to being out of your body?"

"It's the same phenomena. When you take your spirit out of your body, you're unconscious, the same as a sleepwalker."

"After tonight you'll understand better. Once you do it yourself, you'll sense what I'm talking about. Then I'll be able to explain in more detail."

"I don't know what to say, Rama," I said. I was feeling very apprehensive about the experiment she was proposing.

"Chacho, I'm telling you two things: One, relax and trust me. Equally important is that you shouldn't fool with this unless you're fairly certain of what you're doing. If you're not at peace, you could become possessed by evil forces. But I'm going to be your guide. I'll be helping you. By now you should be able to trust me and cooperate."

"You've just said I shouldn't fool around with this unless I can handle it. I think I'll take a raincheck on this. I really don't think I'm prepared. Besides, I could be invoking the devil."

"Oh no, you're not taking any raincheck! Your fears and doubts will completely disappear as soon as you start astral traveling. I promise, Chacho."

"Will I feel as wonderful and relaxed as I felt this afternoon?"

"Even better. Don't worry; we're just going to go for a swim, chat, relax a bit. You know what this water does for you, those tiny bubbles all over your skin. Let's take some candles and firewood, so we can make it even cozier, all right?"

How could I say no to this beautiful creature? "You make it sound so inviting," I said.

We got a few things together, some heavy blankets and all the gear we needed to warm ourselves, and headed to the bathhouse. It was cold outside, but it was such a pleasure being with Rama, it was easy to overcome my reluctance to get up and go out again.

We started a fire then took off our clothes and jumped quickly into the pool, which always seemed hotter in the freezing weather.

By now, bathing in the nude with Rama seemed perfectly natural. This evening, though, there was a sense of specialness and anticipation.

The warmth and carbonation in the water affected me like an overpowering aphrodisiac. Every part of my body felt as if it were being fondled by each tiny bubble, both soothing and exciting.

I looked at Rama next to me, her beautiful face and form bathed in the soft golden light cast by the fire. She took my hands and began playfully pulling me closer to her. Erotic images leaped to my mind. We were in the perfect setting for a love scene.

It was only natural that my ananas and anionites were igniting and awakening my most erotic thoughts which resulted in my having an immediate erection. I made an awkward attempt to conceal my thoughts and physical dilemma before she could read my mind. I'd accepted that Rama was out of my league completely. She'd been very firm about letting me know that she was not going to have any kind of sexual encounter with me.

To my great surprise, she pulled me even closer. I wrapped my arms around her, putting my face against her neck, as we held each other in a loving embrace. I began stroking her hair, her back, kissing her soft skin, then, lifting her in my arms, I kissed her lips, her face, neck and shoulders, finally nestling my face in the cleavage of her breasts.

I was about to say something, when she put her fingers over my lips. I heard her voice inside my head saying "Don't spoil this beautiful moment with words."

She brought her face close to my ear. I thought she was going to whisper something, but she began biting gently on my ear.

Erotic euphoria spread over me. We began to breathe and pulsate together as if we were one being. I lost all sense of separateness. She became me; I became her. I even lost consciousness of who was who at that very moment as I alternated between feeling I was a male then feeling I was a female.

We hardly moved. It was as if the energy we were creating became its own being, rhythmically breathing, feeling, pulsating. I lost all sense of time and space and let myself flow into an unknown universe of vibrating energy.

I don't remember how long we stayed like that, wrapped around each other in the water. We were silent for a long time before I got out of the water to light another candle.

I was satisfied, relaxed. We stayed in the water, peaceful and contented, for an hour or so before returning to the hotel to get a bowl of hot soup to warm ourselves.

By three in the morning, Rama and I were back in my room, in bed. We had been snuggling together for several moments, when I heard Rama's voice in my mind. By this time, that also seemed perfectly natural to me.

She said, "Wasn't that a beautiful feeling?"

"I've never felt anything so powerful as what I've just experienced," I answered. "Is it because you're from another world? Why does being close to you affect me that way?"

"My being from another world has nothing at all to do with it," she said. "What happened during our intimacy was that energy rays were being transmitted between us while we were touching and rubbing against each other.

"You became part of my spirit; you absorbed some of my ananas and anionites, and I absorbed yours. Spirit is contagious like that."

We had a long mind to mind conversation, exchanging both words and mental images before falling asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

Chapter VIII

The Education of a Non-Believer

I awakened on Sunday with Rama nestled against my hairy chest. Lying there, contently holding her in my arms, I replayed in my mind our lovemaking scene in the water the night before. Rama had said we were exchanging vibrations, becoming part of each other. I recalled hearing about clinics in New York and California where people make each other well by embracing. Passing ananas and anionites, Rama would have said.

Even though I felt close to her, and had come to accept that she was some form of advanced intelligence, I still had my doubts about the things she was telling me and the astral travel she was proposing. Not to mention the book she wanted me to write. It was like two possibilities: the biggest fool in the world or the greatest hero. And I wouldn't know which it would be until it was too late.

Rama had said her mission was to save the world and humanity. And nothing I'd observed about her so far could disprove her sincerity. She was always peaceful, precise and firm. I kept telling myself I had no reason to fear her, just because she was supposed to be from another planet. I wasn't being held hostage. I knew I could leave any time I wanted to.

I also felt I'd be a fool to leave now.

Just then, Rama woke up and began moving her body against me contentedly. We made love again. I found the experience had nothing to do with being in the water. It was our at one vibration and yet somehow completely free.

Afterwards, she jumped out of bed and began playfully throwing my clothes to me, so I could get dressed while still under the covers in the cold room.

We decided that since it was Sunday, we would go to the fair in Huancayo. Being with her now seemed so familiar, as if we had been married for 25 years.

We got into my car and headed toward Huancayo. My head was still euphoric, even though I didn't quite understand what had happened between us.

It is about an hour's drive to the fair. I looked at Rama tenderly, and tried to tell her what a wonderful experience loving her had been.

As usual, Rama began analyzing what had happened, calling it a "spiritual resuscitation."

"Let's make it easier," she said. "When someone masters the control of the Third Force, that person's aura or spirit moves at a consistently even frequency.

Remember the other day when you saw that shining gold around me? All I have to do to make that happen is relax, concentrate, find that inner peace. If you want to be religious, you could say I was in a state of grace, like the saints. At that moment, my spirit was illuminated by ananas and anionites. Not in my body, but in its surroundings, in space, in the cosmos. My state of grace attracted the forces of the universe.

While we were close, a part of my spirit went into you. My ananas and anionites merged with yours so that now you can sense in your own soul that even frequency."

"You mean I'm prepared to astral travel now?"

"Yes, Charles."

"How did that happen?"

"You just took a crash course. The long period of preparation necessary under normal circumstances was accelerated by this direct spirit-to-spirit resuscitation. Before that, you couldn't have done it by yourself, with all your fears and doubts and paranoias.

"So I've absorbed a piece of your spirit, huh?"

"Yes, you could say I've given you a blessing," she said,

"and I want you to remember something. Exodus, chapter 34, verses 29 through 35, the passage that tells about Moses coming down the mountain after seeing Jehovah. His face shone so brightly he had to cover it with a veil."

"Uhuh. Maybe Moses had a little affair, too?"

"Maybe. Remember, Moses was chosen by Jehovah because he already had a solid foundation in the knowledge of the God concept as the Third Force.

Only Moses, his brother Aaron, and a few other people were allowed to go up into the mountains in those days. It was better for the cosmonauts not to mingle with big crowds. Also, Moses was the only one who could talk to Jehovah."

"Where and how did Moses learn such things? All I know is that he was born of slaves, taken out of the Nile River by an Egyptian princess, and raised by nobility. Thirty years of his life is omitted by the Bible, except that he was educated by Egyptians who must have had some knowledge of this Third Force, since they were so advanced.

"Moses learned at the same place where all the greatest men of your world have gone for learning. Even Jesus the Christ studied there."

"Where's that?"

"The Great Pyramid."

"The Rosicrucians claim the Great Pyramid as a source of wisdom in their beliefs."

"The Rosicrucians are a group of people who cultivated their spirit with metaphysical methods rather than through religious teachings.

The important point is that what happened to Moses is happening here. I want to make this concept clear. You can pass on to others your chemistry, your soul, your vibes. Jehovah or one of his cosmonaut staff passed it on to Moses in some way or another. I've done it with you by being intimate.

You're a strong character. You displace a great deal of energy in the cosmos. Each individual displaces a certain amount of energy, some more than others, depending on the individual's makeup. A loud, excitable person's nervous system vibrates constantly, displacing energy into space. You could compare this to burning calories. All emotions—anguish, jealousy, fear, pleasure—have their energy displacing devices. Peace, love, joy, are vibrations. Anger and pain use a different frequency level."

"When you say a person displaces energy, do you mean we generate it with our bodies?"

"Yes. That force around you, the aura, is absorbed from the cosmos. Let me give you an example of how this force operates on a practical level.

"Let's say one day you're on a street and there's an automobile accident. A child gets trapped under the wheels of a car. As soon as the mother sees the situation, she runs to the rescue and picks up the front end of the car, freeing the kid. Many times, under certain circumstances, you gain extraordinary strength and energy, giving you the ability to do things you normally couldn't do. In this case, the desperate mother lifts 150 times her own weight, which is mathematically and seemingly physically impossible. The chemical responses in her body changes; her heart beats faster, her lungs pump lots of oxygen, her whole nervous system generates tremendous amounts of electric shock throughout her entire body. At this given moment, she's a mass of energy. Then she runs, picks up the front of the car, and pulls the child to safety. If she had to do the same thing under normal conditions, she couldn't possibly do it."

"I know exactly what you mean," I said. "Remembering that something like that happened to me when I was in college."

"Tell me about it, and we'll analyze it."

"I was involved in a lot of Vietnam peace demonstrations then. They weren't unusual; it was happening in colleges all over the United States and was typical of my generation.

I'd been arrested several times while taking part in these demonstrations.

On this particular day, as I left my mother's house, she warned me very sternly that if she had to bail me out of jail once more, I would be facing a lot of trouble. I assured her it would only be a peaceful demonstration and that there was nothing to worry about. As it turned out, the only peaceful thing about this demonstration was the name.

As usual, things got out of hand. Before long, we were surrounded by policemen with tear gas, arresting people. The only escape route, the alley, was blocked by two police cars. I guess I feared my mother's wrath more than the police. I don't know how I got the strength to jump over the trunk of one of those police cars, but I did."

"That's simple, Charles," Rama said, smiling. "Faith. You knew you could do it because you had to. Like the mother who lifts the car, you knew you could perform that miracle. At that split second, your leg muscles reacted in such a way that your whole nervous system, your thinking processes, and all of your body movements were part of a cosmic force outside of your body. That force gave your legs the strength and spring that enabled you to jump over that car."

There is a passage somewhere in the Jewish *Talmud* that says a lesson learned with pleasure is a lesson remembered. If this were true, I knew I would probably remember everything Rama ever said to me. As she talked, she smiled, touching me frequently, her animated face communicating her tender feelings for me.

I said, "Rama, when you mentioned I would be able to take my spirit out of my body, I was excited. But today, as I think about it, I'm still a little edgy about this whole thing. Would you please be more specific as to why we are doing this?"

She quickly responded, "I'm doing it because I want you to understand your own spirit, and to be able to take it out of your body. You'll discover it has many benefits. It's an adaptation device which will make you more receptive, more aware. Then you'll be able to learn more quickly and grasp the concepts I will be teaching you. You'll be able to assimilate more information and make deductions faster and more accurately. Also, you'll develop the ability to read the minds of people around you, so that you know their intentions. You'll be able to develop your memory to a degree you never thought possible.

Once you learn to astral project, to take your spirit out of your body, you and I will be able to stay in touch with each other telepathically.

You'll see; it's going to be fun. You'll also be able to know you've found eternal life.

Once you've developed these skills, acquiring this new gift, you'll be tempted to show the world. You'll want to share your knowledge with others. It's natural to have this reaction."

"But how can this happen?"

"By mixing our spirits, our ananas and anionites, we have become one massive spirit. Do you remember in *The Prophet*, where Kahil Gibran writes, 'He was she and she was he; they were one'? That's what we did. We merged our spirits into one mass of energy. You experienced new things; from this point on, whatever took you normally, let's say, five days to learn, you'll be able to learn in a day and a half now."

"Why are you doing this for me? Not that I'm being unappreciative, but why is it so important that I leave my body?"

Because of what I told you about the destruction coming to your planet. Millions of people are going to die. By taking your spirit out of your body, you'll be experiencing something similar to death. The difference is your body will stay in one place and your spirit will be out in the cosmos. You'll be able to return any time you want to. Death will have no power over you.

This is sort of preparation for physical death. It's something your churches should have been preparing you for."

"You're telling me astral travel will be sort of like dying?"

"Yes, that's what I'm saying."

"Oh, boy, then I'm definitely taking a raincheck on this! I have no desire to fool around with these kinds of things."

"Come on, Chacho, there's nothing to be afraid of. Lots of people do it. I can't think of any reason why you shouldn't. It's the same as being asleep. When you return to your body, you'll have a dream-like effect, but you'll also have one hundred percent understanding and conscious recall of what went on when your ananas and anionites were out of your body."

"I understand the concept; I just don't feel ready for it, somehow. I'm not sure I want to do it."

"Don't worry about it. I'll be with you, helping you. It's something like going into a self-trance. You must be totally relaxed and at peace with yourself."

"Rama," I insisted, "I still don't understand why it's so blasted important to have my soul leave my body."

"Well, first of all, it'll save us lots of time. Instead of doing research and digging into encyclopedias, you'll be learning things while your body rests peacefully some-

where. In other words, if you want to learn about . . . let's say the bees, ants, or just about anything, the only thing you will have to do is to take your spirit out of your body and go wherever your place of learning is. Let me give you an example. Say you wanted to learn about intimacy in the life of bees, you'd take your spirit out of your body and go inside a beehive. You'd get much greater benefit from being there as an eyewitness, seeing how the bees work, than by reading about them. You would see, experience and even sense everything with your five senses as if you were actually a bee. Once you returned to your body, your memory cells would have assimilated whatever you had learned by being inside the beehive."

"You're saying this energy, this soul of mine, would be as small as a bee? How could I be in a beehive and yet have my body sleeping somewhere else?"

"You take your spirit for an outing and you see a bee flying nearby. Then you transport your ananas so that you have another body, ears, eyes, and all the senses."

"What happens to the bee?"

"She lends her anionites to your spirit. Together, your ananas and her anionites make one mass of spirit, one whole awareness. Your spirit has to absorb some of the sensations of the bee. It will be as though you yourself are a bee. You've heard about possession, right? Haven't you worked on several movies dealing with the subject of diabolical possession? When you astral travel, the phenomena is similar; your spirit is very elastic; it can be as big as the universe or as small as one of the units we have discussed before. So possessing the mind of a bee wouldn't be too difficult. You can possess the mind of a bird, a fish, a dog, a horse—anything you wish—just as long as you have some living creature with sensing devices."

"When I astral travel must I always possess the mind of a living creature in order to have full consciousness of what's going on?"

"No, not always. When you project both ananas and anionites together, your spirit will take human form at a distance, without a body. That would be your ghost or your phantom. At that time you'll have full awareness and the ability to feel, touch, smell and hear the surroundings of that mass of energy. There will be no need of possessing any living creature then. Your spirit will take human form at a distance without a body. Does this clarify it for you?"

"It's still confusing. We're going to have to get this very, very clear."

"Don't worry, don't worry. I plan to convey this concept clearly before we do anything."

"When will we do it?"

"We're going to do it today. Maybe this afternoon when we come back from the fair. And when we start doing it, I'll be giving you exact directions."

We drove for a while in silence while I pondered the things Rama was saying. I thought about what it would be like traveling around in the body of a bird or traveling to the farthest planets in outer space.

"Rama, I want to ask you something," I said. You mentioned life on the sun."

"The sun is a world like any other, except that it's very big. There's no fire on its surface, no more than on the earth or any other planet. In fact, even less, because it's a very old world and its cooling process is greater. The humanity living on the sun is similar to man on earth. The only differences is people's weight and height; they're lighter and taller. They're also more advanced in knowledge than you people on earth, or even than the people in my world. It may take you thousands of terrestrial years to fully learn what an average sun inhabitant knows about God as a Third Force."

"Where do they get their light from?"

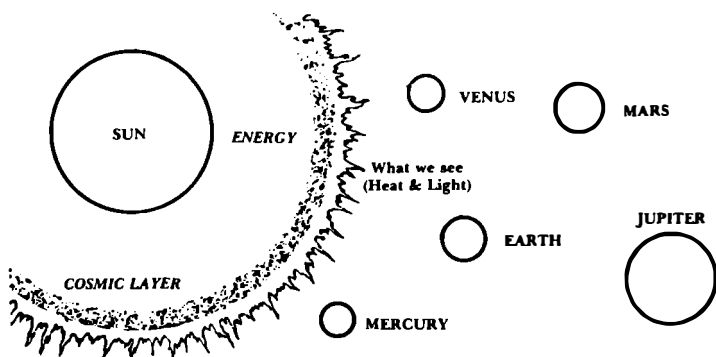
"The sun has its own self-ignited light, reflected by

the light of the spirits. And it attracts its light from the other solar systems."

"What about the fire we see here? We sense heat from the sun, we see the light, and we can observe the sun in a color scope. We see flames. Where does all this come from?"

"Imagine a huge magnifying glass in the universe. This magnifying glass is an atmospheric layer between the sun and the planets. It works something like this: The sun emits energy rays, and when they hit this atmospheric layer, they ignite into fire and light. At a given point in the universe, there is a cosmic layer between the planets and the sun.

"I'm going to draw it for you, because I don't want you to have any misconceptions about this."



She used the pad of paper I kept handy whenever we were together to draw a picture of the sun's energy system:

"You're saying, then, that the sun is a planet as cold as the earth, and that there's no fire on the surface?"

"Right. Remember, there are many religions whose source of life and religious inspiration is the sun. The

Incas, the Egyptians, Mayans, Aztecs, and many others have said that they were direct descendants of the sun.

"I studied that."

"Okay. When you study the ancient Peruvians' history, you'll read about Manco Capac. He's the man who is said to have founded the Inca empire. He came out of Lake Titicaca and founded the City of Cuzco because his father, the Sun, sent him to populate the earth. He said he was the son of the Sun. When the ancient Peruvians saw the ufonauts coming in their flying saucers, clothed in the same color as the sun, with rays of fire, they thought these UFOs were actual sparks from the sun, and the people emerging from the spaceships were called sons of the Sun.

"When I was studying Peruvian history, I theorized that they called themselves the sons of the sun because they either claimed to have come from the stars or related to the stars in some way," I said. "This makes a lot of sense after seeing the Nazca Plains, Macchu Picchu, Sacsay Huaman, the Gate of the Sun at Tiahuanaco, and all the other unexplainable things I've seen. I think it's very possible the ancient Peruvians had contact with outer space people. Is it true?"

"Yes, Chacho, they did. The same way Moses talked to Jehovah and Ezekiel talked to his ufonauts. Here they call them Wiracocha Pachacamac, Antarqui, and a few other names we'll be revising as we go along."

"I recognize those names."

"These people were divinities that came from heaven. Many times they took human form. When you do your research, there's a man, W. Raymond Drake, who's written some very interesting books on this subject; *Gods and Spacemen in the Ancient West* is one. He gives lots of details dealing with the ancient Peruvian traditions and their ways of being in contact with the stars. Once you've read it, I'm sure you'll have no further doubts.

Especially about our activities.”

“Have you ever spoken to this man?”

“No, but his work is quite explicit and simple, like Von Danikens’.”

“You know, when it comes to writing a book, I really don’t know whether or not I could handle it.”

“Don’t worry about it now, kiddo. We’re going to go to the fair, buy a few things, get some food and when we get back, we’ll go to the medicinal waters, have a picnic, and cook our food outdoors. In other words, just have fun.”

Chapter IX

The Education of a Non-Believer—The Final Phase

We arrived in Huancayo shortly before noon. It was a beautiful day; the sun was shining. As usual for a Sunday, the town was filled with people.

Rama and I went from one end of the fair to the other, taking about an hour to walk five city blocks. Again I was amazed by the vitality of the city on Sundays.

We explored as many places as we could find, looking at antiques, jewelry, artwork, clothing, shoes, food, auto parts, vegetables, livestock, you name it. There was something for everyone.

"Let's buy some food and a pot so we can cook outdoors when we get back," Rama suggested. "This is something you must start learning now, because in a few years, when your world is stricken by famine, you should be able to grow your own vegetables. It'll give you a better chance for survival.

"Learning to do these little things now—how to cook outdoors, to balance your diet, what makes your body function better—is a good place to start. When you take care of your body, you're taking care of your spirit."

"I guess you're right," I said. "Lots of religions tell you how to diet, what to eat, what not to eat."

"When you diet properly your body functions better. It depends on how you eat, how you sleep. The kinds of food you eat organize the molecules of your atoms, which arrange and structure themselves into your physical body. When you eat grains, like corn, wheat, barley, the molecules of these grains re-arrange in your system and distribute your atoms evenly. Your whole physical constitution begins to organize after the pattern of the molecules in the grains you eat.

"How does that help the human body?"

"Your bone structure becomes stronger, your fibers are stronger, your whole nervous system works at an even pace making you less excitable. If you eat carrots and lettuce, you help your optical nerves. If you eat beets, you improve your kidney function. When you drink milk, your digestive system is aided by coating the walls of your stomach."

"I've heard of macrobiotics and homeopathic remedies, they use the same principles."

As we walked along, talking, a woman approached us with what looked like a Chinese wok, handmade from copper and very pretty. Without saying a word to each other, I knew Rama wanted me to buy it. I gave the woman some Peruvian currency and we continued on our way with our new copper wok.

After a while we stopped by a few produce markets, picking out vegetables and fish, exploring the fair as we did our shopping.

I enjoyed the sight of so many thousands of people from all over the world in one small remote mountain area. The tourists were Oriental, American and European, as well as native South Americans. The Sunday fair in Huancayo, Peru, is very famous.

Rama and I were like any other young couple. She looked like an ordinary American hippie tourist, certainly not like someone from another planet or civilization. We walked together, sometimes holding hands, kidding each other, pulling each other along, and laughing a lot. I liked being out in public with her. It struck me that her behavior was very ordinary, like any other human being on this earth.

She was completely relaxed and content, yet it seemed she used every minute I spent with her to teach me something new and exciting.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, we both decided it was time to get back. I began to feel a little anxiety

again, because I knew when we got back to Acaya I had to make a decision, one that could change my life completely. There I was, scared out of my wits. But I'd given her my word that I would try it, and try it I would.

It was an hour's drive back to Acaya, and as usual, Rama used the time for instruction. She had been right when she'd said I would begin to look forward to our mind-bending conversations.

This time, she started preparing me for my first out of body trip. She began by explaining that light, which is the origin of life, is also the reason there is life on the Sun. In this case, she said, light is not color, but an electrical frequency linking the physical body and the spirit. For the purpose of taking my spirit out of my body, she asked me to think of the light that connects the body to the soul as the silver cord. She emphasized the importance of finding this silver cord.

"This is the first step," she said. "To find the silver cord in the light you have to be at peace, you have to be vibrating at the right frequency. To find it, you look straight into a point of light—it could be the light of a candle, the reflection of some object reflecting sunlight, a sunset, a light in the distance—any light will do. Once the brightest point has been found, you go into a semi-trance, seeing this light coming directly into your eye. By squinting your eyes, you can make it larger, thinner, or stronger. Between point A, your eyes, and point B, the sharpest point of light, you'll see rays coming towards you. They may be thick, they may be thin, they will even be broken in the middle. That interval is the distance between the sun and your eye, the distance between your eyes and a candle, which has slipped into darkness about twenty feet away from you. Between the two points is an atmosphere. The spirit is flexible, it can travel twenty feet, or it can travel between the sun and your eye, many times faster than the speed of light."

"I think I understand you so far," I said, noticing the light reflecting off the chrome of the volkswagen. As I drove, I listened to her, letting my mind concentrate on my driving yet at the same time flow with the images her words created.

My eye continued to catch those reflections, while Rama said, "In order to find your silver cord, you'll have to look for it in one of these reflections. It's the thinnest and the brightest. Many times you'll lose sight of it, which doesn't mean it's disappeared. It just means that you won't see it at that point. But you'll sense it, because you're part of this electric frequency between the light and your eye. Many times the reflections between the sunset and the eye have a bridge between them, a tiny cord that comes straight at you. It'll be the brightest and the thinnest ray of light. When you find it, you'll know it in your heart. Don't tell me, 'Yes, I've found it,' just to please me, because you'll be cheating yourself out of eternal life. It's something you must find yourself. No one can help you. This is the God inside you. Remember when they told you man is made in the image of God? All right, this is it. When you find the silver cord, you've found eternal life."

"All right," I said, "let's see if I understand. When you look for the silver cord, you find something like a thread of light between your eye and the light producing or reflecting object?"

"Yes; in fact, some call it the golden thread instead of the silver cord."

"When I find it, what state will I be in, conscious or unconscious?"

"Aha! That's a very good question. In order to find your silver cord you must let your body go. It must be so relaxed that you go into a semi-trance. You need the same kind of concentration that goes into hypnotizing someone. I'm not going to hypnotize you, though. I gave you the directions. If you want to do it by yourself in the

bathroom, that's fine with me. You go in with your candle and find it. Then when you have it, you tell me and we'll take the next step."

"You mean sort of practice how to do it?"

"Once you've got it, you'll be doing it automatically. It's like anything else in life—exercise, practice, drilling. This is the kind of practice your churches should have been teaching you when you were a child."

"Let me bring up an important point here, Rama. You remember Moses talking to Jehovah and telling him in the sixth commandment that having sex without marriage was a sin? According to that commandment, then, we committed a sin against God last night and are both going to hell for it, aren't we?"

"I guess that's what they teach you in this miserable world of yours."

"Well, that's what I've learned from religion my whole life. I don't know why you've chosen me to write this book for you, I don't feel worthy of it. I'm a sinner."

"Well, what can I tell you?"

"Can you try to make some sense out of this paradox that has created hang-ups about sex in lots of people on this planet. Every religion in the world tells you that fornication is bad."

"Okay, I guess what you're telling me is that if I speak in the name of Jesus, the Christ, that if I speak in the name of the same God of Moses, how is it we could have sinned and yet be good in the eyes of God?"

"Good girl!" I said making fun of her.

"The ten commandments were given to Moses at a time when Jewish people had been slaves for ages. When those people came out of slavery, they were wild, like animals, with no conception of law and order. They were people without discipline, without cause. They had lost all hope. Therefore, Jehovah, the cosmonaut, decided to give them the ten commandments as a way of enforcing some laws and respect. In no way does Moses write

about the sixth commandment as a way of saying that sex is bad. All he's saying is that if you want to have sex, you must secure something for the woman. It was a way to protect women, because in those days, women didn't know too much about women's liberation.

What makes sex bad is the interpretation of individual religions, which has made sex dirty. These interpretations are a result of the way humanity in this world of yours has had the tendency to exploit sex, to make a business out of it. Women and sex were traded and used in negotiations like horses, flour, whiskey. Sick!"

"Maybe you're right. I guess I shouldn't be ashamed of my avid interest in sex."

"No, you shouldn't be ashamed, because when you make love you do it for the pure joy and pleasure it gives you. You give yourself to the experience, you like the vibrations. It turns you on to see your women enjoying it. There's nothing dirty or bad about that."

"Then it's not a sin to be sexual?"

"If it's done with the right spirit, it's a very soothing experience, something that makes your spirit vibrate at the right frequency."

"But Rama, I remember being told that you have to obey the ten commandments to save your soul or to go to heaven."

"Not anymore. Those commandments were given for a specific time in the life of the Jews, three thousand years ago. You couldn't possibly live by them today. Jesus said nearly two thousand years ago that in order to win the kingdom of eternal life, one must do only two things."

"What are they?"

"Love God and love your fellow human beings. That

way you understand God, you honor your parents, you don't kill anybody, you don't steal, don't bear false witness...."

"I was punished as a child for even speaking about sex. So you can imagine how I feel about it. Now I do it very openly, but people get the wrong impression. But I never tried to hurt anybody. I always try to be sincere with the woman when it comes to the flesh."

"I sense that about you. That's why I chose to speak to you and why I want you to help us. Because there is no mean intent in you. Your intentions are clean and clear, even though you have this conflict within yourself about sex."

"Well, what else do you expect with the type of upbringing I've had, the type of society of which I am a part?"

"That's why I'm telling you these things about yourself. The reason you feel so nervous and uptight about all this is because you have been conditioned to feel that way."

I'm telling you now, Chacho, you'll never make it back to L.A. this week. You'll have some complications associated with your work that will detain you.

We probably won't see each other for a while until this is resolved, so I want to give you some homework. I want you to read two books in the Bible, and I mean read them thoroughly. One is Daniel, the other is the whole book of Revelations. I also want you to read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, the whole chapter.

After you take your out-of-body trip, you'll learn so quickly that we won't have to look things up in the Bible. You will make your own comparisons about what is going on now and what's going to be happening in the

coming years. You'll acquire plenty of knowledge by direct experience."

"I've enjoyed these little sessions with you; they've been very enlightening."

"So would you like to go into the water by yourself, relax, and try to find your silver cord?"

No, I'd like you to be there with me, to have your guidance if I'm going to go through with it."

When we got to Acaya, we chose a pleasant spot to do our outdoor cooking. We had brought along the wok, a bottle of oil, some soy sauce and our fresh vegetables and lamb.

We built a fire, cooked the meat in hot oil over the firewood and added the vegetables as the lamb simmered. Just before taking it off the heat, we added some onion. In less than an hour we had put together our whole meal. We feasted on bread, wine, lamb, vegetables and, for dessert, fruit.

That night, as I was making preparations for the drive back to Lima, Rama said she would spend the night with me again if I decided not to go back until morning.

That settled, I washed the wok in the river and went up to the hotel to get the keys to the bathhouse. I was in no big rush to get back to Lima that night. I now had two things to look forward to, my first out-of-body experience and sleeping with Rama again.

When we went to the bathhouse, we lit a candle in preparation for my astral projection. Rama kept reminding me that I would need to concentrate and that the candle's light was to be the focus of that concentration.

The big moment was here. We undressed and got into the water. Rama kept touching me reassuringly as she looked at me with her penetrating eyes.

"Gaze into the candle," she said. "You're going to concentrate on the flame. Once you're completely relaxed, you'll see little reflections of light coming at you

from several directions. In one of them, you'll see this bright thread light, coming directly toward your eyes. You can't miss it; it's the brightest and thinnest ray. That's the silver cord."

I was a bit nervous and couldn't concentrate very well at first. I began looking at the candle flame, squinting my eyes, opening and closing them, experimenting with the distortions this caused in the light. I saw reflections going in all directions, four main stems going up, down and to the sides. I kept doing it until suddenly I saw it. A bright thread. Excited, I kept looking at it until I was sure.

"Yes, I think I have it," I said.

"Keep doing it. Open your eyes, squint, open them again, and keep practicing until you can find this thread any time you choose.

"Pay no attention to me; pretend I'm not here. Keep doing it; I'll tell you what the next step is."

"I practiced for nearly an hour before I got the hang of it, and was able to see the thread anytime I wanted to. When Rama saw how confident I was that I'd found the thread, she told me that next I was to learn to use my imagination, as the ability to create mental imagery was a vital aspect of astral travel.

"Now that you've found the thread," Rama said, "you must follow it to the end of the light projection point, your candle, in this case. Follow this thread the way a spider follows its web. The energy of your eyes is going to travel along this silver cord until you're inside the wick of the candle. Once there, you'll see a lot of light. You'll see fire around you, as if you were standing on the wick. Except you won't have a physical body. Only your spirit will be there, your energy, your soul.

Now practice that, then I'll tell you the next step."

"You want me to follow the thread to the wick of the candle, try to imagine I'm really there, sitting at the center of the flame."

"That's it. That's exactly what you should do. You will be completely aware of sitting in the candle. You're going to see the light glowing around you, you're going to see through the fire, you're going to try to see me, see yourself, and this room will be the universe, the cosmos. Maybe you'll even see the reflection of your eyes as two distant stars. You'll see my eyes as two stars, because you're there, inside that candle, far away in proportion to what surrounds you."

"Okay, let me practice it, then I'll let you know."

"You must pretend I'm not here. Good luck."

It was a little difficult for me to follow this thread to the end of the line. Somehow my nervousness, my distrust, my skepticism were in the way. Rama, sensing my feelings, came up behind me and put her arms around me.

"Relax," she said softly, "keep concentrating on the light. You'll see what happens."

I began imagining I was driving a car and that the road was the silver cord. Gradually, as Rama sat behind me, holding me between her legs in the water, I began to feel more at ease.

Then it happened. I could no longer feel my body. My whole concentration and energy were inside the flame. It was as if an irresistible magnetic force pulled something out of me. The only awareness I had was of my spirit traveling along a smooth, completely illuminated road, suspended in total darkness. I had no sense of direction, north or south, up or down. The next thing I knew, I was sitting on top of the candle's wick which seemed like a giant cable. I had become a part of the flame's energy. It seemed as if my awareness had reached the smallest point in the universe, yet I was awake, alert, and had absolute clarity of perception.

I looked up and saw the flame tapering to a point, as it moved slowly away in huge, undulating particles. I

looked out and saw nothing. It was dark, black, like staring into the night.

Far away, at a great distance, I could see two tiny specks of light. I knew I was seeing my own eyes looking into the flame, reflecting the light of the candle. I couldn't see Rama nor her eyes. I saw only a large mass of something.

Then I was awake, shouting to Rama, "I did it! I was on the wick of that candle, I saw the fire around me, I saw the fire going up and the reflection of my pupils in the far distance, just as you said. But I couldn't see you, except for a big mass of something, like a conglomeration of tiny lights flickering in the darkness."

"That was the reflection of the water dripping from my hair," she said. "Do you want to try it again?"

"Haha! Do you really think I could?"

"Sure; it'll be easier the second time. Try it."

I tried it again, and again. Four times to be exact. In the process, one candle burned down and I had to get out of the water to light another one.

Once I had mastered traveling to the wick of the candle, which was becoming easier with each voyage, I began to notice certain things. I didn't seem to have any sensation other than sight. I was able to see things at a distance and all around me. I could see the wax of the candle, like white mountains melting in slow motion.

When I got out of the water to light another candle, a pen fell out of my robe pocket.

Rama said, "Can you transport your energy to the very tip of the pen as you did to the wick of the candle? Do the same thing; find you silver cord on the tip of that pen where the light is reflecting off the metal. You think you can do that?"

"I'll give it a try."

I successfully projected to the metal ring on the tip of the pen, which now looked like a huge telephone pole,

about ten thousand times its normal size. I wasn't able to see the other, rubber-tipped end of the pen. I saw a long, yellow line that eventually disappeared into the universe. I could see the candle, source of great light, way above, at a distance. I could see Rama's and my eyes reflecting the candle light, like four big, bright stars shining in the endless black of an infinite night. I had no sensation of my physical body, only a consciousness of being on the tip of that pen.

When I decided to get back to my body, I used the same process, pinpointing the source of light in my physical body as communicating with the light in the object I was inhabiting. The thread of light was the bridge between these two destination points.

When I was back in my body, I said to Rama, "I did it again." I tried to explain to her the things I had seen during my astral outing.

"That's what you're supposed to be seeing. You started traveling in a distance that's safe for you. It's best that you go only a limited distance right now. You traveled maybe five feet between here and the candle, maybe five and a half feet between here and the pen. Little by little you're going to expand, and each time you will go a little further. Your perception expands and contracts in the cosmos. There's a lot of cosmos between your eyes and that stone over there. Why don't you try aiming for that?"

This time I found a reflection on top of the stone, which was wet and reflecting light. I concentrated on the sharpest point of light, squinted my eyes, found the cord, but somehow it seemed broken. There wasn't a straight line between my eyes and the light's most intense reflection point. I told Rama I couldn't establish the line, that there was an interval in the thread, a disconnection.

"When something like that happens," she said, "go to

the very end of your silver cord. When it stops, continue traveling in the same direction. The silver cord makes itself invisible at times, but that doesn't mean it's not there. It's there. Sometimes you'll find the other half, sometimes you'll just continue moving into the cosmos."

I practiced for awhile, until I was able to project my thinking element to the wick of the candle, the tip of the pen, the rock, and to several other light reflecting objects in the bathhouse. Because I was still unsure of myself, Rama asked me to go no further than the objects which were close by.

I felt great. The experience had been different and exciting, like discovering a new toy. Yet it seemed as if, for the first time in my life, I'd found something meaningful, something that brought me a sense of peace.

My main problem had been sustaining my concentration. Rama emphasized the importance of my practicing at least a week before we could begin traveling into the cosmos together. She said I should do it alone, when I was relaxed.

"Eventually, you'll be able to do it at will, like any other normal bodily function," she said.

We got dressed and went to the hotel restaurant where we had something hot to warm us up. I had many questions about what had happened and why Rama had chosen to guide me through this experience.

"Rama, I would like you to tell me what you want from me. What do I have to do? What people do I have to see or contact? What do you mean by research? What kind of proof will my readers be given to support what I write, so this story is believable?"

"Chacho, the purpose of this is not meant to be proving the existence of flying saucers. Our kingdom is not of this world. We don't want to interfere with anyone's beliefs or activities.

"What do I want from you? Two full years of your life."

"Two full years? Are you crazy? Who's going to finance me? How will I live, who's going to pay for these two years?"

"You will."

"I will? You're asking me to write something that may lead to my being ridiculed and humiliated, and on top of that, you're telling me I should pay for it myself. Is this like an investment or something?"

"Not actually an investment . . . but as you go along, you'll keep a diary of your experiences while you're here with me, then research them, and when the time comes, almost two years from now, you should have the book ready."

"You make it sound so easy. Where do I start?"

"Start with the circumstances and events that led to your being here."

"What about my personal life?"

"What about your personal life?"

"You know how it is out there, when people in power wants to discredit someone, like in politics, they drag the skeletons out of the closet. They dig into your most intimate affairs, and before you know it, you're finished."

"What do you have to be afraid of?"

I had to stop for a moment and examine my conscience to find if there was something I had to be afraid of. I had never been convicted of any crimes, nor was involved with thieves, murderers, nor anyone associated with illegal activities. Before I had a chance to think any further, Rama interrupted.

"See, there's nothing in your past life that can be brought up against you."

"What about the pending court case in California on July 15th? If I am held in contempt for not appearing for

my assigned court date—or worse if justice doesn't prevail over legality. . ."

"I can understand how you feel, but as far as writing this message, I really don't care whose name goes on it. You can write it anonymously if you like. Remember, we're concerned only with getting the message delivered. How you present it, how you write it, it's your decision. You don't have to do it right this minute. We have two years. That is, if you have the strength."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I have the feeling at times that you'll want to let the whole thing drop. It's going to take great strength and courage to accomplish what you must do."

"So, why me then?"

"Why not you, Chacho? I know you can do it. You have both strength and discipline. If there's anyone in this world who can get the job done, it's you. By the time you start writing you'll have the wisdom, the knowledge, the faith. You'll be complete."

"Will this be a full time job for me?"

"No, you'll continue living your life. I'm not going to interfere with your activities in this world. But if I can give you a hand, you know I'll be happy to do so. I want you to be successful. When you understand the message yourself, then you'll make it."

"In Ezekiel, you can find a similar situation. The ufonauts gave Ezekiel a book to eat. After eating it, they told him, 'Okay, now fill your bowels with it, then go and speak to your people.' They came here with a message, they chose this man, Ezekiel to deliver it. He had his personal problems, too. But he was a good, sincere man. The same reasons why we've chosen you. Because you're sincere with yourself and we know you're the kind of person who will always act in good faith—both in business and in your personal life."

I laughed. "Yes, I act in good faith. But I also have to pay rent and bills."

"For the past year and a half, you've been financing yourself because you knew that you could deliver for your Park and Madison Avenue corporations, right?"

"Right."

"Supposed it doesn't work? Suppose you blow it?"

"I'll be flat broke. I'll lose everything I have."

"Look, Chacho, wherever you go, you're well liked. Because you're a pleasant, enjoyable sort of individual, and you're a good businessman. You're industrious. Many times you've taken assignments for a movie studio that have taken you to nations all over the world. You've worked strictly freelance, never committed to one studio, to one company, always working with them, not for them. You're an excellent coordinator and a good contact man. That's really your job, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, this is true."

"So, mister, we're hiring you for two years because you're the kind of person we like to use to get our message to certain people on your planet. We'll sign no contracts because suing is unknown to you and me. This is a preparation period for you, a preparation for something beautiful that is coming to only a handful of people in this horrible world of yours.

"If you have a good reason for not taking this assignment, for not being a partner in this venture, let us know. But I think you can, and will, do it. We're going to give you all the help and encouragement you'll need to accomplish the task. In the meantime, we'll have a good time while we are here.

"As for your July 15th court appearance in Beverly Hills, you're just going to have to trust me when I tell you it's not going to happen.

Please believe me, I'm a serious person with a mission to accomplish. We must have mutual respect and trust. If you still think I'm here to play games, I'm going to ask

you once more to trust someone, to have faith. We're trying to gather people who have good faith, to guide them, and to get them to follow the teachings of a man who called himself the Son of God. Someone who understood God as The Force, a man who realized his cosmic duty on your planet. He will return to us soon. I ask you to read Daniel, the whole book of Revelations and the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew so we'll have some common ground to understand each other."

"Okay, I'll remember that. But as for the two years, I can just continue my present lifestyle?"

"Yes, because I have the feeling you won't be coming here next weekend. You'll be traveling around Peru on business. Your supervisor will be here."

"I still can't believe that."

"If it happens, will you have more faith in me?"

"How do I know you're not an agent from some big company that has planned this whole thing?"

"Come on, Chacho, what organization would be teaching you how to cultivate your spirit or show you how to control your soul after your body dies?"

Your spirit lives forever. If you don't die in a few years, you'll be one of the 144,000 who will be taken alive."

"Taken where?"

"To another place. This I can't tell you as yet. As we go along, we're going to give you all the answers you want. Again, this is not meant to be any kind of proof. I'm not trying to prove anything. The only thing I'm trying to do is make the task easier for both of us. Your education will mainly concern the events that will be occurring between 1976 and the time when we take those 144,000 people somewhere."

"Could you give me some idea where?"

"Call it Paradise. Shangri La. Utopia. Let's leave it at that. It's nothing to fear."

"I've never believed in the existence of such places."

"Your supervisor will be here on the 18th or thereabouts. Towards the end of this month, there's going to be some kind of political trouble in Lima. You'll have to be there to see what's happening, to report on it. It will be August before we'll see each other again. Take this time to practice the lessons you've already learned. It's going to be very easy for you to astral travel. Read the material I've assigned, the books of Daniel and Revelations and the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew. Your Latin American supervisor will be leaving sometime around August 7th. As soon as you get the chance, come back here, so we can have a nice juicy chat."

"Look, there's no way my Latin American supervisor will be coming to this country at this time of year," I said, unconvinced. "But who knows what will happen? As far as the political situation is concerned, the relationship between the United States and Peru hasn't been the greatest lately. If what you're telling me comes true, yes, that will give me a lot more faith in you."

"Good."

We left the restaurant and went to my room. Rama mentioned that she would be happy to help me take care of the details on how I could finance the writing project.

I was overjoyed she had the ability to read minds. It made communication much simpler. It amazed me that she had somehow known about my activities for the past five years, that I'd been freelancing for large movie corporations in various parts of the world, and about the kinds of problems I was having in my personal and business life.

We had never discussed one aspect of my work in Peru, however. Now that she'd asked me to let her know if I had a good reason for not being part of the assignment she was offering, I felt it was time to discuss this situation with her. It was one of the reasons I was so reluctant to get involved with her mission. I'd come close

to bringing it up when we had our discussion about one organization ruling the world.

My business in Peru at this time had two aspects; one was to promote movies for a motion picture company, but I was also there on another assignment: to gather journalistic information from the South American press wires and from my connections in Peru, reporting my findings to one man.

On October 3, 1968, General Juan Velazco Alvarado took command of the presidency of Peru as a military junta. Since that time, the relations between this country and the United States had been going downhill, both diplomatically and in business matters.

I'd been doing public relations work for some large New York corporations since 1970, using my connections to help solve some of the conflicts, in order to preserve their investments in Peru.

When I met Rama, I already knew of the existence of this centralized corporation, which has subsidiaries all over the world. I was working for that corporation. One letter of the alphabet, "I," representing international, symbolized this company.

I knew the name of only one man within that organization, a man who was world renowned. I knew he was with a top secret consolidation, which had been headquartered in Lima, Peru, for years. This was the man I reported to. He sent me all over the world on some very heavy assignments. He trusted me, knowing I would act in good faith.

When I began accepting assignments from him, it was difficult for me to believe that people and organizations like the "Mission Impossible" team really existed. But, as time went on, I realized they did exist. I began to see how the manipulation of both business and government is in the hands of this international conglomerate, headed by one giant corporation, and that its power was in the

hands of one man. This man, the head of an international firm, had connections in key government jobs in many countries. I was the liaison between this international set-up and foreign governments because of my diverse cultural upbringing, and my fluency in languages, which enabled me to comfortably function in many parts of the world.

After we were settled in my room, I told Rama about the man I worked for. I explained that my work for this man and the international firm he represented, was one of the reasons I'd been reluctant to get involved with her project. I would have to answer questions from too many people, businesses, and governments.

Matter of factly, Rama said, "The man you work for will be assassinated by the end of 1975."

Her response was unexpected and shocking. I stared at her, speechless. If there was one man I trusted in this world, he was the man. To hear Rama say he would be dead in a year and a half was hard to take. Even though I'd come to respect her psychic abilities, it was unbelievable, and painful to think she could be right. It bothered me that she would say something like that.

Without further discussion of the subject, we both went to bed and fell asleep almost immediately.

I woke up at five in the morning and turned over. Rama was gone. Since I was wide awake, I decided to get up, pack, and get an early start driving back to Lima.

I began thinking about what Rama had said the night before. When I'd left the office last Friday, there had been certain indications that trouble might be starting, but not quite as serious as Rama seemed to think. And certainly not serious enough to extend my stay in Peru.

I couldn't wait to get back to the office to see what had developed. I was indeed curious.

Chapter X

The Education of a Believer

It had been over a month before I could go back into the Andes Mountains to see Rama again. Just as she had predicted, the day I arrived back in Lima I was asked by my people in the United States to make arrangements for my supervisor to fly to Lima, Peru.

I had been astounded by the accuracy of her prediction. This, of course, blew my July 15th court appearance. I did what I could to work out another court date, because when I failed to appear, I knew a warrant for my arrest would automatically be issued and I would be arrested as soon as I set foot in California.

On July 18th, my supervisor arrived in Lima to straighten out the mess created by some of our Peruvian investors. To complicate matters even further, on July 27th, the Peruvian government took over the news media, slapping tight censorship control over all television, newspaper and magazine reporting of the news events. Even worse, a curfew was put into effect and the military police began to stop and question foreigners.

Finally, on August 7th, my supervisor returned to the United States. He requested that I stay in Peru for at least another two months to insure our business interests in Peru went as planned.

My biggest problem was with our Peruvian investors, a bunch of hard-heads who could turn the smallest assignment into a complicated mess. Everyone was haggling over the casting and credits for the movie. The whole situation was extremely difficult and depressing.

During this time, I managed to find some time to do a great deal of reading, and practiced my astral projection. I asked my people in the United States to send me several

books and other related material on astral travel and UFOs. They sent me Raymond Drake's *Gods and Spacemen in the Ancient West*. After reading this book, just as Rama had said, I no longer believed it was impossible that she could be from another world. The book gave so much detailed information corresponding to my experiences with Rama that I couldn't wait to get back to the Andes Mountains and talk to her again. I had a lot of questions and I wanted answers.

On Friday, August 9th, at about 5:30 in the afternoon, I got into my rented car and drove back to Acaya. I felt very tired and somewhat depressed, so I went straight to bed. The next morning, I had breakfast and, since it was Saturday, I had to wait in line for my turn to get into the baths. To my surprise, Rama was already there, waiting for me.

"How did you know I was there?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer.

"Well, I always do. I sense your coming. Remember, I'm very close to your thoughts. I know your intentions. Since yesterday afternoon you've been thinking about coming here. And you were brooding over your luck in Peru."

"How did you know all this was going to happen? You knew I was going to have to stay in Peru, that my supervisor was coming to Lima, that we were going to have this mess. How did you know about the political situation? You accurately forecasted the future! It's difficult for me to believe you did it."

"You keep forgetting what I'm telling you about the Third Force. I not only sensed your feelings, your reasons for coming here, and when you would be here, I was also able to sense the intentions and thinking of the people around you."

"How could you sense the intentions of our Peruvian investors? How did you know they were a bunch of schmucks?"

"That's easy. First of all, you already knew they weren't keeping their word, isn't that correct?"

"Yes. But how did you know my supervisor was coming? I had no idea about that."

"The same way. By the connection with what you did know. When you left the United States, you were told that should there be any complications, not to hesitate to call them and let them know exactly what was happening. That way, your supervisor would come if you needed him. When you sent your reports, I knew they would consider it necessary to send someone to help you. And they did."

"Yes, but I keep asking myself, how did you know these things? I guess this is the proof I've been looking for, that you are what you claim to be."

"Look, Chacho, it was no different than the gypsy woman reading your palm for \$3.50 at the Santa Monica pier."

"Since your predictions were true, I must believe that everything else you tell me is true. The gypsy lady didn't tell me she was from another planet. And she was only eighty-five percent accurate. So far, your predictions have been true in every case. Your reading of my past has been just as true and faithful, not only to the facts of my life, but also in terms of your interpretation of the whole series of events that have led me to this point of time in my life."

"Rama, I'm beginning to realize, perhaps for the first time, just what an extraordinary person you are. I believe you, and I love you, despite our interplanetary differences. I want to know more about you. Where you come from. How long you've been here. Everything. I want to know everything about you. And about the world you come from."

"Okay, Chacho."

"First I want you to realize that what is natural in this universe is often the most wondrous surprise. You think

of my being from another planet as something unnatural, an impossible phenomenon. But I come from a world in this very solar system. It's not very far from here, considering that space travel extends beyond the conglomeration of galaxies comprising the cosmic unit of which we both are a part.

I am here in this world because I have a serious mission. I am a messenger. While I'm here, I look like you, and dress like you. We're from another part of the universe. We've been traveling through these vast dimensions since the beginning of recorded history. The Bible is an ancient record of visitations to earth by extraterrestrials. These visits have been misrepresented due to the limited understanding of the people who received the messages given by earlier astronauts.

Visits from outer space to your earth during the last few centuries can compare with an ocean liner that travels to a faraway island once or twice a year to trade with the natives. The same type of thing is happening today; space men and women are scattered all over your world.

Since you believe now, and know I'm not trying to con you into something, it'll be a lot easier for us to work together to accomplish the mission."

"I guess you're right."

"Remember what Jesus told his disciples in John, chapter five? '... But these things I say that ye might be saved.'

The reason I've chosen you to do this job for us, to be the person responsible for transmitting our message and plant this seed, is because I can sense your developmental processes. I know you're going to become more aware, disciplined in your will, and that your motives are sincere.

That's the way we do it on our planet. We're honest with ourselves. We love ourselves. Since we understand

God as The Force, no one would go into someone else's house thinking of stealing, killing, or doing harm. As soon as we enter someone's home, they sense our presence. They are in tune with us, with our vibrations, our ananas and anionites. That is known as perfect harmony; thus, we can and do live with each other in peace."

"What is your world called?"

"The Kingdom of the Mount; it's where I've lived for more than 304 of your terrestrial years. In this solar system, it's called Ganymede, one of the moons of Jupiter. It's about the size of your moon. Our terrain is very much like the one we're on right now; the atmosphere is about the same—very thin oxygen, with high, steep mountains covered with ice, as is the case here. The topography is also very similar."

"Incredible. I know about the moons of Jupiter, but it seems unlikely that life exists on one of them."

"We have extremely cold weather compared to your temperatures, but for us, these temperatures are comfortable."

"What about your way of life—do you get married? Do you have movie theaters? Is it a paradise?"

"We live in the valleys, surrounded by the icy peaked mountains, in small complexes, what you would call villages. Similar to the ones you see around here. Ganymede is very volcanic. Volcanoes are our source of energy, and we use that powerful energy for our technology. The same way you usually find large cities like New York, Paris, London, and Rome clustered near large bodies of water, our villages and industrial centers are near volcanoes. They are our source of life.

We have no oceans or large rivers on our planet. We get our water from the melting ice mixed with the volcanic heat; it's very similar to the medicinal waters you find right here."

"Is the volcanic energy used for heat as well?"

"Yes, the volcanoes contain a great deal of thermal energy, which we use to maintain healthy temperatures.

Since we have no rivers or oceans, and extreme temperatures, we have no animals on our planet, only mineral, vegetable and human forms of life. In our world we've adapted to this; we don't need animals for food. Besides, eating and absorbing the ananas and anionites of animals puts micro-organisms into our systems, creating toxins in the body. That's where you earth inhabitants get your common cold and other illnesses."

"I've heard about this; it's the vegetarian philosophy and basis for their lifestyle. This is hot stuff. Tell me more. What about your cities? Do you have large cities?"

"No, nothing at all like your big cities. We don't use such methods of construction, and our materials are different. We have lots of seismic movement. Earthquakes are natural in a place where there is so much volcanic activity. You people make your cities grow towards the sky. We go several levels underneath. Our structures are in cylindrical form, with one main shaft onto which other cylindrical structures can be interfaced if expansion is required. The additional cylinders are clustered around the main shaft and are connected to it. These underground buildings also function to modify the seismic activity of our world."

"What about government? What is your economy like? Who rules?"

"I know what you mean, but give me a more specific question."

"Well, do you have countries?"

"No, we have no boundaries on Ganymede. It's enough to tell you that we need no armies or police. I spoke of this before, so I won't elaborate except to say that it would be useless to have policemen or armies when everybody knows what everybody else is thinking, right?"

"Right. What about religion?"

"Religion on our planet is, in essence, the same doctrine of love and brotherhood taught some two thousand years ago by a man named Jesus Christ. He was someone very special, a guide. We're going to talk about him more, but not right now. Let's leave him for later when we make a link with Jesus as someone from far away, from another world."

"Aren't you going a bit too far with this? Can you imagine me telling my future readers, that Jesus Christ got out of a UFO? No way!"

"You're so screwed up with this Jesus concept that every time you even hear the name mentioned, your adrenalin rises. Let's be peaceful about all this. I'm asking you to give it a fair chance, just as you did with the idea of UFOs.

Remember when Jesus said, 'My kingdom is not of this earth'? We're going to study that phrase. What I'm trying to tell you now is that in our world we practice the same teachings as the early Christians. I wouldn't call that religion, because we don't go to church and pray to idols, or to a tortured man on a cross. We act. We are love; we feel it, sense it, breathe it. This is the fundamental basis of our religion; it's more or less a state of being.

We do have our spiritual guides, those who take care of our spiritual guidance in space. Remember in Catholic school, when you learned about the saints?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Here in Latin America, Mexico, Spain and Italy, devotion is instilled concerning patron saints. It's a custom, a tradition, to believe that each person has his or her own patron saint, remember?"

"Yes, I remember, like St. Jude, the patron saint of the impossibles."

"Right. A guide in the universe. People think of him

and pray to him. It's a way of getting in touch with a higher mind. What you're doing is projecting your ananas and anionites, getting in tune with the saint through the thought form known here as prayer.

"For us, prayer is being at peace with ourselves, and projecting our thoughts, making images of what we would like to do. In your case, you might want a beautiful penthouse in Rome. So you would start thinking about that penthouse, how it would look, giving it shape, color and design. By doing that, and by developing your ability to control the Third Force, you begin to create just by thinking.

Remember when you were learning about astral projection, you first studied about it by reading. Then you projected your thoughts. It's a chemical process. The mind secretes thoughts the way a gland secretes fluid. This is pure science. Haven't you read about the thinking and learning processes being a chemical reaction?"

"I remember the test where worms that had been trained to perform certain tricks were eaten by untrained worms. After eating them, they were able to perform almost the same functions without being trained."

"That's the idea. Here's how it works: Inside your brain, there's a gland. It's called the pineal gland, or the "third eye." This gland creates light in the darkness of the mind by secreting a substance we'll call anions and cations. One substance, two names, because as soon as it is secreted as one force and hits the pineal gland, it divides into two elements. These elements of thought, anions and cations, are projected from your brain into space, mixing with the ananas and anionites.

As you begin thinking about and desiring a penthouse in Rome, you begin taking steps toward achieving that goal. If you continue to do this, you will eventually have it. A dream, a thought, a wish, eventually materializes—like an answer to prayer.

The beautiful thing about this is that when you finally master this technique, you no longer want a penthouse. That's what concentration does for you, though, it makes your wishes come true."

"You're telling me that when I master this force I can make my wishes come true?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. But in order to get to that point, you have to be sincere and peaceful in your own being. If having that penthouse in Rome doesn't harm your fellow human beings, there's not one cosmic reason why your dream shouldn't come true."

"Rama, you mentioned spiritual guides. Are your spiritual guides like rabbis and priests?"

"Yes, I suppose you could call them that. They're people who give us spiritual guidance. Each one of us gets a scientific explanation for every, what you would call here, religious teaching, except that our religious practices have more correspondence with things like metaphysics, theosophy.

Do you remember Madame Blavatsky?

"Mmmm. The name sounds familiar," I said.

"She was the founder of the Theosophical Society and the author of a book known as the *Secret Doctrine*. Madame Blavatsky was very much on the ball. She understood God as a Third Force. And, in her time, she said it. I wouldn't say proved it, but she used it, and she used it in good faith. And because of this, she was persecuted and vilified. People made her out to be a know-nothing lady, a con, a witch. Same thing with Lobsang Rampa. These people had no mean intentions when they brought their doctrines out; it was more or less their way of saying, 'Hey, look, this is the truth; do you want to take it? You want to become immortal, to live forever? You want to astral travel?' That's more like our religion.

Our priests, if you wish to call them that, are spiritual guides who cultivate our spirits; they don't interfere with our everyday lives. They teach us no mysteries, only

cosmic laws. They use scientific methods, like the method I used to teach you about ananas and anionites. That's the way we teach our children. From the time they're old enough to understand, they're not taught to think of God as someone with a human form the way you people on earth do.

We don't have any rituals. There's no veneration to any kind of idol. Sometimes we get together with certain ones who are more advanced. Then we participate in more advanced studies. That calls for a celebration, but nothing mandatory, as you have here in your world.

In general, the sun is the cosmic source of inspiration in our system. That's where the teachings come from, the same teachings as found in the Egyptian, Incan, Persian, Mayan, and Aztec cultures. In the books you've read you can clearly see where Von Daniken and others speak about these divinities coming from heaven.

When it comes to religion, we're going to make a parallel comparison between your religion and ours. All the great civilizations have always catered to the sun as a source of religious inspiration.

When you study the teachings of the Incas, the Persians, the Aztecs, the Tibetan Lamas, the Mayans, you'll find they all have one thing in common: that this Third Force is God. That's what we call the intelligent force in the universe, the greatest Teacher, the God of love, of forgiveness, the path of light, the truth of life. This is already known here on your planet, through metaphysics and astral projection. Lobsang Rampa's teachings, and Buddhism, are the same. These truths were brought to your world by other people from outer space. It's a shame that throughout the ages and because of the separation of people, the ideas have changed so much.

Remember, you and I are just two people from

different parts of the universe. I'm in human form because I'm human, like you."

"I guess that's what you meant when you said I could go to my local library and find out about these things. I was reading a book recently, *Gods and Spacemen in the Ancient West*, which I thought was the greatest. It was the knock-out punch to all my incredulity. After reading it, I was convinced that you people have come back. You've promised to return so many times, and now here you are, and very near the year 2,000."

"Yes, and you haven't even started yet. When you get back to the United States, you'll have a lot of research to do. You're not going to take any major assignments, your missions will be short. Try to remember, you've promised us two years of your life."

"Now that I'm a member of your 'Impossible Mission' team, will I get to go in one of your vimanas, or flying saucers, or meet your friends?"

"Yes, perhaps soon."

When Rama said these words, I didn't say anything, but it was difficult to hide my excitement that she had finally agreed to let me investigate first hand some of the things she'd been telling me. Naturally, she picked up on these thoughts.

"What's more important, Charles, is that we spend our time wisely. We're going to see each other at least two or three more times before you go back to the United States. I want you to come here as often as you can. You'll see how beautiful it's going to be. As we go along, we're going to be revising some of the teachings I've been discussing with you, okay?"

"Okay, as you've already probably sensed, I'm completely convinced. My mind is made up. I want to, and must, write this message for you. Give me the proper guidance, and I'll complete the task. When do we start?"

"As soon as you wish."

"How long will it take? How often am I going to come here?"

"You will come when you have the time. We can cover a great deal in one session. It depends on how much we get off the subject and how eager you are to complete it."

"When am I going to be returning to the United States? Can you give me an exact date?"

"Not an exact date, no. I told you I wouldn't interfere with your life. You just come here on weekends, or when you have the time, and we'll take it from there."

At this point in the conversation, it was our turn to go into the bathhouses. We went in, never interrupting our conversation. She told me it would be easy to forecast when I would be returning to the United States, also that she could tell me the story of my life for the next few years, but that she would be destroying my incentive and, therefore, the joy of living. She said it would be kind of dull to know everything that was going to happen in the future, so I dropped the subject of the exact date I would be returning to the United States.

Even though I hadn't seen Rama for a month, we were at ease with each other. My distrust of her and her motives had vanished. Instead I felt a warmth and enthusiasm toward our relationship, because now we had one common goal: I was going to learn all she had to teach me, and she was ready and willing to start. I had stopped resisting, and discontinued my obnoxious behavior whenever she said something that frightened me.

After our mineral bath, we decided to drive to a nearby town. It was early afternoon, kind of chilly and a little too cold to be out riding on a motorcycle. We took my car, and as we drove, we had a mind to mind conversation. Rama told me earlier that these mind to mind conversations meant that we didn't have to go through long explanations to understand simple concepts. From

now on, she said, a thought, perhaps a glance, would explain something better than a thousand words.

I'll relate the mental conversation in words, although it's extremely difficult to translate in that mode, since visual images are equally important in this kind of conversation.

Rama opened the discussion with the comment, "You're not the only person who's had experiences as incredible as you've had. There are other people who have published books, stating exactly the things I'm telling you. We all give the same messages to people with whom we come in contact, and by the time you're ready to publish yours, the time will be right for a change in attitude.

Many of these strange things now going on here on this planet are just a fair warning from us to you: Something pretty catastrophic is going to happen. If you want to be prepared to take a little trip with us, this is your chance. We're going to choose the people, good people, the type who have your kind of mentality. You'll see when you start doing your research.

Look up a man by the name of George Adamsky and start reading what he has published. You'll see that George Adamsky, and many others, have also had contact with outer space beings. The time is ripe for us to make ourselves known, first to certain people, then with everyone through the establishment of media connections.

There are many people in the world who are trying to stop this from happening. In one of his works, Adamsky talks about the 'Silent Group' which doesn't want our presence known. It's to their advantage to keep it as secret as possible. But since we gain nothing from this, we'll just start preparing for what is coming. That's the reason I've asked you to read the books of Daniel and Revelations and the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew.

Because they are accounts of angels, celestial armies, people coming in flying machines. Take, for example, Revelations 15:1:

And I saw another sign in heaven, great and marvelous, seven angels having the seven last plagues; for in them is filled up the wrath of God.

The angels mentioned here are extraterrestrials, perhaps living on this planet right now.

Let's take chapter 19:14 of Revelation:

And the Armies which are in heaven followed him upon white horses.

These armies are us, preparing for Armageddon, We're preparing our strategy, and we're standing by, because after the first part of the year 1976, you'll see many developments. You're going to be studying them. By then you should be writing this book, and you'll have begun seeing, by yourself, just by following the news media."

"What will I be seeing, Rama?"

"What we are going to discuss here in our next few sessions."

"I'll be seeing things in the news media?"

"Yes. Because when we get to the message part, I'm not going to use any names. I'm not going to say, 'Joe Blow is going to be the antichrist.' But I'll give you plenty of clues, so by keeping up with the news events, and by putting two and two together, you'll know who this man is going to be. We can't say this country is going to do such and such a thing to that country. We'll just refer to a nation in this world that is going to be doing this to another nation in this world.

"You recall, about a month ago, when I told you what

would be happening as far as your work was concerned in Peru. You had your doubts, didn't believe me, thought I was kidding. I'm not bragging about my ability to make predictions or to prophecy; I only want you to understand that I'm only reading what's written in this book."

Rama turned and looked at me. I saw she was pointing to the Bible in her lap. I realized with great impact then what she had meant by the ability to convey through one glance a meaning that would take a thousand words to express.

She continued, "Before, when I was talking about my planet and religion, I told you that we are going to make a parallel, a comparison, between the teachings of Jesus on your planet Earth and what our teachings are in the cosmos. In your world, people have been misled and have misunderstood the whole concept of the teachings of Jesus the Christ. Christianity is divided beyond hope. Start from the premise that no kingdom that is divided can survive. I won't be teaching you about religion or forcing you to believe in Jesus Christ. We don't practice religion as such.

I'll give you some clues, and little by little, you'll understand more, learn more. By the time you're finished with your research, you'll be thoroughly convinced that everything I mention from now on will be coming true.

"For instance, the president of the greatest nation on earth today is going to be in big trouble. Before you go back to the United States, that man is going to be out of office."

"King Richard? Rama, you've got to be joking."

"Yes, the American scandal going on in the country where you live is a great one. That man is in trouble; he's going to be asked to leave office."

"I know things are bad; the *Washington Post* is making waves, but I don't think the country will get the

President to leave office. I've read there's talk of impeachment. I'm not going to argue with you, because so far I've learned to trust you. You've always been right."

"I can see your attitude has changed. You're not so belligerent, not quite as skeptical as you were before."

"I've learned. And I want to learn more. Tell me, are we going to write this message in the sequence you gave me when we first met?"

"We're not going to take each thing individually. All these ideas organize themselves into certain patterns; they begin to click together. When this happens, you'll know how to arrange the material. Like the message that the antichrist is going to be a great political figure, someone who could be coming into politics soon. Another issue is the political thinking existing today in your world. Certain nations are competing for the position of the greatest world power.

"There are major forces that could tear your planet apart in minutes; one is nuclear war. But that won't happen soon; the destruction is destined to happen naturally. Remember I told you about the earthquakes, changes of climate, and this cold planet 3,200 times larger than the earth?"

"Yes, it's right here on my list."

"Well, take Revelation, Chapter 8:10-13; it says:"

And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; And the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.

And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise.

And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound!

"So, my friend, if we want to get scientific about what is written here, let me tell you that this star called Wormwood is a huge celestial body. It's known as the beast of destruction to all our planetary systems, because this world runs parallel to our solar system."

"What do you mean? You'll have to be more specific about that."

"Let me tell you exactly how it is. If a planet this size comes near our solar system, it will cause serious imbalances to several planets. I think you can see that your world has already suffered several major climate changes: fierce winds, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions. Perhaps you can't see it now, but by the end of 1976, or the beginning of 1977, it'll be more noticeable. Keep your eyes open for the weather reports. You'll see that in places where the climate has always been warm, it will become colder, and in cold climate places there will also be corresponding changes. The reason being that your planet, and several others in the solar system, are coming under the attractional influence of this cold planet, called Wormwood in the Bible.

I think I mentioned Rodolfo Benavides, a Mexican author who has written several important books dealing with this material. He's the same man you're going to get your information on ananas and anionites from. He wrote a book called *Dramatic Prophecies of the Great Pyramid*. In his book he calls this planet Hercolubus. We'll call it that also for the sake of reference.

Hercolubus is only one planet in a whole planetary system named Tila. The planetary system travels parallel in the universe to this solar system of ours, in the same direction. Hercolubus takes about 6,666 terrestrial

years to complete its orbit. At a certain point in that orbit, which happens once each cycle, it comes very close to our solar system without crossing the orbits of any of our planets. Naturally, this phenomenon causes very serious disturbances to our planetary system.

Your world is going to suffer the consequences of these attractional influences forty-six days of each year, in the late seventies or early eighties, becoming stronger as we approach the year 2001. Right now, it's not quite noticeable, but you'll notice it more and more towards 1982. If we were to check this date very carefully with the dates given by the prophecies of the Great Pyramids, and with the predictions of some South American psychics, we could clearly see that we're dealing not with something written in the Bible as religious rubbish, but as a present cyclical phenomenon.

The last time Hercolubus went by must have been close to 6,600 years ago; that's one of the reasons that knowledge of its existence is dim, obtainable only through the reading of ancient relics such as the Great Pyramid.

The return of this planet will begin to be felt sometime between 1978 and 1980. You'll remember that between 1970 and now there have been several bad earthquakes, especially in South America and the Pacific. But the worst part of it will be between 1982 and 1992. That's when the earth's axis is going to get out of its present position. This will cause the sun to hit the earth with the same intensity, in a constant way, over the poles. Within a few years, the ice on the poles will melt, covering great extensions of land. It will also change the cycles of the seasons; there will be only two seasons, probably spring and fall.

This is going to explain the ice ages, the periods of evolution, all of which are 6,666 year periods. Later, when we talk about the antichrist as a beast of destruc-

tion, we're going to come to this number again, so remember it, okay?"

"If I understand what you're saying correctly, we're traveling in the universe next to a star called Tila, with its own planetary complex. One of its planets, Hercolubus, is 3,000 times bigger than the earth...."

"To be exact, 3,200 times bigger."

"Okay, 3,200 times. A cold planet of such magnitude that takes 6,666 terrestrial years to complete its own orbit, during which time, at one point, it comes close to the earth and causes serious cataclysms and things like that."

"Yes."

"When is it coming back?"

"It should be at its closest point to the earth on the 17th of September in the year 2001."

"Now you're telling me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and I take it that science in my horrible world is going to ridicule this because there's no scientific explanation for it."

"I doubt you'll have scientific backing, but there are plenty of people, which you'll discover when you read this book I told you about, that have predicted things. These predictions are the result of someone's knowledge about Hercolubus. I've mentioned this several times."

"Yes, you have, but I still think that's not for you and me to tell."

"Look at it this way: The moon is only a satellite of the earth, and it is the source of attractional forces which create such phenomena as the tides, correct? And that's only the moon, a little body out there in space. Can you imagine what a celestial body about 3,200 times bigger than the earth will do? This happens to your planet every 6,666 years. It has caused deluges, the separation of the continents, whole bodies of land sinking into the ocean. During its last close contact with earth, at the

beginning of this era now coming to an end, Atlantis went down, Lemuria disappeared, waters covered most of the land masses. Before this, Europe and America were one land mass, also eastern Brazil and western Africa. If you take a world map, you'll see that you can make these continents fit together like a giant jigsaw puzzle. That separation was caused by Hercolubus's close encounter with the earth."

"What's going to happen when it comes by again?"

"California falling into the ocean is going to be caused by this planet."

"Why hasn't this information been revealed to the world?"

"What I'm telling you was written in the Fatima message. Remember I mentioned this Silent Group?"

"Yes."

"When you met me, you asked why we have chosen to be far away in the mountains in a remote part of the world. It's because we're afraid of being crucified. Remember what happened to Jesus when he spoke about love and friendship and brotherhood? This is what we teach. We have to live here where no man from your earth can come."

"That makes sense. Tell me more about this planet, Wormwood or Hercolubus."

"After the last Hercolubus visit to our solar system Adam and Eve appeared on earth. Moses wrote about them as the first human creatures created on earth. But actually Adam and Eve were only the beginning of the era of humanity in your world."

"Remember Noah and Moses spoke about the deluge? Was that one of the times Wormwood passed around here again?"

"Yes, that's right."

"The Bible was written about, what—3,000 to 4,000 years ago?"

"Something like that."

"So the actual beginning of this era, from the going away of Hercolubus to the coming back to Hercolubus, is about 6,666 years. Correct?"

"That's it."

"And we're about to complete another cycle of 6,666 years by the year 2001."

"What about this final judgment, when is that going to take place?"

"The final judgment started about ten to fifteen years ago."

"The final judgment has already started?" I asked kind of surprised.

"I know this is going to sound shocking and ridiculous to you, but only because this information is new to you. What we're doing now is preparing the ground."

"I just want you to know that this celestial body of great volume exists. It's a scientific fact that your world is losing speed of rotation on its axis. That means the days are getting longer. Before the turn of the century, scientists discovered this change of about one second per century. Around 1900, they revised those computations, and they discovered, to their surprise, that this loss in speed is, in fact, at least one second per year. By now, I would say there's about a minute's difference from the last century."

This is one of the reasons the earth is accumulating excessive weight on its poles. The press recently announced that the terrestrial axis is suffering a sort of deviation and that's the cause of the atmospheric problems that have been apparent since 1950 or thereabouts. Remember those big earthquakes? I guess you were too young to remember that, and probably weren't very interested.

We've been studying all these phenomena in a very scientific way. As far as your planet is concerned, the

whole story is in your Bible. All you have to do is search for it, and you'll find it.

Our scientists and other people who are aware of the existence of Herculubus, are making preparations, because we know it's coming. On this planet of yours, our mission is to inform the people who actually want to know about this. We're here to help them, and to take a group of your people to start the next era, the Age of Aquarius, once the cataclysms have passed.

You remember the Garden of Eden, Paradise, Utopia, Eternal Life—this is what I'll be teaching you. These refer to a place Jesus promised, where everything is beautiful, harmonious and peaceful.

You'll be writing about your experiences here, about what you've learned. You're going to have enough understanding to grasp these things.

By watching the news, reading newspapers, magazines and books, and doing your research, you're going to become convinced that what I'm telling you so far is true. Many of the things I tell you will be happening right before your eyes.

I'm confident you can help us do it. So I thank you for coming. I think you're a good person who will never regret having made this kind of decision."

By the time we finished this conversation, we had arrived in a small town called Concepcion. We drove through it, saw its highlights and continued driving. We stopped by a river, where we sat and spent a beautiful quiet afternoon.

I was very deep in my thoughts, due to the new and somehow frightening things I'd just heard. Being with Rama, knowing that I was also cultivating my spirit, I was no longer afraid.

Rama and I decided to take in a movie in Huancayo that night. We had such an enjoyable evening we decided to stay overnight.

Chapter XI The Antichrist

Sunday morning we got out of bed a little before noon. We'd been up rather late the night before. The Sunday fair in Huancayo was on again, and Rama suggested I browse around for a while if I wanted to, as she had something to attend to.

We checked out of the hotel and agreed to meet there later so we could drive to Acaya together. By two o'clock, we were on our way, observing some very beautiful scenery; small villages, natural gardens, orchards with trees in full bloom, and a river winding through the valley. It was so peaceful that we both felt the urge to get out of the car and become part of that magnificent landscape.

We got off the main road and drove along for a couple of minutes until we found a spot with lots of grass and trees near the water. The sun was shining on the river in such a way that it seemed like a gigantic serpent, curving over the immense valley.

Once we were comfortable in our own little piece of paradise, Rama announced that we would be talking about the antichrist and that I would have to start using my imagination to put things together. She asked me if I were relaxed enough to learn. I said I was.

She began by asking me if I had read the books of Daniel and Revelation and the 24th chapter of Matthew.

"I did," I answered, "but with my limited knowledge, I couldn't understand it."

"That's okay. I imagine some of the things you read have remained with you."

"Yes, dreams, prophecies, lots of talk about the everlasting God, magicians, sorcerers and astrologers. I imagine the angels in Daniel were also ufonauts."

"Yes, of course. Whenever you come across angels in the Bible, you should automatically assume that they are extraterrestrials.

"It's obvious Daniel had contact with these angels, or should I say extraterrestrials, and that they knew a great deal about God."

"That's right. God as a Third Force. You just said that there are magicians and sorcerers mentioned in the book of Daniel. At the time, it was common for a king to have people like that on his staff."

"Then there are the dreams about animals and monsters with ten horns."

"This is where we'll begin talking about the antichrist. Now I don't mean that the antichrist is going to be an animal or a monster with ten horns. Here, read the seventh chapter of Daniel. Read the whole thing."

She handed me the Bible and I read the chapter. Afterwards, I said, "In this part of Daniel, it occurs to me that he had a sort of premonition, not too clear even to himself. In verses 15 and 16, he confirms that. In chapter eight, he has a similar dream, and in verse 15, he tries to understand it again. In verse 17, he hears the voice of Gabriel, telling him that what he is seeing in these visions won't take place until the end of time. In verse 18, he faints, then gets back up on his feet.

"I found in Revelation that John faints twice when he's talking to one of the angels. I wanted to ask you, before I forget, why do these people faint and try to worship the angels or extraterrestrials?"

"Because they were terrified. Those visions were really awful."

"Did Daniel and John see the same things?"

"Exactly the same."

"Wow, what a trip!"

"A trip in the sense that both of these men had contact with the same kinds of gods and angels that are among

your people here on earth. Since the beginning of time, we've been cultivating this planet earth with the teachings of the Eternal God of Creation, which for us is the Third Force, the third energy. Read Revelation, chapter 22, verses eight and nine."

And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard them and seen them, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel, which showed me these things. Then said he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: Worship God.

You see, the angel here tells John that he (the angel) is nothing but a servant of God and equal to terrestrial beings. He even reminds John to worship only God. I say this because I want you to be clear that the visions of these men were real events. They were people who had close contact with beings from outer space. Their spirits were developed to the point of being able to transport their ananas and anionites to other dimensions, and therefore, being able to foresee coming events in the form of visions, dreams, revelations, and prophecies. In Daniel 9, he prays for his land, and then he has another vision."

"You're saying that Daniel and John were able to get themselves in that self-trance state, which puts them in tune with another force, another dimension."

"That's what I am saying."

"I did find similarities between those two books and those two men. But there's some confusion as to the time element. Daniel had his visions about 480 years before Jesus the Christ was born. And then John was able to see the same things five centuries later. How could that be?"

"When we study about the fourth dimension, you'll

understand that for a spirit, time and space are nothing.”

“What is this fourth dimension? Sounds pretty fictional to me.”

“That refers to the spiritual state of being. This is what you’re learning now. Your astral projection will take you into the fourth dimension. It’s no more fictional than any of your esoteric or metaphysical sciences.

The fourth dimension enables you to move into the future. Yes. We’re going to use the fourth dimension, and see how the end of this world will be. You’ll be having your own visions.

I’ll start by giving you some clues. You put them together and come up with your own answers. The main purpose of these messages is not to cause sensationalism, or create publicity. Quite the contrary. We want this to be a simple, humble account of just what happened to you here. The people of your world should understand certain things that are about to happen.

There is a schedule of events that is going to lead you into some interpretations about this man we’re calling the antichrist. He’s going to be just a man, but a great political figure.”

“When you say political figure, do you mean someone like Richard Nixon, Chairman Mao, Henry Kissinger, or some religious authority?”

“As I told you before, I’m not going to use any names. We’ll limit our designations to a man, a nation, a political party, a secret organization, a church, a temple. But we’re not going to pinpoint anything because we want this story to be published. I’m sure you realize, with your law school background, that we can’t afford to make waves.”

“I know what you mean about censorship.”

“We don’t want to accuse anybody, because this is an open letter to the ones who sincerely want to believe, and to listen to this message.

There're lots of people who'll be saved, they're just confused. To make it easier, let's start by reading the very first chapter of the book of Revelation, verses one through three.

Basically, this book unveils some of the future activities soon to occur in the life of Jesus Christ. God permitted him to reveal these things to his servant John in a vision and then an angel was sent from heaven to explain the vision's meaning.

John wrote it all down: the words of God and Jesus Christ and everything he heard and saw.

If you read this prophecy aloud to the church you will receive a special blessing from the Lord. Those who listen to it being read and practice what it says, will also be blessed, for the time is near when these things will all come true.

We are going to be repeating what is written here; we won't invent anything new. We're just going to make it simple for you to understand. Just as you've understood UFOs so far."

"Okay. That sounds very interesting."

"When the Bible was written, Daniel and John didn't have the knowledge that you have today. Therefore, they wrote in symbolic language, using mental imagery, something to be figured out. When these prophets had their visions, they saw the beasts as rotten and awful. Remember that semantics have changed through the years. But the symbolism is here for us to work out."

"Okay, shoot."

"This is where your message starts. He who has ears, listen.

The final chapters of the earth will begin when a powerful world leader comes up with a formula for solving the conflict in the Middle East. He'll proclaim himself the world's ruler, the world's king, or even Big Brother. This man will ring the world into a war such as humanity has never known.

In Matthew, chapter 24:22, Jesus tells us that 'unless those days are shortened by my return, all mankind will perish.' So you can imagine how terrible this man is going to be.

You've noticed that both Daniel and St. John talk about the antichrist, this great king. A political leader of great acumen. He'll become the ruler of the earth. He'll say he's the Messiah that the Jews have been waiting for. He'll have a great public relations office, let's call that the false prophet.

But it won't be enough for him to be a world king. He wants to go further than that; he wants to be God Almighty. So he'll go to the Temple of Jerusalem or Rome, somewhere like that in the world, and he'll say, 'I am God Almighty, therefore everyone must worship me.'

You remember in John 5:43, Jesus mentions that the world would receive this Messiah and would come, not in the name of God, but in his own name. The name for this man is the antichrist, signifying the contrast with Christ. You can identify him, he's going to have some very definite characteristics. The most important one is that he will come up with a seven year peace plan for the Middle East."

"I remember in Daniel, chapter 9:27, he said, 'And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week.' One week? I don't understand that."

"Each week in Daniel is a seven year period. When you get back to the United States, a friend of yours is going to give you a book by Zola Levitt and Thomas McCall, called *Satan in the Sanctuary*. In it, you'll see how the accuracy of Daniel's prophecies is to the exact day.

Another characteristic of the antichrist is his European background. Daniel specifies this in his prophecy. He says that he is with the fourth kingdom, and the fourth kingdom is somewhere in your world today.

In Revelation 13: 1-8, it tells us that he is a ten-headed beast and he is going to recover from a fatal wound. Notice that Daniel also talks about the ten-fold combination of power. You know, ten nations, ten kingdoms, ten flags. Both Daniel and John agree about this beast. Right now we have organizations in the world integrated by ten flags."

"Then these seven heads, or ten horns, represent the last conglomeration of political power in Europe and Mediterranean areas."

"I told you I'm not going to mention any names, but if you know something about it, then you're understanding some of the facts. But, yes, there is a ten-nation confederacy in Europe, within the Mediterranean area at the time of the antichrist."

"And we have the Common Market. Aha, I see what you mean. The Center of the Common Market is Rome."

"That's right. I'm just giving you clues. It's up to you to come up with your own conclusions. I told you that the antichrist has a great public relations organization. The fatal wound spoken of in Revelation 13:3 is a masterwork of great publicity for the antichrist. It appears that he suffers a mortal wound, and then is miraculously resurrected. It's not a case of a serious wound healing, but more a coming back to life as described by the scriptures. It's not impossible to think of an assassination attempt nowadays, because in your horrible world, no politician is one hundred percent safe. So this is what will happen. And the resulting publicity will make the man very popular when he comes back to life. Someone wrote not very long ago, 'just imagine what the world's reaction would be, if all of a sudden a president who was assassinated eleven years ago returned to the political scene, fully recovered from his tragic assassination.'"

"Obviously I couldn't tell you. It would be something

unheard of; it would create great confusion. I don't know. It's possible . . . supernatural power, perhaps?

"Let me read the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, where it seems to talk about this." I read the whole chapter to Rama. "It says that the antichrist does great wonders, Revelation 13:13, 'And he makes fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men.' Then in 13:3, 'All the world wonders at the beast,' and in 13:4, ' . . . who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?' And in 13:14, 'And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.'"

Rama said, "Satan is identified loud and clear as the source of power for the antichrist in Revelation 13:4.

"John says, 'And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast.'"

"Rama, when we first met, you said we would be talking about Satan, the devil, right? Let's talk about it now."

"Satan, as I told you before, is not the devil with a tail and horns. This is a powerful force, a distorted vibration that tried to be equal to the Eternal God of Creation, but never made it because there is only one God. This malefic force is not only confined to your planet Earth; it exists in many other worlds. It tries to overpower good, justice, life, and truth. Therefore, what we are trying to say is that Satan can be a powerful force; who has supernatural powers, and is the 'master of deceit.'"

"Of course, when you talk about witchcraft, voodoo, curses, black magic, you're talking about the counterpart of the good God, the use of ananas and anionites as the Third Force for malefic purposes.

Could the antichrist be alive today?"

"Yes."

"So he will have to have some Middle Eastern background in order to fulfill the prophecy, and he'll have some pull in the political scene, right?"

"Why not? The Middle East is certainly ready for a solution to its problems, isn't it? The European confederacy isn't too hard to spot. The tribulation temple for the antichrist is in the making."

"What do you mean by the tribulation temple?"

"The Temple of Jerusalem."

"Oh, the Temple of Jerusalem is where the antichrist is going to declare he's the Messiah, so come and adore him?"

"Probably. We shouldn't forget the prophecies for the end of times: earthquakes, tornadoes, floods and certain alliances with the world church power. Combined with the doctrines of the antichrist, it should make people who think of the Bible as a Mickey Mouse book reconsider, don't you think? When you read *Satan in the Sanctuary*, you'll get a clearer picture."

"It's beyond my comprehension now. I don't even know myself what's going through my mind now. But I get the feeling you're spaced out, I mean literally. Are you telling me this is going to happen in my generation? Like it could happen any time now?"

"Right on, Chacho. You see, the doctrine of this antichrist will use religion to actually deceive the world. In both Revelation and in Daniel we're made aware of the seven year peace plan. We saw already that Daniel's week is a period of seven years. Daniel 9:27 says:

And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate.

The seven years are going to be broken down like this: These are the last seven years before the coming of Christ. If you multiply seven times twelve, it equals eight-four. In seven years there are eighty-four months, so half of a week is forty-two months, or three and a half years, according to Revelation. Daniel says, '...in the midst of the week.' This means that for three and a half years, this antichrist is going to be a good fellow; people will believe in him. He'll do great things for the world. Then will come the assassination attempt from which he recovers, Revelation 13:3:"

And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed, and all the world wondered after the beast.

From this point on, he becomes a spiteful dictator with lots of power, not only political, but supernatural.

Because of the assassination attempts, he will start his demonstrations of supernatural power, like making fire come down from the heavens. Can you imagine what would happen if you put that on television today?"

"Yeah, I can; the ratings would soar."

"For the remaining forty-two months, or three and a half years, the antichrist's doctrine will be based on a personal cult. Worship of himself. He'll definitely demand it from the entire human race. Only those few who experience the Christ Consciousness during this period will have the means of identifying him as the antichrist. He's going to be terrifically successful.

Again, remember, he has a fantastic public relations office. Take a look at Revelation 16:13. The false prophet is going to be an individual like you or me, very enthusiastic, businesslike. He'll be well-liked. You could call him the publicity agent for the antichrist."

"Yeah, all right."

"The antichrist will be an egomaniac. He will be fond of himself and his abilities. He's a man of tremendous energy and action, a diplomat, peacemaker, a general and a great warrior. By amazing military power, and political relationships throughout the world, he'll guarantee the peace at a price. His solution for the Middle East situation will work brilliantly for a time. Three and a half years, to be precise. Daniel says this, in 8:25: '... by peace he shall destroy many.' He will establish a world economy where every person in the world will have to participate. Revelation 13: 16-18, says, that every citizen will have to have a mark either on his right hand or on his forehead. It will be the number six hundred and sixty-six; six six six. And without this number, no individual will be permitted to buy or sell anything unless they have it. Now, you have to remember that this was written at a time when numbers like your social security, bank account and credit cards, didn't have any economical significance."

"You mean it'll be something like a Master Charge for the entire planet?"

"Exactly. As a consequence of all this, the great battle of Armageddon will come about. Remember we talked about it at the beginning?"

"That's the battle to end all battles, correct?"

"That's it. To explain Armageddon, let me tell you a little about the Temple in Jerusalem. You know the peace treaties that have been going on, and about Moslems and the temple being destroyed many times throughout history?"

"Yes."

"That temple will be rebuilt once again for its final destruction."

"So why bother rebuilding it?"

"Because the antichrist will have a world headquarters, the same as does any other religious organization,

where people can worship him. He will choose to set up his throne in the Temple of Jerusalem, which will be beautifully rebuilt. He's going to go there and say, 'Hey, I'm God Almighty, therefore you have to worship me.'

The Jews will put up with the antichrist until he uses their temple. They will have been very thankful for the handling of their political situation and will render allegiance to him.

They won't object to his actions until he enters their temple and says he is the Messiah. Then it will be difficult for them to accept him. Because when the antichrist enters the temple, he'll do it in a reckless way. By then, he'll have control of the whole world. And, like all tyrants before him, he'll begin to resent the Jews and their private worship. Remember the story of Daniel? There's something about the Jews and their form of religion that has always disturbed kings, pharaohs, dictators and the like.

When the antichrist has his throne placed in the sanctuary of the Temple of Jerusalem, that's it for the Jews. They won't put up with that. They'll fight him. He'll regard this as his royal chance to finish them off, just as Hitler, the pharaohs, and the Babylonian kings. Extermination and slavery is the 'final solution' for the 'Jew problem.'

We're already aware that the antichrist will gather together a tremendous army, such as the world has never imagined before. We're told about the mobilization of a huge army, a world army, in Revelation 16:13-16. The antichrist may realize he is engaging in a dangerous project, making a holy war against the Jews, and he'll then summit with all the leaders of the world in a place called Armageddon. Among the personalities that are going to attend that meeting is going to be Jesus Christ. But not a meek, mild, good-natured Jesus Christ, as he is so often portrayed. This time He will come with

all his power and glory, ready for battle. See here in Revelation 19:11 through 14:

And I saw heaven open and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.

His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself.

And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God.

And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

Now this description is telling you that when this man comes—I'm talking about who you'd call the Messiah—ready for the Armageddon battle, he's not going to be alone. He'll have the armies that are in the heaven. What does that mean to you with the knowledge you have now?"

"He's coming with the UFOs."

"That shows you're thinking. There's no mistake who is at the head of that heavenly army. In Revelation 19:16:

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

Revelation contains no scenes of a lengthy battle. The antichrist bit off more than he could chew. That's the doom of the antichrist and his assistant, the false prophet. They are both cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. John reports this in Revelation 19:20, and that's the end of the brief career of a man who declared himself to be God."

"When is all this going to take place?"

"It could happen any time. As soon as you see some

political figure coming up with a seven year peace plan for the Middle East, that's the time."

"Isn't there some room for mistake? Computer failure, or something? Or is this written in the stars?"

"It's written in the cosmos. There's no way this can be changed; it's gone too far. You do remember that we talked about the Fatima message?"

"Yes, I remember."

"If we make a comparison between Daniel, Revelations, the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, and the Fatima message, there isn't much difference. The words are different, but the imagery, the meaning remains the same. The Bible doesn't give a date for the end of this world for many good reasons. If it did, I would certainly tell you, and you would do whatever you had to do to avoid the consequences. Then God would have a massive flock of blind sheep following him out of plain fear.

"Belief is the ticket. The one-way ticket to catch the 144,000 boat. The scriptures are designed to inspire faith. In discussing what is to come, let's look at a sort of timetable of the events given in the scriptures."

"Okay, but before you go into that, I want to understand something. What we said is that Daniel and Revelation are talking about these coming events. Daniel saw it for the 1970s and 1980s, or whenever this is going to happen, correct?"

"For the end of times."

"Can you tell me if this is going to take place before the year 2001?"

"Remember that by September 17, 2001, the planet Wormwood, or Hercolubus is going to be at its closest point to the Earth; by then, many cataclysms besides war, crime and famine will have stricken your planet."

"But that's only about 27 years from now."

"That's right. It's a little far-fetched to believe, isn't it?"

"If what you say is true, this is pathetic. Are you sure you're not kidding me?"

"I'm sure. On the contrary, the main reason I'm preparing your spirit without causing any harm to your physical body is because this is no joking matter. If you must die before the end of the world, at least you will take your spirit, intact, to the next plane of spiritual life, which is the fourth dimension."

"Before, I used to think that if I died, that was it, the end. Now you're telling me that my spirit, my ananas and anionites, continue living on forever, in the cosmic pattern that I know as my Self. Correct?"

"Yes. Let's say you're driving a car in the mountains and you go off the road, over a cliff. All this could happen in two or three seconds.

When you've mastered taking your soul out of your body, it will be the most natural thing in the world for you to pull your silver rip cord in such a situation. It will be so matter of fact that, when you see what's happening, you'll simply do it. You won't even feel what happens to your physical body because the spirit will leave it just before death. The body will be dead before reaching the bottom of the cliff.

If you're in an airplane and it catches on fire, all you need to do is get out of your body, as though you were astral traveling. When the plane explodes in the air, your body will have no spirit, your consciousness will be elsewhere, in another dimension. There will be no pain or suffering. Once that happens, there's no more coming back to your body. You'll remember your past lives. You'll be in spirit, in space once again."

"It makes sense. That explains why, since I've been astral traveling, I'm no longer afraid of death. But it's nice to be alive; it's one of those things you definitely want to hold on to."

"Sure, I understand what you mean. But what I'm

trying to say is that the spiritual preparation means, 'to be ready at any time.' Now if you happen to be one of the people who is still alive when this end of the world comes, then you'll be one of the 144,000 who catch a ship, an ark somewhere to a safe place, far from the antichrist, the beasts and false prophets."

"What would I have to do to get on that ship?"

"Just keep on listening. I told you it was going to be interesting. Now, let's get to this schedule of events. We have the Bible here, and you've done your reading, so our common ground is excellent.

First will come the Rapture. This is the moment when Christ will claim his people from the Earth, the dead first. Those who died, not only believing in him, but practicing his teachings, which is to be at peace with oneself, to love and understand God, and never to wish any evil or do any evil to your fellow beings. That's all you have to do to buy your one-way ticket to eternal life.

Then comes the Tribulation period. The seven years prophesied by Daniel, the time when the antichrist will occupy the world's throne, or center of power. You already know this starts when he comes with his proposal for the seven year peace plan.

After he starts calling himself God, he'll continue to rule for another three and a half years before the great war, Armageddon, breaks out, which is the next event. That is the war to end all wars. This one will be so terrible that Jesus said in Matthew 24 that if he didn't shorten those days there wouldn't be a single survivor. Then will be the return of Christ as a Superstar.

This concept was beyond the imaginations of those on the scene in the earlier messages. But you now live with the atomic-hydrogen, megaton bombs, and who knows whatever other war machinery. You do not have to stretch your imagination to picture a war that would devastate the entire planet."

"I see what you mean."

"So we have the Rapture, the Tribulation, the Battle of Armageddon. After that, the triumphant return of Christ. Not as a lamb, but as a lion. After this, comes Eternal life. There will be a new Earth, a new Heaven, and a new Humanity.

These changes are not within the powers of your earth-like imagination, but it is apparently a matter of creation. This is what will endure in peace forever and ever. This is what Christ promises you, and for that you don't have to belong to any church. Because the churches are all confused and divided nowadays, so concerned with insignificant issues.

What you have to do from now on, is just practice living your life according to the principles given in the old Christian teachings. Be good, and honest with yourself and with your fellow human beings. When you understand God, you love the people around you. That way, you automatically keep the commandments."

"This is what Christ is all about?"

"Yes, that is Christ. See, without knowing it, you are a good Christian."

"But I've told you what I've been told in school and in my religious education."

"Forget about your religious education. That will never lead you anywhere except to confusion. You remember all those letters to the churches at the beginning of Revelation?"

"Uhuh."

"That's very interesting, isn't it?"

"Okay, got it. But I'm still confused about this Rapture."

"The Rapture is the moment when Christ takes his people of the earth, the people who are deserving. The cream of the crop, to join him in Heaven. The Rapture is not so much a philosophy to help Christians endure the trials of earthly life. It is a specific promise from Jesus

himself. At the Last Supper, he said, 'Let not your hearts be troubled. You believe in God, and in my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself, and where I am there you will be also.'

Those who actually practice the teachings of Christ have been waiting for this moment, this glorious Rapture. The Rapture is the gateway to Eternal Life. When Jesus promises he will come, he'll do so to spare the bodies of those believers. The cataclysmic events of the Tribulation period and Armageddon are the great fulfillment for those who have followed his teachings."

"What about those people who call themselves Christians and they're not. I mean, they believe in Christ, and they worship him, but they don't really follow his teachings.

What about them?

What happens to them?

"They'll miss the boat to Eternal Life. If you recall, Jesus said that in order to be saved, belief is not enough, but the following of the Commandments."

"The Ten Commandments given to Moses?"

"Yes, but Jesus Christ came up with a simpler, newer and shorter version of them."

"What's that?"

"Two things only: One, understand and love God; two, love your fellow human beings as you love yourselves. Jesus stated very emphatically that all the laws and all the prophecies were summed up in these two principles. Here, check it out." She pointed to verses 37 through 40 in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew.

"I've had Christ shoved down my throat all my life," I said, the words pouring out of my mouth, jumbled and emotional. I felt my hands curl into clenched fists. "I was told if I wasn't good, I was going to hell. And yet what

you're saying is I'm a true Christian simply because I've never wished evil on anybody, I was honest in my work, and never harmed or hurt anyone."

"Yes. Now that you understand God as a Third Force, you have a better chance. It doesn't matter whether you're a Christian by label or if you go to church. The only thing that matters is following Christ's teachings."

"So the Rapture is when Jesus Christ collects his people, those who practice the teachings."

"Yes; his angels are doing it now. But we are being discreet because we've been shot at many times."

"Your flying saucers?"

"Yes."

"You mean the government knows about this? They've been shooting at the flyings saucers?"

"Of course. Not only your government; several governments."

"Why is it we don't know about these things? Why don't they report it on the news?"

"Because the Silence Group wants to keep this quiet. According to them, people on earth aren't quite mature enough to face the idea that life exists on other planets.

This is a very delicate subject; I don't think you should even go into it in your book. We don't want to create waves with the Silence Group or the Vatican or the United States, Russia, China, or anyone. We're writing this for the 144,000 human beings who will be alive, and for some of those who will die before that. If this message reaches them, God bless them."

"You say some people are being taken now?"

"Some are being taken; the rest will go later. I don't know if you've heard about people who mysteriously disappear without any trace?"

"Yes, I've heard about that, and I've discussed it with some people who think that out of space beings took them."

"Well, there's some truth to that, but let's not get into that right now.

"There's a man on this earth who writes that the Rapture is the ultimate trip. It most certainly is. It's the only way to go."

We looked at each other in silence for several moments, before Rama continued.

"Now, about the timetables for these prophecies being fulfilled before the antichrist proclaims himself God. . . .

You have the heat on in the Middle East, like it has never been before. A country in this world has a particular way of thinking. It thinks that it is the strongest nation in the world. At the beginning of 1976, there will be a sort of confrontation. A new word is going to be exposed to the media: Detente. An eye-to-eye confrontation between the world powers to see which one is the strongest.

This is going to be felt all over the place. The political situation in the world up to the end of 1976 is going to be tense. This would be the logical time for the antichrist to step up with his solution for the Middle East crisis. Let's put it this way: If the Rapture came before you went back to the United States, that would put us about seven years from the Third World War, or rather, Armageddon."

"Seven years from the time this man makes the seven year peace plan?"

"That's right. This is what we're going to call the Tribulation period. It's the seven-year period marked by the entrance of the antichrist into world political affairs. He won't look like an antichrist when he first appears. In fact, he'll have a workable Middle East peace solution. His personality is pleasant and this will favor his being regarded as a great statesman. At the beginning, he will seem warm and loving as a leader. But it won't take very

long. After three and a half years, and the attempt on his life, his powerful position will go to his head and he will enter the Temple of Jerusalem to put a stop to the sacrifices and oblations, claiming that he should be the one to be worshipped.

He will finish out the Tribulation period three and a half years later, virtually ruling the whole planet. But he won't get the adoration he was counting on; he'll get Armageddon."

"What you're trying to tell me, then, is that the seven-year peace plan for the Middle East is the beginning of the tribulation period?"

"That will be your first clue."

"And the Tribulation will run from the political appearance of the antichrist to the great war?"

"That's right. The prophet Daniel foresaw all this in Daniel 9:27:

And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate.

Christ himself corroborates all this, and adds some good advice about these terrible times. If you read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, verses 15 to 35, you'll see that Christ is warning us about false prophets, telling us we'll see persecutions and a world army such as the world has never seen. Then he continues, telling us about the false messiah. He says the sun will be blackened and the moon will reflect no light, and the stars will seem to fall from the heavens, and the earth will convulse.

Astronomically speaking, this is what the Bible means when it mentions that the 'powers of heaven will be shaken.'"

This cyclical phenomena that brings the planet Hercolubus, is going to be happening at any time now; it could be ten years from now; it could be tomorrow, but it's definitely going to be before the year 2001?"

"I won't answer that, because I don't know. If you read Matthew 24:32, you'll see that Christ himself says no one, not even God's son knows. Only the Father knows. That's God's plan. We don't interfere with it. One thing I can tell you is that we're standing by, always ready."

"You said that your being here was some sort of strategy, like when we send a spy to another country, planning the strategy for a battle."

"That's exactly it."

"All right. We're on common ground, as you say. Now what more can you tell me about this Battle of Armageddon?"

"There's no use going into a lot of detail about this. The biblical accounts were written when people thought of battles as being fought with bows and arrows. They could never imagine the full horror of Armageddon. The Holy Scriptures write about fire coming down from the heavens. We're referring here to napalm, bombs, and nuclear explosions. That the whole earth might be involved in a single war would amaze the generations that saw the previous world wars, but in the holocaust that's coming, man will use the total sum of his deadly war-making knowledge."

"Jesus Christ will finally hasten to the scene because he wants to have some survivors. You just read in Matthew 24, he says, 'Except those days should be shortened, there would be no flesh saved....'"

"Armageddon is the end of the Tribulation period. We don't know the setting for this final scene. If I were to speculate, I'd say perhaps Jerusalem, Rome, the Temple

of Jerusalem, or the Vatican. In Revelation 16:14, the focal point of Armageddon is Israel.

For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of this earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.

If we want to be a little more specific about Armageddon, it refers to the Valley of Megiddo in Israel, where countless battles have been fought throughout biblical history. Let's face it, the holiest place on earth looks like the ideal setting for a first class war."

"You say Christ is going to be present at the Armageddon battle?"

"The day J. C. comes to battle will be decided as events develop. Humanity will have the means to destroy the entire human race. Not slowly; like now. But Jesus will come to prevent this. Remember, you have to use your imagination when his actual appearance is described in Revelation, chapter 1:7."

Behold, he comes with clouds and every eye shall see him.

"How could every eye see him at once?"

"In our times and in our modern concept of things, there is satellite television. The image of Christ could be beamed in the clouds and made accessible to every eye at once. Let's say you pick up your *T.V. Guide*, and you see that the arrival of Christ is going to be broadcast, live. Wouldn't you turn on your television set?"

"Of course."

"But Christ isn't coming as a television personality. His coming will have a grim purpose, as we've seen in Revelation, chapter 19, verses 11 through 14."

"So, in other words, it may start at any time."

"Yes. To simplify it, the events will come in this sequence: the Rapture, Tribulation, Armageddon (World War III), the Return of Jesus Christ.

When you read this message, you have to affirm your position with God. If you do that, there's still time. I don't mean just you personally, but whoever reads this message. Regardless of what you were before, up to the moment this reaches you, a choice is possible. Remember, Christ said, 'There is not one of you who cannot enter the kingdom.' Simply wait for the Rapture and go with God or his angels. If you're not a believer, things are a little more complicated.

Once the stage is set for the earth's final act, you'll have very little time left. The Rapture may come any time. Just keep in touch with the media, watch the news, read the newspapers, look for the mysterious disappearance of a few people who are here today and gone tomorrow.

When you see the antichrist get into the Temple, start making your bomb shelter, cancel your insurance, stock up some food or head for the hills, because Armageddon will be three and a half years away. If you keep your head down, you may survive Armageddon. If so, watch for Christ to come; this will be a thrilling moment.

I don't know what will happen next, but you do have one last appointment. Whether you die a natural death, or are one of the casualties of Armageddon, you get a subpoena and you have to appear before the great judge."

"I take it I have to believe you blindly."

"I haven't said anything new; I haven't invented anything. I'm just repeating what is already written here on your planet. I compiled some evidence, put it toge-

ther, and gave it to you as it should be understood, especially now when you people need some proper guidance."

"Your message is far more than sensational; it's very pathetic."

"That's nothing; these are just the prophecies. Revelation tells how the end of the world will come. . . . Are you going to Lima tonight?"

"No, I'm staying one more day, tomorrow, Monday."

"Great, because tomorrow we're going to be looking at something that confirms all this. Something we've been talking about for quite some time: The Fatima message."

By the time we'd finished with our session that night, it was dark and cold. We drove straight to Acaya, had something to eat, went for a swim, talked a little more, then went to bed.

Chapter XII

The Fatima Message

It was Monday, August 12, 1974. Rama and I got out of bed about 8:30 in the morning. The tourists had cleared out of Acaya, and we had the bathhouses all to ourselves.

We decided to cook our breakfast outdoors, using our new wok and borrowing some fresh eggs from a nearby chicken coop. It was still chilly that morning, even though the sun was shining brightly, giving the promise of a hot day to come.

I was extremely pleased that I didn't have to go back to Lima. I felt I could make full use of this day by talking to Rama about something she'd mentioned many times, without ever having given me a straight answer.

Rama had said the Fatima incident could have been nothing more than the visitation of a spaceship from a neighboring galaxy that made contact with the three shepherd children near Fatima, Portugal.

During the month I hadn't seen Rama, I managed to squeeze in a couple hours every day to do some research investigation I felt was necessary. I was at a disadvantage in several ways. First, I didn't have the best reference books, as few libraries had material available in English. Second, whatever I could get that had some value, I could only get through studying old newspapers and magazines. Luckily, international journalists are people who acknowledge no national boundaries when it comes to the search for truth. It's a nationality in itself. Thanks to this brotherhood, I was able to gather some interesting information on the Fatima incident.

Not that it was an easy task, because at the time I was doing this, the Peruvian newspapers had been taken over by the government. Finding these answers meant so much to me that I did my research, while entire city blocks where the news buildings were located were surrounded by police with tear gas and machine guns.

I picked up a smattering of knowledge this way, at least enough to prevent me from bugging Rama with questions and comments that could be obtained through other available sources.

What I discovered was very shocking to me. I found it difficult to believe what I read.

I promised myself I would recheck everything as soon as I arrived back in the United States. And, indeed, all my findings concerning Fatima have been authenticated by further research. The material was very available, despite what Rama had said about the effort being made by a certain church to keep the Fatima incident under wraps.

The Fatima story began on May 13, 1917, when three shepherd children, Lucia dos Santos and her two cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, claimed to have seen a lady, brighter than the sun, standing on a cloud in an evergreen tree near Fatima, Portugal. This lady asked the children to return to the same place on the thirteenth day of each month, until October, 1917, when she would disclose her identity and reveal why she had come.

The children returned as promised and, in spite of local skepticism, were joined by a crowd of spectators that increased from fifty in June to one thousand in July, from eighteen thousand in August, to thirty thousand in September, and finally, in October, the number had reached almost seventy thousand.

Only the children were able to see the lady, while others reported they saw the movements of the tree and the arrival and departure of a cloud.

Officials in Portugal were alarmed by these events. On August 13 of that year, the mayor of Ourem kidnapped the children, detaining them for two days.

This act of tyranny didn't prevent the next visit, it only postponed it. The lady appeared to the children on the 19th of August at Valinhos, promising that in October a great miracle would occur. On that day, October 13, the heavenly being announced to them that she was the Virgin Mary, and called for an amendment in men's lives. It was a wet and gloomy day. Suddenly, the sun appeared, turned pale, trembled and rotated violently on its axis, finally falling toward earth, dancing over the heads of the terrified throng before it returned to normal. Many people who were present reported this event as if the sun was actually power-diving dizzily towards the Earth. A cry of fear arose from the crowd as thousands fell to their knees, thinking that the end of the world was at hand. The miracle of the sun was repeated twice more.

In 1922, a canonical process of inquiry was opened, and lasted seven years. In 1930, the Bishop of Leira pronounced the 1917 visions worthy of credence and authorized the cult of Our Lady of Fatima. Several years later, Jacinta and Francisco died of influenza, and Lucia entered an abbey of the Carmelites order as Sister Maria das Dores.

During the official investigation of the incident, one thing seemed clear: Three messages to mankind had been delivered to these children. Two of these messages were revealed, one in 1917, and the other in 1924. The third message was sent to the Vatican in a sealed envelope to be released to the world on March 25, 1960.

In 1974, while this book was being written, more than sixteen years had passed since the message, sealed and guarded, waited the 1960 date to be opened. The world was shocked when the time came and went and the Vatican remained silent about the whole affair. The most alarming rumors started circulating. It was said that Pope John XXIII, and some high priests of the Vatican, upon learning the awful contents in the form of prophecies, decided not to reveal them at the designated time.

It was also said that the message had been made available to a few chiefs of state, Dwight D. Eisenhower, for one. It was given to them under the most top secret circumstances. The purpose was to slow down the arms race among the nations competing for superior military power in the world.

It has been rumored that John F. Kennedy, the first Catholic president in the United States, was informed of the contents of the Fatima message, but this has never been verified.

An Italian newspaper, called *STOP*, was hit by a bomb on the very same day it had demanded the publication of the Fatima message.

The publisher, Renzo Baschera, a well known Italian professor from Torino, claimed that he had managed to get a copy of the text of the message because of certain "diplomatic leaks." He felt that "in good faith the Christian world should know about these prophecies in order to avoid their fulfillment."

Reliable sources reported that when Pope Pius XII read the Fatima message, he started crying without consolation, and that Pope John XXIII fainted upon reading it.

It's understandable why they decided to keep the message from the news media. Not only did this heavenly message prophesy the end of the world in fire, smoke,

catastrophes, earthquakes, violence and wars, but also the disappearance of a powerful church upon whose throne Satan will have his coven after he has planted hate and confusion among its high priests.

This is the actual text of the Fatima message, as it was published by the Italian weekly newspaper, *STOP*. According to Professor Baschera, it contains the words spoken by the Lady of Fatima to Sister Bernadette during one of the visitations in Portugal.

Don't be afraid little girl. This is the Virgin Mary who is talking to you, asking to make this message public to the entire world. Listen well and pay attention to what I am saying.

Mankind must make some amendments. They must humbly repent and ask forgiveness for all the sins committed and those yet to be committed.

You wish that I give you proof so each one who listens to these words, that through you I'm sending, humanity can accept. You have seen the miracle of the sun as well as Christians and non-Christians, peasants and civilians, laymen, police and priests, and now in my name I proclaim that a great punishment will fall over the human race. Not today or tomorrow, but in the second half of the 20th century. Order is absent in the world. Satan reigns everywhere, and is the mastermind of all the world events. He will be successful in getting to the throne of the church. He will seduce the spirit of the great wise men who invent weapons and warfare, with which it will be possible to destroy, in a few minutes, a great part of the human race. He will have power over the mighty who rule the nations, and he will induce them to manufacture these weapons in

great quantities. And if humanity does not react I could no longer withhold my son's arm. And then God will punish men with such severity that no even in the times of deluge was known.

If humanity does not change, this will be the time of times, and the end of all the end. And everything will have to get worse than what you have seen today; the might and the powerful will die in the same manner as the small and the weak.

Even the church will have its moment of confrontation with the truth.

The cardinals will confront the cardinals, and the bishops against the bishops. Satan will be walking among them and great changes will take place in Rome. The church will crumble and the world will be submerged in terror. A great war will break out in the second half of the 20th century; fire and smoke will fall from Heaven, the ocean water will become steam and the foam will raise to shake and submerge the world. Millions and millions of people will get to the point of envying the dead. Wherever one looks the only thing to find is anguish, famine and ruins. The time is coming near, and the fall is getting deeper without any hope. The good will die with the bad, the tall with the small, the princes of the church with their followers, and the statesmen with their people.

Death will be present everywhere as a natural cause of the mistakes made by those who are not reasonable, and Satan's advocates up to the date in which the ones who have managed to survive each event will praise once again the Glory of God, and will serve God the same way men served God when the world was less corrupt. Go, little girl, and proclaim your message. I will be by your side to help you.

Rama and I had found a comfortable spot, near the river. I opened the conversation by saying, "You'll be pleased to know that I've done a good piece of investigation on this Fatima incident. I gathered all kinds of information, including this," and I handed her a copy of Renzo Baschera's paper.

"Good boy," she said. "Now we can have an intelligent conversation in a civilized manner."

I had known she would be pleased, since she made a point of letting me know she didn't want to be bothered with the hassle of small details that were available to me through research. Her comment also let me know that she knew my smart-aleck attitude was a ruse to cover my lack of knowledge on the subjects we had been discussing.

I said, "Yesterday, when we were talking about the antichrist, and what is going to be happening here during the apocalyptic moments of the Earth, I was thinking about this Fatima message. You told me that we wouldn't get into it unless I started behaving like a civilized human being."

"Quite right. Despite all our kidding around, this is the one time I'm asking you to be very serious. I'll give you straight answers because we want this published, don't we?"

"If you say so."

"And remember, when you write, include no names."

"I've got you covered on that."

"With the knowledge you already have, it's not difficult to spot the elements that were present during the Fatima events, the coming and going of the cloud, the bright light."

"I've no doubt in my mind; it was someone from another world. I found this book written in Portuguese, entitled, *Era uma Senhora Mais Brilhante que a Sol*, by J. Demarchi. In English, the title means, 'She was a lady shining brighter than the sun.'"

"Yes, but in 1917 talk about UFOs would have confused the children. That kind of knowledge and terminology were unknown to them."

"Why did she call herself the Virgin Mary?"

"She related to their thoughts, their religion, their faith, to what the children trusted. They were Christians who believed in Christ and the Virgin Mary."

"Maybe she did that in order not to freak them out, is that possible?"

"Right! I had to do the same thing with you, so you wouldn't freak out on me. I knew your thoughts, what you would relate to, what would appeal to your curiosity. You see, what's going on now is somewhat similar to what went on in Portugal in 1917."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I'm also a neighbor in the universe who is asking you to make this message known to the world."

We had reached a point in the discussion where I felt it would be appropriate to raise the question that had been on my mind.

"Tell me, Rama, why was the Fatima incident never made public in the first place? I've asked you this question several times, and I don't think you've ever given me a straight answer on it."

"It was not revealed, Charles, because it is much more convenient for a group of people who rule the destinies of the world to keep it a secret."

"I guess it would be pointless to ask you who 'rules the destinies of the world'; the impression I'm getting from you tells me that you won't tell me anyway."

"It would be a waste of our time to ask for names, because I'm not going to give you any. But it's not difficult to figure out who they could be and what they stand for."

"I already have some idea. It took me a while, but at age 27, I graduated into the world of knowing there is a conference room somewhere on this planet where a

group of people get together and decide who will pull the strings: military coups, revolutions, price raises, headlines, wars, money, power plays. It all goes on at one table. My mother used to tell me about these things, but I never believed her. Like you, she told me that a certain president was finished and I mocked the situation, saying, no king as big as Richard M could ever be finished. I remember her saying that she would be the happiest woman in the world if she knew where that conference room was. One thing she was sure of was that this table was bigger than any church, government or political party in the world. In other words, their power was simply enormous."

"Your mother sounds like a tough cookie."

"She likes to think of herself like that."

"I know, she is a wonderful person, a true Christian. . . ."

"Are you kidding?" I asked with surprise.

"Wait, you didn't let me finish. She's a true Christian in that she loves her fellow human beings. Have you known her not to be concerned with people? Someone who would travel thousands of miles just to help the victims of some devastated area?"

Rama, using her special gifts, had discovered that my mother had volunteered to help earthquake victims at one time.

She doesn't advertise what she does. But she seems to enjoy that sort of thing. But she hates Jesus freaks."

"No, she does not 'hate,' she 'dislikes'; she doesn't have the patience for nonsense."

"How did you know about my mother? You haven't even met her."

"You should know by now that I can sense your mother in your vibrations. She's a good Christian because there is no hate in her. If she had bad vibes I

could pick them up from you. Don't forget we're going into the Third Force naturally and matter-of-factly now.

Many times we may be having a conversation and our ananas and anionites mingle together. Then we become one thought. Don't question it every time it happens. Just accept it as a phenomena of telepathy. You witnessed how I was able to pick up information from your vibes, or your mental images, about your mother. She is alive, shaped and moving in your mind. It's like putting a movie screen of your thoughts in front of me."

"That explains it."

"Now when we analyze what you have on Fatima, it's not going to be difficult for you to understand when we say 'a man,' 'a group,' 'a church.'"

"Don't you think that whoever is responsible for not having it published the first time is going to try it again?"

"I don't think they can stop it this time."

"Why not?"

"Oh, they would like to, but it's too late now. By the time your little story is ready, you'll have found lots of evidence that the situation has gotten out of hand for them. A powerful church on your planet is already decadent. That particular church is losing face day in and day out."

"What do you mean by 'too late'?"

"Too many people are wanting to know the truth, I guess. The press is getting to people. Look what happened in the United States a few days ago. Many reporters who didn't like getting the wrong answers started to make waves. This is how the whole thing started."

"Yeah, you're right. I remember, 'the king's advocates, the press, and a newspaper in a city in a nation'; as of a few days ago, the king is out."

"The same thing would happen if someone really

wanted to get to the bottom of the Fatima message incident. I'm sure they could. Today censorship on UFOs is quite tight, but not for long. By the time you're finished with this book, UFOs will be a matter of political campaigning."

"You have to be joking! Oops, sorry, we're supposed to be serious."

"I can understand your reaction. There is a nation in this world that in about two years will be celebrating a bicentennial holiday, a couple of wars on its hands, and an open convention full of political scandals, to choose one man who will be its next president. The man they will choose has already seen UFOs, and if elected, will make it public knowledge."

"Shall I call that a prediction or a prophecy?"

"I don't care what you call it. The point I'm making is that a certain ideology in this world is gaining ground in world affairs."

"What do you mean by ideology?"

"Monarchy is an ideology, democracy is another, communism, socialism, totalitarianism. . . ."

"Forms of government? I know you don't want to use names, but if we're going to be bringing a message across, I'd like to be a little more specific."

"You figure it out."

"Could it be an ideology that started around the turn of the century with a revolution? And has it been present in two major wars? Does it have bases all over the world, including one of the large Caribbean islands, and in 1962 was a big issue?"

"That's the ideology."

"I read a book in Spanish that the Lady of Fatima prophesied that communism would be taking over the world before the end of the century."

"I know it has been written, but I still feel funny about pointing fingers."

"My scientific and journalistic mind can hardly wait to start analyzing this message with you. I have a gut feeling there's a plot that will lead us to the battle of Armageddon, to the final days. If the prophecies are going to be fulfilled, and Fatima is a carbon copy of the apocalyptic books of Daniel and Revelation, then why can't we use names?"

"I was thinking about making your job a little easier. Personally, I couldn't care less whose names we use here. But there's always the chance that people would misunderstand the purpose of this message and twist it the wrong way, thinking we are endorsing a particular church or creed to them. Some people may even think we're instigating something."

"Oh, I see. . . ."

"You discuss that with your publishers. If they want to take the responsibility, that's their decision. We want this brought to people in every walk of life."

"What for? Would it change the prophecies?"

"No, it's too late now. We're already practically living those days of the prophecies. We want this known for one good reason. Because there's not one single living soul out there who can't enter the kingdom of eternal life. In these times you may die at any moment since we are coming close to apocalyptic times."

"How can we tell?"

"Don't you remember the cold planet, Hercolubus and the earthquakes, cataclysms, wars, crime and contamination that we read about in Revelation 8:5-9?"

"That's right, and the Fatima messages say that 'fire and smoke will be cast upon the earth and the steam and foam will rise to shake and submerge the world.'

According to you, these things are already happening. But what about the part where it says 'hail and fire mingled with blood . . . a great mountain burning . . . and the sea become blood'?"

"What about it?"

"I don't see it happening. If it did, don't you think we would've heard something? This is much too spectacular to go unnoticed by the news media."

"Remember, that was written nearly 2,000 years ago by people who didn't know or understand our lingo. But the imagery remains the same then and today. I already told you that you can't expect to see a star fall on the surface of the earth, because it's a physical impossibility that a celestial body 3,200 times bigger in volume could fall on it; it'll be the effects of attractional forces that cause these things to happen over a period of time.

Daniel, John and now Fatima, speak of these events as a period of time. Don't expect to wake up one day to see that the sun has darkened, that the oceans are tinted with blood, that people are dead or dying next to you because the fire falling from heaven is burning them."

When they wrote about their visions, they tried to give us their feelings of death, pain, blood, screams, earthquakes, war, deceit, false prophets, famine, destruction, cataclysms, using language and terms known to them. This is why they resorted to symbolic language."

"What is 'symbolic language'?"

"Dream language. Like when they say 'a beast with seven heads and ten horns.' John saw the imagery thanks to his guide, the angel, who helped him understand the visions. John couldn't write, 'a European confederacy consisting of ten nations.'"

"Got you, loud and clear."

"With a little intelligent reasoning you can read the scriptures, the Fatima message, the Rodolfo Benevides book, *Dramatic Prophecies of the Great Pyramid*, a few other things, and you'll come up with a different outlook on the symbolism of the Bible and make it more meaningful for the second half of the twentieth century.

Turn to your news media; you'll get war, revolutions, death, earthquakes, forest fires, dry spells, floods, famine, crime . . . and lots of blood.

Live in some of your bigger cities around the world; you'll see that the third part of the sun is smitten with smog and air pollution. Contamination of waters is practically around the corner. People starve by the thousands. Your planet's ecology is finally catching up with you. Remember how many people died in Bangladesh, India, Biafra?"

"I do, yes. . . ."

"Well, then. These are the things the Bible and the Great Pyramid point out for these times. When you get to read that book you'll see that September 17, 2001 is the date when the cold planet, Hercolubus, is going to be at its closest point to the earth, and the whole solar system will feel the consequences. And just about the time this happens, when the earth is feeling the attractive forces of this cold planet about 46 days out of the year, our system will be due for a planetary re-alignment. This is what will cause California to fall into the ocean."

"What's a 'planetary realignment'?"

"Did you see *Hair*?"

"No, I haven't."

"But you must remember the song that made the play famous."

"'Aquarius'?"

"Yes, do you know the words?"

I began singing: "When the moon is in the seventh house and Jupiter aligns with Mars, and peace will find our planet and love will see the stars. This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius. . . ."

"Good. Do those words mean anything to you?"

"Only that it's a pretty song."

"Every 180 years, in terrestrial time, everyone of our

planets align on the same side of the sun. Starting in 1977, until 1982, this will happen so that every planet is in conjunction with every other planet. Throughout this period, we'll find the planets beyond Mars become more accurately aligned.

In general, a simple alignment between two or three planets, eleven years apart, causes some dramatic effects on sunspots. They're more intense, thus affecting the Earth's tides and attractational influences. Some astrologers mark the beginning of a new age by the occasion of the grand alignment—when Jupiter aligns with Mars, and the moon is in the seventh house, the age of Aquarius begins. Peace and love is the logo for it. Unfortunately, this will also be marked by a major slip of the San Andreas fault, and most likely it will be the Los Angeles section of that fault to move. Not only that, but to make matters more intense, around that time, Halley's Comet will return as an added attraction. This is what Jesus meant in Matthew 24, when he said that the powers of heaven would be shaken.

Such an alignment provides everyone with a royal chance for space vehicles to be sent from one planet to another. In your world, there're already some preparations for NASA space launchings. And, as I've mentioned several times before, by that time, flying saucers will become a natural thing."

"You said I'll find some scientific evidence to support what you're saying?"

"Yes, the same way we've been doing. For one thing, it's in your Bible, Chapter 24 of Matthew, verses 5 through 11. There, Jesus Christ talks about the prophecies of Daniel for these times. Same thing: famine, earthquakes, pestilences, wars, false prophets, abomination, desolation. In general, once you read one, you've read them all.

Now wait. In the same chapter, verses 29, 30 and 31, Matthew tells us about the tribulation, the darkening of the sun, stars falling from heaven; the son of man coming with power and glory and the angels gathering his people."

"Rama, you're right. They do all say the same thing."

"Okay, good. Now, let's analyze the Fatima message with the understanding that UFO phenomena is common knowledge."

Rama and I used the Fatima message as a guide to organize our thoughts. Sometimes when we wanted to explain a concept, but didn't have the terminology for it we would use another language to choose the phrase or word that best described what we wanted to say. At other times, we would use the language of mental images. Often a single flash could explain more than an hour's conversation.

The translation we used from the Italian version which I found in *STOP* magazine was this author's. To the best of my ability, no phrase or meaning has been altered.

Rama said, "Read the first paragraph."

Don't be afraid little girl. This is the Virgin Mary talking to you, asking you to make this public message. Listen well and pay attention.

"What do you think that means?"

"Some outer space creature who landed near Fatima, Portugal. She saw the children were believers of Christ, and told them she was the Virgin Mary so they wouldn't freak out."

"Good boy."

"I'm repeating what you said."

"That's what I mean. You learn fast; you're a good student."

This sounded so phony and unbelievable to me that I had to sneer when she made that remark. But I continued reading:

Mankind must make some amendments, repent and ask forgiveness. You wish me to give some proof so people can accept these words that through you, I'm sending humanity. You've seen the miracle of the sun as well as thousands. I foresee that a great punishment will fall upon the entire human race. Not today or tomorrow, but in the second half of the twentieth century.

"What did she have in mind by making amendments and humbly repent, ask forgiveness?" I asked.

"She was simply saying, 'give peace a fair chance, start walking the paths of truth and good will, especially with your fellow human beings,' basically, repeating the words of Jesus Christ when he said all the Commandments could be kept by keeping only the first two, love God and love other people."

"Aha! I can see that the little girl also asked for proof. What did she get?"

"The sun turning pale, spinning three times on its axis and power diving towards the Earth."

"But you told me you people don't give any proof or demonstrations."

"That was just a little attention-getting device, enough to make a few people react."

"Why wasn't it given more publicity?"

"We've discussed that; let's just say the World Series was getting most of the news coverage in those days, even though there was a correspondent for one of the major news services from the United States present.

As for the rest of the paragraph, it's pretty self-explanatory: 'not today or tomorrow, but in the second half of the twentieth century.' You know how to count.

This is August, 1974.”

Order is absent in this world.

“That doesn’t need further explanation. All you have to do is turn to your news media—radio, television, newspapers, magazines. Go on.”

Satan reigns everywhere, and is the mastermind of world affairs.

“All I have to say about that is, it’s the honest to God truth. Satan, or if you prefer, the evil forces of the world, have been ruling world affairs for quite some time. That’s the result of so much hate, blood, war and power thirst among the nations and businesses on this planet.

It says that he will climb to the throne of the church. This is going to shatter the hopes of millions of people who expect their church to guide them toward peace, but will get only deceit. We can safely say that the church we see mentioned here has already begun to crumble. By the way, Malachi, the prophet, predicted that by these times the church will no longer exist.

When Pope John XXIII opened and read the Fatima message, I bet he wasn’t very eager to tell the world that Satan was going to be taking over his church. I ask you, if you were making a deliverance speech, would you tell your audience that you get your kicks by taking nude pictures of underage girls, or that you’re about to go to jail now because of it?”

“No, I wouldn’t.”

“I hope that answers your question as to why the message was never made public.”

“Is it true Satan is taking over that church?”

“When you go back to the United States, look up some of Hal Lindsay’s books. This whole concept will be more clear to you.”

"What are those books?"

"*Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth, the Late, Great Planet Earth, There Is A New World Coming, Liberation of Planet Earth,* and another book by Zola Levitt and McCall, *Satan in the Sanctuary,* would be a good one to read."

I made a note of the titles as Rama gave them to me, then we continued analyzing the Fatima message.

"You don't have to be privileged or a super genius to see that the church no longer has the religious strength to guide humanity toward peace," Rama said. "It's true that this particular church has enough strength to impose its will upon governments, but it hasn't been able to turn people on to the teachings of Jesus Christ. This is due to the fact that corruption and deceit have taken over the church. It doesn't work for the human soul anymore, but for politics, war, and the worst kind of corruption."

"I see. It also says here, referring to Satan, that 'he will seduce the spirit of those who invent and manufacture the weapons with which it would be possible to wipe out the entire human race in minutes.'"

"In 1917 it would have seemed fictional to talk about megaton, atomic and hydrogen bombs. But today you live in cities with radioactive proof underground shelters. Do I need to comment on this?"

"No, not really. It says here that 'he will have power over statesmen in many nations, instigating them to fight and manufacture warfare' like crazy. You've just said that we'll see war, revolutions, crime and politicians at work just by watching the media. The next part of the message says she won't be able to hold her son's arm, 'and then God's wrath will fall upon man with severity such as humanity has never known, not even in times of deluge.'"

When she said that, she was announcing the second coming of Christ, and all the events that are to precede it.

"Pretty much of this message can be found in Daniel, Revelation and the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew."

"Yes, but here is where we're going to mention some scientific facts. You asked me before if you'd be able to study this. I'll tell you where to find your proof.

Let's see how your planet is doing internally. Columbia University scientists have made some information public about a gigantic fault nearly 144,000 miles long, 64 miles wide and four miles deep. It goes from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indian Ocean. It surrounds the American and Asiatic continents.

In the middle of the Pacific you have what is known as the 'ring of fire, the weakest part of the earth's crust, a volcanic belt extending from the southern part of Chile in South America, along the coasts of Peru, Ecuador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Mexico, California, Vancouver, Alaska, and I think it completes this circle with the islands of Japan, Krakatoa, Sapporo and others in the southern Pacific hemisphere.

Could you believe that this 90,000 square miles of planet could be torn apart, snatched away from the earth? The attractional force of Hercolubus could put enough pressure on it so that this weak part of the earth's crust will fly away into space."

"It's hard to believe that could really happen. Where would all that mass of land and water go?"

"It will be caught by the Earth's attraction. It will be this planet's new moon. Don't look so surprised, because I'm going to point out scientific evidence."

"That's the only way you're going to convince me."

"Just to mention a few: Baja California is moving west at the rate of two inches per year. The Yucatan peninsula is rising above its sea level. The ocean in California is rising; the system of faults along the San Andreas in California is the most active on the entire planet. Most of the earthquakes in the American continent seem to have their origin along these faults;

Fairbanks in Alaska, Los Angeles, Sylmar in California, February, 1971. Remember the 1970 earthquake in Lima, Peru and the one in Chile in 1960.

The continental drift and the mid Atlantic ridge give us evidence of some under ocean activity. That's the reason for the separation of the continents; two land masses gradually drifting apart. Studies have been done on samples that were taken of the coasts of eastern Brazil and western Africa—they match. As I mentioned before, you can fit several continents together like a puzzle.

Ice has been building on the polar surroundings. This ice will melt and fill the oceans. Weak parts in the lithosphere will break and give way. It's already happening. Right now, ocean water is seeping into the interior of the earth where temperatures range from 4000 degrees centigrade to 6000 degrees—temperatures so hot that fire liquifies. Needless to say, this will cause pronounced seismic activity.

Read the first two verses of Revelations, chapter nine."

And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit.

And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

"The whole ninth chapter of Revelations talks about these things. I could go on and on with this list, but what I want to impress upon you is that the physical constitution of your planet is in constant activity; volcanic, seismic, cosmic. Don't think for one minute that it would be impossible for a continent to go under, or for a new

moon to be born. It's happened before, to Atlantis and Lemuria. It's what caused the birth of your present moon. Each of these events took place when Hercolubus completed one of its 6,666 terrestrial year cycles."

"You know, Rama, there's a movie out about what you're saying. It's called the *Restless Earth*, and it illustrates the volcanic belt called the Ring of Fire.

Tell me about California being knocked into the ocean. You said I could get scientific facts on this."

"Get a copy of the book, *The Jupiter Effect*, by John Gribbin and Stephen Plageman, Walker & Co., New York, 1974. It's a new book, just released. That's the one you should read in order to get the benefits of what you're going to learn today. The work is a series of geological and scientific studies around the San Andreas fault in California. It will give you further reading suggestions.

If you look at a map of North America, you'll see that the long strip of Baja California is moving northwest."

"Are you saying it was once a part of the main land?"

"That's right."

"How did it separate?"

"Imagine a piece of bread with some jelly on it. The jelly would be the land, and the bread the continental shelf. Half of it is covered with water, which is the Pacific Ocean. Now, pull your piece of bread down to the right with one hand, and up to the left with the other. You're going to break the bread and separate the jelly. Some of it will break from the main mass on the right, and will start floating on the left. Whatever strip of jelly moves away from the main mass would be the equivalent of the Baja California strip, opening the Gulf of California.

The crack on your piece of bread would be the continuation of the San Andreas fault, eventually tearing apart from the mass of jelly. Los Angeles is only 420 miles away from the tip of the water in the Gulf. In

between these two points, you have the Salton Sea, indicative of some under ocean and underground activity.

When the peninsula traveled northeast due to the movement of the continental shelf, it collided with the main coast of North America near Los Angeles. Great blocks of the jelly's crust are being forced around the knothole of what would be the equivalent of the southwestern mountains of California, the San Bernardino Riverside area, forming the big bend of the San Andreas fault, an area where a great deal of pressure is building every day and which will be released by the next big California earthquake.

Geologically speaking, southern California is ten times more active seismically than the rest of the planet."

"Rama, I'm going to check this very carefully."

"I want you to take the two years you promised me to study these things."

"I'm fascinated to see how you put prophecy and science together."

"All the Fatima message and the ninth chapter of Revelations are saying is that the time is coming close when the internal pressure of the Earth will get to the point of exploding. Any phenomenon could cause the releasing of this pressure—nuclear bombs, solar and lunar gravitational forces...or the encounter with a celestial body some 3,200 times larger than the earth along with the alignment of the other planets and the visit of Halley's Comet.

There will be a great explosion in the ocean. The sky will be covered with smoke, steam and ashes. The entire globe will vibrate. There will be volcanoes erupting all over the place. The climate will get colder because the polar ices will rush toward the equator, cooling the atmosphere. As a result, you'll get floods, cities falling

into the ocean, tidal waves. It's the grand entrance of the age of Aquarius. Aqua in Latin means water."

"This is going to be the very end, isn't it? I don't think humans will be able to survive a cataclysm of such magnitude."

"What you're seeing today are nothing but the preliminaries.

Now, continuing with the message, it says that 'A great war will break out in the second half of the twentieth century.' Do I have to comment on that? We've already had our chat on Armageddon."

"I remember. I ended up tired. This is all too heavy for me."

"No, it's not. It gets even heavier, listen to this: People will be jealous of the dead. No matter where you look, you'll see only anguish, misery and ruins. In Revelation, 9:6, it says that in those days men will try to kill themselves, but will be unable to, death won't come. They'll long to die, but death will flee away."

"Rama, I get the same imagery out of both readings. Can you throw a little planet Earth meaning into it?"

"During the final judgment days everyone must be alive. Remember when they used to tell you that Jesus would come to 'judge the quick and the dead,' 'the resurrection of the dead'? When Hercolubus comes near, some very strange things will begin to happen. Like not being able to die. The moon also affects people, right? You've heard of 'lunatics' and 'werewolves,' men turning into beasts during the full moon. Can you imagine the psychological and physiological effects that Hercolubus will have on people? People killing each other in the streets, only no one will be able to die.

I can only say that this God we have defined as the Eternal Thought of Creation has prepared things in such a way that in those days of judgment, people can't be dead. All souls from all times will be present during the

last judgment. Perhaps the population explosion is a preparation for appearing before the Great Judge. Everyone will be reincarnated from all their previous lives."

"Uhuh. Now that corresponds to what I was told about doomsday. The resurrection is everyone being here, reincarnated from previous lives.

It's a little hard to accept that people won't be able to die. Not that I doubt you, but it defies all natural phenomena I've ever known. What would happen to me if I were to shoot myself in those days?"

"You could be wounded, but you wouldn't die."

"That would be horrible."

"Your mind cannot conceive the terror, desolation, abomination, famine . . . and yet not being able to die."

"I get the chills just listening to you talk about it. What about the 144,000 who you say will be spared? When will they be saved?"

"During the Rapture. It's here in the Fatima message. As I told you yesterday, those who choose to repent and serve God will see the glory of it. Those people will get a 'seal on their forehead.' I'm quoting the Bible, Revelation 7:3. Sealing the forehead, in symbolic language, means that 144,000 people will receive wisdom and understanding, making them repent of their sins. This is the group who will start loving and helping others, even in the most terrible of times. So don't expect someone to come and rubber stamp your forehead."

"How are they going to be given this chance?"

"That's where we extraterrestrials come in; we're the apocalyptic angels sealing foreheads. We're the servants of God, preparing the ground for the second coming of Christ. But we're nothing but people, as you can see. People from other places in the universe, who will be contacting people from every walk of life. Everyone will have their chance, regardless of what they were before."

"Even if one was the biggest Jesus hater?"

"Yes, as long as he repents."

"Would we have to embrace a certain religion or cult to get this seal of wisdom and understanding?"

"No, not at all."

So why all this Christian stuff? I'm sorry, but I still get angry when I sense Christ is being shoved down my throat."

"If I say to you, 'Follow Jesus's teachings, that doesn't mean you have to embrace a religion. You people on earth have made religion a screwed up mess in this part of the universe."

Rama put emphasis on her words, letting me know it turned her off that we made a business out of religion. In fact, the whole idea of religion seemed to turn her off.

"Hey, wait a minute, Rama," I said. "Don't take it out on me. I'm not a spokesman for the wrongdoings of the churches of this planet. But now that you've registered your complaint I'll certainly see that it gets to be known to the one's who're responsible."

"Oh, you're such a diplomat!

"Christianity in your world is divided beyond hope. I couldn't turn you on to a religion because I wouldn't know which church to send you to. Knowing Jesus is having the strength to look for wisdom and understanding, to live in perfect harmony with yourself and your fellow human beings, which is life's greatest joy."

"What you've just said is beautiful and inspiring. I've never met anybody who could say these things so simply.

"As long as we're on the subject, could you say a few things about the passage where it says the cardinals will be confronting the cardinals, the bishops will be against the bishops, and Satan will be walking among them, the church will crumble, and the world will be submerged in terror?"

"According to heavenly messages," Rama said, "Sa-

tan's evil forces, the antichrist, and the false prophets, will be sitting on the thrones of organized religions. We both know the church doesn't practice Jesus's teachings, even though they use his name. They work for corruption and deceit.

We've spoken about a political figure, the antichrist, and now the Fatima message tells us that he'll make his headquarters right in the heart of the church. Revelation says that he'll have supernatural powers such as being able to make fire come down from heaven, which will deceive people, and that everyone will be given a mark on their foreheads or their right hands. Nobody will be able to buy or sell unless they have the mark, or name, or number of the beast. We're told that this number is the number of a man and his number is six six six."

"That number has a significant meaning to many people."

"There's been a great deal of speculation about it. For instance, many say it symbolizes the evil of man against God. Others say it could be the biblical Armageddon. This concept coincides with the world happenings nowadays. The Bible gives this number as a symbol of the apocalyptic beast of destruction. This number wasn't an invention of the prophets. It was taken out of the Great Pyramid to mean destruction, pain, shame and humiliation. It was given to the prophets without specific era, nation, man or religion. Some Bible scholars applied it to Babylon while others have been attaching it to the Catholic church. Some even say that it could be Bolshevic Communism taking over the world.

Now it also says here in the Bible, 'he who has understanding count the number of the beast, for it is a number of a man.'"

"Could this be the name and number of someone, like for instance, Elizabeth the Second, Henry the Eighth?"

"Good boy! What else?"

"It would have to have the sixth next to his name, right?"

"Right."

"I got it...."

She sealed my lips with her index finger.

"Don't say it, or write it. Here's a puzzle that calls for careful thought to solve. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast for it is the number of a man."

I sat there speechless for a long time. I didn't say anything, as a flood of mental images passed through my mind.

It was past noon and very hot and dry. We were both thirsty, and my head had begun to ache. I realized that, up until now, my life had been simple, despite all the hassles and problems I'd had. Now everything seemed changed. I was part of Rama's plan. At some indefinable point, I had accepted a task, a responsibility, and because I now believed what she was saying, I couldn't turn back.

We got up and walked toward the swimming pool, stopping for a drink of water. By the time we got out of the pool, my head had cleared somewhat. Rama, sensing my mood, was very quiet. Yet I'd never felt closer to her.

The one thing that intrigued me the most was this man, the internationally famous world leader who was to be what Rama called "the antichrist."

Finally, I could contain my curiosity no longer.

"Rama, what about this man? Does he know? He had to have read the Bible at one time or another. Why did he choose that name?"

"Don't ask me things like that. It's a whole mess of ceremonies and barbaric rites that nobody understands. As far as reading the Bible is concerned, I don't think he realizes it. He probably doesn't even believe what's written in the Bible. His thirst for power and wealth is a

much more consuming passion than his desire to discern the voice of the future speaking."

"I have nothing to go on but what you tell me."

"Be patient. You'll be able to read the signs now. You'll stumble onto a magazine containing an article about a Pope, named Clement XV, who has his own church somewhere in France."

And who pray tell is Clement XV?"

"According to him, he should be the one sitting at the head of the church."

"Question: Will this be written, or has it been written?"

"It has. It's in one of the major magazines of the United States, and is serious journalistic information."

"Really? Now you can even predict what magazines I'll be reading. I can hardly wait."

"I don't want to say any more about the church. We've covered enough to keep you busy for a few months in your search for the truth."

"Just one more question, please?"

"Okay. Just one."

"How is the believing church population going to take it when they find that their church is in the hands of Satan?"

"The Fatima message says the world will be submerged in terror," Rama said, pointing to the copy of it.

"I can imagine the impact it would have. For some people, the church is their whole life, their heart and soul. I can only relate to it in terms of something like seeing my favorite television celebrity, someone whom I respect enormously, telling lies on the air. All my faith in humanity would be shattered overnight."

"Who is your favorite television star?"

"Mary Tyler Moore, Telly Savalas, Walter Cronkite, Johnny Carson, others."

"You're right. It would make you sick to see such a thing."

"Rama, we didn't finish the Fatima message."

"Yes, we did. There are two more paragraphs, but they say the same things we've been discussing. Nothing really needs any more explanation." She paused, and looked at me.

"You look frightened. Why?"

"I'm not frightened," I said, "just sad, pensive. How do you expect me to feel after such a session?"

"It makes you think doesn't it?"

"Umhummm."

We went to get our usual lunchtime snack of fruit, cheese, wine and crackers. Placing our blankets by the river in a patch of green, we ate and took an afternoon siesta.

That same day, I drove back to Lima. For the next few weeks I would be taking care of some planet Earth twentieth century, legitimate, international transactions.

As soon as I could get away, having successfully handled my duties as a businessman, I found a few days I could spare to go back to the mountains and see Rama. In the interim, I had done some more reading on spiritualism and astral projection.

I found three books that further prepared me for launching my spirit into space. They were written in Spanish, but as I am comfortable with that language, I had no trouble absorbing them. The author was Lobsang Rampa, and the books were, *The Third Eye, You Forever*, and *The Silver Cord*.

The more I read, the more I understood the spirit and its physical constitution. It was becoming easier for me to travel in spirit whenever I chose. I learned to concentrate and relax. Practicing it was inexpensive entertainment. I spent many hours on these astral trips, always marvelling at the wonders of experience these spiritual adventures offered me. Even more so when I was able to travel with Rama.

Chapter XIII

The Immaculate Conception

On Monday, September 23, 1974, I drove back to Acaya. I was prepared. I'd read the book of Matthew in the Bible, anticipating the discussion I would be having with Rama. She'd told me she would analyze the origins of Christ as they related to UFO phenomena. I could hardly wait.

It wasn't quite as warm on Tuesday as it had been the day before. I was especially sensitive to the temperature, since I had to go swimming inside one of the chilly bathhouses.

After my bath, I went to the restaurant to have breakfast. It must have been about 10 o'clock when I heard Rama's patrol bike approaching. I saw her driving toward the river and called out to her. After we greeted, we walked to my car to get my briefcase.

I couldn't wait to tell her my news.

"Rama, something really wild happened to me while I was practicing astral projection," I said.

"Really, Chacho? Tell me about it."

"This is getting to be a lot of fun! It's turning out just as you said it would, extremely entertaining and interesting. Yet it doesn't seem to interfere with my everyday life, even though it takes a great deal of time and concentration. I think getting to know your own spirit and being able to take it out of your body at will is an incredible experience."

"That's certainly a change in your attitude. I told you you'd like it. What do you want to tell me?"

"The other day, I was trying to concentrate and get into trance. I was sitting by the beach in my car, sort of semiconscious, when it happened. I remember the

sensation of my spirit leaving my body, but it was more like a dream because I didn't have full control of where my ananas and anionites were going.

I was in a place with several waiting rooms that had tables in the center and some magazines laying around. I saw many people, wearing coats and carrying umbrellas. I remember the air was moist, like it had just rained. I picked up one of the magazines and started leafing through the pages, not paying too much attention to what I was seeing or reading. Then something caught my attention; I saw a picture of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by priests and nuns. The caption read, 'Pope Clement XV.' I was conscious enough to react to what I had seen, because I rushed back to my physical body and woke up, suddenly, like one who is just falling asleep and is startled awake. I guess my ananas and anionites had to make a speedy return. Then I was fully conscious."

"Well, that happens every once in a while."

"Wait; I haven't finished yet. At the bottom of the page I had seen the name and date of the magazine. You know how sometimes it's very difficult to separate dreams from reality. I was so confused I could hardly tell if I'd had a dream or if it had been some weird facet of astral projection. There was only one way to find out; I had to go out and get the magazine article. I did. It was real; the contents of the magazine were as real as I had seen them during my astral trip.

Now I can hardly wait for you to tell me what happened. How was I able to sense the moist air, touch the magazine, and remember its contents?"

"From what you're describing, it seems that your spirit wandered into space and some attractational force took it to a hospital or social security office in the south side of Chicago, or somewhere on Long Island."

"What could have caused this phenomena?"

"One, your subconscious mind in search of evidence

concerning our last conversation. You wanted to get the nitty gritty. Two, your thoughts were perhaps picked up by some benign spirit or spirits wanting to help you with your research and investigations."

"How could that be?"

"You do have spiritual guides in the universe, you know."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Well, now you know. This is what people might call a gut feeling, a visitation from their guardian angel, intuition, premonitions, the 'something tells me' sort of thing. When you read about the Rosicrucians you'll learn more about this. You say you felt your spirit leaving your body, yet there was no way you could control it?"

"Yes, that's what confuses me."

"There's no need to worry about it; what we have here is a simple case of spiritism. Only your ananas left your body, and someone in that waiting room facilitated his anionites for your ananas to have full perception for a few moments. In other words, half of his spirit and half of yours became one spirit briefly."

"You mean something like possession? My soul incarnating into the body of that person in the waiting room?"

"Not so much like incarnation. It was more a case of a medium lending you his consciousness."

"What about this person's consciousness, where did it go?"

"Nowhere. Let's just say this person was daydreaming, in a daze, flipping the pages unconsciously."

"Yeah, people do that. Especially when they're nervous or worried. What about my ability to sense the moisture, and the dream-like effect?"

"As far as the sensation is concerned, your body was perceiving whatever the physical body of Mr. X's was

experiencing at that moment. Your silver cord served as a broadcasting device, similar to the television phenomena."

"That explains the visual image I had. I got exactly whatever those eyes were seeing."

"Yes, you did!"

"Once you were back in your physical body, fully conscious, you rewound it like a video tape and played it back. The whole trip was transmitted to your brain by your silver cord and stored in your mind."

"Why did it have to be that I bumped into precisely this situation in order to see that magazine just a few days after we talked about Pope Clement XV, and after you'd told me I would 'stumble onto a magazine'? What I'm asking is, was it planned for me to have this dream or revelation?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"Yourself or maybe one of the spiritual guides in the universe picked up your sincere desire to find some proof of what we'd discussed here last time we saw each other. This entity merely channeled your vibrations into the circumstances, so you could see it. It was actually a vision."

"Yeah, it was."

"So. I imagine you must've had some sort of faith in a saint or a rabbi at one time."

"When I was a kid, I was told in church that by praying to your patron saint, all your wishes on earth would come true, but as I look back, it seems nothing but a bunch of nonsense. I remember talking to you once about this patron saint stuff. I told you that when I was a child I studied in a Catholic school. I was such an impossible kid the priests used to joke with me, saying that mine should be St. Jude, the patron saint of the impossibles."

"Once we get away from the religious programming, and go a little deeper into the real meaning of these things, you'll come up with a different outlook."

"Really? Do you think that Jude could be a spiritual guide? Whenever I'm in a tight spot, I always say, 'St. Jude, help me,' or 'Oi vey,' like my Jewish grandmother. Whether I believe it or not, I say it anyway."

"Do you know who St. Jude was?"

There were two Judes, you know, one good, the other, Judas Iscariot, sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver.

The other, whose name was Jude Thaddeus, was a brother of James and cousin to Christ. After the crucifixion, he was taken prisoner."

"Cousin to Christ! You mean Jesus actually had a family in this world?"

"Why not? He was only a man, born out of a woman, just like anybody else."

"I take it we're going to be talking about this Jesus Christ Superstar today."

"We certainly are. And I hope you give it a fair chance. I'm not going to be selling you on the man. We're just going to make simple sense out of whatever is said here today. You know you will go and research and come to your own conclusions anyway. Did you read what I asked you to?"

"I sure did. It was tedious, because this Bible I have is an old one and the language in it is really archaic. This book omits thirty years of the life of Christ, except for the incident when he was twelve years old and his parents found him with the high priests of the temple discussing the holy books."

"Now with what you've read, it shouldn't be difficult for you to come to an easy understanding of his origins. Let's start with the Book of Matthew. Skip the geneological tree, and start with verse 18 of the first chapter.

When you read, make your language more twentieth century, okay?"

"Matthew 1:18," I began.

These are the facts concerning the birth of Jesus Christ: His mother Mary was engaged to be married to Joseph, but while she was still a virgin she became pregnant with the Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, who do they think they're kidding. I knew a girl in Beverly Hills who claimed to be a virgin. When she got pregnant, it turned out this 'virgin' was getting involved in some pretty heavy sex with her butler. I remember how everyone teased her about having been impregnated by the Holy Spirit.

Come on, Rama, this is the twentieth century."

"Keep reading."

"Then Joseph, her fiancée, being a man of stern principles, decided to break off the engagement, but to do it quietly for he didn't want to disgrace her publicly.

Good for him. I don't blame him for not wanting to get involved in some kind of biblical Peyton Place.

As he lay awake considering this, he fell into a dream, and saw an angel standing beside him. "Joseph, son of David," the angel said, "don't hesitate to take Mary as your wife, for the child within her has been conceived by the Holy Spirit. And she will have a son, and you shall name him Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins. This will fulfill God's message through his prophets.

"Now, let's see how all this happened."

"You mean the conception by the Holy Spirit?"

“Yes, but as always, we shall be mature and will keep in mind that UFOs are not fiction. The same thing applies here. We just have to consider that our angels are ufonauts, messengers of God, visitors from other worlds and other galaxies.

Let’s turn to the first chapter of Luke. Skip the part where an angel comes to Zaccharias and tells him that his wife Elizabeth is going to have a baby, even though the woman was advanced in years, and unable to bear children. She was sterile. You can read in Genesis 21 and 30, that two women named Sarah and Rachel also conceived children by intervention of the messengers of God.”

“Sarah was the mother of Isaac, right?”

“That is correct. Now, going back to the birth of Christ, read Luke 1:26-29.”

The following month God sent the angel Gabriel to Nazareth, in Galilee. To a virgin espoused to a man named Joseph, a descendant of David; and the virgin’s name was Mary. Gabriel appeared to her and said: “Hail, thou art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: you are blessed among all women.” And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

“Once again, who do you think this angel Gabriel was, now that you have all this knowledge?”

“A cosmonaut who came out of a UFO.”

“Good! See, now you and I are able to have a nice juicy chat on the same level.”

“Come on, Rama, do you really expect me to write about this? Can you imagine the impact this will have? People will think we’re nuts.”

“Who cares? Remember, these writings are just for a chosen few. Actually, it’s for the few who will take a few

moments to check out the information. Besides, we're not going to be disrespectful or blasphemous. On the contrary, I can't wait for you to start realizing we practice the same teachings of Christ. We're here to prepare the ground for this second coming, or had you forgotten already?"

"It's not that I've forgotten, it's just that this whole thing seems so far fetched."

"Look, I know you have your doubts. But don't let that discourage you. What you hear today may make sense to you. If it does, you're going to become interested, then you'll make your inquiries. You'll learn, and after you learn, you'll become more tolerant. The more tolerant you become, the wiser you'll grow. The wiser you become, the closer you'll come to eternal life. You see, Jesus, Buddha, Moses, Ezekiel, Madame Blavatsky, Edgar Cayce, Zarathustra, the Tibetan lamas, you and I... we all have one special thing in common."

"What's that?"

"We all know God is an eternal vibratory force living within us, and that Jesus was just one man of many who brought your world the word of God. What I'm trying to do today is explain these things to you in an intelligent way. But it seems to me you'd rather jump the gun before you even give the man a fair chance."

"I'm sorry, Rama. I guess that's the way I've learned to react. It's a sort of self-conditioning."

"I can sense what's in your heart, which is why I want to go through this with you."

"All right. This angel Gabriel or space cadet spoke to the Virgin Mary, and greeted her in the name of God. Did the angels call this eternal thought of creation the Lord?"

"Yes, and these angels knew 2,000 years ago that they couldn't talk about UFOs, because it would've been too difficult going into the actual explanation of space travel.

As it was, people used to think the cosmonauts were gods anyway. People have always had the tendency to think of God as some supreme being with a human form and physical body. In our conversations, the Lord is God as the Third Force, and the angels or cosmonauts are the priests who brought God's teachings."

I began reading the first chapter of Luke, verses 1 through 30.

"Don't be afraid, Mary," said the angel, "for God has decided to wonderfully bless you. Very soon you're going to become pregnant and have a baby boy and you are to name him Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of God." Mary asked the angel: "But how can I have a baby? I am a virgin." The angel replied: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon you, and the power of God shall overshadow you so the baby born to you shall be utterly holy for he will be the son of God. Furthermore, your cousin Elizabeth has also conceived a son in her old age, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible."

"There has been and still exists, some religious controversy about whether or not Mary was a virgin. I don't think that concerns us. The important thing is that Mary became pregnant. Some people call it the work of God, a miracle, a mystery. Call it whatever you wish. I have two words for you that will clearly explain away all the mystery connected with the Immaculate Conception. That is, if you really want to be scientific about it."

"Two words?"

"Artificial insemination."

"I never thought of that. Yes, why not. Right; it couldn't be impossible for super intelligences to have the technology to plant a seed in a woman's womb. Didn't those biblical women have to be examined or something?"

"Not necessarily. With Mary it only took some kind of light beam that shone upon her. You've just said the magic word, technology."

"You mean something like laser beams?"

"Something like that."

"I've read that in Tres Arroyos, Argentina, in December of 1972, a man named Ventura Maceiras saw a UFO. He was 73 years old, and he said that after a light beam from the UFO shone on him he began growing a new set of teeth. Imagine that. Those would have been his third set of teeth."

"Two thousand years ago, that would have been considered a miracle, a mystery."

"I see what you're driving at."

"So this baby was born, and three wise men were led by a star to the place of birth. Astronomically speaking, do you know of any stars with minds of their own that could actually get close enough to the earth and guide some people travelling in camel caravans?"

"I don't think so."

"What else could it have been?"

Rama and I just exchanged a glance to remind me of the obviousness of the answer.

"So now we have this child and nobody knows who his father is or was."

I think if we say he was a God, made man, we're not getting too far out of line concerning reality. Because, up to now, nobody knows what's the mystery of the birth of Jesus. No one has even made the effort to consider that the UFO connection could have been behind the birth of this super being."

"When I met you, you said that if our scientists on earth would take a minute and consider the possibility that the missing link could be associated with the stars, we would have found what makes humans out of apes."

"What else do you know about his life?" Rama asked.

"He was taken to Egypt when he was a baby because King Herod had heard that a king had been born. Fearing for his own royal status, he ordered that every male child two years and under be killed.

"Then for thirty solid years, the Bible goes into complete silence about his life except for a passage where he gets lost at the age of twelve and he's found discussing theology with doctors of the Law."

For many centuries, all kinds of studies have been made of the silent years of Jesus. Many have agreed that during those years Jesus studied with the Essenes."

"The Who?"

"The Essenes, a brotherhood that existed maybe a couple of centuries before Christ. They were the teachers of righteousness."

"Did they have anything to do with the Great Pyramid initiates?"

"Maybe."

"You've told me that Christ studied in the Great Pyramid, therefore he knew of God as a Third Force."

"This is true, but as far as the Essenes are concerned, they were a universal brotherhood that didn't make their knowledge public. People referred to them by various names, the silent ones, the retired ones, servants of God, mysterious ones, the propheciers, the healers, and the strong men. In other words, the Essenes didn't have a public relations office with a spokesperson who divulged their true status."

"Can I find anything at a library on these Essenes?"

"Yes, a book called the *Lost Years of Jesus Revealed*, by Charles Francis Potter, Fawcett Publications, New York, 1962. But until you check for yourself, let me tell you that these people had a great deal of influence in the life of Christ.

Since Christ was only a man like anybody else, his learning had to come from somewhere. Of course, he

was a bright kid, and he picked up a great deal of knowledge from many sources."

"Who informed him that he was the son of God?"

"I guess he learned that in the Great Pyramid, because in it there is written the date of birth and the death of Christ."

"Really?"

"Yes, and now that we're on the subject of the Great Pyramid, let me give you a few scientific facts. The Great Pyramid wasn't built by people in your world. It was built with the aid of extraterrestrials. Humanity here didn't have the manpower nor the know-how to build a monument to mankind with God's direct intervention. What do you know about the Great Pyramid?"

"Just what I learned in school. It's one of the seven wonders of the world. The three pyramids were built by one of the greatest cultures on Earth, the Egyptians. It's believed that the pyramids are tombs and monuments to great pharaohs or Egyptian divinities. Inside them are the labyrinths that are the most incomprehensible puzzles man has ever encountered. That's what stayed with me."

"You did say a couple of magic words. You said labyrinth, meaning rooms and corridors coming and going in every direction, making no sense to you, right?"

"Right. What's the other?"

"Incomprehensible. Since the beginning, the pyramids have been a mystery to mankind. They go so far back in time, almost 6,000 years, therefore, not within the reach of history. I could fill your entire house with books on what has been written about the Great Pyramid. Archaeology, science, history, fiction, Egyptian tragedy, and even Hollywood movies give detailed descriptions on how they were built. I'm not going to ask you to read any of them because for the next two years you're going to be doing a lot of other reading. When it comes to the

Great Pyramid, the only book you must read is a book that came out in 1951 or thereabouts. It's the work of a group of scientists who've taken the time to study every inch of the chambers and corridors of those labyrinths."

"Yes, I remember, I've been there."

"You see? Where there's a will there's a way. And mind you, this isn't any kind of half-baked study. Lots of tedious years of careful interpretations of symbols, measuring, comparing geometry, calculus, are involved."

"Are you talking about the book, *Dramatic Prophecies of the Great Pyramid* by Rodolfo Benevides?"

"That's the one. By the time you start working on this, the book will be available to you. The Great Pyramid was built to last this entire era. There's also a message that takes you into the final days of Armageddon.

In the confines of the Pyramid you'll find marks and symbols that represent significant dates for humanity, such as December 25, July 4, 1776, October 12, 1492, August 9, 1945, September 17, 2001. I mentioned this before; this is also where Moses gained a great deal of his knowledge. Remember that Christ corroborates Moses. Building the Great Pyramid was a direct intervention of God, as a guide to choose between eternal life or whatever. Most of the prophets and masters of esoteric teachings have made their prophecies after careful and illuminating studies of the Great Pyramid. Most of the symbols and prophecies in the Bible have been taken from it. But, of course, the pyramid not only inspired the Judeo-Christian prophets, but others as well. Rosicrucians, Essenes, Balzac, Nostradamus, who prophesied that by the twentieth century parapsychology would be a science."

"Rama, I don't mean anything negative, but is there a way I can research the Pyramids and find out about the ufonauts' part in building it?"

"You'll just have to take my word for it, for now. Don't

worry about it, your astral projection will provide you with more information."

"Does the Rodolfo Benevides book actually give dates?"

"Yes, and they've been pretty accurate so far."

"This book sounds like a real winner."

"Let me give you a few examples. These are almost direct quotes. It says that between 1962 and 1967 the economy of many nations will be shaky; several currencies will stagger and gold will decline in value."

"Jean Dixon also said that."

"Based on his interpretation of the symbols in the Great Pyramid, Rodolfo Benevides predicted in his book, which came out in 1960, that Christianity would be split in half, between the old and the young; that a pope would travel, trying to regain his lost priests; and that people would have a new music which would be sensual and primitive. He also saw that moral and spiritual values would be crumbling. He said beards would symbolize the rebellion of a whole generation and that women's hair growing on men's heads would indicate that the spirit of Sodom is back on earth. He talked about the black race consolidating its power, and that it would cause much bloodshed. War will expand to satisfy the egotistical and political ambitions of a few people. From 1967 through 1972, we'll see nothing but mass confusion in world affairs, several wars will be fought by the United States, and hate will grow against this country. There will be a fever to conquer the stars with man finally getting to the moon, and terrestrial space travelers finding spacemen from other worlds. It's said that 1970 will be the year it's discovered that UFOs have been watching over your people, that these are invaders or space warriors. Later, it will be found that they're the servants of God, because they'll be speaking of peace, love and justice.

Some extraterrestrials will step on the surface of the earth. People will say they're green, then others will land and these will be said to be black in color. Then the black race will claim they're from the planet Neptune. By then, archaeology will have discovered that the ancient Mexican Mayans and Peruvian Incas came to Earth from the planet Venus."

"You said all this was to have happened between 1967 and 1972. Why haven't we heard about these things if they have been accurate prophecies?"

"Come on, look around you. Most of these things have happened already. I haven't finished with this period yet."

"You mean there's more?"

"China will gain terrain over the globe, people will be looking for the 'third sex.' Human psychology will be affected by the increasing impact of the sunspot activity. War, crime violence, terrorism, will be crueler and bloodier. Religion won't have enough strength to guide humanity to love one another. Human life in laboratories will defy nature. People will forget God and spiritualism. There will be religious persecutions."

"It's already happening in Ireland."

"Finally, for this period, the Pyramid says that cancer cannot be cured because it is a soul disease. And man will deny soul and spirit."

"This is all written in the Great Pyramid?"

"Yes."

"Would I get this information here on Earth?"

"Yes. It also says that from 1972 to 1977, the world is due for a catastrophic war, although it may be delayed. This war will have its climax around 1992, with five months being the worst."

"Five months. Wait, I remember five months mentioned in the Bible. Here, Revelation 9:5:

And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man.

The Pyramid also reads five months, huh? A nuclear war won't take more than that to wipe out the human race."

"The 666 number, as the one to identify the beast of destruction was also taken from the Pyramid. Toward the end of this period people are going to live in constant fear of crime, war and violence."

"For me that's already a reality; I'm scared to walk in Central Park at night with all the muggers running loose."

"And, by the way, in this book you'll find everything you would want to know about Wormwood, or Hercolubus. It also tells about the birth of a new moon, and about the earth shifting its axis, which would give your planet eternal springtime, a mild, pleasant climate without marked changes. Ready for more?"

"Shoot."

"It seems this planet faces great deluges. Every symbol in the Great Pyramid indicates water; after all, this is the dawning of the age of Aquarius. These floods will be caused by the polar ices melting and raising the sea level.

Finally, between 1987 and September 17, 2001, the Pyramid points to five years of collective madness and confusion. After that, life will slowly get back to normal with a new geography, a new topography, a new moon, new thoughts, and a new religion with a Messiah who will be the same as the one who was before."

"Christ, of course."

"The new era will begin, but the Jewish race will no longer be on Earth. You're free to choose whether to

believe it or not; after all, these are only interpretations taken from the Pyramid. But I'd like you to take a couple of minutes to analyze this. So far, the Pyramid has been delivering significant dates accurately throughout the whole adamic era. Do you think that at the end it's going to fail?"

"I can't wait to get this book you're talking about."

"You can get it here in Lima."

"Can I? I'll get one as soon as I get back then. You say this book gives these dates and that they were taken from every bend, corridor and angle in that Pyramid?"

"That's exactly what I've said."

"What is this about the Jews?"

"The Jewish race is well recorded in the Great Pyramid. When you read the book you'll see in the drawings and plans of the whole system a block of red granite that symbolizes the Jews. As you go along, you'll see the ever present red granite block."

"You've also said the Jewish prophets took most of their information from the Great Pyramid to write the Bible."

"Yes. The Pyramid and the Bible do not contradict each other. On the contrary, they are parallel. The only difference is chronology. The prophets don't give you dates; the Pyramid does."

"Give me a few examples."

"Read Daniel 12: 2 and 12."

And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book.

And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth

shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days.

"This prophecy of Daniel could very well be meant for these times. Remember that Israel is now a nation and the purification could be the sufferings that they underwent under Hitler's Germany, or maybe some more yet to come. Remember our conversation about the antichrist?"

"Uhuh. Another mass murder attempt."

"Now read Luke 21:24 and 25."

And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; and the sea and the waves roaring. . . .

"What could this mean in plain twentieth century language, Chacho?"

"Maybe Israel is going to be the fuse to ignite the dynamite stick. The heat is on all over Palestine. Maybe the Gentiles he referred to meant all the goyem who are constantly fighting to get to Jerusalem, or the ones who had it.

"And if Jerusalem is now more in the hands of the Israelis, it symbolizes that the gentile period already took place, which will leave you only the rest of the prophecies to the end of the 2000 years since Christ.

Every time a millenium comes, people get uneasy because they think something extraordinary will hap-

pen. That's happening now, but not in a collective way. The Jewish *Talmud*, for instance, talks about 2000 years that are empty, and those are the ones of the Messiah. At the same time, Enoch's book speaks of six days, that must mean six milleniums after which there will be a seventh.

According to Habberman's work, Enoch came into the picture around the year 987 B.C. of the Hebrew chronology; a thousand years later, Abraham appeared as the man of God for the Jewish race, and a thousand years after that, King Solomon's temple was built. In the fourth millenium, Christ was born upon the Earth. The middle ages marks the fifth millenium, in which humanity lived under the lowest concepts of culture and beliefs. Now that we're about to end the sixth millenium, we have only to wait to see what happens.

Now Moses probably knew all these secrets. He was familiar with the interior of the Great Pyramid. He read and understood the texts, since he knew how to interpret the symbolism of the corridors and chambers. After all, isn't he the one who wrote the first five books of the Bible?"

"That's right. You know, when I met you and you told me that we would be talking about the Great Pyramid, I never thought it would be like this."

"The chronology of the Pyramid has approximately 6,600 terrestrial years recorded. Those labyrinths were subjected to chronological systems. Once again, these are scientific studies based on the chronological systems found there."

"I promise you, as soon as I get back to Lima, I'll get the Benavides book. I'll only be able to get it in Spanish, I guess."

"Does that matter?"

"Not at all. Look, if it's in black and white and

scientifically supported, as you say, I don't care if it's written in Timbuctooish. I'll find a way to get the meaning of it."

"That's the spirit!"

"If I get to study these things as you've asked me, would I be able to understand what's written there?"

"Yes. And there's no better way to tune into Christ's teachings, other than getting to know the man personally. And when you study these things, let your heart be the judge. I told you, He's the one who is linked to the stars and He's definitely coming back as promised to collect his people from the Earth."

"Will I have to worship him and call him my Lord and Savior?"

"Not necessarily. All you have to do to get the wisdom is cultivate your spirit. When you do that, you'll feel some changes taking place within your soul."

"Like what?"

"You'll become more tolerant; you'll have the strength to overcome hard times. If you take the time to read and then write, the same divine force that Christ called his Father in heaven will come upon you, and you'll be given the wisdom to understand it. This divine spark, which is your gift of life, lives within you."

"Is that what's mean by the words, 'Man is made in the image of God'?"

"Exactly. Now I have a personal message for you. Towards the end of 1975, or the first part of 1976, when the man you work for is assassinated, you're going to be so shattered you'll feel like saying 'To hell with everything.' But I ask you to remember these moments, and in the name of Christ, go ahead, continue with your book. Even if you encounter many difficulties."

A change will have taken place in you. By then, you'll have most of your information about Christ, and

nobody will be able to tell you anything to make you feel that the gods are not with you."

"I'm getting the feeling that you really believe I'm going to love Jesus Christ."

"Why shouldn't you? You seem bright enough to understand humility. Getting to know Christ is only being able to practice his teachings in a humble way. That doesn't mean you have to give up the joy of being alive. It'll be even better, because you'll be happy and contented to have found out that Christ will give you the keys to eternal life."

"All that just by loving God and your fellow human beings?"

"That's all you have to do."

"You're saying I can get to know Christ as a man. Let's say I get to know that he really existed, and that he performed miracles. What assurance will I get that he is the son of God?"

"Here's where your faith comes in. You'll have to believe in something which cannot be scientifically proven."

"I do now. I've learned to know my spirit as a third force. That alone led me to this eternal thought of creation, or the vibratory center of the universe."

It's funny you mentioned Edgar Cayce earlier, because he speaks of the same kind of God, also as a Force, but he calls it "being part of a collective thought." Cayce seems to be speaking on behalf of that collective thought."

"Very good, Chacho. He's the one who is going to help you understand Christ as an Essene. In the mid-forties the *Dead Sea Scrolls* were found in some caves. They were filled with information about the Essenes. That famous sermon on the mount was inspired in the words of the *Dead Sea Scrolls*."

"How were they found?"

"Do you know who the Bedouins are?"

"Arabs, nomads, people without a land of their own."

"These people were merchants and smugglers that used to travel all over Palestine while it was in the hands of the British troops. They happened to camp about 14 miles from Jerusalem in some caves near the Dead Sea. That's where the Dead Sea scrolls were found. They date back to about 150 years B.C. This discovery is surely the link between the new and old testaments in the Bible. God as a Third Force, knowing the teachings of Moses and those of the Great Pyramid."

"Why were the Essenes so quiet and mysterious about their way of life?"

"Because they didn't want to be bothered with a lot of explaining about their knowledge and spiritual level. Imagine talking to a stick-to-the-Law-of-Moses Pharisee about the atom, protons, electrons, ananas, anionites, and God as the vibratory center of the universe. You've heard of the hermetic sects?"

"Hermetic, meaning closed to the public. Then why did Christ go to the crowds and tell them he was the son of God, and perform miracles? What right did he have to disclose hermetic information?"

"Because the kingdom of heaven isn't hermetic. When Jesus found out he was the one man who could fully understand the power and glory of God, the Christ consciousness, he chose to get to work by telling everyone that faith in God and love for one another are the keys to the kingdom of heaven. Remember when he said, 'My kingdom is not of this world'?"

"Meaning not of this planet Earth."

"Of course. He was the prime example of loving everyone, the one man with the power to cast out demons."

"Now that you mention demons, we haven't talked about the devil yet. What do you mean by 'demons'?"

"Demons are the servants of Satan. If you want to talk

about the devil, we might as well do it now. We've already established that the devil isn't a man with a tail and horns, just as the angels of God are humans like you and me. The same way with demons; they're humans, walking your streets everywhere. The devil, or evil forces, are also energy—*ananas* and *anionites* that work according to physical laws and mutations. Witchcraft, voodoo, black magic, are all ways of channeling *ananas* and *anionites* as powers of the Third Force. These demons can also perform miracles. Remember that flick, 'The Exorcist'?"

"Yes, it was great. Why is the devil gaining so much popularity lately?"

"I guess because people who are misguided, tired, and feeling abandoned by their churches, don't have enough strength to turn themselves on to the pleasures of eternal life. They seek other kinds of pleasures that give them immediate results, something that seems more meaningful to them. This is a royal chance for Satan, who is the master of deceit, to put his stamp on them."

"How does he operate? How is he going to be the world's master?"

"This is the work of thousands of years. Satan knows and understands eternal life. He feeds from the uneven vibes generated by greed, thirst for power and money, and from the unscrupulousness in people who would do anything to be better off than others. They plan and scheme the next move to deceive or cut the throats of their fellow man for a fat bank account, furs, sex. They kill each other on the street.

This soul condition is caused by the eternal thoughts of evil. It's a chemistry that moves in that frequency; constant fear, nervousness, paranoia, negativism. It has to be that way because we have to have the balance in the cosmos."

"Christ is the representation of the God of Creation, and Satan is the representative of destruction, using the same M.O."

"Always with the same plot; he attacks your weakest, most vulnerable spot. If you're greedy, and the thirst for wealth overpowers the forces of your scruples or spiritual feelings, then you are Satan's prey."

"The other day I remember thinking about big cities where there's crowding, crime, terrorism, violence, muggings, and death. That must be the work of Satan."

"Yes, but Satan not only has demons on the streets; they're also in business, politics, public offices, big international corporations, thrones, religious cults, covens. Sodom is present today in some of your bigger cities. People are seeking new ways to turn on. They have forgotten about God. Just as in the two doomed biblical cities, they got to the point of going against nature as far as sex is concerned. They were destroyed by fire. The Sodomite cities of your day will be destroyed by water, and Satan is going to be sent to prison for a thousand years."

"Where does Satan come in when it comes to terrorism, racial outbursts, bombings, hijacking of planes, things that are instigated by political motives?"

"He's behind the world political scenes."

"That's what a lot of people say, but no one does anything to stop it."

"I don't think there's anything anyone can do. We are all free to choose our own destinies, which force we want to be a part of. In these matters there's no in between. It's either or. This is precisely why Christ had to come to this planet. To show you with his exemplary life how to defeat the forces of evil."

"Come again?"

"The sacrifice of Christ is the only way he had left to

demonstrate by example that death is the entrance to eternal life. When you know and practice Christ's teachings, your forehead will be sealed in such a way that the dark forces can't get to you. On the contrary, you'll be able to perform exorcisms and demons will flee from you."

"That sounds far out!"

"The concept is clear. We're dealing with two forces that we've seen as vibratory frequencies. You had to work a little to get to the point of being relaxed and calm enough to see your ananas and anionites. But thanks to the same knowledge that makes Christ the son of God, you're now able to take your spirit out of your body."

"That's another thing I have to thank you for. Ever since I started astral traveling, I'm not afraid of death anymore."

"Why should you be, if now you can actually, literally, die at will."

"Rama, this makes sense."

"When you do your research and get to know Christ as a human being, you'll love him. You won't be able to help it, because you'll find he's a hundred times better than your favorite teacher. You'll realize Christ's power and glory is so mighty that it can reach everyone equally.

You'll see this man mingling with crowds in the streets, making sense to people, trying to make his disciples understand that power and glory are not bombings and political terrorism, but to love and forgive one another. He put many hours' work into his task. As a man, he's fascinating, a character who worked hard, had a good appetite, and even got emotional at times."

"Yeah, that's the sort of thing I'd love to learn. What was he like when he was off the air, off camera?"

"There are passages in the Bible that can be corroborated by other sources in the *Roman Chronicles*, which were the newspapers of that time, reports, military literature, census, and other historical documents."

"Give me an example."

"Take the damnation of the fig tree in Matthew 21:18. One morning Jesus got up hungry and went looking for figs from a nearby fig tree. It wasn't fig season, so there were no figs. He said a couple of things to the tree, one of them being to the effect that 'You will dry up and no more fruit will come from you.' His disciples heard the curse, and that night when they returned to the camp site they saw that the tree had dried up."

"His divine power did a number on the poor fig tree."

"That's right. The vibes were absorbed by the plant."

"There's not much I can tell you about Satan, except that it's an ever present vibration. The way to identify it is to know Christ's teachings in your heart. That way you'll make intelligent choices, comparisons and studies."

Then the day will come when you find yourself loving your enemy. That's when you will automatically have the seal of God on your forehead, and your name will be written in the Book of Life.

You and I doing this little project is going to be a call to a few people in the name of Christ. There are many, however, who are going to come out and say that this is the work of the devil. Before the end of this year, you'll be told that you met Satan on these mountains."

"What am I supposed to do about it when it happens?"

"Nothing, just listen. I'll be right there with you."

"How?"

"In spirit. You'll be facilitating me your anionites, and you and I will be one spirit."

"How will I know you're there?"

"When someone actually comes out and says it, that will be your cue."

"Will it be in public?"

I get the image of a room full of people, like a big, round conference table."

"Before the end of the year? That's only a few months away."

Oh by the way, as of the 22nd of this month my mission was accomplished. You are all that is holding me in Peru. How long are you going to detain me?"

"How much time do you have?"

"I don't have to be in the United States until the middle of October."

"I know, but you'd better leave before October 3rd, because something is going to happen here in Peru. It would be best for you to go. We won't be seeing one another for a long time."

"If you say so. I'm going to miss these sessions with you, because afterwards I always feel fulfilled. Maybe tomorrow you and I could take a ride to Huancayo or LaOroya. I need to call Lima to check my plane reservations and things like that."

I reminded Rama that before my departure she still owed me a session about the nation in this world and a race of people. It was all we needed to complete our original list.

We went into the water for about an hour, then had lunch, finishing by mid-afternoon. We drove to some nearby fields and made ourselves comfortable. As we were talking and enjoying the scenic view from a grassy hill, a group of men appeared, walking over the crest of one of the hills. Rama said it was her space brothers and went to meet them.

I could only see them at a distance, but I saw they had no hair on their heads and that two of them were tall. They were all dressed in the same type of robe Rama had worn the day she'd stood on the rock, bathed in golden light.

As I watched Rama talking to her friends, I became very edgy. Even though I couldn't get a good look at them from where I was sitting, I could see they more or less resembled my previous ideas of what someone from outer space might look like.

I never spoke to them, but I could hear them speak to

me in my mind, and I felt they understood me. They seemed very sympathetic to my feelings of uneasiness and managed to convey to me that they were peaceful and meant no harm.

Rama came back to the spot where we had been sitting on our blankets and sat next to me while the men sat by themselves some distance from us. They were doing their spiritual practice, Rama said.

Rama wanted to continue our session, which was to prepare for another out of body trip, but I couldn't concentrate. I was still too freaked out from the realization that only a few hundred yards away sat strange looking creatures from other worlds. Despite all my studies, my ananas and anionites were vibrating at an extremely uneven frequency. I wasn't in the mood for astral travel at that moment. While Rama went in and out of her body, I sat up, keeping an eye on the creatures, who, after a while, got up and walked away, disappearing behind the hill.

About a minute later I saw a flying disc raise from behind the hill, then vanish into space. Rama said, matter of factly, that it was her transportation making a routine check.

That night we went to the movies, had our nightly swim and laid down to rest. Tomorrow I was going to find out about one of the greatest nations on earth.

After we returned to Acaya, Rama said there was no reason to be fearful of beings from outer space, because their mission on this planet was peaceful.

Still, it had been kind of scary to see them and actually exchange thoughts with them. Despite all I had read and that Rama said, I was still afraid to get close to them. Somehow they reminded me of all the associations I'd had before now to awesome monsters, invasions, and interplanetary wars.

Rama said the reason she had not taken me to meet

her brothers sooner was because she sensed a lack of trust on my part. If she had done it sooner, I probably would have gone into shock. She promised to take me to them again, but only when I was calm and unafraid. She said while I was fearful and jumpy I would gain no benefits of what their minds could tell.

"Yes, I replied. "I know what you're saying. But you must realize how extraordinary this is for me. This frightens me."

"Do you remember when we first met?"

"Yes."

"You were so curious and intrigued about where I came from, and my activities, that you said nothing could shock you, because you were a tough character."

"Yes, and you kept stalling me deliberately."

"I had to, because I knew you were the kind of person who could handle my being from another world, but not quite as soon as we met. You needed time to reason out the whole affair intellectually."

"I think your friends are definitely from some other world, but you, I'm not so sure. Maybe in order to unburden my feelings I'm kind of expecting you to come out and say you made this whole thing up because you wanted to get your kicks out of it."

"You'll never get that out of me, because it isn't true. I've been very honest with you from the beginning, but I had to put up with a lot from you."

This afternoon, when you saw my brothers taking off, your curiosity was greater than your fear, wasn't it?"

"That's right; it was."

"Then why don't you make an effort to overcome your fear? You already know that some of the greatest civilizations that have existed on this planet were founded by people from other parts of the universe."

"I'll try, but you have to understand that this sort of conditioning has been deeply imprinted in me by the society I live in."

"I'm quite aware of that, but you're also aware that your western civilization is messed up as far as informing the people about what's really going on."

"What do you mean? I think our society is one of the most wonderful nations in this world. It may not be perfect, but it's certainly the best."

"Why? Because the average citizen possesses two cars and all of the modern conveniences?"

"No, I'm not basing my judgment on that, nor upon the standards of living of our average citizens. It's more the way our government protects its people. We have free elections, and the principles of democracy in action. We don't have revolutions or a military government, besides...."

"Hold it right there, Mr. Patriot. I promised you I was going to tell you about a nation in this world, so we won't waste any precious time talking about democracy or things of that sort. I understand your loyalty to the country in which you live, but you're much too naive and idealistic. When I said we'd be talking about a nation in this world, what I had in mind was how a nation would take an active part in the final days of Armageddon."

"Oh! I thought we were going to get into a political discussion. That's one of my favorite subjects. Can we use names here? You're aware, I'm sure, that in my country there is absolute freedom of the press."

"Are you kidding, Chacho?"

"Look, Rama, if you know something I don't, I've asked you many times to level with me, let me in on everything."

"How could you say there is freedom of the press in a nation that hides so much from its news media? A place where a group of people sitting around a conference table decides what people can or cannot know. Don't you know there is censorship of the news?"

"How can you say that?"

"Listen, if you don't believe me, my feelings won't be

hurt. But I think you ought to know a few things just for your own information. Don't think that I'm instigating it, I have no political motive for saying these things."

"If you say there's censorship of information on UFOs, how come so many books have been written on the matter? Nobody's made any kind of effort to stop them."

"Because censorship and the silence group work in totally different ways. When George Adamsky wrote about his meetings with people from other planets, he was able to publish his book without any problem, that is, concerning the mechanics of publication."

"Then how do they work?"

"They don't take the time to investigate, and the media conditions people to believe that anyone who sees UFOs are crazy. You get the feeling that the media leads you to believe what someone wants you to believe. Ask yourself this question: Is there any reason why UFOs should not be a well known fact?"

"I guess there's no answer to that one."

"You bet there's no straight answer. Even though people see these things every single day. Did you know that, according to a Gallup Poll taken last year, *fifteen million* Americans claim to have seen UFOs?"

"No, I didn't know that. The Gallup Poll you say?"

"You heard right. The Gallup Poll taken in 1973. You respect that, don't you?"

"By now you know that if the things you tell me can be corroborated, I have no choice other than to accept them, or at least really consider the possibilities. What about the random sampling of the population when these polls were taken?"

"How about people like airline pilots, police officers, radar experts, astronauts and loads of reliable people who had the gut feeling that if it wasn't an airplane, a helicopter, meteor, balloon, then what...what else could it be?"

"A UFO. I'm going to check this out thoroughly. And if it checks, then am I supposed to believe that my nation is hiding something from its people?"

"You understand one hundred percent correctly. In the same way that they hide UFO information, they also hide other things."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Like wars. I don't think any nation is under the obligation to make military affairs public."

"I guess you're right. Any nation in this world could be at war and its people would never even suspect it, especially if the war is far away from the homeland. All one would have to do is condition the media to inform the people only of certain things, and not others. But how could they do that?"

"It's an easy task. Very convenient for everyone concerned. There's one news media organization that compiles the news that is computerized and sold. This organization has the power to create trends, new modalities, the ways of being accepted. They tell you what to eat, how to dress, what brand of coffee to drink, what drug to take for your next headache. They condition people to take drugs. An entire generation could be hooked, and your news media would tell you nothing about it. Don't you remember when I told you there is a group of people deciding what is secret and what is not?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, that's it. They have the knowledge, and could voice an opinion. But they're absolutely forbidden by their networks. They're concerned with the public's safety and are protecting them from mass panic. They affirm that the world isn't quite ready to handle the fact that there is life on other planets."

"Who are they to keep this information from the people? That isn't the kind of military information that could cause friction among nations. But you're not

speaking of just one nation, are you? You're saying there are many other nations who don't want this information to be revealed either."

"Yes, I told you, the silence group, is a world wide organization. The world is ready now for a universal governor."

"You mean one man ruling the destinies of the entire planet? One person with the absolute power to impose his will upon every nation. Someone like Hitler, whose dream was to conquer the world? Big Brother, maybe?"

"Yes, Hitler, and many others like him in their own times."

"When you said we were going to be talking about a race of people in this world, the only one that comes to mind is the Jews. Why is it that these world rulers, like Hitler, have always had it in for the Jews? No matter where you look, you always find the Jews have been persecuted, made slaves, mass murdered, driven from their lands. Aren't we supposed to be the chosen people?"

"Well, Chacho, there's a certain chemistry that the Jews have as a race that has continually disturbed dictators. I don't know if I could call the Venusians Jews, but they're the first people to be recognized as the ones who cultivated your planet with life, then with teachings of the eternal God of creation."

"Venusians?"

"Adam and Eve were direct descendants of Venusians; would you call them Jews? Look, from Genesis to Revelations, your Bible starts with one God and his angels that are recorded throughout the entire planet. Names vary, but the deeds and beliefs are basically the same, despite their originating in different geographical locations. There are similarities in language, architecture, pottery, and textiles between the Hebrews and the Incas. Also between the Mayans and the Caldeans. What

I'm saying is that since ancient times, extraterrestrials have been here."

"So why do the Jews feel they're the only chosen people, if the biblical cosmonauts actually went all over the planet?"

"Don't ask me that kind of question, because we would need months to come to an agreement. But let me tell you this, and I hope this answers your question: Man made religions have always tended to twist certain meanings with the purpose of gaining attention, popularity, and lots of revenue. There's no such thing as the chosen people, that's only a motto."

"That's right, but there's such a thing as the Jewish race."

"We're all aware of that, but when it comes to what we're concerned with, there's no such thing as color, race, belief, or political affiliation. This time the people of the world are going to be chosen, although, unfortunately, only a very few."

"When it comes to God there's no racial difference?"

"Exactly. That eternal God of creation lives in the heart of anyone who wants to let him live there. The Jewish race knew they would be getting a Messiah, but for political reasons, rather than faith and intelligence. They got rid of their Messiah. Remember when I told you about that block of red granite in the Great Pyramid? It symbolizes the moment the Jews were given an equal opportunity to become part of the teachings of Christ. Those who have suffered in their past lives are going to be alive again to see the second coming of Jesus. Very grimly, I have to say that some of them are going to reject him again, but I can tell you very happily that many Jews will turn to Jesus. Believe me, they're blessed very dearly, because in order for them to accept him into their hearts, a special effort on their parts will be necessary."

"I find that a little difficult to believe," I said, thinking of the Hassidic Jew in Brooklyn.

"What do you find hard to believe?"

"Jews turning to Jesus."

"It's going to be happening so close to home that if I were you, I wouldn't even get into an argument about it. When this starts happening, it'll be another fulfillment of the prophecies."

"When we were talking about Armageddon, you said this world king, or antichrist, is going to make a holy war against the Jews."

"Yes, and I also told you that the next persecution of the Jews is going to be the wick of the dynamite that ignites Armageddon."

"Does the Middle East crisis have anything to do with the Jews and the great battle of Armageddon?"

"I've said this is the beginning, and when this man declares himself the Messiah, demanding adoration from the Jews, they're going to arm and fight. This would be the opportunity for certain world leaders to do away with the Jews once and for all. The wars are going to get bloodier and more cruel; then a powerful nation will interfere; then another nation with a different point of view will want to get its share of the options. After all, there are nations in this world of yours that are completely dependent upon wars for their economy to be swinging in full operation."

"What happens when two nations look each other in the eye and say, 'Well, now we're going to see who's the greater?'"

"You'll see that in early 1976. The word for it is *detente*. You'll be getting close to the final days of the war, the Jews will be holding strongly to their land and their beloved Jerusalem. Their enemies will be plotting how to drive them into the ocean. Many Jews are in the most powerful nation in the world today, and when they see

things getting out of hand, they'll get involved in order to stop the mass murders.

Here is the moment when a powerful personality gets into power and says he's the only man who can solve the conflict in the Middle East. He'll make a peace treaty with all the dragons, false prophets, frogs, and creatures with ten horns, who're going to be waiting among you. They're the spirits of devils, the demons. This treaty will be signed for a period of seven years, of which three and a half are just fine and dandy, until some fanatic tries to assassinate him. After his miraculous recovery, he will be so angry by this act of violence against him that he will show his wrath openly."

"You told me that this recovery would be more like coming back to life."

"Yes, that's why I said recovers from a 'fatal' wound. That's why people will believe him, because they will wonder at his supernatural powers. This will encourage him to go as far as calling himself God, and the promised Messiah. He will deceive people for three and a half years more, until the Jews draw the line, even though they are going to be grateful for his handling of the Middle East situation. The whole world will look up to him. When this self-proclaimed Messiah realizes there is no way he's going to win with the Jews, he will want to murder them all. That will be the battle of Armageddon. By then the evil forces and Satan will have taken over this entire planet and will have managed to put the number of the beast on all those who refused to take Christ to their hearts. This egomaniac will do anything to bring the world to its knees. He doesn't care if he has to use the doomsday bomb to destroy it."

"How will he be stopped?"

"We'll take care of that. We are the celestial armies that are standing by. We'll remain vigilant to your world affairs because the balance of the universe is at stake here."

"What do you mean by the balance of the universe?"

"We've spoken about the health of your planet Earth, how active and vulnerable it is to sunspots and to other attractational forces in the neighboring solar systems, and how cataclysms are practically around the corner."

"Right," I said, recalling our previous sessions.

Rama became very still and somber, staring into space for some time, as if she were in a trance. Finally, she said, "If your people continue tampering with the equilibrium of the universe by exploding atomic bombs, it could mean disaster for more than just your planet. Dropping a couple of those powerful bombs could split your planet in two or three parts. This means one less force of attraction that we have to fight the effects of Hercolubus in our solar system."

"How would you interfere?"

"Ah, to you that's classified information, but let it be no secret that we have our UFO bases throughout the world. You've seen one."

"Yes."

"We've had our UFO bases on this planet ever since the continent of Atlantis went down some 12,000 years ago. The other two doors of the earth are in the polar regions, with a few entrances like Lake Titicaca, between Peru and Bolivia. I'll also tell you that from our bases we can monitor all communications in your world, so we can see what's going on."

"Really? You've said many times that you people are preparing the ground for the second coming of Christ, that you're the apocalyptic angels, the armies of heaven. Is it your job to get people turned on to Christ or to keep an eye on us Earthlings so we don't blow ourselves apart?"

"Both. We're scientists who can give you straight answers about God, the universe and the creation of

man. We're also standing by because only the Eternal God of Creation knows when these moments will be taking place."

"How is it that UFOs are going to become public knowledge?"

"We're just going to continue talking to people all over the world, contacting anybody who wants to give us a chance to seal their foreheads. We have no contact patterns because we don't want governments to establish a particular pattern—then they'll start shooting at us. We want the people of the world to get adjusted to the idea of our presence, to understand that we are here on a friendly basis. Then when it gets to be known that flying saucers are circulating in the skies, they won't think we're invaders. Because we're not. We're here to assist the human race."

"You keep telling me that all these things are going to click into place. The final days of Armageddon will have a formula, right? It's like saying that a bunch of elements will come together and trigger the events as foretold in the prophecies. These are a church, a nation, a race of people, Satan, the political figure, the antichrist, you extraterrestrials, and all these other things on my list. When they all meet, what will happen?"

"Then this will be a great day of the glory of God. His son will be walking on the Earth again, but not as a lamb. This time Jesus Christ will show His power and His glory."

"What about the greatest nation in the world today; will it take an active part in the events?"

"It already has. Can't you see how much hate and antagonism is being accumulated against this great society of yours? They lose face in front of nations that at one time looked to them for protection and support. There are only so many wars that a country can fight at

the same time, even if they are to keep its economy going. A nation used to having everything it pleases is now being shaken by energy shortages, other nations will take advantage of its situation, terrorism, bombings, racial unrest, political corruption, scandals, cities going bankrupt, drugs, cancer, depression, confusion, crime, mental illness, alcoholism, corruption, loss of moral values, organized crime and abuse of nuclear energy are all prevalent today. Remember that history repeats itself. The conditions of today take you back to what happened 12,000 terrestrial years ago.

I'm talking about Atlantis. They abused their energy, and used it to destroy human beings like you and me. At that time, Atlantis had to have its moment of confrontation with the truth after a previous detente. When they could no longer hold the peace with the celestial angels, and they went to war, which threatened the equilibrium of the universe. There were battles fought in space, and nuclear warfare was present, which made the hole where the Mediterranean sea is today, the weakest part of the earth. Remember also that our dear friend Hercolubus was around. Don't you think that could have caused the sinking of the Atlantean continent?"

"Twelve thousand years. Of course; that's the orbit of the cold planet twice. Then this 6,666 year cycle is about to be completed, bringing with it the age of deluges, Noah's ark, Sodom and Gomorrah. If only I could find some scientific evidence. You speak of Atlantis with such authority that you're quite convincing. But to me, this kind of stuff is still debatable."

"How can you say things like that, after so many thousands of books have been written on the subject? But you want to be scientific about it. In 1910, Alfred Wegener at Cambridge got all the support he needed to demonstrate that the continental shelf of South America and Africa fit perfectly in their submerged parts. Let's

get away from science a little and take a look at what some of the occultists have to say about Atlantis. The one who you will respect the most, Edgar Cayce, by going into some kind of astral projection, was able to uncover what we call the Fourth Dimension in some of his amazing readings.

This man will be able to get his spirit in tune with the Eternal Thought of Creation. He'll place Atlantis in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and will say that Atlanteans were able to travel by air and underwater, that they used electricity and nuclear energy, that they had knowledge of cosmic rays and that their aircraft were built on bases which defied the laws of gravity."

"Wasn't Madame Blavatsky born in Russia in 1831?" I asked. "I read that she went all over the East, mainly to India and Tibet, searching for religions that would link us to ancient wisdom and philosophies. She had much to say about Atlantis. In 1875, she founded the Theosophical Society. She was attacked by the church and ridiculed when she claimed that all her writings were inspired through telepathic dictations from her Eastern masters."

"That's nothing new in this world; they've been doing things like that for some time. You asked me how the silence group operates; this is it. Madame Blavatsky's case is the most perfect example. They ridiculed her and her followers, even planting people in her group who committed frauds, so they could throw them in jail."

"I remember reading about this sort of thing in that book they sent me from New York, *Gods and Spacemen in the Ancient West*. It also said that the Atlanteans believed the universe to be the manifestation of one Great Thought, which is well corroborated by most of the ancient religions and by some modern scientists today. I remember quite clearly that the planets in our solar system 'owed allegiance to the lords of the sun.'

One day when you and I were driving, you told me that the greatest civilizations on this planet have always catered to the sun as a source of life and religious inspirations. I guess you believe that sincerely."

"Yes, Chacho, I do believe it. And more important, I know it to be true. When you return to your usual lifestyle in a few days, you'll have the chance to seek out all this information. Usually one book or study will lead you into another. The only thing I have left to say is that all those lost civilizations; Atlantis, Lemuria, Poseidon; did exist. They're so far behind us in time that history is not able to reach them. But that doesn't mean they didn't leave any records, or at least some indication of what they were like. It's the Fourth Dimension that will help make some kind of communication link between our world today and these past civilizations.

Tomorrow morning we're going to get into what the Fourth Dimension is, and how knowledge of it will help you in your studies."

"Is the Fourth Dimension something related to astral projection and the world beyond?"

"Not exactly the world beyond, more of a scientific and advanced study of ananas and anionites as a spiritual force that can actually take you to many parts of the universe and even connect you with people and events that have occurred, and with those yet to occur. Edgar Cayce is a prime example of someone in your world who mastered these spiritual forces."

"You mean the ananas and anionites theory? God being those positive and negative signs that combined make the units of energy organizing the intimacy of the atom? Those units of energy that are the manifestation of the vibratory center of the universe, God, if you prefer, that is the same essence of our spirits?"

"I'm proud of you, Chacho."

"I remember these things. It made so much sense to

me. I can't turn my back on such enlightenment. I've also read that Edgar Cayce made a prediction that the last existing records of Atlantis were going to be found in a secret subterranean chamber, between the paws of the sphinx in Egypt."

"How would you like to take a nice astral projection trip to that secret chamber in the sphinx?"

"That would be far out! How is it that when you astral travel to places you've never seen that you can still see and sense things?"

"You're talking about the time you saw that March 15 *Time* magazine in a self trance, when you could not only see, but also feel the moisture. It's because you were able to enter the Fourth Dimension and were able to enter another physical form. You're also able to reproduce your physical form at a distance while your body sleeps comfortably somewhere else."

"That physical form isn't matter, is it?"

"No, it's merely a reflection of your body, anionites and ananas that can be seen, but not touched. There are no atoms there. A spirit is able to move freely in space and go through thick concrete walls. Spiritism and mediumism are also part of the Fourth Dimension. When we start taking trips into some secret chambers where no man on this planet has been able to go with his physical body, it'll be of great benefit to you, because you'll see some of the ancient texts and have the rare opportunity to view some of the most valuable teachings on your planet."

"Are you going to help me do this?"

"We'll project there together."

"Why do you do all these nice things for me? I've been such a pain to you."

"Well, that shows you we always practice what we teach. Now let's go to bed. Tomorrow will be a busy and informative day."

I lay awake for a while, watching Rama sleep, reviewing some of the things she'd told me. I thought about the Fourth Dimension and her saying that as soon as I understood it, most of the material not available to me now would be mine to analyze through astral projection. It was going to be difficult to share this information with anybody, though, because it would sound so fictional. I still found it difficult to believe myself. Until now, I'd been relatively silent about my enjoyable astral trips, almost certain no one would ever believe me. Then I remembered the people in whose company I would be sharing this ridicule: George Adamsky, Lobsang Rampa, Edgar Cayce, and Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Then I didn't feel so bad.

Chapter XIV

The Fourth Dimension

Rama and I were up early the next morning. It was a weekday, and there were few people around. The sun wasn't out; in fact, it looked like it might rain.

We had our breakfast and decided to take a ride to a nearby town, Jauja. On our way, we saw the site of ancient Inca caves. Rama said many groups had gone into the caves to study them, and some had never come out again. One person from a missing group who did return came out of the caves with his clothes torn, unable to speak, and completely insane. He was carrying two pieces of corn made out of pure 24 karat gold.

"These caves are said to connect with a network of roads running underneath the whole Inca Empire," Rama explained.

I remained silent as she told me this story, because I remembered that on one of my previous visits to Peru, while in the city of Cuzco, I'd been told that two young men had gone into a church in downtown Cuzco, where they found a secret entrance to a cave. They went into the caves and disappeared. When one of them finally emerged, he was foaming at the mouth and was clutching some pieces of pure gold, babbling about finding a whole underground city beneath the Andes Mountains. At that time, everyone dismissed the story and forgot about it.

"Would you like to take a look?" Rama asked.

"Well, maybe from the outside," I said.

As we approached the cave entrance, Rama told me about a book coming out, *The Gold of the Gods*, by Erich Von Daniken, that would explain how the Incas were related to the stars and life on other planets. She suggested I read it.

By this time, the sun had come out and was shining brightly. That put us in the mood for a picnic and we started looking for a pleasant spot. We chose a place on top of a hill overlooking the whole panorama of Mantaro Valley.

As we settled down we began our session. She discussed the similarities between the Incas and lamas in Tibet. Both cultures taught the concept of the Third Eye and man's connection to the stars. She reminded me that many years ago Lobsang Rampa wrote about the Third Eye and how it connects the physical body and the spirit.

"Love God and your fellow human beings, is the basic theme of all the esoteric teachings of man throughout history," she said. "Anybody with a certain amount of culture should have at least an elementary awareness of the schools we've been discussing."

"You mean the Rosicrucians, the magicians of Zarathustra, Madame Blavatsky and her Theosophical Society, the Essenes, the Tibetan lamas, the Order of Aquarius, metaphysics, and all the so-called hermetic initiates?"

"Yes, but names aren't important. Since the beginning of written history, these esoteric centers have taught the same things, many under very tight secrecy and severe discipline, and only to a chosen few."

"Why the secrecy?"

"They had to carefully screen those with whom they shared these teachings, because the knowledge of such truths meant the development of new powers and faculties that could cause tragedies and wars in the hands of the wrong people."

"You mean learning these things could be that powerful, that people who didn't have pure intentions could cause disasters?"

"Correct. Imagine the absolute control of matter, and its intimate relationship with energy going far beyond

the atom, in the hands of people deciding the destinies of the world. The kind of people who enjoy seeing other people suffer and die.

In the Fourth Dimension, we're dealing with cosmic energy, which could wipe out an entire planet faster than any of your atomic bombs. That's why these teachers chose only those few who would use their understanding of these forces for benign purposes, such as spiritual development and the knowledge of God. There's no way that a teacher of this cosmic force would call Richard Nixon and ask him to come and master the secrets of the Fourth Dimension."

"You came to me out of the clear blue sky, and invite me to be a part of this knowledge. You must have a lot of trust in me."

"A while ago, I mentioned the gold underneath the Peruvian Inca caves. You went into complete silence and started recalling different things. Whenever I have mentioned this to other people, the first thing that came to their minds was how to find a way down there so they could find the gold. I'm sharing these moments with you because I sense you're not greedy. I think by the time we've finished, you're going to be cultivating your spirit, not searching for a gold mine somewhere. That's why I'm taking the time to talk to you and turn you on to new things."

"How do you know I won't betray you?"

"I was born with extrasensory perception, what you call 'the sixth sense.' On my planet everyone is born with this Third Eye; it's part of our physiological bodies."

"Why don't we have it here on Earth?"

"You do, but it's not cultivated. The ancient Peruvians perforated an opening on their skulls in order to have contact with the psychic world. The same operation Lobsang Rampa had on his forehead."

"After you mentioned this to me earlier, I went to a

museum in Lima. I saw the trepanations on the skulls, filled with gold and silver plaques. The museum attendant told me it was some kind of brain surgery performed by Inca surgeons. After that, I read a book by Raymond Drake, which compares the Tibetan lamas and the teachings about the Third Eye. The whole thing is clicking into place."

"I'm glad we can use these few days to straighten out all that, because this is actually the beginning of your learning process."

"Rama, I want to ask you a question, and I would like a straight answer."

"You know me well enough by now to know I won't lie to you. I'm already sensing your question; go ahead."

"I can accept the idea of religion, only if it doesn't interfere with my promiscuous activities. How does Jesus feel about people who copulate for the pure pleasure of it? Can they catch the 144,000 boat? It's in the Commandments, thou shalt not do it."

"Look, if we go into the very primitive teachings on earth, the Bible, say nothing about the sex act itself being bad. As I told you before, it's the work of Satan to restrict sexual activity, to make it seem dirty, or sinful, a tool, an item of trade, to be used for political bribery, blackmail, and swindling. Then it's no longer pure or pleasurable.

I think you're asking me if Jesus would consider you evil because of your active libido. By Earth standards, people may judge you for that. But, cosmically speaking, that's nothing to be ashamed of, providing, of course, it doesn't harm your fellow human beings or go against nature while you enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. As far as you or sex being evil, you're right when you say you're a product of the society in which you live.

If two consenting people want to enjoy the physical pleasure of life because they know it'll feel good, they're

being spiritual and loving towards one another. They're being good Christians. When two people vibrate at a certain even frequency, they're mutually blessed. The more they enjoy it, climax together; one beautiful mass of energy will generate from their bodies. An energy that is peaceful and you better believe, beautiful. The God that lives inside you enjoys the gift of life. There are even some parts of the world where the sexual act is a form of prayer. It is called Tantric Yoga.

Does that answer your question?"

"Well, I have another one. Did Jesus ever . . . I mean, to the best of your knowledge . . . have such desires?"

"He was a man like any other man. Having a beautiful sexual experience with someone is not sinful. But if you've connived to get someone, say someone young and inexperienced, into bed by telling her you'll make her into a movie star, that's not good. Now you know better. Get your satisfaction in peace."

"Tell me some more about the Fourth Dimension," I said, changing the subject.

"There's no such thing as a scientific explanation for miracles and supernatural planes, other than what you and I know as the Third Force. One thing can't be denied: Miracles and supernatural powers, created by forces that go beyond your understanding, have existed and have happened. Events like the opening of the Red Sea for the Jews to escape the armies of Ramses II, and Jesus turning water into wine.

If these kinds of events happen and continue to happen without any explanation from modern science, we have to at least allow for the presence of an unusual force generating these events.

In your world today, man is about to enter the door that will take him into the secrets of what we're calling the Fourth Dimension.

Even though we don't need to use verbal language

when we communicate, it's still difficult to explain the Fourth Dimension in a world where language and meanings are structured for only three dimensions. We're talking about a plane that is completely different in its physical constitution from anything you've known up to this time. This is the spiritual plane; it's where your spirit goes when you die. Here is where you meet God as an energetic force. It's almost like being high on drugs."

"Is astral projection the same as being dead?"

"In a way, yes. It's a similar phenomena, but your physical body is still alive. There's a link between your soul and body—your silver cord.

With astral projection, you may discover new worlds and new experiences. But the plane we're referring to as the Fourth Dimension is something like a bridge between the physical five-sense world and entities composed of different kinds of matter and energy."

"I see. You're saying there are certain types of humanity existing in this dimension that have other senses and features different than we or you may have."

"Exactly. The universe is so big that even we don't know what's out there."

"That's why you're having difficulty explaining the Fourth Dimension."

"In your world, lots of people have experienced some kind of unexplainable event at one time or another. An event that involved a miracle or supernatural happening. These are manifestations of the Fourth Dimension, which can be perceived only by your spirit. The frequencies of energy present on his plane, and in the Third Force, which organizes the atom (ananas and anionites), can't be seen with the naked eye. Modern science has named this phenomena 'quarks.'

"There are people here on Earth who can perceive; they must have a sixth sense, a Third Eye."

"Right. They're able to see through walls, stone, even

the interior of the human organism. In the Fourth Dimension, you can clearly see and sense all of the matter and energy that surrounds you. On this plane there are many forms of intelligence, not only human, but also in the form of spirits. These are your spiritual guides in the universe. Or you could call them angels, patron saints. They're at a superior level because they've abandoned a human body or any link with material life.

When you astral travel now, you only take part of your consciousness to that plane of the Fourth Dimension, because you're afraid, or because there's something stronger holding you in this world. Remember when you told me that your spirit rushed back to your body when you saw the magazine with a picture of the Pope? That was a good example of it. Your reaction distorted the microfrequency, causing your body to take that little jump.

Today, we're going to try something new and even more exciting. I think your vibrations can get in tune with the Fourth Dimension. If you're not clear on the terminology, don't worry about it. This is something you have to experience rather than be lectured about."

"You said the Fourth Dimension is a plane of vibratory waves. . . ."

"Yes, the ones that rule the development of clairvoyance, and open the doors of the cosmic plane. What we're going to do now is separate our spirits from this world and these bodies, and become part of the whole mass of cosmos that fills everything in the universe."

Rama got up, walked to the edge of the hill and picked up a few stones and rocks that were lying around. She examined each one, throwing some aside, carrying others in her hands. She came over to where I sat and put the rocks down between us.

"These rocks are known as galena stones. They absorb the sound of radio waves. Here, in this part of the world,

we can catch any radio station in the world. Before we start, though, I want you to relax and concentrate. Your body is going to be like an antenna to these radio frequencies in the air now. Hold this stone in your hand, and take this other one and put it next to your head.

What's your favorite radio station?"

"I have several in many places in the world—KFAC-FM in Los Angeles, WABC-AM in New York, Radio Luxemburg, Panamericana in Lima, KRLA in Pasadena...."

"Never mind. What I wanted to know was something else. Here, shift your head towards the north a little, okay... now, don't move; just concentrate on this."

She placed my keys on top of a rock, and told me to follow the reflection of the light, just as if I were beginning my astral projection exercises. This time, however, I was to keep my eyes open and relax to the point of feeling the vibration of the stones. My body was to be the radio receiver of some radio station in the world.

I argued that this would be a physical impossibility because in Lima alone there are so many stations it was hard to get a clear reception. She told me to shut up and if I found a familiar tune, voice or melody, to follow it, just as I had followed the ray of light when I was astral traveling.

I must have been there for more than an hour, trying to relax and feel something. Rama just sat there looking through my books. Seeing that nothing was happening, she come over to me and started massaging the back of my neck and the sides of my head.

When I had astral traveled, I knew what to look for, but this was a new experience. Now I was supposed to be sensing the electromagnetic waves of radio broadcasting!

I lay there a while longer, still concentrating on the light reflections produced by my keys on the rock. Then I heard something like voices in the distance. I had a familiar sensation as my soul left my body. It was then I recognized the music: Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, full and rich.

I couldn't feel my body nor see anything, but my whole being seemed to merge with the music and become part of that vibratory wave length that surrounded me.

The clear pitch of the instruments and the sounds of the percussion were like a vehicle of ecstasy for my soul.

When the music finished, I heard the voice of a disc jockey, speaking in some Germanic language. I still had no sensation of my body or my eyes; everything was pure, all-encompassing sound.

The melodic theme began to shift, flowing into a completely different kind of music, like something you might hear in a supermarket. I began to feel as if my whole soul were stretching into infinity as it followed the impulse of the sounds. Then I was flying in space, moving at a great speed one moment, then slowing down or ascending and descending. I had no conception of time, but at some point during this process, I became aware of space and distance. I was very far away from the Earth. A big sphere was in front of me; my perception of it was that of a huge person looking at the terrestrial globe suspended in the universe. All was movement and sound. The sound waves were on an even frequency, something I'd never heard before. It reminded me of a telephone dial tone, but its evenness came out of a conglomeration of millions and millions of combined, yet independent, sounds or units of sound. The movement was also even. I could see the clouds surrounding the planet and the European continent coming into view. The sun shining upon the Mediter-

ranean Sea made Italy's boot-like shape kicking down on the island of Sicily, look different from any conception I'd ever gotten from looking at a map.

The blue part of the planet, what we know as the sky, was not blue, but greenish yellow. I could see the moon, but my vision scope was not that of having two physiological eyes; more as though sight were something all around me.

At times my perception would be pulled by a powerful amount of light, as if I were looking at the sun with my naked eye, right in the middle of the day. This light was so bright that I tried to avoid it. But I had no hands to cover my eyes with, nor any eyelids to close. As soon as the light hit me, I felt myself being pulled by its magnetic forces. I was one unit of energy in the great mass of energy producing that light; I was part of it. Merging into the light energy was like passing through a solid wall. Upon entering it, I felt everything downshift, slowing as new density emerged, heavier than the other.

As I hit this atmosphere, the music all around me became more vivid and dramatic. It was a commercial, in Spanish, extolling the virtues of one of the best known colas on this planet. The station identification told me I was tuned into some major Caribbean television station.

My awareness also shifted in the changed density. I began to see specific areas on the planet. I saw vegetation on the ground, then some high mountains. I realized I was over the Peruvian jungle, just about to come in contact with the Andes Mountains.

I slowed down even more, almost to the point of being suspended in the air. I looked west, beyond the mountains, and saw the circle of sun almost at eye level, meaning that sunset was not too far away. I wanted to get back into my body, but didn't have the command to do it. I was about to freak out, when I heard Rama's voice inside my head, saying: "Keep going straight . . . slowly.

Follow the sunset just as you follow it when you go into that self trance that precedes astral projection."

It was a great relief knowing Rama was with me. If I needed help getting back into my body, she was there. I heard her voice again, saying, "I want you to be aware that your eyes in your physical body are open, and when you get back to it, you'll be staring at the sun. Start moving your body little by little."

I don't know how long I'd been back in my body when I became aware of Rama removing the galena stones from my fingers.

It was ten minutes after four in the afternoon. We had started at about ten or eleven that morning. I was exhausted and hungry, but eager to know what had happened to me that day.

"Wow, Rama, that was some experience."

"You got a little touch of the Fourth Dimension, Chacho."

"The music was incredible. Like the universe's version of quadrophonic sound."

"Your whole being was in tune with the electromagnetic waves of the radio and television broadcastings."

"I went around the earth several times."

"You were tuned in to the weather satellites, with the magnetic waves out in space. Your consciousness was perceiving the same thing as the television cameras inside those satellites.

"It was the same principle in operation as when you saw the magazine at the office."

"I felt like I was out there."

"You were out there. While I stayed here with your physical body the whole day, watching over you. Wasn't that good of me?"

"Thanks, Rama. You keep handing me the most beautiful experiences of my life."

"This is only the beginning. Just a little taste. It's every bit as easy as astral traveling, and far better when you do it with your eyes open as you did today."

"Why is it better?"

"Because your scope of perception expands through the added dimension of sight and can catch more of the cosmic forces. You're more aware of light, which means your spirit has more attractational forces working on it. That enables it to travel freely in the cosmos."

"I don't understand it, but it was a fabulous experience. That must be what is meant by a "natural high."

"Tomorrow, I'll have another little gift for you. And this one you're going to like even more because you will get in touch with other intelligences through the common ground of the Fourth Dimension."

"I don't know if I'm ready for that kind of experience. Don't forget, I'm still at an experimental point."

"Oh, come on, Chacho, you're such a spoiled baby! Of course you're ready. Perhaps not tomorrow or the day after, but with the proper drilling and practice, you'll be able to travel to lots of places within the universe."

"Rama, I'm getting hungry and there's a phone call I have to make to my people in Lima. I want to find out what they've decided as far as my returning to the United States. Would you mind very much driving to Huancayo with me so I can place the call?"

"Not at all; let's go."

We arrived in Huancayo a little past six, and had supper at the *Restaurante Olimpico*. Afterwards we drove to the phone company to call Lima. I thought it was somewhat ironic, having found the secret of astral projection and tuning into the electromagnetic waves of radio and television broadcasting, that I still had to use a telephone to get information about my flight from a computer's memory banks, when in theory, I could obtain it by tuning into the computer.

By 7:30 that evening I had been informed that I was booked on Air Panama Flight number 102, leaving Lima at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, September 29, arriving in Miami, Florida, at 4:30 that same afternoon. The end of the message said, "Be certain you are on that flight since your people in Miami are leaving town on Monday."

I was a little sad to receive this news, because I knew it was goodbye time with Rama. I had grown to love this space lady as I never believed I could.

She was waiting in the car for me when I returned. As soon as I got into the car, she said, "I think it's best you return to the United States on Sunday."

"I guess that means you already know I must be in Miami on Sunday at the latest. I have a meeting with my Peruvian partners."

"Chacho, on October third some event will happen here. I don't think it's going to be too pleasant."

"Uh oh, I know what is going to happen again! I read in the paper the other day that Presidente Juan Velasco Alvarado is going to have the people come out into the streets. October third is the anniversary date of his revolution, and of his taking office as the president of the military junta of Peru.

I bet there will be disturbances, like newspapers being burned and people fighting in the streets. You're right; I think I better split the scene before somebody changes his mind and calls to tell me to 'stay and cover this one.'"

Rama said she would be going to the southern part of Peru with some of her brothers. "We'll be conducting some mining and geological studies."

We were both silent on the drive back to Acaya. I didn't know what to say to her. One thing still bothered me. I had never been able to see Rama's flying saucers at close range, and this might be my last opportunity.

At the present time, I had no incentive to return to the United States. During my absence, sometime around the

middle of July, the friend I had been living with in Beverly Hills had married someone else.

Rama, sensing my feelings as usual, said, "What's the matter, big international playboy? You look so forlorn."

"I don't know," I said, "It's just that I've gotten used to these sessions with you, and now that we've finished everything in the outline, I guess it's time to say goodbye. That always puts me in this type of mood. I'm sorry if I'm rotten company, Rama, but I wish I didn't have to go back so soon."

"Would you like to return soon?"

"That would be super, but I don't think I'll be able to. I don't mean to be negative, but life is very disappointing at times. I came to Peru this time to play my last card; this was going to be it. Had I succeeded, I could have been a hero. But as you've seen, every effort I've made to deal with the Peruvian government has turned to disaster.

Since I've been astral traveling, I've become convinced that one organization is behind this whole number. They're big and powerful and I really can't do anything to influence the situation one way or another. Nor do I have the tools to fight them. I think it is this company that is causing most of the problems in the world, not only in Peru, but in many other nations as well.

My mother's words are coming back to me. She often said that life on this planet is controlled at one large conference table. Since I've been taking my spirit out of my body it has become clear to me that she was right. I can feel the consequences of the manipulation exercised by this company."

"That's what happens to you for working for the beast."

"The beast?" I sputtered, shocked by her words.

"Yes, you've been working for the beast."

"I don't understand."

"You're working for people who have no scruples.

They don't care whose throats they have to cut in order to accomplish their mission."

"You should understand that business is business."

"I don't see any way I'm going to get through to you on this subject, so why don't we just drop it. Tell me, what are your plans for the next two years?"

"Well, I'm returning to the United States to attend to my personal business. I know that as soon as I set foot in Los Angeles I'm going to be arrested for not keeping my July 15 court appearance. As far as work is concerned, I imagine there'll be a motion picture being filmed somewhere. I'll find work. If nothing's happening in Hollywood, I can always go with some European production, as I have in the past.

"In the meantime, I'll start researching all the material for the book, to get me to the point of making credible the things you told me here, along with my own experiences. If I find it making sense, I'll start writing that book. But at this moment, the whole idea still seems far-fetched. I'll need further verification before I embark on such an ambitious chore."

"Chacho, you promised you would do it."

"And I will, if my research checks out. I'm one hundred percent sure you're not faking, but my research must corroborate this conviction."

"I know your financial status is tenuous, but that's not a valid reason for not taking these two years off and financing them yourself. There will be odd jobs along the way that will help you along while you're taking the time to do this for us."

"Look, I'd like to do it, but I'm sick and tired of putting money and effort into something that won't support my way of life. You have to realize that this is because of the many disappointments I've experienced over the past few years. I don't count on anything unless I can see it in my hands—in the form of a contract or a signed check."

"Your negative attitude is understandable. You need clarity of thought to accomplish what you set your mind to do. Let me give you an example: You want to have a motion picture released here in Peru. You build up your hopes, and you're gung ho on the idea for a while. Then something happens and boom the whole thing fails. You're left with nothing. What you're telling me is that in order for you not to suffer, you must have a successful project. I sincerely hope your project is a success, but there's one hidden thing that tells you that it's not going to work out well in the end. So in order not to be crushed by disappointment, you say, 'I knew it wasn't going to work anyway.' Now let me tell you, Chacho, this is definitely the wrong attitude to take. Remember when we talked about prayer?"

"What about it?"

"We used an analogy about a penthouse in Rome. . . ."

"You said that when we pray we must make clear mental images of the things we would like to do or be doing."

"Let's give that a more practical use. Don't tell me your wish; instead, make some mental images of the sort of thing you'd like to have as far as writing this book. Something that would make you happy and wouldn't harm others in any way."

I started thinking I'd like to go back to the United States, finish my Peruvian business, and have plenty of time to research all the things I'd learned with Rama.

Rama said, "In order to accomplish what you've just thought, you have to have some shape and form to your thoughts. Talk is cheap. It's something like picturing yourself in a realistic situation with people you're going to be dealing with—the set up; whether it's an office, a library, a movie studio, in what city, the kind of clothes you'll be wearing, if it's cold or warm out. In other

words, there has to be movement, shape and color to your mental images; they must be alive in your mind.

When you do this, you'll be projecting ananas and anionites into space, into the Fourth Dimension. At some given point, a benign frequency will pick up your vibrations and spray them with that magic spray we call the Thought Materializer."

"You make it sound so easy, but it seems to me you don't really know how bad it is out there in that world of mine. There's very little room for spiritualism in the major cities of this planet."

"I never said it was easy to make your dreams come true. It takes a great deal of effort.

According to all the ancient religions, material things aren't important because you can't take those things with you to the next plane in life. Only the wisdom and understanding you gain in life, that leads to eternal life, matters.

Let's picture you driving on the Pennsylvania Turnpike at 95 miles per hour. You go off the road and are killed. What would happen to all the possessions that you have?"

"I guess if there were no one to claim them, they'd go to the Internal Revenue Service."

"If you really want to cultivate your spirit, you must abandon all the material things that have no spiritual meaning or value for you. When we spoke about your writing this little book of ours, you weren't ready to think seriously about cultivating your spirit. But I think you've now evolved to the point of being able to understand, especially now that you're gaining more knowledge and practicing your spiritual activities."

"What do you mean by 'practicing my spiritual activities'?"

"Astral projection is, in itself, a preparation for death.

What went on today, the leaving of your body, was an exact replica of the experience of death. You had no physical body to feel the actual process of death. You had no conception of time or space. Your spirit left the body at an even frequency. If you'd died, you would have passed to the spiritual plane without suffering. Six months ago, had you been hit by a truck in New York and been killed, your spirit would be wandering all over the place, scattered. If by some chance you could have collected one hundred percent of your ananas and anionites, they would have rushed to a body that was being eaten by worms. Your physical structure would be alive again, but a monstrous thing. So you die again and go through that all over again. It might have taken your soul from 400 to 1,000 years to finally accept that it no longer had a physical body. That's hell, if we want to accept the idea of punishment for the spirit.

Christ says, 'Take care of your clothes, wash them and be prepared.' This symbolizes the preparation of the soul to pass to another plane of existence."

"Is that what it means in Revelation 16:15 when it says, 'Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments lest he walk naked, and they see his shame'?"

"That is telling you that the only thing humanity should really be concerned with is the cultivation of their spirits, because that's the only way they're going to find true eternal life."

"Rama, I'd like to continue my spiritual practices, even if it means giving up my apartment in Beverly Hills and all the nice things in life. But I have a feeling that as soon as I get back to my old ways I'll forget about these experiences and it'll be just one of those things we talk about at parties or the local pub. Something to have a big laugh about. I just don't think there's any room for spiritualism in this world nowadays."

"That's what usually happens. But I think you'll see there is more to life than just survival and acquiring material things. When I mentioned sacrifice, I didn't mean you should abandon everything and become a guru or hermit. You can still live in this world of yours and continue practicing the teaching of Christ."

"I think I'm going to start making some mental images of what I would like to be doing in the next few months."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to start praying that I will return to Peru so we can have more sessions like the ones we've been having."

"Tell me what you would do as an initial step for your dreams to come true."

"I'll picture talking to my people in New York about coming back to Peru, in spite of the political situation this country is facing at the moment. I'll talk to the people who are responsible for not having my picture released here, and make another effort to have it shown in Peru. I'll make my images clear, with shapes, color, and movement. I'll act in good faith and keep all my activities on a professional level, so I don't hurt anyone."

"Sounds good, Chacho."

"If it works, you have my assurance, Rama, that I'll do everything within my power to have this book of yours published, no matter what."

"Would you give up your sports car and apartment?"

"If everything works out as you said it would, yes, I will."

"Even if people call you crazy, make fun of you, and ridicule you in public for having written such things?"

"I think the things you and I have spoken about are well worth sharing with my fellow human beings, at least those like myself who are willing to do a little work to find out the truth for themselves."

"If you proceed with a clear mind and a healthy

attitude, I give my outer space word that your dreams and wishes will come true. Remember this: When you get to the point of actually believing that what occurred a few months before was at one time nothing but a dream, then you can openly say it is the answer to a prayer. But you have to be sincere with yourself before you can be sincere with anyone else."

"Rama, it shall be done. I don't have any commitments at the moment. I'll take the challenge of putting aside two years of my life to do this little project."

"Let me warn you again that it's not going to be easy. You'll encounter many problems, tribulations and tests. There'll be times when you'll be tempted to forget the whole thing. When that happens I very humbly ask you to think of me, because I'll be with you in spirit, giving you all the support you need to accomplish this task. There'll be times when you'll feel depressed and be tempted by evil forces to take a meaningless job instead of wasting your precious time on something as flimsy and meaningless as writing some stupid book about UFOs."

Are these things really in my future, or are they just examples of what might happen?"

"I'm using my Fourth Dimensional powers to see what is lying down the road for you. I sense your sincerity. I know you want to accept this challenge, but at the same time, I also know you are a strong, inquisitive character who can do the job. If you want to send out a couple of vibrations as a prayer to be answered, you know the rules."

By the time we'd finished this conversation, we were already at the medicinal waters. Since we were both tired, we decided to go to bed as soon as we got out of the pool.

The next morning, Thursday, September 26, 1974, I woke up very early. Rama had already left. I couldn't go

back to sleep, so I got up and went to the bathhouse. Rama was just going into the water. It was still dark outside; we could hardly see one another in the room.

Rama suggested it would be a great experience to take a little trip this early in the morning, before my spirit absorbed the kind of magnetic charges that would prevent me from seeing or hearing other spirits out in the cosmos, outside the atmosphere of our planet.

In preparation for this early hour astral travel, she began explaining its connection between the spiritual activity known as dreaming.

"Astral projection is one of the easiest faculties a person can develop," she said. "Each night, every person gets a manifestation of this during the common dream, when the person's soul leaves the body and just wanders around in space. This is such an everyday experience that people think nothing of doing it. But when it happens in a controlled manner, we call it astral travel."

This morning we were going to repeat the same trip we took the day before, but my body was going to be free of any magnets or magnetic stones that would orient the waves of my spirit's energy. Before I took off my clothes, Rama suggested that I go to the car and bring in my cassette recorder so we could record any sounds that came out of my mouth.

When I returned with the recorder, I set it on the bench and jumped into the water. The carbonation and warmth accentuated my sleepyness as I tried to concentrate.

"Don't go to sleep on me, now," Rama said. "You have to be fully awake and conscious so you can tell me what you see and hear."

"I can't; I have this heavy impulse to close my eyes."

"Maybe you need an object to train your eyes on to keep them open."

Rama placed the microphone of the recorder, which

was metallic and round at the base, directly in front of me. I started concentrating on the shiny object until it seemed as if it were a great sphere about four times my height in diameter. Meanwhile, Rama was making sure I didn't close my eyes. At first, I heard voices without fully understanding what they were saying. Then a very clear voice began speaking to me. I understood the voice, but I couldn't get any meaning out of the words. Rama told me the voice I was hearing was one spirit in the universe that was going to be my guide for the day. I didn't see anybody in spiritual form near me, but I could clearly hear the voice. I must have said something to answer the spiritual guide.

"I don't know, but I feel I'm very far away from my body."

"Yes," the voice said, "you're many thousands of miles away from the earth. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid of what? I've done this sort of thing many times."

Rama asked me if I knew or if I could see who was guiding me.

"No, I don't see anybody."

"You will see him very soon."

"I can hear his voice, he's asking me if I remember ever knowing anything about St. Jude, the patron saint of the impossibles."

"Why don't you answer him?"

"My spiritual guide says the spirits in the cosmos are constantly at work. He says it's necessary to ease me into the situation, because I'm about to enter the atmosphere of another planet. Soon I'll arrive at my destination, then I'll start saying some very important things."

I didn't feel any movement as I had the day before when I was out in space; it simply felt as though I were inside a dark place where there was no entrance or exit. I couldn't hear or see anything.

Finally, I could hear my guide saying that we were in

our way to the planet Mars where we would find some cosmic archives.

For a few moments there was dead silence in which I could only hear the recording going and what sounded like a train passing by. There were no voices, and I was about to say something when I felt some force take possession of my body and spirit. Even though I was out in space, I was also aware of what was happening to my physical body.

The silence lasted about five minutes, maybe more. I began shaking my head. Rama said later that she began to get worried at this point, but she didn't say anything because I started talking then.

"I'm getting out of the darkness; I can still see this great white disc, but now it's so huge inside that there's something that really excites me. I can see a world coming towards me at great speed. Is that the Earth?"

"No," answered my guide, "it's the planet Mars."

"Why did I feel this terrible impact?"

"This is to be expected when you enter the attractational forces of any celestial body in space."

"I've had this sensation a couple of times before, but not quite as abruptly as it was just now. It seemed as if my whole physical body was doing the astral traveling. . . . Wow, this is so real that I know when I come back into my body I'll have one hundred percent recollection of this whole trip. I can even use my hands and mouth."

While I was saying this I was still touching the sphere, the microphone, feeling the chrome metal part of it.

"I saw a light blue planet coming at great speed and in a few moments I felt I wouldn't be able to fit inside this white disc."

"Don't worry," my spiritual guide said. "we're already inside the atmosphere of this world."

"Ah, this is a pleasant sensation. I feel happy. It seems to me that we're about to touch the surface."

"Yes, we're already on firm ground."

It was like a garden. I could see a few people at a distance. My guide was pleasant looking; I was getting good vibrations from him, and there seemed to be a pale light glowing all around him. He came close to me and put his hand on my shoulder, but it was difficult to understand what he was saying. He seemed to be having a good time, but his laughter was caused by something mutually funny because we both laughed. Strangely enough, though, I didn't know why I was amused.

Rama spoke to me then, saying it would be wise for me to practice this form of astral projection because after a while the images wouldn't be as blurry as they were this time.

"Rama, I can hear what you're telling me, but I can get all the benefits of sensing what's going on around me as if I had my body with me. I felt the man's hand on my shoulder. I feel the temperature and the breeze on my face. It seems colder than our temperature on Earth. I am walking in front of a fountain with some kind of water spring in a garden-like place."

"What else is around you?" Rama asked.

"I'm glad you asked, because I've just become aware that there are other spirits nearby. I don't know what they're doing, but they seem a bit curious about my presence. This place is great, peaceful and inspiring. It's inviting me to think.

Wow! I don't think these spirits like being called curious too much. My guide says these are spirits that come from all parts of the universe and that they always accompany him. He says those spirits are also in training."

"Can you still see the great disc?"

"Yes. It has changed. It's gigantic. I'm getting the perception of these mental images and spirits inside the sphere now."

Rama told me that if I wanted to ask my guide

anything, this would be an opportunity to learn about the cosmic laws associated with astral travel. Nothing came to my mind; it was clouded with confusion and surprise. The trip was so new and exciting that I couldn't think straight.

Finally, I asked my guide, "How are the angels?"

"Generally the angels are spirits in the universe, but there's no such thing as beings with wings attached to their backs. What happens in your world is that the word and meaning of angel has degenerated. I take it you are a language expert on earth?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"Do you know the etymology of such a word?"

"I think it comes from the Greek word 'agoelas,' meaning 'messenger.'"

"That's what the angels of your holy scriptures were. Regardless of how much they have evolved in their cosmic progress, I want you to know that in your world they have been present ever since the beginning, cultivating your planet with spiritual teachings."

"And what about my friend Rama? She claims she is from another world other than the earth."

"She's a space traveler, but she's also a very old spirit that has been making many types of announcements to your world. Her real name is Ramatis."

"Ramatis? Is Ramatis a spirit or an incarnation?"

"The spirit of Ramatis lives in the body of the little girl who is now next to you on the earth."

"Then her spirit and physical body are now on earth?"

"Yes," he said. "When Ramatis goes to other worlds and her physical body is on a certain planet, what you see are her ananas and anionites reflected at a distance, not a real physical body. You see lots of spirits here, but they are nothing but energy; there are no atoms in us."

"What about you sir, do you have a physical body waiting for you somewhere right now?"

"No, I do not. I can incarnate only for a limited amount of time, and send messages anywhere in the universe. When I am seen by someone, it's usually in the form of a spirit or a ghost, if you prefer to call it that. In the early days of your world, these angels were given a mythological personality. Some were giants, and some took a human form and visited the earth to teach the cosmic facts about God and creation. You must also be aware that two kinds of angels exist, some good and some bad. Those in your world are better known as devils or demons.

When these spirits leave a physical body, they go into the cosmos. But if they haven't acted according to the teachings of the Eternal God of Creation, they're restored in their structure and sent back to the world to re-learn. Your spirit has lived many times before, but you can't remember all your previous incarnations because that's a defense mechanism the spirit has. It chose to forget in order not to spoil any future plans. But if it is necessary, it can remember when it reaches maturity. You must understand that it would be very tedious, and no help of any kind, if a spirit would be constantly remembering that in one incarnation it killed its mother or perhaps its brother or in some other life it was killed by someone. The suffering a spirit undergoes is a way to purge itself of its wrong doings. Some religions in your world call this process 'karma.'

Certain spirits incarnate constantly with the mission of learning to control their criminal instincts and to create a universal fraternity, to study and make progress. The ones who accomplish their mission get an A and continue on to another plane. The ones who don't, get an F and they have to start all over again."

As soon as my guide in the cosmos had finished telling me this, I heard Rama's voice again.

"Chacho, are those the words that were said to you?"

"No, but I'm doing my best to say it the way those thoughts came to me from my guide. There's certainly a new kind of language in my head at this moment."

"What do you think of the contents of what was being put into your head?"

"The only thing I can say is that if we take a few moments to analyze the situation, we would see that things are so bad in my world that it's certainly possible that a great part of the human race is going to get a massive F, and when they die they'll have to start all over again, spiritually, that is."

"Don't worry about the people who won't believe you, because as you can see there's only a minority group of souls who are going to be getting an A and move on to other planes in the cosmos."

Before I had a chance to ask any more questions, my spiritual guide finished the visit by saying that the purpose of it was mainly to show me how some spirits are, prior to being reincarnated on earth or any other planet. His final words were to the effect that there is not a single spirit incarnated on the world who cannot benefit from these teachings. He said whoever wants to expand his or her knowledge must think of their human bodies as nothing more than a temple where a spirit can be cultivated. The first step in that cultivation, he said, is astral projection.

Returning to my body wasn't as confusing as it was getting out of it. I could see the light blue disc that was Mars getting smaller and smaller. I don't even remember taking off, or at what point my guide left me. I could see him, but I couldn't see the other spirits who were following him.

Then I saw the earth and felt excited; I couldn't wait to see Rama. It was getting bigger, then all of a sudden, I could feel the density of its atmosphere. It was heavy and thick; I could smell the contamination of the atmos-

phere, it almost stunk. A few seconds later, I was aware of Rama holding me. There was plenty of light in the room now. Rama was grinning with satisfaction.

The first thing I did was to rewind the tape recorder. It was already past the middle of the second side of the cassette. We both got out of the water. It was a little past ten in the morning. I was starving, because the longer one stays in the water, the hungrier one gets. As we started to walk up the hill to go to the dining room, Rama told me she was very pleased with my performance and that there was no reason why I couldn't write about these experiences and share the promise of eternal life.

Later that day, after Rama and I finished the session, she told me that at the beginning I was rubbing the microphone with my fingers. Rama put a pencil in my right hand and I wrote on a piece of paper, "I will remember what I see and hear."

She said that during the trip my face had not looked normal, that my facial expression had been distorted and my eyes lost their shine. When I spoke, my movements had been those of a robot, as if all the actions in my physical body were being maneuvered only by the speck of energy coming to my body through my silver cord.

After breakfast we both took a ride on the patrol bike, and spent most of the day making a recompilation of all the things I'd learned ever since the day we met each other.

By the time we were back in Acaya it was dusk. We hid the motorcycle in the back of the hotel and walked to the river where we sat near the open swimming pool and waited for complete darkness. Rama said that the sky was going to be our movie screen. She was going to put on a show for me so I could understand visually what she was telling me all day about the balance of the universe. While we waited for complete darkness, she told me that at one time we thought the world was flat, then we thought we were the center of the universe, until

Galileo Galilei in 1551 discovered that we were only one speck in a vast universe and that it was the Earth that rotated around the sun.

When it was completely dark, Rama said, "Did you know that our solar system and many others like it, go around and around, and that the center of the rotation is the star Alcyone in the Pleiades?"

"No, I didn't know that, but now that you mention it, I do seem to remember something about it."

"Let's see it."

The pitch black of night was like a gigantic blackboard. I stared at the sky until I got to the point of actually seeing the Pleiades and how the Alcyone star was the center of gravity for many solar systems, including our own. It was like seeing a movie on a screen. I wanted to reason why and how it was happening, but Rama motioned to skip the trivia and to concentrate on what I was seeing.

As she pointed at the stars in heaven, I could see nothing around me except the white lines and circles that brought out the shape of a constellation. The same feeling you get at the planetarium in London or Washington or Disneyland. I could see the stars and dotted circles that Rama was drawing as she spoke; the illustrations were very clear and actually moved.

In about two hours I had a complete view of our solar system in relation to the universe; how a system is born, destroyed, and how it goes through evolutionary changes. I saw how certain forces that can in fact, upset the balance of the universe. I was aware of sound out in space, sounds that would not be recorded until 1976 by some twenty-seven stations built somewhere in the world.

I saw a planet that existed somewhere between Jupiter and Mars disintegrated into cosmic dust. Rama told me that if I wanted to, I could call this experience astral projection.

No doubt about it, it was a fantastic trip, fraught with solid, valid astronomical information that has passed the most skeptical checking by this author in these past few years.

Since this was our last evening together, we went to a little goodbye party. A few people were having a family reunion and we had been invited. Seeing Rama's interaction with those people gave me a warm and comfortable feeling. She was simple and sweet. We ate, sang, and danced until it was time to retire for the night.

The next morning, Friday, I got up early to get my things together. I was returning to Lima that day. About an hour later, Rama met me for a swim and we had breakfast together.

I asked Rama all kinds of questions about the book I was to write. As always, her answers were sincere and full of common sense.

"Rama," I said, "let's imagine that you people are ready to take your 144,000 people. Give me some idea how you would accomplish such a thing."

"First of all, those 144,000 people would already understand the rules. They would know what is required to get a one way ticket on that boat."

"Would they all go in one trip?"

"No, out of necessity it would be a gradual thing. A few thousand at a time. But your planet is in such turmoil right now that no one knows what might happen next. If we had to, we could arrange to have everyone together in no time."

"But how?"

"We have many ways. Bear in mind that we're not alone. There are angels from Venus, Neptune, Gany-mede and many other places working on this. This is a joint effort to save your humanity and to come back and populate the earth for the next 6,000 years after the 17th of September, 2001.

It would be something like the angels coming to Lot

before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Noah being instructed to build his ark. . . ."

"Yes, that I understand. But how can we make this fit in with the second half of the twentieth century?"

"There are people in your world who can gather large audiences. Your great rock and roll groups, for instance. A live concert of the Beatles could draw fifty to seventy thousand people without any problems, right? There is a man in Boston who can give a concert that could attract a crowd of a hundred and fifty thousand."

"Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops. Yes, a single concert of his attracts a lot of people."

"Take the Rose Bowl, the British rock groups. . . ."

"What would happen at one of these events?"

"After the high-draw personality or group had performed, someone would announce that so and so is going to be appearing the following month. Maybe along with that person, someone popular would also be appearing."

Let me ask you, if someone had come to tell you six months ago that Christ would be speaking at Madison Square Garden, would you have gone?"

"No."

"You see, you could have missed the boat."

"What sort of preparation do we need to understand when the time has come?"

"You know the rules: knowledge of God, helping and loving one another, faith to understand."

"You have to accept that Christ is the Master Mind of the details of '144-Earth Rescue.' There will be no pattern. Remember what the scripture said about the Lord moving in mysterious ways. You just read where it said he may come as a thief. When you accept this, then you love your fellow human beings out of conviction, because you know there was someone great willing to die just to prove the point."

"What point was that?"

"In order to enter the kingdom of eternal life you have to be born again. In the Bible it says that these 144,000 will know and understand a tune, a melody; it says a song in Revelation 14:3. Could this be something a lot of people turn on to, like a new fad, a new kind of music, a new belief?"

"Like what?"

"To know Christ is to practice his teachings."

"What happens if you die before the 144,000 boat leaves?"

"If you have Christ with you already, then your spirit will vibrate evenly. You can die anytime and you don't suffer one bit because you're prepared to take your ananas and anionites into the next plane, the Fourth Dimension.

If a bomb were to explode here now, all we would have to do is channel our spirits to other dimensions. This time, however, our soul would not have any connections with our bodies. When the silver cord breaks, we'll be able to remember all our past incarnations.

You and many like you are going to have this built-in frequency of being in tune with the 'gods.' You may pick up thoughts of eternal cosmic revelations. The same kind Daniel, St. John, Ezekiel, Moses and others had when they were guided by angels in their visions and prophecies. This is a similar phenomena; you're talking to an 'angel,' just as Ezekiel or Daniel were."

"That doesn't make me a prophet, though."

"But these happenings repeat themselves. The gods of Ezekiel gave him a scroll to eat and fill his bowels, telling him to go and talk to the people of Israel, Ezekiel 3:1-3."

"I remember reading his experiences; it reminded me of something like kissing the Blarney Stone."

"In the days of Ezekiel, your account of what's happening here could have made it to the Bible. Of course, we're not adding to or subtracting from what the Bible says. We're using it as an academic and scientific

guide. As far as giving you a scroll to eat, I won't do that, but I will give you this."

She placed a metal band around my left wrist. I couldn't tell what kind of metal it was, but it looked like the POW bands people had worn during the Vietnam war.

As she adjusted it, she said, "This is plain stainless steel. No one would want to steal it from you. You can get these at any store for sixty-five cents. This one has a special electromagnetic charge that is tuned into your personal vibrations."

"Am I supposed to feel anything, experience changes?"

"You may have a skin rash for a few days while the radiation is absorbed. You've seen the copper bracelets people wear for health reasons?"

"Uhuh."

"There are also a couple of my vibrations in there. Many times you will hear me think. Since this is steel, it will keep away evil forces."

"What do you mean?"

"Evil forces are also third energy, and are potentially very powerful. Witchcraft, voodoo, jinxes, curses, vampires, all these can be repelled by steel."

"I was going to give you a steel cross, but was afraid you'd hit me and call me a Jesus freak."

"You know I'm polite. Anyway, getting back to this big event you might stage. Does that mean the 144,000 are going to be waiting already for some kind of special event? Among themselves, they'll be saying, 'Hey, on such and such a day we'll meet at such and such a place.'"

"That's right; it's like having a date...."

"A date with the gods... hey, not a bad title for a book!"

"Wear this bracelet night and day, and we already have a date. It won't bother you. You can swim with it on, sleep, make love, do whatever you have to. It'll stay the same."

"So we have a date, huh! When?"

"It's entirely up to you."

We got up then and paid our restaurant bill. Rama walked me to the car. We said goodby with the assurance that we would see each other again.

I drove back to Lima on a beautiful clear day. As I passed the UFO contact sign in Ticlio, I saw a flying disc hovering over me, traveling at the same speed as my rented VW. Under it was a patrol motorcycle, hanging from two cables. I blew a kiss to it, and said, "So long, Ramatis."

Next day, Saturday, September 28, I spent with friends, taking care of some last minute shopping, packing and getting ready to leave Peru.

The atmosphere was tense, as preparations for the October third celebration got underway. I was very happy to be leaving Peru.

At seven o'clock Sunday morning I took off on Air Panama, flight number 102 to Miami, Florida.

I sat next to Raul Lefcovich, an old Latin American motion picture supervisor, who was headquartered in Mexico City. He was going from Lima to Panama. While in flight we considered the possibilities of coming back to Peru together to release certain flicks. We made tentative plans to meet either in New York or Mexico City in the coming months.

After he got off in Panama, I started thinking about what Rama said would happen if I made my images with shape, color and movement. My chances of getting the thought to materialize were good if I continued doing this, acting in good faith, and taking the initial steps to accomplish my goal. This could be a good time to start.

Upon arriving in Miami I met with my business partners. They took me to a hotel in Miami Beach. Early the next day, we went to the Miami quarantine station to take some horses to a ranch near Fort Lauderdale.

I rented a car at Dania Airport, and hit every existing library in the area, looking for some proof to corroborate my incredible experiences in the Andes Mountains. During the day, for a week, I read all kinds of books on UFOs. Mostly scientific reports. The more I read and discussed the subject with people during that first week in the United States, the more convinced I became that there is only a very small segment of the population that doesn't believe UFOs exist. This was encouragement to write the book.

After I saw Rama's vimana hovering over me the day I left Peru, and one week's investigations on UFOs, I didn't waste any more time inquiring about aerospace phenomena. I was convinced that they did exist and decided that Rama was probably legitimate.

On Thursday, October third, about mid-morning, while horse back riding, I saw one of the Peruvian horse trainers waving and calling to me, excitedly. He told me that he'd just heard on the radio that Peru was hit by a severe earthquake. He added, jokingly, that the president of Peru promised to have the people out on the streets to cheer him, but not quite that early in the morning! I thanked him for the news and sat there on my horse, perplexed. Rama knew it. She'd said she was going to conduct geological studies in the southern part of Peru. Later I learned that the epicenter of the earthquake was in the southern part of Peru.

With all that, the only thing I could do was continue with my research. No doubt this girl, whoever she was, knew something I didn't, and yet she was very willing to share that knowledge.

In mid October, we headed for Swanton, Ohio, where a Peruvian Horse Sale was scheduled toward the end of that month. That gave me a couple of weeks to start the second phase of my research to find historical and scientific evidence as to the teachings Rama had given me.

The place in Ohio was a Peruvian horse-ranch. I'd met the owner in June before going to Peru. Roy was also an oil perforation man, who enjoyed life, and who seemed like a very nice chap.

In the next few days we got to be very close. We spent hours and hours talking. He was the first one I spoke to about my experience in the Andes Mountains. He seemed to listen, made intelligent comments and asked relevant questions. Many evenings we stayed up until two or three in the morning, talking.

I got to meet many of his friends, and family. In less than a month, I had managed to read everyone's palm. Everyone was impressed with my accuracy, and how I was able to do it. According to Rama, I had learned to vibrate with the people I came in contact with; I could feel their emotions, their troubles, their fears, as soon as I touched their hands. It was lots of fun.

During my stay in Ohio, Roy expressed a sincere desire to go to Peru. He wanted to purchase some Peruvian horses. I told him that if I could be of any help, I was available right then. By the time I left Ohio, I had not only gleaned a great deal of information about God as a Third Force but also about a potential deal in the works that might be an answer to my prayer to go back to Peru and see Rama again.

I was reluctant to go back to Beverly Hills, knowing I might be arrested, but decided to go anyway. I tried calling a few friends, but my telephone had been disconnected, my mail had accumulated all over my desk, five months of it. Lots of bills and notes from my creditors.

Later that evening, I went to a friend's house, not too far from there. He gave me the phone number of my old gal friend who had gotten sick and tired of waiting for me and had gotten married while I was in Peru. When I called her, she told me that she was leaving her husband

and that I should meet her at the corner of Ventura Boulevard and Coldwater Canyon in about an hour.

She had left her husband, so we decided to move in together. We found a place in Malibu. In the following weeks, we spent hours and hours, talking, working, researching, and investigating my experiences with Rama.

I made a couple of business trips to New York and Chicago during the month of November. I also made one stop in Ohio to get more details on the Peruvian horse buy in Peru. That seemed to be coming together. I started some correspondence going back and forth to Peru.

At the same time, whenever in any city, I would hit the libraries in search of more proof of the things Rama had told me.

So far, everything was checking out. I was reading all kinds of books, mostly on esoterics and metaphysics. I even went as far as checking out Greek mythology. I got most of my information about the private life of Christ at the New York library. I screened the print of "Jesus Christ Superstar" a couple of times and also discovered that the history of the Roman Empire could throw some new light on the psychology and thinking of the times of Jesus, in regard to his teachings, and the prevailing political mood.

Riding back to Los Angeles, I read the book of the Pyramid prophecies. Rama was right. Every significant date for mankind is written in that ancient stone monolith.

By November 25, 1974, I had managed to make two appointments that could possibly take me to Peru in the coming months. While in New York, my people told me that going back to Peru was okay with them, but I would have to talk to some of the studio people in Hollywood, then perhaps attend another meeting in Mexico before I

could be sent to Lima. I took care of the arrangements by way of several conferences at Twentieth Century Fox, metro Goldwyn Mayer and Warner Brothers. It was set; I was to go to Mexico during the second week of December.

As far as Roy was concerned, on December 5th I was to meet him in San Francisco to take care of the last details on the Peruvian horse buy; details that would determine whether or not it was going to take place. That gave me almost a week to continue with my research and studies.

The next few days were spent at the U.C.L.A. Parapsychology Department, trying to learn about spirits, incarnation, reincarnation and astronomy. I found that everything Rama told me was very true, and absolutely did not conflict with science or religion.

By this time, my friend, Lynn, and I had set up housekeeping in Sherman Oaks in the San Fernando Valley and I was prepared to begin writing.

Chapter XV Chacho the Author

I spent the first days of December, 1974, in San Jose, California, studying in some of the Rosicrucian libraries.

The Rosicrucians make no secrets of their knowledge and are willing to share it with anyone who cares to take the time to cultivate his or her spirit. Among the many books I found is one called *The Mastery of Life*, which can be obtained simply by dropping them a card with one's name and address.

I was impressed with the Rosicrucian's knowledge of spirit, scientific values, instructions for the use of hidden powers, and their link to Egypt.

I found many similarities between Rama's teachings and Rosicrucian theories, which described in plain, simple language the relationship of the soul to the astral planes, spiritual guides, guardian angels, and intuition—the "something tells me" consciousness. These phenomena, according to the Rosicrucians, are electromagnetic microfrequencies which tune a person in with the Fourth Dimension.

On December 5th, after finishing my work in the San Jose libraries, I drove to San Francisco. I was supposed to pick up Roy at the airport on Friday by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

It was a pleasure to see Roy again. Especially since he brought news that increased my chances of returning to Peru to an even 85 percent.

We spent most of our day in the city, then drove to a Peruvian horse ranch in Santa Rosa, California, for a meeting scheduled the following day, Saturday, December 7.

That evening, Roy and I were invited to attend a Bible reading meeting that was held each weekend at the ranch, on either Fridays or Saturdays.

Before going into the room, Roy encouraged me to discuss my Andes Mountains experience and subsequent research with the group. By this time, Roy had become very interested in my project and had been doing some checking on Rama's material, and we'd spent hours exchanging information. We even had a few bets regarding several great world political figures who had some definite characteristics of the antichrist. I respected Roy's contribution to my book project because he was a stickler for documentation. When he said something, it was always corroborated with facts and evidence. He obviously had good sources of information.

I was very reluctant to talk about my conversations with Rama to the Bible study group. Usually when Roy asked me to discuss this subject with anyone, I refused. I had a message of purpose and good will from other intelligences in our solar system. I wasn't interested in making reports of UFO sightings. I also didn't like to be bothered with people's incredulity and annoying questions, like "Really? Do they have only one eye? Are they really green?"

There were about fifteen people in the room for the Bible study session. Roy said he would be the one to relate my story about the meetings with an extraterrestrial.

When he had finished outlining my experiences, it seemed only natural that I stand up and say a few words. The room was silent as I gave them a description of the events that had taken place in June of that year. Then the question and answer period began. I was straightforward and to the point. Some believed my story, some didn't. It didn't matter to me one way or another; I was prepared for both attitudes.

One young woman, who was a regular of the Bible

reading sessions, suddenly stood up and said she didn't believe a word I was saying.

"You met Satan up there," she said. "This is all the work of the devil."

I didn't know what to say. I tried to reason with her, explaining it wouldn't be possible for Satan to start turning people on to Christ, but my body broke out into a cold sweat.

Then I remembered that Rama had said before the end of the year someone would say this openly to me, in a room full of people around a table.

The flashback, clear and almost life like, seemed to put me in touch with Rama's spirit. She had also said that she would be with me when this event took place. I immediately relaxed and felt energized by her presence.

The hostess, sensed the situation, called the meeting to order and suggested we all hold hands and pray. The girl who said I'd met Satan, kept praying that Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul because I'd come in close contact with the devil. It wasn't pleasant, but I assumed the experience was necessary and accepted it, resolving to put some study into the attitudes which inspired this kind of fear whenever the subject of UFOs came up in my conversations with people.

We returned to the hacienda the next day for a luncheon appointment. I had more time to talk to the hostess of the horse ranch, who was an intelligent, well informed young woman. We spent most of the afternoon discussing spiritual issues.

I'd met this woman several times before, but always on business. Today, our common ground was Jesus Christ. She was not only a good Christian, but also very well read. She gave me a couple of books written by a friend of hers, Hal Lindsey, opening a new source of information about the life and death of Christ, complete with valid reports and historical facts.

By the time I left the hacienda that afternoon, I felt

only good vibrations. She had planted a new seed in my mind concerning Christ as a man. I would never have guessed that a young woman with all the material things in life could be so down to earth when it came to the teachings of Christ.

I left Roy in San Francisco, where he rented a car to do some sightseeing in and around California. We made plans to meet each other in Los Angeles in four or five days. I had to rush back, as I was booked on the Monday noon flight to Mexico City.

My meeting there was for the purpose of straightening out the situation of a certain motion picture business in Peru. This was to be the last time I would get involved in negotiations as an intermediary between the Peruvian government and the international world of motion pictures.

Things went smoothly the first two days. I was so sure there would be no complications that I called New York and told my partners that everything was working out perfectly.

Early the next morning, I received a phone call from the number one man in Mexico City. He said they had decided not to go ahead with the deal. "Thank you very much, don't call us; we'll call you."

The deal falling through didn't bother me too much; somehow I'd been prepared for it. By this time, I was making an effort to put into practice the principles Rama had been teaching me. Taking a positive attitude, I decided that I must be in Mexico City for some purpose other than business.

I raided a few libraries and museums in Mexico City, searching for more evidence of ancient cosmonauts. I found a copy of the Rodolfo Benevides book, *En Noche De Los Tiempos*, which in English means, "In the Night of Time."

In this work, Benavides describes astral projection in detail. He refers to God as the Eternal Thought of

Creation, using familiar terminology such as the Third Force, and calling the energy components of the spirit ananas and anionites.

I also studied some Mayan and Aztec archaeology, calendars, beliefs and myths. All the evidence pointed to the fact that these ancient people believed that they were direct descendants of the sun.

I knew there was a place in Mexico called Palenque where, at the bottom of one of the pyramids, there is a huge tombstone with a bas relief carving of a humanoid piloting a rocket. I couldn't imagine anyone could still believe UFOs were fiction when some ancient Mexican sculptor had carved this historical document in stone some ten thousand years ago.

I wanted to go to Palenque and see this stone for myself in the worst way. But I had to meet Roy in Los Angeles and someone else in Dallas, Texas, to discuss the possibilities of making a film in Peru about Peruvian horses. I consoled myself with looking at the photographs of this marvel, which I had already seen illustrated in one of the Von Daniken books.

I couldn't miss this meeting. My only hope of going back to Peru was Roy and his Peruvian horse deal. I kept working on successful images, concentrating on the process a step at a time. Roy and I spent the next few days discussing the details of the negotiations, did some sightseeing, and visited many places around southern California, including a few movie studios.

By the time Roy returned to Ohio, the horse deal in Peru was almost a reality. It was mid-December; the holiday season was approaching. Roy and Betty, his fiance, invited me to spend Christmas with them in Michigan. I accepted their kind invitation and made plans to meet them in Swanton, Ohio, a few days before the holidays.

In the meantime, I needed to take a few days to straighten out my personal situation in a Beverly Hills

court where I had failed to appear for a certain July 15th appointment.

Since I was living with a friend in Sherman Oaks, I hadn't been back to my Beverly Hills apartment. My failure to respond to my court summons led to the issuance of a bench warrant for my arrest.

I felt like a fugitive. I was "on the lam," so to speak.

I decided to do something about this problem. I got in my car and drove non-stop to New York to see the one man who had the kind of political influence I needed. I hadn't discussed this particular problem with him, but now it was necessary. I'd thought my court case would be a simple one, with the judge giving me a slap on the wrist and maybe putting me on probation for a year. That didn't seem to be the case.

I knew Harold Barton was the only person who could get me off the hook on this one. As embarrassing as it was to tell him about my legal difficulties, he was the one connection that could help me untangle this legal knot.

As it turned out, I didn't get to see Harold Barton that day. I arrived in New York on December 19, 1974, but since he hadn't been expecting me, he wasn't available. In fact, I never saw him again.

While writing this book, early in 1976, I always watched the seven o'clock evening news on CBS with Walter Cronkite. I saw a picture of my friend and business associate I had known as Harold Barton, flash across the tv screen. The news announcer said he'd been assassinated in Athens, Greece. It was then I learned that his real name was Richard Welsh, and that he was one of the top officials of the CIA.

I had been under the impression that "Harold Barton" was with the International Investment Investigations organization, the Triple I, as he called it, and that he'd been headquartered in Lima, Peru, for many years. This

was another surprise for me, because I had been under the impression that he only took quick trips there to meet me.

I reflected back on one of my conversations with Rama. She'd mentioned that the man I worked for was destined to be assassinated some time around the end of 1975 or early 1976. At the time, I didn't want to believe her, but this was only one of several of her predictions that had come true with amazing accuracy.

Upon hearing the news about this assassination I began remembering back in time to September, 1968, when my work with him began to develop.

What you are about to read now may clarify why I was so mistrustful of Rama when I first met her in the Andes Mountains. At that time, because of my own undercover activities, I had begun to believe that everyone worked for the CIA.

It all began in Copenhagen, Denmark, in the fall of 1968. I was doing some freelance work for a Universal Pictures production, which was under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock.

An American couple approached me and asked me to join their organization, explaining in detail what my assignment would be. It seemed easy enough, but somewhat dark and mysterious. I expressed my concern about the secrecy aspect of the assignment they were offering me. They said their work, or our work if I chose to accept it, would be to report events as they happened in certain places in the world where the news is carefully censored before it hits the wire services.

At the time, I had just turned 24. I was naive, inexperienced and somewhat idealistic. The proposal sounded intriguing. My recruiters told me I would be serving a nation in its intelligence work. I wasn't that naive. I was fairly certain they were associated with the

CIA, and that what they were suggesting involved some kind of spy work. My knowledge of languages made me valuable to them. I remembered, with some amusement, that my college career placement center had suggested such work due to my advanced linguistic abilities.

The American couple tried to convince me that the assignment was definitely not a spy job. They told me that a private enterprise, an international company, whose goal it was to eradicate the spread of communism throughout the world, was making this offer. The company, known as International Investment Investigations, was a powerful organization where everyone had his or her own specific line of work, with an attitude of "we don't ask questions because the less we know the better off we are."

When I asked for more specifics about the proposed assignment, they told me it would mean reporting on serious journalistic information in various countries.

I thought about the offer for about a month. I consulted my mother, a woman who works behind the scenes in the entertainment industry. She listened to my account of the meeting I'd had with the representatives in Denmark. She told me that organizations like "Mission Impossible" and "James Bond" aren't fictional; they do exist and operate more or less in the same manner as is seen in the movies or television series.

Even though I didn't really know whether or not to believe what she was saying, she said something that made good sense: These movies and television programs are based on actual events, taken from secret files after they have been dismissed. Most of these secret outfits, she said, had all kinds of specialized personnel to handle various assignments. I told her lots of people got killed doing that kind of work and it wasn't worth the risk and aggravation that goes with it. My mother reminded me

that tens of thousands of American motorists die on the roads every year.

When I made up my mind to join them, I was given an appointment in Rome at the end of November that year. I was told to go to Castel Saint Angelo on a Saturday afternoon, to carry an umbrella and wear a red carnation in my lapel. Someone would contact me.

As I waited for my contact to arrive at the designated location, a girl stopped, asking for directions. I gave them to her. She listened, then asked me to cross the bridge and go to a sidewalk cafe where I would be meeting a man wearing a hat and a blue and white coat.

He was a young fellow, very pleasant and well educated. He told me he was working as an international public relations man for a major American organization in Rome.

I imagined a job interview like this was the beginning of a whole new adventurous career for someone like me. As I was a rambunctious young man, always in search of a new adventure, I accepted the job on the spot, without thinking about what I was getting myself into. We went to the "84 Club" to drink a toast to my future.

When we said goodbye that evening, he made me memorize an address and phone number in New York City, where I would be reporting sometime around the second week of January, 1969. That was the first time I heard the name Harold Barton. He was the man I was to report to during and after my training.

I felt a lot better about the work when the young man assured me that "in our work we don't get killed; we're not CIA agents. We just compile journalistic facts, calling 'em as we see 'em."

I went to pick up my car, which was parked somewhere near Piazza di Spagna. I took a cab from Via Veneto, asking the driver to take me there.

As I crossed the street I saw a red car approaching, fast. It was aiming right at me. I tried to run, but didn't make it to the other side of the street. The car hit me, throwing me some distance, then sped away into the night.

I was in Saint Giacomo Hospital in Rome for about two months. As far as I was concerned, that was the end of my short career as an international spy. I was pretty sure I was supposed to have been killed that night the car very purposefully struck me. Although I eventually recovered from my injuries, I had no desire to ever be seen in public with those people again. It wasn't worth it. I got out of it fast.

At least I thought I did.

In August, 1970, I was picked up at a movie screening in Lima, Peru, by Harold Barton himself.

He was mysterious and cautious. I was in no mood to listen to another spy story; I didn't even give the man a chance to explain the reason for his visit once he told me his name. I told him to take a flying leap as I was still feeling aches and pains in many bones of my body as a result of my Roman odyssey two years earlier.

He asked me to listen to him for just five minutes, and to try to be reasonable. I listened, but only to be polite. I was determined not to be any part of his operation. I wasn't eager to get killed.

I was very impressed by this dignified man. And when the head man of a top secret organization comes to you personally and tells you that as a duty to your country, the least you could do is listen, you listen.

This is what I remember of the conversation:

"... Charles, I understand exactly how you feel, but this happens to be one of those special cases. It's true that I have the CIA, FBI, NATO and many other secret services working with us, agencies and agents that would make James Bond look elementary."

"So what do you want from me?"

He asked me if I remembered the names of three people. I said, "Yes, I do. I went to school with all of them; we were best buddies, real cut-ups."

"Charles, did you know they are in top positions in the Peruvian government?"

"Yes, of course I know."

"Very well then, now you know this is what makes you so valuable to us."

"But you're talking about my high school days; it's been more than eleven years since we've seen each other."

"You're lying."

"What do you mean?"

"You were seen together at a party in March of this year."

"Hey, yes, you're right; I'd forgotten about that. I did see them for a few hours that night, two years ago. But I never remember men at an orgy."

"Excuse me, sir, how did you know about this—even about the party?"

"Don't forget I'm the top man of this operation. I want you to realize that if there were another person in this world who could do the job, I wouldn't be here personally."

I understood perfectly what he was saying. This was a one in a million chance. Three of my closest high school buddies and classmates were at that moment extremely influential and powerful in the government of a country where this Harold Barton was representing a lot of American enterprise and investments.

He explained very carefully that he wasn't trying to recruit me as a regular. To prove it, he said there would be no training period.

Reluctantly, I asked what my mission would be.

"Very simple. Just go to Peru, visit, socialize, party,

wine, dine, and orgy with them. In your spare time, make sure you do some sightseeing."

"Is that all?"

"That's it."

"Incredible."

"You'll be very safe, because I don't know of any cases of people getting killed for visiting and partying with old friends."

"How am I going to get in touch with them again? Last time we all got together was by some silly coincidence, after years of silence between us."

"You leave the details to me. I need you badly, and I can assure you you'll never regret this."

I agreed to go ahead with it, with the assurance that I would be valuable to Harold on certain specialized assignments. During the last months of 1971, I spent time in Europe, Washington, D.C., and Puerto Rico, being briefed by several companies that had heavy investments in the country where I was to be assigned.

On January 15, 1972, I started my assignment, which was the beginning of a series of events that would eventually lead me to the country where I would meet Rama two years later.

I made at least five trips to Peru, partying and having a good time with my ex-classmates. I also met Harold two or three times a year for tedious sessions of hard questioning. Our meetings could take place anywhere in the world. I'd get a plane ticket and instructions in the mail, designating a meeting place and a time, usually only a few days in advance.

As always, secrecy and mystery were part of the set-up. I thought Harold was being overly dramatic, but since I felt that I had nothing to fear, I went along with all the mystery, continuing to move about freely. As far as I was concerned, the intrigue only added spice to the whole situation.

Strangely enough, his questions were mainly about the people on the street, not my friends in government. He wanted to know what the average person thought of the government, what was the national mood. Was there enough food and fuel supplies for those cities. He even asked about communications services, and if the news media covered the news as it really happened. He used to bring newspaper clippings of affairs in that country which had appeared in some American newspapers. I'd give him my unbiased impressions, knowing he always wanted me to go into great detail. At times, the questioning sessions left me with the feeling that he was trying to trick me into giving him answers.

By 1972, I was going to various South American countries several times a year. Upon my return from each visit, I would give Harold my reports. By January 1, 1974, the relationships between the U.S. companies and Peru, the country where this story takes place, had gone sour, despite the efforts of American businesses to deal with the revolutionary government in Peru. By that time, I was no longer a spectator. I was taking an active part in the negotiations, trying to save some of the investments made by international corporations. By then, my activities no longer seemed mysterious, but legitimate international business, with all the headaches that go with it.

The last time I saw the man I called Harold Barton alive was late May, 1974, at three o'clock in the morning at the Holiday Inn in Montreal, Canada. It was during this meeting he asked me to return to Peru around the middle of June that year. He wanted me to report to him on all the disturbances that would be taking place by the end of July, when the Peruvian government planned to take over all the news media in that country.

It was while on this particular mission I met Rama in the Andes Mountains.

On December 19, 1974, the day I drove to New York to see Harold Barton, breaking every speed law on the way, I still had no idea I would never see him alive again.

When I couldn't see him, I decided to postpone my appearance at the Beverly Hills court, pending my return to the United States after working out Roy's Peruvian horse deal.

I spent the Christmas holidays with Roy and Betty in Michigan. We used this time to put together the details on the venture. I was to go to Peru, buy the horses and return to Ohio. I would stay in Peru a couple of months to take care of the exportation procedures.

By the end of March, I was to come back with the horses and stay at his Peruvian horse ranch in Ohio and write my book. Everything so agreed, I was on a Braniff flight from Miami to Lima, Peru, by January 2, 1975.

I fastened my seat belt and let out a sigh of relief. This was the answer to my prayer, I thought. Some benevolent spirit had picked up my mental images of going back to Peru and sprayed them with that "thought materializer."

I arrived in Lima at 7 o'clock in the morning. I was a familiar face to immigration and customs officials. I entered the terminal and walked toward the car rental counters.

I heard a familiar voice.

"Can I get you a taxi, *senor*?"

I turned around, dropping my luggage and brief case, and ran to kiss and hug the beautiful creature who had called me.

"Rama, you sweet baby, how did you know I was on this flight? Oh, never mind. How are you?"

"How do I look?"

"You look great! Let's rent a car and get out of this madhouse."

There was so much I wanted to talk to her about, but it took me a few moments to recover from my surprise and excitement at seeing her appear at the airport to meet me.

I didn't know where to start. Rama, always logical and full of common sense, calmed me down, saying, "Chacho, we have all day."

She was wearing shorts, leather sandals, a man's shirt tied at the waist and a scarf on her head. As usual, nothing about her would lead anyone to suspect that she could be a humanoid from another planet.

While we ate, I told her about the Peruvian horse deal that had made it possible for me to be back in Peru.

"If everything goes according to schedule," I said, "I should be going back to the United States by the end of March. I have a list of horses to hunt down all over the place. Would you like to go with me?"

"Sure, why not. That'll give us plenty of time together. In the next few days you take care of your business locally. When you're ready to begin your search, come to the medicinal baths and we'll travel looking for your horses."

"How's the book doing?"

"I'm working out my notes, starting to make a skeleton copy. Is there any deadline as to when you would like to have it written and on the publisher's desk?"

"Well, I'm pretty sure it's going to be around the middle of 1976, but since our mission in this world is a joint effort, we'll have to consult with my brothers. Don't worry; you have plenty of time. Our sessions, as you call them, that we're going to have from here on in, are not to be written in this book of yours.

"I don't understand. Why?"

"Because we're methodical in our contact with Earth's

intelligences. Just as you had to do a lot of work and study on what is yet to come, people have to make some preparations to meet extraterrestrials. By intelligent and careful observations as you have done.”

“In other words, you don’t want to contact people who aren’t yet prepared to meet you.”

“I’m talking about the psychological attitude of people when the existence of flying saucers as vehicles and intelligences from other worlds gets to be common knowledge.”

I really didn’t understand why Rama wanted me to take my story only so far at that time, but as the year of 1975 went by I began to see why Rama had cautioned me about this.

We spent the rest of the day together, making love, talking, and strolling on the beach like two lovers. January in Lima is the beginning of summer and that evening, when the sun went down, Rama asked me to drive her to a nearby resort where I was going to drop her off to get her vimana. We went to a deserted area along the ocean. There was a cliff of about 500 feet. I got the car as close to the edge as possible.

Before she left, Rama and I made plans to see each other up in the Andes Mountains in a few days, as soon as I straightened out my situation in Lima. A few minutes after Rama had gotten out of the car, I heard a smooth metallic sound and witnessed the sudden departure of a flying disc. In moments it was lost in outer space, traveling at a fantastic speed.

In the next few days, I took care of several business matters around Lima, and scheduled a plan of action for contacting people who had Peruvian horses for sale.

Around mid-January, 1975, I went back to Acaya. The trip was treacherous. Even though it was now the summer season, when you drive two hours into the

Andes Mountains, you encounter winter, with rain, snow and mud.

The main central highway had become even worse than the last time I had traveled this road. It took me almost six hours to make the same trip that in September had taken me only four. The only thing that was an improvement was I didn't have any altitude sickness this time.

I got up early the next morning, fresh and rested, and checked my watch. It was six-thirty, Tuesday, January 14. It was raining copiously, but I went down to the bathhouses anyway. I was looking forward with great anticipation to getting into that carbonated water again. It felt so good I stayed in the pool for about an hour.

As I was having breakfast after my bath, I noticed a pickup truck dropping off someone. It was Rama. She'd hitchhiked a ride to meet me.

A UFO was waiting for us nearby, she said. I couldn't believe my ears. Today I was going to take my first ride in a space ship.

We got into the volkswagen and drove about fifteen minutes toward Huancayo. We came to a clearing, where she asked me to pull off the road.

We got out of the car and Rama took me by the arm, leading the way. By then the rain had let up. As we walked, I saw something that resembled a small rainbow, very weak in intensity. She told me this was an electromagnetic field that surrounds the UFOs completely, thus making them invisible while standing on the ground. We were no more than twenty-five feet from the craft, and my eyes didn't see it. After we crossed the electrical frequency, it came into full view.

This ship wasn't like the small "vimanas" I'd seen previously. It had the same form and football-like shape, but it was much larger. It was metallic and seemed to

have a silverish glow around it. As we approached the vehicle, which was resting on three metallic legs, Rama asked me to take off my shoes. I thought about Moses doing 'he something so many years ago on top of Mount Sinai. Rama explained that since my shoes were wet from the rain, and since water is a conductor of electricity, this would prevent me from getting a shock when I went into the ship.

We were both given a pair of shoes, similar to sandals, made out of heavy wood. It looked more like cork. We climbed up a metal ladder that descended from a circular door. As I entered, I experienced a sudden change of temperature. It was a bit colder than the already cold Andes Mountains. The same kind of feeling one gets when entering an air conditioned building, only somehow this was stranger.

Two crew members, about four and a half to five feet tall, greeted us in silence. They were wearing one piece suits made of a shining grey material. It covered them from head to toe. There was no doubt they were humanoids.

I began to feel extremely nervous and uncomfortable, an almost creepy feeling, even though they were extremely peaceful in their attitudes. I sensed I was safe with them, but still the fear of the unknown held me back. As soon as I advanced two more steps, I came face to face with the crew leader, standing inside an oval room about 25 feet in length, 15 to 20 feet wide, with about a seven foot ceiling. Illumination came from all over the room, a red glow with a touch of orange.

The crew leader had a nice face, with a benevolent expression. He had a long nose and slanted eyes that were elongated and extended around to the side of his head. I noticed he had no eyelashes and he didn't blink. But there was definitely eye activity. It took me a little

while to figure out what made those eyes seem so alive. Then I noticed that his pupils narrowed and widened as he communicated with me.

He got up from a triangular chair that was in front of some control panels, and walked over to receive us. Rama and the crew leader exchanged glances. It seemed as though the two of them had planned this visit. When he looked at me, I instinctively walked with him toward the control panel. His mouth tended to be still, but I could hear muffled words and sentences. It sounded as though he had a heavy accent. Sensing that I had difficulty understanding him, he changed his mode of communication. Suddenly, I could hear his voice speaking to me inside my head, the same as when Rama and I had our mind to mind chats.

He showed me around the craft. The instrument panels looked like a console one would find in a computer room. There were port holes all around the craft and my host told me that we were in an observation UFO, with a crew of four. Up to this moment, I'd seen only two. By flicking a switch, a screen-like device lit up and we were able to see outside the spaceship where the other two crew members were.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"We're from a galaxy not too far from here," he said. He opened a scroll and I could see an oval map with many kinds of dots on it. He pointed at a group of stars, which he identified as the constellation of Taro, Star Alcyone, the Pleiades. He located our own sun, then he showed me his home planet on the map, which appeared to be nothing more than a bunch of dots to me. He told me they had bases on Mars and Venus.

"What about here on Earth?" I asked.

"Not our bases, but UFO bases that all of us are cooperatively keeping here on Earth. It's our mission as

peaceful intelligences to maintain the balance of the universe. With our terrestrial bases, we can keep an eye on you.

"In a few minutes, we're going to see one of the bases here in South America, but first you must tell Rama where you want your car."

I turned to Rama who was observing my reactions, and told her I was supposed to go to a city called Trujillo and another called Chiclayo, both located on the northern coast of Peru, 500 miles north of Lima.

Somehow they hooked the VW up to the UFO. I could see it on the screen. The thought hit me, what would the car rental company think if they knew that one of their cars made the 800 mile trip to Chiclayo in about nine minutes.

When we were ready for take off, Rama exchanged some information with the crew leader, then I was placed between them.

"This machine is operated through reversible electromagnetism," she explained. "See those columns going to that rotor that looks like transparent plastic?"

"Yes," I said, nodding.

"Well, those are reactors. When the mercury in that rotor gets going at full speed, we can reverse the magnetic and electrical energy. That way we can control matter and also overcome the forces of gravity."

When we took off, I felt a great force pulling my face muscles back. Even my arms and shoulders were pushed flat against the chair. Rama told me not to worry because that was due only to the great speed we were experiencing. We hovered for a while over an old road that led to the Panamerican Highway, near a little town not far from the city of Chiclayo. I didn't get out of the aircraft. The crew unloaded the VW, and Rama said we would leave it there for an hour or two. Later she and I would

come back in a vimana, which was a smaller craft enough for two or three people.

We ascended again, but at a lesser speed, flying over the Andes Mountains, once more at an extreme altitude. I could see some commercial jetliners way below us as tiny specks of light, their surfaces and expanded wings reflecting the sun.

As we descended gradually, I saw in the distance a great expanse of water. Rama said it was the Titicaca Lake and that we would be entering it. My eyes opened wide as I saw the lake approaching. I was expecting some kind of crash or a marked change as we penetrated the surface tension of the water, but it was a smooth entry, nothing resembling a crash.

We traveled underwater, the UFO navigating like a sophisticated submarine, until we came to a UFO base under the lake, which was like a whole city. The crew leader said this was the base that Rama had told me about when I first met her.

Suddenly we were in the air again. The only sensation I felt during this transition was a slight change in density. As we flew through the clouds, I saw ice covered mountains in the distance. I recognized them as the icy peaks found about 25 miles from Huancayo and saw the Mantaro Valley with its river slicing through the center of it.

We landed close to the ice peaks, where Rama's vimana was waiting for us. I thanked the crew leader for the tour. He said we would see each other again in a few days.

Rama and I flew to Chiclayo then, in a vimana that had been left hidden behind some sand hills. When we returned to where the car had been left earlier, I was still in a daze. It was hard to believe I had flown in two UFOs. It had been the experience of my life.

Chapter XVI Finally Believing

Our horse hunt was great. In two days I managed to photograph every possible horse that Roy might want to buy, plus a few extra I'd found on my own. Roy had given me an XL-70 Polaroid camera, which produced color photographs within minutes. As if this process weren't speedy enough, Rama suggested we get in the vimana, hit the U.S., and drop them off at some mail box. That way, Roy would have the photos the next day. When she mentioned this, I had a better idea.

"Why don't we take them to Roy directly?" I asked.

Rama gave me one of her sad looks and told me to remember what the crew leader had told me about mother ships and terrestrial UFO bases.

"You must realize that some people in your world can't handle things like that. We don't mind telling you where our bases are located, but I asked you when you came to Peru not to reveal this information. Other people, other contactees, will take care of getting that to the media."

"What do you mean 'other contactees'?"

"People like you who'll be contacted now and in years to come. When we talked about the silence group, you remember we said a lot about UFO information being restricted by the media. There are, however, two organizations in the U.S., A.P.R.O. and N.I.C.A.P., who work to disseminate this kind of information."

"Yes, I know. Aerial Phenomena Research Organization and the National Committee on Aerospace Phenomena. I checked them both very thoroughly as soon as I got back to the States. I came across another such organization, M.U.F.O.N., the Mutual UFO Network of Quincy, Illinois. There are so many books on UFOs that I

would have been convinced even if I'd never met you or had this experience."

"Good. Now I want you to listen to me and pay attention, because this is important.

"The purpose of writing this book is not the reporting of UFO sightings. From now on, you and I and my friends from other worlds, are going to be seeing a lot of each other. You'll be getting in and out of space craft; you'll see mother ships and more of our UFO bases on Earth. Don't write about it, because most of it has been written already. Besides, you said yourself that they wouldn't believe you anyway."

"That's right."

"What I'd like you to do is write about our conversations. Let's hope those few who choose to believe you, do so out of conviction, after they've corroborated it with the reading suggestions we're going to give them. Maybe then they'll be able to accept that some people, human beings from other planets, are already here to fight evil forces that are working to take full control of your planet. That's the purpose of the message."

"I see. I was already thinking how I could actually sit down and write the things that happened this morning, flying all over America in minutes."

"You and I are going to be studying some more. Now you have two advantages, one your astral projection, and the other the fact that we can move freely in our own vimana."

"Oh, wow! I really enjoy that. Why did I get so lucky?"

"You've earned it by taking the time to check it out."

"You didn't expect me to write about these experiences without checking them thoroughly, did you? I consider myself to be a serious person and very straight with my work. Remember, I'm a journalist."

"Yes, I know that; my friends know that. But some people in your world think you're a suspicious character, and a con man."

"I read you loud and clear. To some people I'm the biggest idiot. But that's part of my cover. I actually enjoy putting on a show to make people think I'm ignorant. Then I get a thrill when they find out otherwise."

"I know what you mean. Now, going back to your friend Roy, I don't think it would be a good idea to take the pictures to him by vimana."

"Why not?"

"Because I feel someone is going to set you against Roy."

"Come on, Rama! Not with Roy. He's the only reason I was able to come back to Peru. These horses are his, and I'm the only man who can get them out of Peru in no time."

"You'll see."

"He's very interested in seeing this book of ours written. He's going to help me with it. He's even offered to let me stay at his ranch in Ohio while I write, so I can have peace and quiet. Do you know what he got me for Christmas?"

"Let's see..."

"Never mind. Not fair reading minds!"

"Among other things, you got a book you wanted badly."

"*Satan in the Sanctuary*. You'll see, he was definitely touched by it."

"When it happens, you'll see. But don't worry about it, just continue living, loving God and your neighbor; live in harmony with everyone and your wishes will come true."

"I always act in good faith. What you call being a good Christian is what I call being a gentleman. If Roy does a number on me, I'll continue praying by making Teddy Bear images with life, shape and movement. Then you spray, and boom... they become real."

"Your spiritual counterparts, patron saints, spiritual guides, they, through you, make the aerosol can labeled 'Thought Materializer.' So far, you've done a lot of changing. I can sense you're wiser; it's a good sign. Because of what we've covered so far in our sessions, everything made sense and checked out to be true."

"Let's say almost everything. Your predictions have been pretty accurate, though. I still can't buy that Jesus can be connected in any way with UFOs. Don't get me wrong, what you've said makes a lot of sense. But there's nothing out there in libraries saying, or even suggesting this."

"Oh, we don't care. We don't want sensationalism; we want people to have faith and to make intelligent observations. You did it; you're convinced. Now you're flying in them."

"I'm beat. Let's go to the beach and sleep for a while."

After taking a little siesta by the water, we went out to eat cebiche. Using the sky as a movie screen, we stayed up most of the night for some more lessons on the universe and the beginning of a new phase in my astral projection.

The next day, around noon, we drove to several nearby towns, doing more Peruvian horse hunting. At about 6:30 that evening we were finished. As far as Roy was concerned, that took care of his list, plus the few extra ones I had found.

Roy wasn't coming until February 5, 1975, so I told Rama that we would celebrate by going to a Chinese restaurant in Chiclayo.

When we got to my car, I found someone had broken into it, taking my clothes, cameras, briefcase containing all the notes on Rama's sessions, my passport, and credit cards. Needless to say I was fuming and uttering profanities in many languages.

When I stopped to take a breath, Rama said, "Kids, hungry kids."

"Let's look for the little thieves and break their necks. We'll use your super powers to spot the sons of..."

"I will do no such thing," Rama said emphatically.

"Why not?" I argued "At least let's recover my documentation and passport. They're of no use to them if they're only hungry."

"My friend and brother, I know how you feel. I can sense it; I'm with you. But there are certain things you can't change."

"Are you saying I have to accept this?"

"You already know God as a Third Force, the same way Job did. If you do things to upset the even frequency, you're Satan's prey."

"The heck with Satan, I want my briefcase."

"You're so angry you could kill, aren't you?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't. If my spirit were vibrating like yours right now, I couldn't be in tune to the same God that Jesus the Christ calls my Father in heaven. Being in tune with it is being able to forgive, taking life's adversities graciously, not cursing or wishing evil on your fellow man. When something terrible happens to you, instead of building up hate, you continue loving God."

"I was taught that in Hebrew school. Job losing his crops, his cattle dying, his children, and he never stops loving God. I'm telling you, that takes guts."

"What's the matter, big man, don't you have any guts?"

I didn't want to smile, but she said that in such a sarcastic way that my upper lip muscles started twitching my moustache. Being with her made it easier.

We went to fill out a police report, and later that month I had to go to the Embassy in Lima to get a new passport. When I arrived in the United States, I had to

replace my I.D.'s, driver's license, credit and social security cards. By the time I had done all those things, I had learned a big lesson from Job. You love God no matter what, and you never have to worry because He will continue to provide for you.

The kind of prayer I'd learned from the extraterrestrials was the most rewarding and fulfilling. The sooner you learn to practice it, the faster you start getting results.

Early the next morning, the big UFO came to take us to Acaya. Rama explained that a vimana is too small to attach a car to. I could see why, a vimana is no bigger than a volkswagen. It even has the same bell shape, except it's round.

The following week, Rama and I travelled all over having our sessions, which were very interesting as well as enlightening.

My learning was gradual. I would get visual images of times to come. Visions based on astral projection that took me inside the prophetic tarots of the Great Pyramid. I even got to be a "god" for one day, when we landed in a part of the Brazilian jungle near Matto Grosso between Peru and Brazil. The natives there received us as divinities coming from heaven. They are still waiting for the god Wiracocha to come and visit them. Rama and I told them that we were of the same family.

Those were the most beautiful days that I can remember, spent with my friends from outer space.

By the end of January, I called Roy to make arrangements for his coming to Peru. Rama was with me. Roy was pleased with my performance, and as a reward he said he had a certain type of motorcycle that I wanted, already sitting in his garage waiting for me. I was pleased and excited. On February 5th, he was coming to buy his Peruvian horses.

Rama and I said "so long" for a while. I was to travel all

over Peru with Roy. Everything went as planned. We managed to gather the horses together by the end of February, at a ranch outside Lima, ready to begin the exportation procedures. We had great times, wheeling and dealing with the owners and breeders of Peruvian Paso horses.

I didn't notice any change in Roy's attitude. On the contrary, everything was "go" on our venture.

On one of our trips, he took me to meet a friend of his. Being close to Rama had made me develop my sixth sense to the point of seeing auras. As soon as I saw this guy, I could sense his energy. Very uneven. I wasn't comfortable with his vibes. The man was a slick character. I didn't want to say anything to Roy because by now I was supposed to be loving rather than judging.

He and Roy took a trip into the mountains to look for some more horses. I went back to Lima to start on some of my paper work. Three days later they came back with a truck full of livestock. The following day, Roy and I were to meet and discuss the final details of the shipment. When we did, he came out with a startling announcement. He said he'd decided to let his slick friend handle the deal. According to Roy, this man could do the job faster, better and cheaper. He assured me that our partnership would remain the same. I sincerely thought it was a good move.

The guy was such a con artist that I didn't have any doubt that he would get the job done. Roy said that we'd see each other in the States when I returned. I drove him to the airport, and that was the last time I saw Roy. I spoke to him on the phone a few times after that, because our con man wasn't so slick after all. It took him over eight straight months to get the livestock out of Peru. Roy ended up paying eight times more than our original budget. The shady character put the blame for his failure on me, saying I used my pull with the

Peruvian government to sabotage Roy's deal. He also created problems with the Association of Peruvian Horses in Peru. The former president of that association told me one day to my face that I had forged export documents.

I argued with him that it was unnecessary for me to forge documents since I could get them legally, and fast, pointing out that I partied with the number one man in government and would have no problem getting my horses out of the country.

Apparently my argument had a negative effect. The former president declared that I was an "undesirable," and even went so far as to write to the American Associations to inform them of my undesirability.

I wrote a couple of letters, asking him to be open about any complaint he might have against me, but he ignored the situation in a most unprofessional way.

It's a good thing all these trials and tribulations took place when I already had a solid foundation in the teachings of Jesus Christ. Every time something terrible happened, I'd just try to think about how Christ would have handled the situation. To do that, I had to accept Christ in my heart. It took a lot of convincing and studying, but after Rama had pulled a few numbers together, I had no other choice.

About a week after Roy left Peru, I got a call from New York. A businessman named Danny wanted me to buy some Peruvian horses. This was an answer to prayer. It was the same day I'd been doing some reading about St. Jude, which said he was also the protector of those spirits who want to earn their living by doing honest work. If you're on good terms with this guide in the universe, you'll always have a job. This hit me as I was hanging up the phone after talking to Danny.

I made the same deal with Danny that I'd had with Roy. I'd get his horses, and he'd get me a nice ranch

where I could go and write this crazy book about UFO's. Danny's deal kept me in Peru until around mid-October of 1975. My relationship with the Peruvian government officials was better than ever, besides which I had friends from other worlds helping me. Every chance I could get, I went to see Rama.

One day I met three of Rama's friends who came in a vimana to Acaya. She communicated with them a lot faster than she did with me. These men didn't have any hair on their heads, their eyes were the weirdest I'd seen so far, but full of love and warmth. While they had their conference, they would turn around and look me over occasionally. When they left, they seemed pleased that I had accepted and paid attention to Rama. They thanked me and patted me, putting their thoughts in my head to the effect, "Do not worry, brother, we have been watching over you for many, many years. Thank you for taking the time to write our message. We'll give you part of our strength."

By early June, 1975, I'd already seen and met all kinds of ufonauts. I always referred to them as angels or messengers.

After the conference, Rama and I went swimming. She said her friends had already come up with a time slot for taking this book to a publishing company.

"You see, I couldn't have given you that date without their approval," she said.

"When's that going to be?"

"We met in July, 1974; two full years would be July, 1976."

"You mean by July, 1976, I should have this book already completed?"

"That's right. By then there'll be certain developments that are going to be your cues to take our conversations to a publishing company. A nation will have a space craft about to land on Mars. A political figure of great acumen will have won a great victory."

"In July? If you're talking politics, the elections in that nation are not until November."

"I said a political figure. By then, I want you to keep an eye on a man who is going to become very popular almost overnight."

"Do I know who he is now, is he in the news today?"

"I don't think so. He's beginning his heavy career now, today, but he's far away from the popularity that he will have gained by July, 1976."

"Is he the great political man who is going to bring us to Armageddon?"

"You know what to look for; we've already discussed that in detail."

"Do you mean to tell me that this could be the beginning of the apocalyptic time of the Earth?"

In the same month and year, you'll see the fuse get set up for a war. Three weak spots in your world. You'll see how at any moment, things could get out of hand, because they'll have racial unrest, hate, and a thirst for blood. It'll be the beginning of Hercolubus's influence on people's minds. Observe lunatics and a few earthquakes."

"Will the Middle East be involved in it?"

"That's one of the weak spots."

"A year from now we're going to have a big celebration. Our two hundred year birthday. How is that going to affect this? Will people see that their nation is about to take part in a Middle Eastern dispute?"

"Unless people are prepared for it, they won't see it. They'll just go along, thinking it's another conflict, and thinking nothing of it."

"This July, 1976. Is he going to have any definite characteristics to make the people who take the time to investigate, suspect that he's the antichrist? Or could he be the false prophet?"

"You know where you'll find that answer, don't you?"

"The news media."

"But the media won't give you that information."

When you follow this man's movements via the headlines, you and the ones who analyze our conversations will know what to look for."

"I think I understand. You're saying that by then, the time will be ripe for us to see the beginning of it all."

"That's right. By that time, everyone who is alive is going to have a fair chance to choose between two forces, either those of the Eternal God or those of Satan.

"Now that you understand Christ and his divine powers, you can clearly see that he is the only man who can free you from the evil forces."

"I don't quite understand it, but with you, I've seen it work so many times that I can't deny it. I guess there must be some chemistry that causes demons to flee the overpowering presence of Christ's divine spirit."

"Be peaceful and loving and you yourself will be able to cast out demons; you can exorcise."

"I'm trying and I'm learning. I hope I don't abandon this."

"You won't if you keep cultivating your spirit."

"So it's settled then; I'll do my darndest to have this ready by mid year of 1976."

Rama and I saw each other a few more times in 1975. I did continue my learning with my friends from outer space, even after I was back in the United States. Twice near Fort Collins, Colorado, and also in southern Florida while this book was being written.

Upon my arrival in the States, I went to California and New York to do some more studies and research on Atlantis. I have a friend in Long Island, Myrna, who spent many years of her life studying. The woman is a genius. She's into the secret doctrines of Madame Blavatsky and the lost continent of Atlantis. She knows all about health food, macrobiotics, zone therapy, theosophy, and she is also a fine artist.

By mid December, I had come to the conclusion that history repeats itself and that we were about to make the same mistakes our fellow human beings, the Atlanteans, made some 12,000 years ago. I spent about a week with Myrna, becoming convinced we are well on the way to blowing ourselves to pieces.

With the information I'd gathered this far, I went into total seclusion at a Peruvian horse ranch in southern Florida while I put down on paper the experiences I am now sharing.

Between December, 1975 and July, 1976, I didn't take part in any activity, other than to prepare this message and help Danny set up his Peruvian horse breeding operation. The only contact I had with the outside world was newspapers, magazines, and a television set that kept me up with the events that each day brought us closer to the days of Armageddon. It was at this ranch, while working on the book, that I heard the news of the assassination of the man who had been behind the scenes in the world of politics and international intrigue.

That prediction, and many others Rama had made during our sessions of 1975 in Peru, have been coming true very accurately so far.

Sometime in the near future, I plan to write about those events, along with the events that led me to accept Christ as the only man who has the strength to fight and free us from the works of evil.

In order for the reader to understand and get the benefits of this message, I suggest some additional reading. Even though this message is grim for the entire human race, there is the hope that those who are interested in knowing what awaits our planet in these next few years will take the time to look for this material and check it against their own sources of information.

Our purpose is not to create friction with any gov-

ernment, church nor person on this planet, for our message knows no international boundaries or religious doctrines. We are all free to choose whatever we want to believe.

Before I had this experience, I had already heard many times that a piece of California would fall into the ocean. I never believed it until I did my own research, finding valid, solid, scientific information based on geological studies done in California universities.

I always thought that astral projection, astral travel, and the spiritual world were fantasies that people dreamed about, until I studied the secret doctrines of ancient religions, Lobsang Rampa, the Tibetan Lamas, and the parapsychology departments of several universities. Again the concept became clear. And it is far from being fictional.

The UFO phenomena is one of the more controversial issues of our time. If you want to get to the truth of it, just walk to your local library and find the myriads of books on the subject. If you have an open mind, it won't take you long before you're convinced of the existence of UFOs.

When it came to Jesus the Christ, I was a hard nut to crack. Why? Because I was misguided. It took my friends from outer space to show me how simple it really is to get to know Jesus and to accept his teachings.

I always thought of the Bible as a Mickey Mouse book. After giving it same serious and intelligent consideration, I found that it's contents are full of accountings of visitations of divinities and "gods" from the heavens. These cosmonauts, ancient and modern, are fulfilling their promises made thousands of years ago. They are back again, to save us from destruction and evil forces.

If you are sincerely interested, you must do your own research, balance your conscience and make up your own mind what you will believe.

I'm going to give you two bibliographies. The first one is the must read list, so this book makes sense to you. The second list is optional, but I want you to believe me when I say that I haven't written one word of these conversations without checking out the facts first.

I sincerely hope this message reaches you in time so you'll be able to make your own decisions. That way, you'll have enough understanding not to be fooled by those who will come to give you their name and number, telling you they're the promised Messiah.

Keep in mind, that the only way we're going to get this understanding is by having faith and intelligent reasoning.

Our brothers and sisters from outer space can sense our sincerity and our desire to meet them.

After all, we're the ones who have a date. . . . A date with the Gods.

THE END

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