

From the 'far-out-book'

ODYSSEY IN UFO'S

“About my spacefriends”

of

OSCAR MAGOCSI



Oscar Magocsi

“OSCAR MAGOCSI (February 5, 1928 – September 8, 2002) was an outstanding Canadian UFO Contactee. [A web-site](#) is dedicated to his important work and amazing UFO contacts.”

“Apart from your visible universe, there are many other universes of different dimensionality. Parts of those dimensions do even occupy the same space as this dimension yet are invisible to each other, since their realities manifest at different rates of vibrations. Like solid matter and radio waves to each other, although in their respective dimensions everything is just as solid as here. Even though mutually invisible, they can still affect each other through the common etheric and magnetic spaces.” ([link](#) ↓)

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PROLOGUE

Briefing in Sedona for the author.

I visited the History of Aviation Museum of San Diego, California in early February 1987. Near the end of the last displays. As I was marvelling at the works of human ingenuity and the fast technological progress, someone at my side spoke to me.

“Truly impressive.” A familiar male voice sounded. I turned and was delighted to recognize Argus, a UFO-naut Space Friend of mine.

“Yet, this is just the beginning.” Argus smiled.

”Given sufficient time, man's inventiveness is unbounded. This you'll soon see for yourself. In a few days' time you'll be shown a most unique documentary of some extraterrestrial space travels and a few exploits of your Federation space friends. This documentary will be most helpful in writing your upcoming book 'About my Space Friends'.

Argus wouldn't tell me about the place and the time of the promised showing. ”Don't worry. just do your visiting and tripping in the region as you feel like. You will end up at the right place in the right time. Just like you did it today. being here all the way from Toronto. on the hunch about new encounters.”

Then he took me to lunch to the nearby 'Cafe El Morro del Rey', an elegant Spanish Colonial style restaurant. where we had a gourmet meal and some good talking. It was nice seeing my Psychean space friend again. It also felt very reassuring that I was on the right track about the possible new encounters...

Three days later, my rented car rolled into the town of Sedona, Arizona - the place which had been drawing me very strongly. I spent the daytime with driving and walking around the picturesque rock formations, the towering multi-hued mountains. Sedona is a place of magical beauty and mystical power of energy vortexes. There is a special energy here: it is believed that under the red soil, there is a Lemurian city of crystals - an ancient gateway from the stars. My daytime exploration was wonderful and most energizing – but no contact materialized. The night came. It was cool and clear, a full moon one day past its peak. Around 10 P.M.. a strong urge made me drive out to a huge 'flying saucer'-shaped rock hill formation called [Bell Rock](#). I walked slowly up the western side. already feeling my head bristle with the 'crown-type' energy that follows the shape of the Bell then shoots out into the universe.

Though it wasn't clear what I expected to happen. I was still quite content with just being there in that moonlit land of magic. Stopping on one lower plateau, my eyes fell on a circle-formation of small stones on the rock surface - most likely an Indian medicine wheel. The words of the Bell Rock legend '*Home of the Eagle*'. Place of 'Communication' came into my mind as I stepped closer to the medicine wheel.

Then something wildly fast happened. The bottom fell out: ***I felt falling through some shaft, or just being yanked inside the rock hill.*** A few moments later, my body's transportation came to a stop. I found myself in a very dimly lit surrounding. locked in an elevator sized and vaguely pyramid shaped crystal formation.

The surfaces briefly glinted as some ghostly apparition was drawing near. *It actually was a live man, enveloped in a spectral glow.* He was Quentin, another space friend of mine.

Sorry about the way you were yanked inside here. Once the ancient transporter beam locked onto your auric pattern, it just acted automatically.” Quentin gave me a warm hug. ”I am the guide for this visit, welcoming you aboard. Thanks for being on time.”

“Being on time wasn't my doing, for I had not the foggiest idea...” I muttered.

Well, tonight you responded superbly to being guided here. And due to your affinity with the Bell Rock's energy. your entering had to be done this place, even though the promised showing will happen inside the few miles distant but properly equipped Cathedral Rock.”

Quentin touched a medallion on his chest - and we both were whisked through rocks and all in a dizzying blur. We came to a halt inside a dimly glowing and cathedral sized crystal cavern. No instruments, no equipment in sight. The huge crystal-lined place was empty, save for the few reclining chairs in the center where we sat down. The sound of an etheric kind music was coming from somewhere.

‘First of all Quentin spoke. ”I'll have to give you a general background sketch on the **Federation and its beginnings. As a consequence of the eons past great cosmic war between the Forces of Light and Forces of Darkness, through the unleashed titanic energies, countless million worlds of our Multiverse were destroyed. Even the very fabric of whole realms were shattered into many fragmented dimensions, with the newly formed crack lines becoming permanent barriers. The formerly natural, near-instant cosmic travels and communications were no longer possible.**

Recovery from that war had been slow and remained partial only. But life prevailed as usual. The few surviving worlds of human and alien alike - rebuilt: some from the salvaged remnants to a comfortable median, some from complete scratch to a primitive restart. **Thus, after many millenia, most of the affected worlds had attained flourishing civilizations of various degrees. Most all of them were spacefaring again, even if just on a modest scale.** Trading and exchanges were springing up again between planets and starsystems. In several parts, whole regions were already linking up with other ones, forming some initial inter-regional alliances. Such one region was the **Psychean Federation of Worlds**, which even initiated the growth of great conglomerations to comprise a self-contained sector – later to be designated as **Federation Sector 11. For this was where the Greater Federation (fully titled the Interdimensional Federation of Free Worlds) with its 33 vast sectors was finally formed.** Through the suggestion and guidance of the cosmic facilitators from the Council of the Guardians (for the Forces of the Light, that is).

These Guardians, the Elder Brothers of humankind in all systems became dedicated to prevent another cosmic scale devastation and to protect against the Dark Forces. These Guardians of the Council under the Grand Masters exist and function 'outside' the multiverse structures. in the uppermost regions of a totally non-physical plane beyond space and time. They are incorporeal beings, occasionally manifesting in their abode as beings of light. From their ethereal abode they guide the proper functioning and evolving of our human worlds in whatever cosmic realm our particular homes may be. This they do in full accord with the many separate guiding ethereal hierarchies' of other alien life forms, for the sake of harmonious coexistence and a lasting cosmic peace.

Thus, a few hundred millenia ago in a remote part of our multiverse, the Greater Federation was born to administer the affairs of its human world-systems. And so did Sector 11 and its core of Psychean Worlds became the Greater Federation's center sector with a governing planet named Xanthius. The Federation's 33 sectors are made up from a grand total of 5000

major world-center planets. Plus a hundred times that many planets still untouched or undeveloped.

(One sectorial participant is the Confederation of the Milky Way Galaxy, represented by Ashtar Command in regards with planet Earth's evolving towards possible Federation membership.)

The Galactic Confederation, like many other Federation sectors can have a certain amount of standardization; however, even they do not have a perfectly full standardization from one end to the other. They contain many diverse systems, cultures, technologies and procedures. Most worlds are not even willing to adopt the ways of other worlds. What for? They have perfectly well functioning space travel and technologies. And above all, the degree of 'progress' and efficiency is far less important, than the quality and purpose of sentient life - with the highest common goal being the spiritualization of each homeworld towards ever higher vibratory realms. Each sector is completely autonomous in every way, but have representation on the Federation's capital planet Xanthius. Otherwise there are no links or exchanges between the sectors, which aids independent growth and progress without external influences. Rare exceptions to adopt a new 'outside' method are being decided by the Sector Representative, mostly in matters of the utmost humanitarian concern. Although Federation populations are predominantly humans, there are large segments of alliances with many member worlds or associating worlds.

All membership is on a voluntary basis and by referendum. The worlds of the Federation are unified in spirit; are guided by the faraway Council of the Guardians suprabody. These worlds are linked together and protected by the Federation Spacefleet under Spacefleet Command in cooperation with Federation authorities - but accountable only to the Council of the Guardians. The Guardians keep in touch with these worlds and with Federation Spacefleet through their observing and advising "cosmic facilitators". Each planet has grade u facilitators as observers. And to ensure overall smooth functioning, several grade 5 facilitators - of which grade Quentin is one - keep monitoring the system and keep reporting to the Guardian Council's august body of grade 6 and 7 stature.

Often before their appointment, the facilitator candidates already had extended life spans, along with a great variety of experiences and achievements. A facilitator's career is a challenging and fulfilling life. The honor of the formal appointment is administered by the Council of the Guardians. In due time and subject to the individual's having developed the appropriate skills and qualifications. A grade 4 could step up to grade 5 - and after countless millenia, even to grade 6 in the Council's executive branch (which is predominantly incorporeal state, with occasional embodied' venturings into the physical realm in cases of great crisis).

Now, let me explain the various speeds and dimensions. Quentin switched to another kind of topic. "Besides the standard sublight 'impulse' speeds on close approach, there are the supra" light speeds available at will for all Federation space vehicles through hyper-space travel. For passenger liners, freighters, other commercial and civilian craft, this supralight cruising speed is 200 C (200 times the speed of light, that is). For Spacefleet Starships and top priority government ships the supralight cruising speed is 500 C. *In View that 1 C: the speed of light was once believed the ultimate speed limit, these several hundred C speeds are incredibly swift - yet prohibitively 'slow' for interstellar or intergalactic distances.*

For example, your lens shaped Milky Way home-galaxy with its hundred billion stars is 20,000 light years 'thick' and 100,000 light years in diameter, with neighboring Andromeda Galaxy being 2 million light years distant. And what with the hundred billions of farther galaxies in your home universe alone; what with the many other universes, other dimensions, other levels and realms in this known but mostly uncharted multiverse of ours alone in the unfathomably grandiose Cosmos.

The Federation's loosely knit commonwealth of many thousand starsystems in the various galaxies and in other dimensions as well, does span 33 vast sectors of our home multiverse in this infinite cosmos. To travel these formidable distances with even faster than supralight cruising, we also have access to the near instant transit of interstellar jumps for all the vessels, via the so-called Star Gates which exist about 100 light years apart within each sector, thus cutting 'door to door' travel time down to several weeks at the most (to while away by induced sleep as an option). **Star Gates are artificially developed.**)* The potential Gates are found at locations of peculiar warps in the space/time continuum - which then are augmented by manmade power-feedback boosters. The Gates are being operated and maintained by robots and computerized equipment, and are all having programmable selection of destination to another similar gate inside the Sector. To access other-dimensional Federation Sectors. Space Fleet vessels are equipped to go through the so-called 'interdimensional transit windows' naturally abundant in most star systems.

)*also the contacts [from Koldas](#)- talked about these as well as the Swedish contact-girl '[Channie West](#).

Then there are the Galaxy Gates, of course (2 or 3 of them within each Federation Sector), those strangely complex anomalies capable of instantaneously transporting a starship from one galaxy to another - which anomalies concealed in mazes of strong gravitational turbulences are bound to tear a regular spaceship to pieces.

Therefore, only the special-monitoring equipped and heavy duty Space Fleet vessels are fit to pinpoint and accurately go through these catapults of superjumps between such awesome intergalactic distances.

The most efficient mode of communication developed up to date is the 'ultra-space' transmission at 10.000 C speed, even routed through the Star Gate grid's auto-relay system if needed, or shot via relay-probe through a Galaxy Gate. At the most, it could take half a day for a message from a most remote point to some Command Center.

Besides your home-dimension, there are many other dimensions as well, which exist side by side or even partially overlap. All these dimensions are having physically similar realities, yet are undetectable to each other because of their different frequency ranges'. Dimensions do also exist in lower or higher frequency bands'.

For any sentient life form, either 'up-banding' or 'down-banding' is extremely difficult, often requiring specialized vessels and/or assisted boostings. For these 'bands' are actually different world-orders of various existence levels on the cosmic evolutionary scale - different densities of separate Vibratory Realms (VR), that is. Earth and its visible universe with the myriad galaxies is of midrange VR 3 (3rd Density). Psycheans and many Federation Worlds are at high range VR 3 or lower range VR 4. These vibratory realms are onion skin like layers of spheres within spheres, yet well isolated from each other by their quantum leaps of drastically higher or lower frequency bands. The substance of these realms and their dwellers are incompatible with each other (like solids to etherics, fire to water); the dwellers have no use for each other's technologies, could not take objects or tools across the barriers, and could

at best exert a tenuous cross-influence an indirect way only. Cross-travellers therefore are strictly on their own, have to blend in and use local means only.

Silence fell. I just sat there, trying to digest and retain it all.

“Now, the docu-show we got beamed over for” - After a long pause Quentin resumed talking - ”could best be named 'holorama' type, or just rather a 'holodrama'. It is a full sense-surround and hollow graphic type projection, creating a perfect illusion of reality. Besides, for you and me this will feel as if actively participating in it, as if completely experiencing the events. The fainter or sketchier parts were enhance-recorded from memories of the experiencer, argumented with telepathic or actual voice-over at places. The more vivid episodes were actual live recordings via the experiencer person. The full show is four hours long, consisting of some edited highlights and vastly condensed periods from the personal histories of people you already met. Some Earthean identities may be deliberately obscured for the sake of anomymity – yet essential feelings and experiences still remain intact. This ‘holodrama’ method was chosen to help you see and experience things that would be too lengthy or too difficult to relate in a conventional way. Then it will be your job to find adequate words for describing it all in your upcoming book titled ‘About my Space Friends’.

“And now, let the lights dim and the show begin.” Quentin concluded.

Quentin's spectral glow subsided, and the cavern went completely dark. Soon I started to see some stars, then many more stars. It began to feel like traveling through deep space, really flying, transporting, battling, warping; much later I felt really bleeding and dying, then cheering and triumphing. I truly lived through it all, with every ounce of my being.

Now, let me try to put it all into the words of this book here.

* * *

SOME EVENTS OF PAST TIMES

Micah - a.k.a. - don Miguel



During his adolescence, he spent many a night looking at the starlit sky with great wonderment, sitting out by the wreck of the super-starship in the desolate mountains. He had been drawn to that crash site, as if his fruitless searches of the broken up wreckage - or his longing gazes into the inscrutable universe would yield some clue to his mysterious origins. They would not. Regrettably, neither could he get much on the subject from the ‘most learned critter’ in those parts, the robotized shuttleport's recluse chief under whose patiently kind tutelage he became a jack of all trades.

About 31,000 of your years ago, an estimated one year old baby then, he happened to be the sole survivor from that crashed super-starship of unknown origin. Soon he was adopted by a childless couple of that bleak planetoid - called 'Pits' - located in some very minor system.

The adoption was facilitated by Doc 'Crazy Horse' the only medico in the region, who declared him a somewhat strange but healthy human, and through whom years later he became a para-medic. Since folks minded their own business on that tough frontier world, the ship crash was not widely publicized. Apart from some cursory poking at the charred wreckage and the burned bodies of the handful occupants, there was no inquest, no legal fuss. He was named Micah, and was raised with much love and care by his foster parents, an otherwise hard working and hard living couple of the riches or bust' variety. Well, gambling with their lives as prospectors in the slim hope of finding some fabled and priceless triocton crystals was their free choice over the dull alternative of wasting away in a guaranteed income society of some mainstream world.

Hardships, challenges they preferred, a lifelong chasing of the fool's gold'. Yet, it was through Micah that they got lucky in the end. At age 21, he happened to stumble into a lode of the much coveted triocton-crystals, very near the wrecked super-starship. Some silly rumors arose - allegedly originating from a drunken statement Doctor 'Crazy Horse' made once - that Micah's alien blood contained triocton particles whose timed activation enabled him to 'home in' on the lode of crystals. (According to legend, triocton was the source of power and propulsion in super-starships).

Micah gave his foster parents half the proceeds, which certainly put them in the lap of great luxury travels and bought them a legally allowable 25% life extension over the region's statistical 800 years' life span.

Micah, too, moved off the planetoid, wanting to learn to know - to experience everything. Yet, after a few short years of extensive travels and 'living it up', he settled down to get educated at the venerable Boulderam University. And even though science and technology were the trendiest and for him the easiest, with his having doubled at paramedics besides having lived with repairing a great variety of machines from mining droids to space freighters - still he rather chose the sedate and dreamy pursuit of the liberal arts. Little did he know that his life on the campus would be far from a sedate one and that he'd be inevitably caught up in the ever boiling cauldron of revolutionary world-saving ideas, in the student-body's constant searching for boldly new challenges.

There on Boulderam, through old annals he found out that his foster parents hailed from a nearby college's similarly challenge-seeking climate, before opting for the rugged life of a mining colony. Their option seemed pretty ridiculous to Micah yet a few years later he found himself heading in the same direction as the elected leader to a bunch of 'pioneering minded' students.

His taste, though, was not for a barren planetoid, but rather for some lush-green world. Soon he was leading 50 couples of 'back to Nature' trailblazers to a faraway and completely virgin planet. It was leased for 700 years from the Federation Resources for his flock of colonists, with himself as a principal stockholder and a would-be-patriarch. He also took his passionate lover, a very pretty and strong female pioneer called Leander for his wife and help mate. The planet's name became Micander. The 700 years lease duration was well within the average 800 years life span in those parts - a seemingly awful long time in the eyes of the 'short lifer' species like that of the Earthians, yet not so awfully long. One just plans and lives accordingly.

Even though the populations elsewhere were genetically sampled for a minimal propagation, the new 'Micanderites' as planet lease holders were entitled to have 2 surviving children per

couple in-side the first 50 years of marriage. Then followed compulsory sterilization. Even with this low propagating, in just 3 centuries the original population of 100 grew into 3000-ish, which in yet another 4 centuries hit the 1 million mark.

In the very beginning Micah became a family man, a householder, throwing himself into the good life of a toiling pioneer and farmer, living with Nature and leading the human community's growth. No machines of any kind were allowed. Hand tools and rudimentary devices were used for everything from clearing the woods through building houses and to cultivating the lands. But they brought in with them useful type domestic animals similar to horses, cows, poultry, dogs and cats. The mountains of original supplies were stashed in the secure 'hard core' bases when their freighter ship had departed.

Then, by their own design, the settlers were cut off for good from the civilized worlds. Except, of course, from the periodic probe-droid monitoring by the Federation for their general safety and well being, and from the once a decade compulsory checking around by an inspector robot. Yet the colonists were quite content to be isolated, and content to fill their existence with the simplest things of a non-mechanized but most humanized agricultural community. And with a few years' hard work they had their family farmhouses built, made a good start at cultivating the cleared fields and at building a small town for essential services.

About 300 years after the pioneer beginning. Micah's strong interest in herbs and flowers got him into the homemade remedies sideline, which gradually expanded into a solid family business line, along with some off-planet exporting. This latter phase started after about 600 years when the planet's population reached the 1/4 million mark - at which point a cautious recontacting the outside world began, as per the original charter. It was also around that time Micah's wife died in an accident, causing the old man' quite an emotional crisis and lengthy readjustment.

Wanting to get real busy, Micah soon became an interstellar travelling salesman with his home remedy line. He established chain outlets throughout the local cluster and made mergers with similar lines, which culminated in his becoming a conglomerate organizer on a near galactic scale. Big time wheeling-dealing and political connections followed inevitably. Micah's horizon was swiftly widening; and the pace of his life ever-accelerating, away from his once 'simple life'. So ended the first phase of his life at age 730. The same time his planet's lease expired; and for his out-standing achievement in founding Micander's unique society, the Federation awarded him a life extension to his 5000th year, a rare honor given to one in a million. Also, he received an honorary doctorate from Boulderam University, his alma mater.

*At more than half the places in the Federation, the average human life span is 200 of your Earth years. **At less than half the places, the so-called 'long lifer' span is 800 years.***

Childhood and adolescence is similar to that of Earth's, with maturation reached at age 18 to 21. Full peak is reached between 35 and 50, but with the long lifers this peak stays stable 'prime of life' condition to age 500, followed by a 200 years period of middle age.

Aging decline usually sets in well after 700-ish.

In cases of greatly outstanding individual excellence the Federation is capable of granting a life extension to age 5000. The extension treatment is being administered at a most secret clinic, to which the extended grantee (called 'prolonged one') will have to return every 100 years or so for periodic boosting. The treatments are not as much biological, but rather psionic in their nature through the various in-depth adjustments of the auric field.

In extremely rare cases, and only on a handful of indispensably useful individuals the Council of the Guardians may bestow a second physical-life extension of 35,000 to 40,000 years age limit (these grantees are called 'most prolonged ones'). The initial treatment and subsequent boostings are done ultra-dimensionally through an unknown process administered by the Guardians.

The 'prolonged' and 'most prolonged' person's organism will function at a 'prime of life' fitness level, ensured by the periodic rejuv-boostings to forestall energy dips or organic declines.

To help psychological coping with the seemingly infinite life span, the rejuv-boost occasions may also serve as convenient time dividers for the long stretches in between, besides which the 'prolonged ones' can do further subdividing into 'eras' (phases in their life styles or missions/assignments in serving the Federation). Then, within these much easier managable parameters, the prolonged ones usually deal with a specific period at a time and become focussed on the immediate task or happening - just like average humans do.

Next, Micah relinquished his Micander role to his heirs and innumerable offsprings, and with his new long lease on life he started to look for newer pastures. This led him deep into the politics of the local cluster (a group of a hundred inhabited planets around 'closely' bunched stars).

For the next 2000 years or so, his life became ever more complex along with an ever increasing action radius. Now he had galaxywide connections, even formed friendly ties with a highly placed section chief named Ardvaal from the Intergalactic Affairs Coordination. It was at an earlier joint conference through Ardvaal, that he learned about the very low profile but paramountly influential supra-Federation ruling circle called the 'Council of the Guardians' and its intricate ways. Micah even participated at a high level conference Ardvaal took him to, where he first met the Council's flesh and blood emissary, a grade 5 cosmic facilitator called Quentin. Micah, Ardvaal and Quentin happened to develop unusually strong bonds during subsequent meetings and shared activities. A few decades later, when Ardvaal requested transfer to Federation Security field assignments for Border Patrol, Micah was asked to fill the vacated post. This he accepted -staying on for about a millenium, till his age 4000.

(suppose then, that they no longer have bodies at this coarse material level, where the matter is in continuous dissolution? rune ø. remark)

And even though Micah kept steadily growing in experience, wisdom and stature at his Intergalactic Affairs post, a restless yearning for some more profound way of life also kept growing in him. The resolve to move on came when he received the shocking news of Ardvaal's tragic death from a remote border zone. So Micah resigned his post and retired from public service. Being 4000 years old, he decided to spend his remaining 1000 years on a private quest for the meaning of existence in general and his own one in particular. He dropped out of society and went on his great cosmic quest. He procured authorization to do arcane research on behalf of Boulderam University, to make his intended travels restriction-free and much easier with Star Fleet. He spent an incredible fortune - nearly all his private wealth - acquiring the fastest and most sophisticated one-man starship in the supravessel class. With Quentin's recommendation he was granted Federation permission to refit and convert the vessel to standard Space Fleet performance.

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Space Fleet standard meant being capable of Intersector and Intergalactic jumps, hyperelane travel between Stargates, Inter-dimensional transits. For the reaching the mind boggingly far-flung systems millions of light years apart, such modes of transportation were imperative to

hold the Federation together by the Star Fleet, and now a must for Micah to cover his similarly faraway destinations.

Coming out of Stargate jumps, his vessel became capable of a 500 C - safe cruising speed to reach a desired system, also an emergency speed of 1000 C in case of need. Not that Micah would want to tour all the 33 vast sectors of the Federation which comprised numerous star clusters and parts of galaxies through 12 of the known universes in the multidimensional Cosmos. No, he just merely wished to seek personal meetings with a number of legendary sages, whose widely scattered whereabouts he had managed to access prior to resigning from his office. But even his relatively 'modest' journeying would take a century or two to complete, and with the slower space travel in hyperdrive he would have to spend weeks at a time in induced sleep between Stargate inter-jumps. At each destination he intended to visit, he would want to immerse himself fully into the resident sage's particular framework of higher philosophy and metaphysical principles, before seeking a personal audience for an in-depth querying.

Micah truly seemed to find the wandering scholar's role the perfect life-style for his temperament. Thus he researched many kinds of arcane teachings through the distant universities and some faraway sources, entrusting his ship's computer to sift through mountains of recorded information then to file the distilled essence.

He also met with truly remarkable characters, teachers, even some masters of the arcane field.



Periodically, he transmitted monographs and progress reports through the nearest Vector Comm Center to Boulderam University, partly to fulfill his assumed academic obligation and partly to keep the ever inquisitive Star Fleet off his back. In the course of time, though, Star Fleet became most accommodating, specially after Micah consented to mediate in a few regional squabbles as some unofficial emissary for Intergalactic Affairs.

Thus Micah was getting drawn deeper and deeper into his cosmic quest, while getting increasingly farther away from the beaten track.

He drifted out so much, that he even forgot about his going back to a 'rejuv clinic' in the mainstream for his long overdue periodic boosting. Then a very strange thing happened to him. While in a remote nebula to seek out a certain sage, one day in his hotel room Micah was overcome by an uncontrollable drowsiness which rapidly turned into a catatonic state. Much later, after the fact he learned that he had gone into a coma for 30 days. During that coma, according to holo-documented evidence, his body secreted some toxic fluids which solidified into an impenetrable crust of armor encasing him - apparently as a protection by his mysterious defense mechanism.

After the elapse of 7 days the process reversed, and all traces of the crust evaporated as toxic gases. Real neat protection for a hibernating body. Soon it became obvious that he underwent a spontaneous rejuv-boostz From that time on, Micah deliberately stayed away from rejuv-

clinics, wanting to know whether the spontaneous event would recur. Well, it did recur 200 years later, while on a rim world for consulting Master Helixee. Evidently, his spontaneous rejuv boost was a genetic built-in.

Incidentally, on that rim world, Master Helixee gifted him a riddle which contained the key for finding the 'Elysian world of ultimate learning' - the legendary Akhashand. Micah set out in pursuit as per instructions, towards uncharted regions. Eventually he managed to crack the elaborate riddle, which yielded a series of random numbers. By then, he was within reach of the remotest Stargate, an unmanned outpost at Archonus. Suspecting that the numbers stood for an unlisted location coordinates somewhere in the multidimensional Cosmos, on a wild hunch about Akhashand, Micah keyed the random numbers into the Stargate transporter circuit.

And the consequence was truly spectacular: after a long and wild 'supra-drive' across half Creation. Micah arrived in a realm of enchanted luminosity and great felicity. His ship's shuttle landed him near some pastel-colored temples, vast open theatres. many columned halls of marble. Leisurely clad humans were all over the place in a balmy climate. Everything and everyone looked very vibrant. There was an infinite variety of new colors and new sounds. All details had an intense sharpness and clarity about them, which were far beyond the range of the usually perceived everyday world.

It was neither the 'hereafter', nor an astral plane. The place was for real. Micah himself also looked bright and vibrant. He felt joyous, very light, very much at home. For him, mingling came natural with the other people. They all came to the place for the same reason as Micah himself. He was in the company of like minds, who were all happily absorbing the highest kind of Universal teachings from many great Master teachers - or exchanging ideas with fellow 'students', conducting or attending seminars with the others.

Akhashand was like a great happy campus community. Micah felt contented and absolutely carefree: his needs were looked after, his access remained unbroken to the now just minimally 'awake' starship in parking orbit. Akhashand was a timeless realm, where no one including his own self - was concerned about the passage of time.

But after what felt like a century, saturation set in, so he acted on the urge to move on. Realization dawned on him, that his learning was fully completed. From then on he just simply had to live to serve - to evolve and grow in stature.

Returning through retrace-mode in his starship to the tangible realms of the Federation, he was astounded to learn when recalibrating to Local Galactic Time Standard, that actually 15,000 years had elapsed in his absence. On top of it, he seemed much younger in every way, as if he reverted back to his prime 300-ish! And while he kept checking and rechecking the time frames and his instruments, feeling still much confounded - he was jolted to full alerts ness by a tall human figure's sudden materialization on the bridge.

It was Quentin, the Guardians' representative in the flesh, who came to comfort him and explain the puzzling events. Quentin confirmed that Micah was truly absent for 15,000 years, and indeed became permanently rejuvenated into prime condition. Quentin said that at Micah's departure he was alerted by the Stargate's auto-warning about someone's inter-jump to an unlisted location. Through some detective work and coordinates tracking, he figured out that it was Micah's going to Akhashand. Understanding the motive, he approved in his own heart.

The only snag was that the unmanned Archonus Stargate had been tampered with, causing a time displacement of 15,000 years by diverting the ship through several time warps. The tampering seemed a deliberately hostile act by Dark Forces agents, of which Ardvaal fell victim to while investigating the tampering effect. Like another Federation agent's before him, Ardvaal inter-jumping ship was thrown into the time warps where he died when past his 5000th year.

But Micah had not died in the time warps, on the contrary, he even got rejuvenated, doubtless due to having been from a mysterious very long lifer' stock - even if an unknowing one - whose rejuv-trigger was somehow activated in the time warps.

Quentin suspected that the Guardians must have had some 'future joint role' design for himself along with Micah and even including Ardvaal - despite of the apparent setback by the latter's death.

Quentin learned that Ardvaal was reborn since in a new embodiment, was now 200 years old and was getting regroomed for his old Security & Intelligence 'bloodhound' role.

Now, since Micah's second life-extension became an accomplished fact - even if not by official bestowal - Quentin promised to have the factual status duly registered in the Federation, along with Micah's reinstatement and discreet reinsertion in the everyday mainstream...

Later in the book...

Once in the general vicinity, Quentin ran the starcraft in wide loops around the convoy's position, to check for possible adversaries.

He found plenty of them. There were numerous squadrons of alien warships converging on the Evacuee Convoy. One or two alien lead-squadrons were already engaged in battling with the Convoy's defense fortresses. Spasmodic flarings dotted the blackness of deep space, as the heavy battleships exchanged their deadly torpedoes and particle beams, Lighter interceptors were crisscrossing in between the gigantic war machines, seeking out vulnerable spots at close range, while simultaneously carrying on with all around dogfights, Though their respective technologies and craft designs were somewhat dissimilar, the defenders and attackers seemed evenly matched, with mounting losses sustained rather equally. Yet, each side felt confident about an assured final victory over the other, by way of a secret ace's coming for the defenders - or by way of approaching reinforcements for the attackers. This feeling of confidence Quentin managed to perceive through the non-verbal mental content of respective combatants as he zeroed in on some individual participants.

The defenders and the convoy people were all humanoid with some minor variations, but predominantly the 'homo sapiens' type. The Fleet, consisted of 100 lumbering 'hibernaculum' vessels, each carrying 10 billion sleepers on a many millenia long exodus-voyage. This particular convoy under attack happened to be the leading one of a staggered formation of 10 similar convoys (with 10 hibernaculums each) traveling light years apart. This gigantic migratory fleet carried a grand total of nxm billion sleepers, who were the evacuated cream from several hundred doomed worlds of the Skanzen League.

This attacked lead-convoy's defenders were now awaiting the imminent arrival of their secret ace, a fearsome battleship giant of the super dreadnought class named 'Protector'. Lo and behold, 'Protector' popped into full view at the battle scene, dispatching the fleet of attackers into oblivion by way of tremendous energy bolts of pinpoint accuracy. 'Protector' kept firing simultaneously from numerous banks of phaser-like cannons, dotting the spacecape with exploding attackers.

Now a vast attacker-reinforcement of converging battleship squadrons showed up on the scene, spewing death towards the defenders. All of a sudden, Quentin realized why he had such difficulty in registering thought processes from the attackers: they were neither humans nor any alien life forms; they were mere automatons, android fagimiles with synthetic 'brains' that acted as mere sensor/receptors and executors of remote commands. The attackers came from the direction of a dense star cluster still ahead of the convoy on its route.

The Skanzen Evacuees believed, that the attackers were natives of the star cluster who mistook the convoy for invaders of their homeworlds. But to Quentin it was quite clear that the humans were the mistaken ones: the attackers were not 'natives' of the star cluster, they were merely based there. Through a quick back-scan of the cluster, Quentin found just thinly populated worlds of indigenous natives now living in primitive conditions amidst the ruins of their once highly advanced interstellar civilization. What Quentin gathered on a superficial probe of some native minds, that the robot intruders were the ones which destroyed the cluster's civilization in order to secure their own outposts there. When probing for some master mind behind the robot attackers, Quentin perceived that the cluster posts had a relay center only, with the actual remote controller being somewhere inaccessibly far away.

Now at the convoy battle scene the vast intruder reinforcements boxed the super-dreadnought 'Protector' in, destroying it piecemeal in a methodical manner. And even though Quentin's sympathy was with the beleaguered humans, there was nothing he could do besides relaying information to his quickly approaching supravessel companions 'Starfish' and 'MegaMax'. The starcraft 'Spectre' itself had no offensive capabilities.

After the super-dreadnought's spectacular demise, the badly out-numbered convoy defenders still valiantly fought on, even if seemingly without hope now. Then 'MegaMax' and 'Starfish' popped up with blazing guns and scorching rays, blowing the swarms of intruders into oblivion. The immensely relieved but greatly bewildered convoy defenders cheered them on. The devastating battle was hardly over, when Convoy Command already sent a barrage of 'explanation requests' on all hailing frequencies in numerous languages to the liberators.

'Starfish' responded in convoy-standard via its onboard universal translator.

This is the task force supravessel 'Starfish'. We were sent here from a faraway human realm on a mercy mission to save the entire fleet of your Evacuee Convoys and to assist the relocating to new homeworlds. Please send a 50 member delegation the soonest over to the 'Starfish' for further details and necessary discussion.

In the meantime, we suggest you stay on full alert, regroup and beef up defenses. Our companion vessel 'MegaMax' will fall back to a far perimeter to guard against possible further intrusions."

A thorough scanning convinced Quentin that no new attacks were threatening for the time being. So he zoomed away to the star cluster for a closer look of the attackers relay center. He

found numerous star systems being occupied by attacker bases, with their craft totalling to multiples of thousands. He also found many duplicate relay centers in other parts of the cluster, all linked together for mutual backup if any one center failed. All centers were fed by superfast and hardly detectable tachyon beams from a common source way outside the cluster. Following the tachyon, beams, Quentin zipped over to the few light-days distant source point, an innocuous looking moon-sized chunk of blackened rock near a dark nebula. The chunk was evidently the main relay station's site. Hidden a hundred miles deep inside the blackened rock, Quentin sensed an artificial directing intelligence - which intelligence in turn was remotely controlled by physically undetectable ultratachyon beams from yet another much farther away source.

He informed Micah of the situation via his psychotronic link. Giving the coordinates, he asked 'MegaMax' to bring over several singularity-generators for destroying the rock embedded main relay station. He instructed 'MegaMax' to skirt the rock's position at least a million miles away, and from there to launch two singularity generators piggy-backed on photon torpedoes into a deep fissure on the rock chunk's middle portion. The launching was done. Then with the two supravessels' tandem guidance, it still took some delicately coordinated course corrections for the deadly charges to reach the target point. Seconds before impact, the singularity generators got automatically switched on, converting the torpedoes mass into a deadly ball of energy to burrow into the rock's fissure. While the moon-sized chunk of blackened rock imploded into a whirl-pool of utter destruction, the two supravessels veered away to re-join the Evacuees Convoy. End of main relay station.

But the drama was not over yet. As Quentin rose to stretch from his body-contour recliner under the interface cone, he noticed the chamber starting to glow with a strange light. The phenomenon stabilized as a man sized ovaloid of soft golden light at the far wall. Quentin knew instantly that he was having a visitation by a messenger of the Guardians Council. The messenger light being's communication was directly telepathic that Quentin's mind verbalized for its own convenience, as follows.

Greetings, Brother Quentin. Congratulations on the well done job. But it is not over yet. The remote controller, Belzed of Belzedar from the far side of Galaxy xx Zero still has some deadly surprises left for the Evacuee Fleet's destruction. He needs to eliminate this entire Evacuee Armada of the Skanzen league worlds at all costs, if he is to conquer and rule the whole galaxy unopposed. Granted, Belzed already has Skanzen League people on the run, whose convoys are still one long week's travel time from the lastly formed Galaxy Gate. Also, Belzed has been already waging war on a neighboring domain of Prondozz worlds and on many other star systems as well. Belzed might even use his personally remote controlled 'Chaos' device to make stars going nova in recalcitrant opponents' territories - just like he had done when driving out the Stanzen League Worlds centuries ago. Though Belzed is a legitimate heir of the Belzed dynasty, he is actually the very son of-Sanmael the demon prince.

The Guardians concluded that the situation fully warrants their intervention. They decided on a measured response to redress the imbalance, which response should covertly lead to the total fall of Belzed. Stopped Belzed must be, preferably within days, but in one week at the most. And you, Quentin are hereby assigned for the job. We, on our part have already arranged contact with the Frondozz Worlds to have their Space Fleet stand by for cooperating on your signal. 'Spectre' starcraft will sneak you through the tight security of the Belzedar system, close to the governing planet. There, you transport down on your own, but will be picked up

on your signal when the assignment is completed and be returned to the Federation by the starcraft as its last run. Now – instruct Micah along with Argus to escort the Skanzen convoys to the Galaxy Gate and all the way to Galaxy XX 33, through the successive jumps with Argus's guidance. Micah should act both as a scout and a rearguard, blowing each temporary Galaxy Gate in the retreat.

And now, Brother Quentin, good luck and go to it!”

The light ovaloid faded out and the messenger was gone.

Quentin proceeded according to instructions. He fully informed Micah on the plan, and asked him to relay all that to Argus who was momentarily busy with the Evacuee Convoy delegation.

*

One day after Quentin's leaving for the Belzedar system, the convoy was attacked again. 'MegaMax's ultrascreen picked up a blip of the approaching lead formation. Still reluctant to use the easily detectable standard transmission, Micah warned Argus via the psychotronic link. But the warning didn't get through: the attackers must have caught on, for they now jammed all his possible bands along with the psychotronic one. Micah was quick to switch: closing his eyes he concentrated to send the warning over and over in a purely telepathic mode. Suddenly, Argus' smiling face popped into his mind, along with the words "message received, thanks".

The attackers popped out of ultra-space right in the midst of the convoy's defense formation, opening fire almost immediately.

But this was no longer a surprise. By then, all the banks of independently targetable 'Starfish' phasers and also the laser-cannon batteries of the Convoy Fortresses were zeroed in on the precise coordinates - and the few hundred attacker craft got engulfed in a core of churning energy from the devastating cross fire of the defenders. Since the Convoy Fortresses weapon consoles were already all tied into the 'Starfish' supercomputer-like brains system by an earlier agreement, such coordination of pinpoint multi-targeting became possible even against widely scattered attackers - also 'jamming proof' for a tighter formation's intercommunication.

'MegaMax', too, helped out with its formidable firepower, but its main role still remained the advance detection through its very long range ultra-scans.

Right after the attacker wave was wiped out, Convoy Command declared agreement with the suggested Federation plan for the Galaxy XX 33 relocation, subject to the rest of the convoys consenting as well. So 'MegaMax' took half a dozen top delegates aboard, to run them back for the consultation process with the other nine convoys behind. Micah suggested for lead-convoy to maintain their subspace radio-silence, except for a generalized statement to the ones behind about the latest surprise attack - but with no mention of Federation supravessels intervention. Micah advised 'Starfish' to stay on constant alert with short range ultra-scans manned. He ordered MegaMax' to keep long range ultrascreens wide open in the search mode, and to give advance warning to 'Starfish' if needed.

* * *

Later still in book:

AN EVENT OF PRESENT TIMES

Pavel's story

Pavel was a high calibre and fast rising bureaucrat in the Soviet governing elite. He had a good grounding in the sciences, held an agnostic view, was well read in several languages - including English, thoroughly informed on international politics and economics, fairly traveled abroad, physically fit and tough.

He was also a hard-nosed pragmatist, yet his long standing interest in the field of astronomy still led him to endless philosophical ponderings over cosmic questions.

In early 1975, aboard an overnight domestic Soviet flight, while chatting with the crew in the cockpit, Pavel was profoundly shaken by a close UFO flyby and its near collision antics. The crew shrugged the incident off, preferring not to file a report.

Pavel played along with them, wanting no official entanglements either. Yet, his curiosity was much aroused.

Back to Moscow, Pavel started to dig into the general UFO topic by conducting covert researches through the restricted Kremlin archives and computer data banks. There, on the shelves he found many Western-published books on UFOs - mostly of numerous sightings and of some in substantiated 'close encounter' stories which talked about extraterrestrial aliens with superior technologies. Official info in the data banks was skimpy, inconclusive: air forces of the major powers around the world had been earnestly investigating the phenomena, but no hard data were obtained yet.

Outside officialdom, amongst people in all walks of life, Pavel's jestingly 'casual' references brought on some interesting results:

he had a fleeting brush with an alleged psychic in the manual labor ranks who claimed ongoing telepathic contacts with various extra-terrestrials; he bumped into a psychotronics research officer with a keen interest in gadgetry for controlling 'terran or alien' minds.

Once Pavel even went incognito to sit in on a stupid village sceance where a disembodied voice directed him to be at a certain Black Sea resort by the upcoming full moon's time 'for vital clues to his extraordinary quest'. Much to his surprise - due to some unexpected official business - that full moon's time by a seeming coincidence he wound up near the specified resort place.

At the already darkening airport, an official limousine sent for his exclusive use whisked him away to the downtown accommodation, However, the driver took him instead to the festively lit harbor, right up to some moonlight-cruise boat just about to depart.

"Your bringing me here must be a mistake." Pavel told the door-opening driver.

"No mistake." The green eyed and handsomely dark chauffeur gave him a roguish smile.

"Right on schedule, you came as planned for the vital clues to the extraordinary quest'. So kindly get on board, please."

Somehow, Pavel found himself aboard the already casting off boat, being hustled to a secluded deck-area by a blonde haired sailor of penetrating blue eyes. A full moon hung low on the horizon.

What's all this spiriting me away in such cloak and dagger fashion?" Pavel inquired. "First that Rasputin-like driver, now your 'prince charming' self."

The 'cloak and dagger' is for ensuring all around secrecy.

The limo driver is my co-conspirator." Blue Eyes replied. "And I am Quentin, sent here to satisfy your curiosity in UFO matters."

Very well." Pavel said. "So what on earth are these UFOs?"

First of all, they are not of Earth. They are extraterrestrial scout ships - popularly called 'flying saucers' - of very advanced hightech design, here to monitor the activities of your planet's civilization."

Why is the monitoring?"

Partly curiosity, partly scientific research. Like how your hideous polluting and nuclear madness may affect the lives of extraterrestrials in the long run."

We have no next door neighbors to worry about." Pavel made a sweeping gesture towards the spectacularly starlit sky.

Wrong." Quentin countered.

"Apart from your visible universe, there are many other universes of different dimensionality.

Parts of those dimensions do even occupy the same space as this dimension yet are invisible to each other, since their realities manifest at different rates of vibrations. Like solid matter and radio waves to each other, although in their respective dimensions everything is just as solid as here. Even though mutually invisible, they can still affect each other through the common etheric and magnetic spaces."

And the UFOs are from those other dimensions?"

Most of them are, indeed."

How do they get here, then?"

By altering their vibratory rate down to the rate of this dimension, thus solidifying and becoming visible here. This produces the effect of 'materialization' - or conversely 'dematerialization'."

Well, that'd explain the sudden disappearance and reappearance of that orangely glowing 'flyby' object he personally observed from the plane's cockpit, Pavel thought.

"I've read similar tales in some Western published UFO books."

Aloud Pavel said. "But I'd rather be interested in my own first-hand experiencing, in a personal encounter with such marvellous machines and their outer space occupants. Maybe I'd like to have a ride, too, if it would be possible."

"It sure would be possible, provided your molecular structure could be altered by the Tibetan treatment for an interdimensional journey. Still, it could be pretty dangerous." Quentin explained.

‘Leave that to me.’ Pavel said. ‘So where and when can my direct experiencing be arranged?’
‘You will be contacted in about 5 weeks from today. All details then will be taken care of, so there's no need for you to worry...’

All of a sudden, a bright point of orange light streaked across the black night sky. Pavel's eyes followed the light's path until its abrupt disappearance. Then he turned back to Quentin - but the man was no longer there: mysteriously, he vanished without a trace just like some UFO...

About a month after the Black Sea incident, Pavel was leaving Moscow again. This time it was to join the one week long hunting party that a select circle of two dozen top bureaucrats annually got together for in the Ural mountains. Pavel's wife was not happy about the all males gathering, but she understood the necessity of maintaining such intimate comradely bonds in the country's power structure.

Reaching the base camp in a desolate area of the Ural mountains, by evening Pavel was joined in the fireside revelry of his trusted old friends. Next day it was time to talk hunting games strategy, checking maps and equipment, breaking into smaller groups of twos and threes. Then late evening they all scattered and set out for an all night outing, in order to familiarize with the wooded terrain, and to take up pre-dawn lookout positions near the big game drinking and crossing spots.

Pavel was trailing his two team mates along a babbling creek. There was some ground mist at places. Otherwise, the night was clear and cool. The stars sparkled brightly - an orange one even kept blinking, then moved away rapidly. A sudden recognition hit Pavel: it was exactly 5 weeks earlier that Quentin gave the date for a UFO contact.

The three hunters entered the woods through a rising mist which was fast becoming a dense fog. In spite of precautions, flash-lights and good walkie-talkies, the team mates lost each other. Pavel still heard distant voices and rustling, when he happened upon a forest clearing of much improved visibility. Suddenly, an eerie illumination came from above: a disc shaped object, pulsating with an orange glow, swam into view overhead - then swam out of view in a downward arc. Most likely a UFO! And it must have landed nearby, for a faint pulsating remained steady even through the fog. For a closer look, Pavel kept moving along the trail which led uphill now in the orange glow's direction. After a few minutes, the mist-shrouded forest fell behind, as he stepped out on the fog free rock plateau of some hilltop.

And there at a distance was the mysterious object, which now abruptly changed its bright orange pulsation into a steady pale blue luminescence - as if responding to Pavel's arrival. Definitely a UFO, the flying saucer shaped object was the size of a truck, silently hovering a few meters above the ground. Awestruck and ex-cited, Pavel laid his gear down and just stood there motionless.

Now the UFO started to fade away into invisibility, then reappeared through a faint glow into a solid object again after a minute or two, even lowering itself into a fully landed position. Without a doubt, this UFO was from outer space. Most likely even from another dimension as Quentin had said, but certainly not of Earthly origin.

The flying saucer just stood there motionless, soundless. Since no one came out of it, after a very long wait Pavel broke the spell and moved close to investigate. The alien flying thing was disc-shaped with a small dome on top, over three meters high and eight meters in diameter. There were three portholes equally set apart around its circumference, but there was no door or other opening.



The disc gave off some heat and emanated a faint smell of ozone. Rather than using his bare hand, he tapped the UFO with his sheathed hunting knife. The hull felt much more like fiberglass than metal.

Suddenly, a man sized hole irised open in the hull, followed by a short ramp lowering from it. Startled, Pavel

ran back to his gear, prepared for an imminent showing of some alien creatures. But the saucer just blankly sat there, with no movement from it whatsoever.

After a very long wait, he realized that there were no aliens coming out. Pavel took a grip on his nerves, walked up to the ramp and went inside the alien craft.

A fast glance told him the craft had some equipment, screens, instrument slabs - but no visible creature inside. There was a faint hiss behind him: the doorway just irised down and sealed shut. Forcing himself to stay calm, Pavel looked for and found the door-activator's manual override working to his satisfaction. So he was not captive after all, but just a 'visiting guest' inside an alien robotcraft. Quickly weighing pros and cons, he made a snap decision.

Very well, mysterious aliens." He stepped up close to a beach-ball sized object which floated at his eye level inside a meter-wide vertical center support shaft of transparent material. "I am ready to learn, to experience, to meet you face to face wherever. So let's go and get on with it."

The robotcraft energized instantly, lifting off the rocky hilltop.

Through the bottom porthole. Pavel watched with fascination as the ground fell away rapidly.



The fog stayed below, the stars brightly shone above, and the alien craft was in a level flight mode. Peering into the fast blinking central sphere - which was most likely the piloting brain - Pavel soon figured out how to read its pattern changes for direction and geographical location. The projected course pointed to a destination deep inside Red Chinese territory, more precisely in Tibet's Himalayan range in the general Lhasa area.

They covered the 4000 km distance in about one hour's time, while crossing several time zones. At daybreak, in the midst of snowclad peaks they landed on a barren mountainside. A group of silent monks appeared in protective furs and took Pavel away to a nearby underground monastery. There, Pavel was scrutinized by some head lamas. Then, seated amidst smoking candles and chanting monks.

He felt as if being ultrasonically washed inside and throughout in a joyously tingling way. Were they perhaps altering his molecular structure? *The ridiculous notion flashed through his mind, just before he drifted into some deep sleep like state.* When Pavel woke, he was back inside the robotcraft, feeling wonderfully light and rejuvenated. Through a side porthole he saw his monk-escort walk-ing away from the craft. Near him on the floor he found some space gear: boots, formfitting space 'skin' of silvery material, belt and helmet. Since it was

obviously meant for his use, he stripped and put the stuff on. Through the belt and helmet, he immediately felt a dramatic boost of his already heightened mental and physical functioning.

The robotcraft lifted off into the late afternoon sun, then raced away to Mongolia's Gobi Desert. There, the craft was sucked up into a fiery vortex of frightening mists, just to be thrown clear a few minutes later into deep space and many thousand kilometres from planet Earth. A large saucer-shaped mother ship hovered near-by, which the small robotcraft boarded by 'dematerialized' penetration through its hull! Once inside and in one of its seven saucer docking bays, the robotcraft 'rematerialized' to its former shape and solidity. Pavel left the saucer, and through a succession of doors he arrived in a hexagonal room with slanting walls and a wide picture window: evidently his living quarters for a probable journey. Somewhat later the mother ship made an interdimensional transit by fading out from Earth's dimension into another dimension, which new dimension was crowded with spectacular star clusters.

Pavel explored the adjoining central dome's rock garden, ate sparingly from the condensed protein rations he found in a compact storage behind his room's wall. He whiled away the time with reflections and mental games - even attempted to communicate with the robot mothership's central intelligence, but in vain. No contact either with the other six passengers that he suspected were on board, hidden from sight. Fortunately, there was the ever fascinating space scape to watch and wonder about their incredibly fast supralight speed of travel. Then, surviving a violent electric space storm, the carrier reached its destination - a binary star system, after what felt like a three days journeying.



There was a planet with two suns rising from behind it, also a colossal sized spaceship floating nearby. The connecting doors from Pavel's room to the docking bay opened: it was time to board the saucer. They went through the carrier's hull in a half dematerialized state, than solidified again they flew away toward the spaceship colossus.

Soon, the whole view was taken up by the kilometers long super spaceship. The small saucer went through the giant's hull in a half-transit' mode. After solidifying in a bay enclosure, Pavel exited on foot. He found himself inside a 10 meters wide tubular passage way, next to a plastic bubble car. At his eye level, there hovered a one meter diameter disc, with antenna and optical protrusions and even a small TV screen.

Welcome aboard, comrade.” The mini saucer spoke with a stewardess-like voice in perfect Russian. ”I am here to guide you to the reception room. Please get into the bubble hover-car, then I shall lead on.”

Pavel complied, and was whisked through a maze of corridors, shafts, revolving drums. Gravity, air, temperature felt perfectly Earth-normal'. There was lot of traffic all over. Human-like figures in formfit uniforms and from dwarf to giant size of widely differing skin textures were scurrying in both directions. Some of them even had features which resembled cats, dogs, birds, reptiles and insects. Most likely humanoid aliens from divergent lines of evolution. But whatever, it all looked tremendously exciting to Pavel.

After about a ten minutes travel, the bubble hovercraft entered a spherical chamber. The place was eccentrically furnished with riotous decorations - but also had trolleys laden with food and drink. A casually dressed human figure came forth to greet Pavel, shaking his hand warmly.

(picture/artist below by Jim Nichols)



”Welcome aboard, and welcome to a space sector of the Psychean Federation Worlds.” He said in flawless Russian. ”We are aboard a one-and-a-half mile long, medium sized Space Lab Ark of Federation Registry. The larger sized Arks are about 10 to 20 times bigger and up. Presently, we are orbiting the Planet Argona in the binary Omm-Onn system.” He pointed toward one slide-away section of the chamber, which showed the planet and the rising suns.

Pavel recognized his host instantly. He was the limousine driver from the Black Sea resort encounter.

”Hell, well. You do get around for a simple chauffeur.” Pavel said, taken back by the new surprise.

”That was just a convenient cover.” The host grinned, stroking his beard. He poured some vodka, handing over one glassful, then continued talking. ”I am an extraterrestrial; more specifically of the Psychean Worlds. My name is Argus, and I am the one who had to authorize your visit to these parts on behalf of the Federation’s Space Fleet Intelligence.”

”I feel honored.” Pavel gestured with his glass of vodka in hand. ”Also, I am happy to be here and am looking forward to learn more about your worlds. But I am gravely concerned about the stir my absence from home will create. So far it’s been about three missing days.”

”No need to worry.” Argus said. ”You will be back in that befogged forest within five hours elapsed Earth time from your departure. So, there will be a matter of five missing hours in the dense fog. Your absence would go unnoticed.”

How can that be? Time is time.”

Not quite. There is a 1 to 7 time ratio between our respective dimensions. Besides, you’ll go through some time-warpings, much of it in reverse.”

”Anyway, I’ll be your host for most of your stay.” Argus went on. ”But now we must part company for a few days, for I must welcome your other fellow visitors from Earth. In my absence, this mini-saucer will show your quarters, will look after your needs, will also take you on guided tours of our Space Lab Ark.”

At a flick of Argus's hand, one quadrant of the enclosing dome opened to reveal a Polynesian-type environment of gently rolling hills with lush tropical vegetation.

What you see here is a fair reproduction of my near Earth-like home environment on Planet Ankh. Go out and stretch your legs a while. It's reasonably safe, and the mini-saucer will provide the escort for your comfort, information, or video-phone connection if needed. On that back couch, you'll find some casual clothes to change into. Leave your space gear here, it will be taken care of."

Pavel stepped out of the dome for a welcome break in the tropical paradise, following the mini-saucer's lead.

"Distances are deceptive here." The mini-saucer informed him. The idea is to create a feeling of spaciousness in the confinement of this ship-segment. Here we have various nature trails, totalling to 10 kilometers in length."

Pavel was impressed. Their trail led through an ever changing terrain, and sometimes almost doubled back on itself or ran pretty near in circles. Pavel enjoyed the exhilarating 2 hours hike, the picnic lunch that the mini-saucer conjured up while he swam in a bay inlet, before adjourning to his quarters.

Waking up "next day", Pavel availed himself to the mini saucer's led orientation tour of the Space Lab Ark (SLA). He sat in a hover bubble car which glided noiselessly through the maze of passageways, byways and service corridors. Mini-saucer showed the way. While helpfully explaining.

"You are on a Space Lab Ark of medium class. It is cylindrical in form and has a multipecies crew and scientists personnel of 3000. It's cigar shaped construct is 2,5 kilometers long, and is made up of segmented modules. Each module is a carefully laid out environmental mini replica of its originating home-world planet. This Space Lab Ark is a veritable mobile exhibition, a cosmic show-case of 12 differing worlds. Yet the ones assembled here are just a random sampling out of the many non-humanoid world civilizations under the Federation's exploring. Each module core is hermetically sealed in itself, accessible through transfer chambers only – but all open for visiting by anyone from any other world, in suitably protective gear. The SLA's purpose is to provide facilities for learning about each other's worlds - humanoids and non-humanoids alike - even to stop off to explore additional worlds as well."

Pavel toured the automated Food Production Plant, the Repair Plant with its very complex machineries and multipodal mechanics, lastly even the Multi-Species Saucers loading bay with the many differently climatized crystal containers to accommodate the various alien scientists.

Then came the sightseeing tours of several 'world exhibit' modules of widely differing environments and of their native people. And even though the whole trip so far was most amazing for Pavel, now he found the different 'world exhibits' utterly fascinating.

He traveled through fiery and icy climates with atmospheres ranging from methane to chlorine; and with native 'people' of aquatics, amphibians, crustaceans, reptilians, mammalians, avians, insecteans and many other types.

Pavel even participated in several thought exchange sessions with assorted alien volunteers via the specially constructed Mind-Link Chambers near the SLA's front end.

For relaxation, he strolled in the oxygen-breathing module of Argus's homeworld, or watched a great variety of Earth origin video recordings. In this fashion, three days already went by, when mini saucer requested him to follow it to the nose-cone Command Module.

Pavel was led into a recessed part of a multiple-level bridge. There, clad in a formfit uniform of some notable rank, Argus awaited him.

"I am back, true to my promise, here to escort you aboard that Starship," Argus pointed to the image of the sleek space vessel on a widescreen, "and accompany you to the faraway starsystem of the Federation's Central Administration - more specifically to its Capital Planet called Xanthius. Are you ready for imminent departure?"

"Yes, I am ready. Much as I enjoyed the loads of alien impressions and the mini-saucer robot's personal catering, I welcome a change for the more accustomed human-type environment." Pavel said.

"Fine. But our transfer to that standing-by Starship still may be another strange novelty to you. It's an efficient but unorthodox transfer process called 'beaming across'. Just stay calm, even if it feels a bit ticklish." Argus flashed a grin, then spoke softly into a wrist-mike. "Two to transport. Activate and proceed."

Their bodies just dematerialized then near-instantly rematerialized aboard the Starship's bridge, amongst human and humanoid crew working at consoles and instrument panels. It all looked just like in the science fiction movies, Pavel reflected with amusement except that this here was for real!

A friendly, very human looking officer attached some small radio like device on Pavel's chest, then explained.

"This is a T-pack - a translating device, that is - for your personal use, set on interfacing our standard intergalactic lingo and your Earthean one, this case for Russian. From now on, you can directly communicate with any one of us."

"Thank you. It's very wonderful, sounding true Russian." Pavel beamed happily.

Captain." An officer spoke to a man of authority in the command chair. "Our course is set in and verified all the way to Xanthius. ETA is in 9,2 hours."

"Very well, let's proceed." The captain nodded, then turned to Pavel. "Welcome aboard, esteemed Earthean visitor. Please, feel free to roam the ship, ask questions from anyone; and let your host, Argus the envoy from Federation Central assist you."

Just like the captain suggested, Pavel started to roam and explore. First, he moved around the bridge itself, scrutinizing the stations of the navigator, the helmsman, the science op, the communicator, the engineer, speaking briefly with each officer in turn.

They all talked readily, explaining facets of the starship's functioning - which Pavel understood in general lines but not in particular details. The underlying concepts were radically different from that of Earth's technology. And the gap seemed far too big, even with computer terminals spewing forth mountains of requested data and references on mere voice command. Nonetheless, his scientifically inclined mind still much appreciated the graphic description of such intricacies as e.g.: particle beam weaponry, defensive deflector-shields, subnucleonics based propulsion, transporter and tractor beams, computerized life-support systems.

Argus showed him around the 12 decked vessel, from living quarters for the 500 strong personnel through recreation and medical areas to the engineering domain. Though far smaller than the colossal SLA, this starship of the size of an Earthean aircraft carrier was still gigantic. And even though such a starship in auto mode could be run by two or three men, the fully manned version was more preferred for the sake of human participation and rare employment creation in a labor-free utopian society.

Then Argus elaborated: in all its sectors, the Federation had ages ago reached a peak of technological development.

Raw materials supply and shipping, manufacturing, agriculture had become fully automated. The same had happened with medicine, transportation, service industries. There still remained human overseers and managers, directors and coordinators - especially in human affair departments. Besides, many localities would still prefer human chefs and headwaiters directing the android labor; humans for chief medical officers, police chiefs, judges, executive administrators. Yet all these put together employed far less than one percent of the population.

But for billions upon billions there was nothing to do, no purpose to exist. Drudgery and toil had ended, but so had striving. **High standard of living guaranteed income was universal.** *Matter of fact, in most sectors, money was no longer existent.* General consumer goods and services could be obtained freely, without limitations; likewise with the use of transports, vacationing, recreational or educational facilities.

In their basic schooling up to age 18, people were thought to understand their world, utilize their talents and learn creative skills, develop a wholesome outlook and a responsible attitude towards themselves and society - and above all, to strive for excellence and spiritual transcendence. People were encouraged to participate in sports, arts and crafts, community activities.

Still, there were societal problems. Not everybody could accept the panacea of invented usefulness and 'occupational therapies'. Some people would rather struggle, compete, fight to gain a 'true satisfaction'. These discontented ones had the option of trying to excel real hard in any field of their choosing, **or to ship out to live primitive lives on an assortment of remote planets, to make it 'real big' and to become super rich and living in their custom built own fantasy lands.** All these and other eccentricities were being tolerated by the system, excepting harmful aberrations.

Instead of conventional police, there were well programmed android “peace enforcers” to ensure trouble free social interacting. The enforcement measures were subject to a local all-human jury's instruction. Incidentally, androids were humanoid robots built to serve humans in every conceivable way, had limited self awareness, and were made to wear out in less than 30 years as not to cause any humanitarian dilemma' in the long run. Communities - small or large, planetary or regional - were served by local administrators to ensure abundant supplies and services. These administrators, like all 'job holders' were human volunteer workers for work's sake, but also compensated by reward incentives - like unique gifts and rare pieces of art or other memorabilia.

*The Federation had no government in a conventional sense. **Instead, they had a body of non-authoritarian civil service to guide society's smooth functioning in every way on every level.*** In case of snags, citizen juries were formed to resolve the particular issues. This always worked out in a liberal and democratic manner, with plenty of common sense. People were advanced enough to make the system work; besides, grade 4 and grade 5 facilitators safe-guarded the due process.

Every community had its assortment of free housing, shopping outlets, schools, sporting facilities, recreation and entertainment complexes, adult learning & development centers, meditation halls and spiritual temples. People held the general belief in the great cosmic ONE - the ONE impartial and benign towards all life in Creation. There were no major formalized religions - but people were free to join or form any such group - provided it caused no harm or interference in the basic freedom of others.

Marriages were on renewable contract basis. **People had the right to have one child per person in their lifetime, in adherence to a strictly enforced population control.** The Guardians and the Federation did not want unbridled expansion either population- or territory-wise. Instead, quality of life, and the individual's freedom plus well-being were held as the ideological foundation for governing' practices.



The Starship arrived at the intended destination. Strong defenses and tight security was quite evident all over the Federation's central star-system, especially around the capital planet. Shuttle craft had to be used, for not even transporter beaming was allowed. Argus and Pavel shuttled down to Xanthius, landing inside a domed- over area of meshing force fields. From there, a spacious 2 seater hover-bubble took them through a maze of underground corridors and checkpoints, then dropped down staggered shafts deep inside the planet. Their destination was 200 miles below the planet's surface.

The place they finally came to was the 'Grand Spaceholo Center', a cube shaped, colossal sized cavity, stretching 50 miles in each direction. The transparent bubble stopped in the very center of the colossal place, and took up a hovering position.

The dim cavity came alive with myriad pinpoints of light. The Earthean visitor stared awestruck. Around him sparkled his home-universe as if seen from planet Earth's point. It was a most grandiose View: millions upon millions of stars and distant galaxies, worlds without end stretching to infinity...

Management's courtesy towards our much esteemed Earthean visitor." Argus informed Pavel. As the vast universe-display dimmed out after a few minutes, Argus spoke up again.

Turn your head and you can still see a small version of your home universe display, with appropriate Earth language inscription for your sake, on one of the just activating nine screens set in the bubble's wall."

Outside, another vast holo-display was fading in. A varying colored bunch of interpenetrating clouds swirled all over. This was to depict the various dimensionality universes in our home-multiverse as known to the Federation, with Earth's universe and the Federation Capital's universe flashing white and yellow respectively - Argus informed. After several minutes this configuration, too, appeared scaled down on a screen along with the appropriate words 'Known Multiverse' superimposed. The vast holo-display still held, but now a bundle of spots lit up inside it for indicating the relative locales of the Federation's dominion. This, also appeared scaled down on yet another screen in the bubble's wall.

In this fashion, various multicolored and rotating holo-displays faded in and out, with their scaled down and inscribed versions shown up on the successive screens in the bubble wall. The full gamut was like this:

Re: Multiverse		33 Federation Sectors	
1	Earth's Universe	4 <i>Overview of FED. Worlds</i>	5 <i>individual FED Worlds</i>
2	<i>Known multiverse</i>	6 <i>FED. Worlds and Stargates</i>	7 <i>stargates, galaxy gates</i>
3	<i>Federation's dominion in multiverse</i>	8 <i>FED Space Fleet groups, bases</i>	9 <i>FED Space Fleet routing samples</i>

This Holo Center must be incredibly valuable." Pavel commented. "How do you safeguard against breakdowns or serious losses in the system?"

The system is quite foolproof." Argus answered. "Besides, we have several back-up replicas of this place for insurance. One vastly more detailed replica for Space Fleet Command's exclusive use is in operation on the other side of this planet. That center is ringed by forests of independent administration complexes. training facilities, residential and recreational areas for Space Fleet staff and families. But the real top level Space Fleet Command decisions are being made from yet another independent complex on a nearby planetoid."

Later, upon returning to the surface they switched to yet another hover-bubble which took them around to the Federal Administration Center's and Capital City's sights. The innermost part was a vast garden city of monuments and public buildings of widely varying styles. For

instance, 'Federation Circle' had one building complex for each of its 33 sectors, plus one more for Federal Coordination and two more for the non-humanoid alien representations numbering to total 36 complexes, which housed respective offices and cultural exhibits as well. Radially, for many kilometers behind the complexes stretched the residential and recreational areas for the staff and their families. Again, a great variety of types and architectural styles - yet the overall impression was immensely pleasant and harmonious, like everywhere in Capital City. As Argus explained, the place had kept evolving functionally and aesthetically like some organic growth through the hundreds of millenia.

Inside 'Federation Circle', on Government Hill the hover bubble took them through the main corridor of the Federation Assembly.

Stopping off at the public gallery, Pavel briefly listened into the prosaic session proceedings. Even if the proceedings were dull, at least the sector representatives had colorfully varying looks and attires that enlivened the scene.

Then the hover bubble took them out to the wide open country of great natural beauty, dotted with romantic mansions and luxurious resorts. There were also numerous Federal Parks, set up to resemble some of the most representative type Federation worlds' flora and fauna - home-like for the sector delegates even if faraway from their real home worlds. To Pavel, Xanthius seemed a veritable collection of little paradises. He also greatly enjoyed talking to various people.

The day after the Xanthius tour, Pavel talked Argus into taking him to visit some faraway worlds of non-humanoid aliens. Argus let Pavel pick three or four such destinations, then setting out in the Starship, they journeyed to each selected world. There, they beamed down in appropriately protective gear. Pavel carried a doubled up T-pack to facilitate a translation from any alien language through Federation's Intergalactic - into Russian, and vice versa, enabling him for direct communication with the locals.

Their first planet-fall was at an aquatic world, with its culture marine-life oriented, musically and aesthetically inclined. And even though simple communication was possible through the double T-pack, Pavel could not find a common frame of reference with the locals for any sensible talks.

The second place was an arctic world of frozen wastes. Furry and lubbery denizens were sporting in endurance races aimed at complete mastery of body and mind. Again, no common references or interests for meaningful communication.

The third planet was a gas giant, with kite-shaped creatures floating in the 'air' currents; a completely incomprehensible way of life, no talk with the natives who seemed to communicate strictly with their radio-like brains.

The fourth place was a temperate planet of mixed vegetation: an elaborate experimental ground for the creation of a non-humanoid multi-species civilization. There, in his light protective gear and double T-pack, Pavel could find plenty common interest issues to talk about with the denizens. These aliens came in a wild assortment: massive bodies on short legs, lean bodies with too many joints, furred and scaled and feathered faces, shaggy pelts and glistening hides, taloned limbs, quivering tentacles, and many more. And that concluded Pavel's pick of visiting some faraway and far out' worlds...

The Starship came out of hyperdrive in the Omm-Onn system, and proceeded at sublight to the Space Lab Ark still orbiting planet Argona. For a while Pavel watched planet Argona's two setting suns. Then Argus took him to the transporter room, and two-some they beamed down to the planet's night side.

They materialized inside one of the many gigantic 'glass' domes, on top of a building. Outside the dome, there was a great profusion of towering structures and high-rise buildings, housed by a cluster of gigantic domes and interconnected by 'glass' tubed roadways.

Proceeding on foot, Argus and Pavel reached the street level by slow motion falling down an elevator shaft. Then they strolled through the myriad wonders of a veritable cosmic World's Fair. The place was called Recreation City, and was teeming with masses of people from even faraway regions of the Psychean Federation. They were mostly oxygen-breathing humanoids in varying shapes, sizes, races, colors and skin textures, all speaking the Intergalactic Standard that Pavel easily understood with the aid of his most useful double T-pack. He even had a few casual conversations here and there.

That night they slept in a 'self-serve' hotel. Next morning, Argus took Pavel out on a day long hover-car tour of the country.

The city itself was only one small part of the planet's many complexes. The other complexes were scattered around the country side in appropriate settings, and were used as experimental centres for personal development in the arts and in the sciences, in psychic and spiritual field, yogic disciplines, or whatever field a visiting individual might choose. Apparently, Federation people regarded playful creativity and all-around self improvement as the best way to spend their time, since their labor-free utopian society amply provided robotized services and goods production.

A visitor could stay in any Argonian city, or in one of the scattered countryside communities, depending on his particular interest. There was a wide selection of choices, ranging from luxury resorts through artists' villages to austere monasteries. Near each community there were several large and domed-in areas, serving as insulated experimental grounds. Some dome interiors seemed like construction sites in a strange fashion: stone slabs were materialized out of nowhere, were flame-cut without any visible means, and were lifted high into place without any cranes. Argus said that all this was done by the visitors' generating and converting psychic type energies. Some other similar domes even contained raging energy storms and wild discharges.

What you see here works only inside these powerful 'effort magnification' fields. It's merely for demonstrating man's psychic potentials, plus for the learning of some basic psychic skills."

Argus explained. "But the producing anything spectacular by sheer will power is beyond the average Psychean's reach."

On Pavel's request they left the hover-car to enter one dome. The place was nearly empty, except for the many man-sized 'soap bubbles' which floated high above the ground containing people who practiced self-induced levitation. Pavel climbed into one vacant bubble, trying to make it float by his will power. At first, nothing happened. Then, slowly, the bubble rose a fraction and bounced around a bit. Finally, a few feet lift off and hovering for a brief time. Pavel was happy that he got the knack of it, at least.

After the nice and long outing, a flying saucer came to shuttle them up to the orbiting SLA. I am most grateful for and very happy about all the wondrous things I was shown during this entire space odyssey.” Pavel said earnestly. ”But what's in it for you people, for theederation?”

Since your Earth is our 'neighbor' and a member of the human worlds family in this great Creation,” Argus responded, ”we wish to help your progress and your eventual associating with the Federation. This we do partly out of moral obligation, partly at the Guardians' behest. And also for our strategic self interest, wanting to keep you away from the clutches of the cosmic bad guys.”

”So what's keeping the Federation from a mass landing and an official contact with Earth?” Because we wish to avoid a massive shock to your population.

The cultural gap is too great. Earth people will have a lot of cleaning up to do first: like doing away with wars, violence, repression, abuses, industrial pollution, moral and psychic pollution.”

”I agree. We're getting there, but it'll take some more time.”

Time has run out. A great cosmic cycle change is upon you; a whole new world order is coming, at around the end of this century. It will be an unavoidable step up into a_higher vibrational dimensionality, that only the peaceful and the humane ones could endure. A vast change in attitudes and consciousness is necessary, which you Pavel personally will help to bring about through some new governing methods and policies.

Also, the cosmic cycle change will cause large scale cataclysms, both natural and manmade.” Argus went on. ”In case of global threat, the standing-by Federation Space Fleet will effect a rescue of the better human element through a mass evacuation.

You personally will be trained to help out with that contingency.”

On their saucer-shuttle return to the SLA, Pavel learned that the Admiral wished to see him. Argus escorted him to the uppermost chamber of the nose-cone, the Admiral's quarters. My hosting assignment ends here. So fare well, and peace be with you, my friend.” Argus shook hands affectionately, then added. Just go in, Admiral Spectron is already expecting you.”

Inside a spacious suite, a tall and blonde-haired man in a dazzlingly decorative uniform greeted Pavel. Astoundingly, the man was Quentin - the 'sailor' from that Black Sea moonlight cruise ship.

When Pavel's surprise wore off, they started talking over a drink, Pavel learned about Quentin's being an extraterrestrial, whose role was to arrange the bringing of suitable visitors to the faraway cosmic realms. Quentin had been sent 'on loan' to the Psyncheans from yet another higher dimension (from the beings called Spectrans) in an advisory capacity, and with the temporary rank of Admiral. Pavel learned that the allotted time for his visit was up, and he would soon be on his way home to planet Earth - unless he'd care to journey even farther out. The 'Council of the Guardians' had expressed interest to see Pavel in person. These Guardians were not flesh and blood creatures, but pure energy beings who dwelt in a non-physical realm beyond time and space. Like some heavenly host, they were the Elder Brothers, guiding the fate of humankind in all the dimensions and universes throughout the vast Cosmos.

If Pavel decided to go, he would have to be transported bodily to a non-material plane of existence, and metamorphosed for the duration of his stay at a final transfer point.

Pavel was stunned by the extraordinary prospect, but was quite game to go. When the briefing with Quentin was over, he had to depart immediately, to make the best of the rapidly shifting conditions on the course through the nebular sector called 'Great Chaos Barrier'.

Pavel rode the solo flying saucer into the Barrier's impenetrable space and monstrous electrical storms. During a rough bout, he was transferred to a caterpillar-shaped, translucent robot craft called 'Phantom Ship'. There, he occupied a man sized glass capsule inside one of seven torpedo-tube compartments to hold the Earthean visitors. Then the Phantom Ship passed through many warped space sections and fiery storms, until it arrived in the motionless eye of the storms. There, the ship launched all the seven Eartheans like live torpedoes into a most formidable black hole.

And there, swallowed by complete darkness, his capsule and his body disintegrated into nothingness...

No doubt that he had died. There was no body left, no bodily sensations. Yet, his mind was still functioning. Being a hard-headed pragmatist, Pavel did not dwell on the morbid aspects of his predicament, but began some mental experimenting. After an interminably long time, he started to perceive light emanations of his own being's energy field. His full regeneration followed relatively fast, and after lots of 'gropings' he succeeded to surface into a physical-looking world. He found himself bodily sealed inside a protective bubble of resilient transparency, floating out from an underground stream toward a sea.

Inside his head, a calm voice sounded. It informed him that he had arrived in the non-physical realms. Here - the voice said all appearances were just solidified thought forms, perceived as familiar images of a real world. His body was in a metamorphosed suspension, yet appearing to function in the accustomed manner out of habit. The voice also stated, that in order to meet the Guardians, he had to climb high up into those mountains which loomed on the horizon.

Pavel's fast mind latched down to the essence: here, all appearances were just solidified thought forms. So be it! He grinned, then willed his bubble to lift off and fly away towards those mountains. And his effort actually worked!

Soon he was above a vast expanse of barren ridges, heading for the group of highest peaks in sight. Then he spotted a smoldering wreckage of some crashed vehicle on the side of an awesomely high mountain. Up quite a distance from the wreckage, he saw the only sign of habitation in that utterly desolate land: a terraced and turreted facade suggested some fortress or monastery. Figuring it as the best bet, he willed the bubble to land on the terrace.

The bubble burst on touchdown, but Pavel walked away unscathed.

With a shrug, he passed through a wide doorway in the rock wall, into a torch-lit passage leading to a circular chamber. A robed figure rose from a chair by the fireplace, and turned to greet Pavel.

The figure was Quentin - the one time sailor turned Admiral, now turned caretaker monk for this beyond the end of the Cosmos.

Well, it is my friend Pavel, the amateur scientist and professional career politician.” Quentin flashed a warm smile.

Well, hello sailor-Admiral-monk-and whatever else.” Pavel countered. ”Just call me a scientific politician.”

That you truly are, catching on real fast. Making the bubble to fly was most ingenious.” It was not original, but I prefer short cuts.” Pavel shrugged.

Well, to each his own. There is no substitute for personal experiencing or for personally solving the problems as they arise.

However, your fellow pilgrims will also get here, eventually. And since ordinary time is not relevant in this realm, the common factor for now is the preset Festival-like mass audience that starts soon, which serves as synchronizer for the event-sharing. So, let me take you to the scene.”

Pavel had to don a cassock, with the hood pulled over his head; then Quentin led him through a labyrinth of tunnels to the other side of the mountain. They came out between marble pillars onto a gigantic terraced garden, that swarmed with hundreds of hooded monk anonymities. Nestled among the towering peaks and far below, a beautiful valley stretched away. Quentin turned and left without a word.

It felt like being in Paradise. As darkness eventually fell, a great peace washed over Pavel. Then a dazzling procession of angelic energy-creatures descended from the lofty heights in the form of pure Light Beings. At the same time, about fifty pastelcolored light spheres - the Guardians - appeared on the surrounding terraces. Then came the brilliant descent of the Great Master light beings, soon getting eclipsed by an all overpowering golden-white Light from the indigo sky in a joyous and loving fashion.

Trying to take it all in, Pavel's consciousness expanded blissfully, until his very core fused with everything within the all encompassing Golden Light that embraced his fellow pilgrims, the Guardians, and the Great Masters alike. For a glorious moment Pavel was one with all. He understood the 'whys' and 'wherefores' of all existence, along with his own personal one in the great cosmic drama. It all seemed so simple and clear then...

The blissful event of the audience and Great Festival was gone. All the participants were also gone, except for Pavel and six fellow pilgrims left behind.

Quentin came to see them off on their homeward journey. They boarded a diamond- shaped 'etheric ship', and each occupied a separate compartment. The flight was more like a free fall, going back through the 'black hole' into the tractor beam of the waiting Phantom Ship on the other side.

While still in the etheric ship, Pavel learned first hand about the spontaneous 'mind-link' telepathic osmosis that Quentin described at farewell. Through this osmosis it did not take long for Pavel to psychically find out about each of his fellow pilgrim's essential attitudes, temperaments. and philosophies.

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Later, as they transferred to the Phantom Ship then to their saucers and the mothership-carrier (as well as to various Space Arks for complete training), their all-around mind linking incorporated the respective vessel's central intelligence, so they were taught how to pilot each

one through strictly mental means. Having thus learned the rudimentaries of the operational principles and mental piloting, the pilgrims were switched to 'manual mode' operation. Most of the larger craft came with 'manual adjuncts' already built in, and the smaller saucers got their interiors modified to suit the trainees' needs. All this 'manual' stuff meant consoles, panels, instruments and controls to twiddle. For it became rather self evident that the Eartheans (plus many other non-Psychean races) were more 'at home' piloting with their manipulative digits, than the unfamiliar psychic handling.

The planet fall was made on Earth's night side, through a full transit over the Gobi Desert. High up in the starlit sky, the saucer made a bee-line for the Ural mountains.(picture) At dawn they plunged into a befogged forest and landed in the very same clearing of their original departure spot - what felt like to Pavel, after a two full weeks' absence. Yet, the actual time that elapsed, was just over five hours, as he later verified it.



Changing into his old clothing, Pavel walked out of the saucer into an unpleasantly damp forest. The saucer flew away, Pavel retrieved his gear at the edge of the clearing and decided to wait for better visibility. Amazingly soon, the day broke and the fog was lifting. Pavel hiked back to the hunting lodge, meeting recovery patrols in search for the stragglers. Late in the day the hunters were all accounted for and resting up to make new

plans.

But next morning they were all recalled to Moscow on some urgent state business.

Back in the hustle-bustle of public life again, Pavel's memories of his grandiose Space Odyssey slowly faded. This he didn't mind too much, since there was no one to tell in an ultra-secretive society. He hardly ever thought of his space experiences, until about a year later in September 1976 a series of strange world events dramatically reminded him. Soviet officialdom was humming with wild rumors along with classified hard news on UFO activities. A flying saucer buzzed one Soviet rocket launching at Baikonur, also buzzed several military installations and capitals around the world. **Then the same flying saucer alien even had the gall to land at a NATO war base in Norway, inviting the representatives of Earth's major powers to go there for a conference. (!?)**

When the day came, the saucer appeared in the ring of many representatives (including the Soviets, of course). A space suited human-type emerged from the craft, re-requesting to be called Buzz Andrews, and made an impassioned speech in fluent English. He said his Space Federation was most unhappy with the Eartheans large scale negativity and psychic pollution, the human rights' abuse, the tampering with natural forces, and the trigger-happy warlike behaviour. The Space Federation wanted man to stop his overt aggressiveness, **or else they would stop it for him.**

Then, wanting to demonstrate the superior alien technology, the Spaceman provoked to be shot at; the saucer. So tanks fired shells and used flame throwers, planes dropped clusters of armorpiercing bombs and canisters of napalm. **All to no avail against the saucer's protective force-field.** Finally, far out to sea and with the saucer-spaceman's consent, the air forces even drenched the alien craft in multiple nuclear explosions. Again, to no avail. And

though the major power authorities figured the 'alien' spaceman for a mere Earthean impostor, the demonstration nevertheless worried them.

On the video-tapes he was privileged to see, Pavel recognized the saucer for an exact replica that he himself flew with just one year earlier.

In late 1980, while browsing in the restricted Kremlin Archives, Pavel accidentally spotted an orange colored book on a heaped service trolley. Written in Canada by an Oscar something, the title said 'My Space Odyssey in UFOs'. Sitting down in a remote corner, Pavel covertly zipped through the book. It was fascinating to read the author's 1975 Space Odyssey adventures which had a lot in common with Pavel's own experiences on the very same odyssey.

But it was late 1984, many years after the Norway UFO-incident that Pavel 'miraculously' learned about the full 'Buzz story'.

During one late night work, a blue jacketed book materialized on his desk. Written in Canada by the Oscar something, the cover said "*Odyssey in UFOs: The Buzz Andrews story*". Needless to say, Pavel read the book with avid interest and learned the following facts.

Buzz Andrews was a fellow traveler on Pavel's 1975 UFO Odyssey. Despite the basic modes of travel and experiences they had in common, Buzz's adventures were quite dissimilar, especially upon returning to Earth. Buzz's saucer then got knocked out 'cold' while going through the Bermuda triangle's window-area, so he was compelled to take control of the craft in the unorthodox emergency.

When Buzz finally managed to stabilize the situation after a series of mishaps, he still kept the full control to himself for he was far too busy battling hostile alien crafts, then later busy with buzzing super-power capitals and military installations. He also caused a great commotion by landing his saucer and impeernating an alien envoy at a NATO-base in Norway, and lastly blowing up the main secret Earth-base of the hostile aliens and their MIB (Menwin-Black) cohorts.

After his final disembarking from the saucer, Buzz was soon figured out for an impostor and consequently hunted after for several years by NATO Intelligence, American CIA, Soviet GRU and KGB, and the MIBs alike. As a last resort he had to be lifted out by the Psycheans - whose ranks he then joined as an adopted operative to assist the resident director Argus in the multiple functioning of the Psycheans' Earth-mission. Thus did the Federation Space Fleet Command, adopted Buzz Andrews for their resident coordinator on the Great Lakes grid in North America, in the most vital interdimensional transit area of the Western Hemisphere. Head-quartered in the Niagara region, he was to oversee and direct extraterrestrial space traffic, visitors allocation, area surveillance and monitoring, plus defense and cover up measures for the Federation.

An American born white from the New York area, mid-thirties in 1976, an ex mercenary guerilla and martial arts expert, Buzz seemed suitable for the job by temperament-experience-resourcefulness. He managed to channel his earlier over-agressiveness into a more constructive outlet, to serve a noble cause with his particular talents.

Probably this was foreseen by the Federation in their picking him as one of the seven Earthean specimens for the UFO Odyssey. In the beginning Buzz was briefed by 'professor'

Quentin in New York; was met by 'padre' Argus and old Indian medicine man don Miguel in New Mexico - the area of his UFO pickup for the Odyssey.

The reading of the two UFO books brought Pavel's long buried memories to the surface. He tried to recall the specifics of the piloting know-how and alien technology from his Odyssey training for the various spacecraft, but to no avail. Just like it was said then, the knowledge would be triggered open to conscious recall in case of dire need or a global-emergency evacuation.

Pavel wanted to keep the 'Buzz' book for later re-readings - but it just 'miraculously' dematerialized from his desk in front of his eyes. He understood that the dematerializing act was intended to protect his privacy and anonymity. This way he could more effectively work behind the scenes from his official position to help with 'peacemaking' in general and with humanizing the Soviet empire in particular with his contribution towards the raising of global consciousness. Knowing that he had done his share to bring in the millennium, Pavel's mind was at peace - even though his desire for newer Space Federation contacts was rekindled.

In late 1985, a year after the 'Buzz' book incident, his new contact came on one stormy winter night. He already had a vague premonition before even entering the limousine assigned for his ride to an out of town meeting. Sure enough, the driver impostor was Argus, who took him way outside Moscow to a camouflaged flying saucer at a remote place. Argus congratulated him on his well developing ESP abilities. It felt like old times, the excitement surged through Pavel. Then they took off in the saucer which Argus manually piloted to England's ancient 'Stonehenge' site, going through some necessary time warping to 'cover the tracks' of the several VIP participants brought in for a secret meeting.

The "Stonehenge" event was greatly dramatic with all the anonymously berobed figures mostly fellow pilgrims on Pavel's 1975 Space Odyssey whom he pretty well sensed, especially that of Buzz's vibrations – with Quentin and don Miguel being also present. The meeting was conducted by some Joseph of biblical times. **The pilgrims were told that their all-out help was needed for a speedy achievement of global good will and harmony in the coming years, even in the face of the usual wars and rumors of wars. *The issue was of utmost importance in the bringing about a higher level of consciousness, a spirit of oneness. This way the ever intensifying energies of the New Age transition would trigger far less conflicts and damages.*** And since the transition had already started some time earlier, the cosmic cycle change would no longer be delayed.

After the meeting Pavel chatted with Quentin and don Miguel, while waiting for Argus to finish conferring with Oscar the scribe.

Then Argus took Pavel back to Russia, landing by the snowed-in limousine, with less than 15 minutes elapsed local time for the actual 3 hours absence. Setting off in the limousine again towards their official goal, soon they had to turn back to Moscow due to impassable road conditions.

Yet another year later, in late 1986, Pavel was contacted again under similar circumstances. Snowstorm, premonition, an impostor limo-driver, sent by Argus, out of town (for the) UFO pickup. The saucer flight through time warpings was to a North Pole gathering this time. The event was unfolding against the backdrop of the spectacular 'Aurora Borealis', with the heavenly apparition of a brilliant and city-sized crystal spacecraft. **The crystal craft named 'Peace on Earth' came to collect, amplify, then feed back the vast energies sent up**

by the many millions of Earth people - who were then being engaged in a mind-linked 'Planetary Peace Meditation'

This outpouring of the amplified Light energies were aimed to help achieving a critical mass of positive Earth energy. **That way the Space Brothers hoped to reverse the chain-reaction of negativities, which would have a crucial bearing on this planet's transition into the higher vibratory realm, wether in a damaging or in a peaceful manner.** And so far the odds looked positive - it had been stated - quite unlike the gloomier projections in earlier years.

Pavel was beamed over to the great crystal craft, into the midst of disguised fellow pilgrims and many other participants, for a solemn ceremony and speeches by Argus plus Quentin. For Pavel it felt like some heavenly Christmas celebration ministered by angelic hosts. He was deeply moved, inwardly reconfirming his dedication to a real 'Peace on Earth' and the coming Millenium...

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AUTHOR'S MORE RECENT CONTACTS



Pyramids, Mexico.

A report of Oscar's meeting with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on February 24, 1985. Sunday early after-noon at Mexico's Teotihuacan (City of Gods) pyramids-complex.

A few weeks before my long-planned trip to Mexico in early 1985, my Space Friends 'sent word' - first telepathically, then through cryptic phone calls - that they expected me to meet them while there, at the ancient pyramids site of Teotihuacan, 68 kilometers outside of Mexico City. An image of the exact spot along with the time was briefly flashed to me in a secretive manner by a very Earthman looking go-between at a Toronto Psychic Fair just 14 days before my actual departure date.

After my arrival, I took a sightseeing tour of Mexico City; I was deeply touched to behold the grand wall-painting in the National Palace which depicted numerous events in Mexico's history. The painting started with a Toltec-period scene of ancient times, where

surrounded by Indian figures there sat a fair haired and blue eyed white man on a throne - the legendary divine priest-ruler called Quetzalcoatl.

On the next day, Sunday, February 24, 1985, I travelled in a late-running bus for the high noon rendezvous with my Space Friends. The sun was blazing down on the parched and dusty site of the pyramids-complex, as I walked in the 35 degrees heat to the exact spot at the temple of Quetzalcoatl - which spot I recognized from a local souvenir brochure.

Within a minute, a go-between old Pueblo Indian named don Miguel popped up by my side as if out of nowhere. He led me over to a grassy picnic-area, to join Quentin along with five other male Space Friends sprawled out on blankets. They all looked like young white tourists, nicely tanned, casual, very human in every detail.

Quentin offered me a cold beer out of a large cooler box. I noticed that most of the passer-by Mexican native tourist folks kept casting awed glances at his magnificent golden hair.

“Naturally, they are puzzled, for their minds can't place me.” Quentin's eyes twinkled mischievously. “My familiar figure is deeply embedded in their racial memory - the figure of their ancient deity, named Quetzalcoatl, that is.”

“You mean your god-impersonation job?” Catching on, I muttered darkly.

Yes, I know it's more serious than driving through a red light.

But it all happened by accident.” Quentin sighed. “About 7000 years ago, as I was transported down from a spaceship to this locality. My small auto-shuttle malfunctioned and landed me a few miles off the target. It set down right in the midst of some religious Indian festivity, causing the agitated natives falling on their faces. As I scrambled free of the immediately departing craft, I soon learned that the natives took me for their legendary 'plumed serpent' sky-god of the air, Quetzalcoatl. No wonder that they named this site Teotihuacan - the city of the gods, or the place of gods.

Since my task was about teaching them some culture and civilization, I went along with their unshakable belief in me as their incarnate deity, hoping to make them more receptive to novel ideas. And the stratagem worked like a charm - but they were slow learners.

So I just kept popping up throughout the centuries in various places. One time, coming from an Easter Island conference to the coast of Chile, I even walked through Peru-Ecuador the Amazon jungles-Central America-North America right up to the Athabaskan region. This particular journey became the subject of many tribal legends (some of it written up in Taylor Hansen's book 'He walked the Americas').

My mission was to bring peace and prosperity through civilization. I introduced agriculture, the art of writing; devised a calendar for the MesoAmericans (based on a 52 years cycle, with a Pleiades-orientation as a hint for Earthman's long forgotten origins), kept attempting the permanent foundation of justice and humanism in MesoAmerica - heavily opposed by the powerful priesthood's desire to perpetuate the humans-sacrificing practices. One time I even became their priest-ruler for 30 years in the Toltec city of Tula. After then, the scheming priests managed to oust me by clever trickery, plus ran me out of town with intent to kill. According to their version, out of shame I set fire to myself and went up in flames with a threat of returning in the flesh again some day. Actually, I did speak to the crowd about such return, just before getting spectacularly beamed aboard a rescuing Federation spaceship near Vera Cruz - thus ending my millennium's long public role in those parts.

When centuries later Hernan Cortez landed in the same area, no wonder the natives believed he was Quetzalcoatl coming back. We of the Federation had a general idea what troubles and tribulations could issue from that historical landing event, yet we hoped Cortez and his Spanish soldiers would succeed in overthrowing the bloody-handed Aztec priesthood (which priesthood, amongst other atrocities, in just one week's time butchered young men by tens of thousands through cutting their hearts out for sacrificial offering to commemorate the Tenochtitlan temples on the site of present day's Mexico City), so the ousting could bring peace and humane conditions in the long run. After the overthrowing, it still took many revolutions and several centuries to achieve results - but it was worth the struggle.

And even though my millenniums-long public role had ended, on behalf of the Federation I still have been active from behind the scenes.”

How old actually are you as this present person?” I asked.

About 35,000 years or so...”

Fantastic! You sure look good for your age.” I couldn't resist pinching his bare arm.

You look good, too.” Grinning, he pinched me so strong that I had to wince. ”You are not exactly a spring chick, either you were not that even in Atlantis when we worked on the same team.”

That's unfair. I have no recall of another, alleged embodiment. Is your body still the same old one?”

Of course. The big secret is in stress avoidance and in clean living.” He tossed me another bottle of beer and swilled one for himself, too.

Then we all ate the mixed salad and fruit that don Miguel served up for the company. At least he was a common variety Earthling, if a bit aged though.

Don't eye me like that.” Protested don Miguel. ”Me knows nothing, me just dumb old Indian.”

Sure.” Quentin laughed out. ”That is why he has been the regional director for the Space Federation all the years in these parts and in the Southern U.S.A. He is responsible only to Argus, the director for Federation activities on planet Earth.”

And yourself?...” I wondered aloud.

Oh, I just reverted back to my original, old assignment of being the Hierarchy's cosmic facilitator, now as a special advisory envoy to the Federation.”

Where do I come in to all that? Why was I summoned here?”
I pressed on.

You are a scribe, needing a personal feeling of people and places.” Quentin countered. ”So what do you feel, what do you sense here?”

Well, apart from the fast going beer and the murderous heat...”
I stated haltingly... ”I sense tragedy, violence, sorrow, helplessness. Somehow it's all still around and festering, as if the very earth was in pain...”

“Right on.” Quentin said tonelessly. ”So the earth will shake and quake, and will take its human toll in a cleansing process.
Here in Central Mexico it'll happen before the end of this year, in other countries some time later. Very sad, but inevitable. And we are not allowed to interfere, due to the many tangled destiny lines, At the best, we'll be permitted to save or rescue a carefully selected one percent from the many thousands who will have to die.”

After a minute or two silence, Quentin went on, looking straight in my eyes. ”Now, about your next assignment, scribe: in a while you will start writing yet another UFO book, after you'll have received all the material for it in subsequent meetings with us. ***The book will be partly about your fellow pilgrims, but mostly about us - the Space Brothers - who actually are your real brothers; for regardless of cosmic origins, all humanity is one big family.***”

“So I was elected to volunteer again for another book's writing.”
I mimicked a pout as if feeling victimized.

It's your role, your challenge. We don't specifically need your person writing it, but we cooperate to provide this opportunity for your growth's sake. Also, if you stop looking glum, we may get you another beer from our nearby transport.”

“What transport?” Going with the tune-change, I gestured towards a pair of strange cloud formations in the sky. ”Are those your ships?”

They are camouflaged spacehips of ours, indeed, but strictly for security and protection. Our nearby transport is an orange colored and air-conditioned Volkswagen van, in which soon we shall give you a ride to a subway terminal on the outskirts of Mexico City.”

And that's all for now, till we meet again...”. I finished it for him.

Quentin nodded with a warm smile: our meeting in the sun was over...



art-picture: of Hanne Jansen, Norwegian ufo-artist

Silver mines, Mexico

A report of Oscar's second meeting in Mexico with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on February 26, 1985. Tuesday near 0100 hrs at the silver mining town of Taxco – picture below.

Less than 36 hours after my meeting with my Space Friends at Mexico's Teotihuacan



pyramids-complex, much to my surprise I ran into them again late night time at another place in the high mountains. It happened just as I got out of the taxi, upon my return from a wild disco-outing. While tequila-soaked I took careful aim for the entrance of Hotel Rancho, a four wheel drive pickup truck pulled up close with its blonde haired passenger stepping out to my side. The man was Quentin, my long time Space Friend, inviting me out for a late night 'ride and chat'.

When I mumbled something about my headache and near-collapse state, don Miguel my go-between friend snickered at me from the driver's seat. "Drunken mating-dance in high altitude disco is very bad medicine. But come here, I'll fix you." He waved a flask. And his stuff really helped, making me feel like new in minutes.

Wedged in by my friends, we drove off, followed by Argus (another Space Friend) bringing up the rear on a big motorcycle. We were careening down impossibly steep, narrow and winding streets, right out of Taxco and into the mountains. After 20 minutes rough drive we stopped at an abandoned looking quarry. The old Indian flicked some remote control switch, making a 40 feet (12m) diameter flying saucer parked nearby to become visible with the deactivation of a shield. We left the truck and boarded the saucer, but Argus stayed behind to guard the camp until our return a few hours later.

We flew away in the saucer, with don Miguel at the dual controls, while Quentin served us snacks and some invigorating drinks. In a few minutes we reached the coastal resort town of Acapulco. There we took up a 'parking' position about 10,000 feet above the bay and the town clearly outlined by the many thousand glowing goldkbeads of street lights. A most beautiful, romantic sight. Quentin became strongly preoccupied with instruments-monitoring and finely detailed area surveillance, due to impending trouble in the days ahead with agents of the Dark Forces. And while Quentin kept busy, much to my delight the 'dumb old Indian' decided to recount his own story of Space Federation involvement.

Also from the stars, the 'old Indian' came down to help progress on our Earth through Space Federation assignment just about the same time as Quentin and Argus, approximately 7000 years ago, that is.

He was the man who walked Asia & Alaska. His original "beat" was mainly Siberia - known there as the Great Shaman (with ready-made old looks for a better credibility). But his widening rounds took him even to Mongolia and over to Kamchatka, then southwest through a string of islands (the Kurils and today's Japan) and back to the mainland again. About 3000 B.C. he helped Fu Hsi the first ruler of China to establish a civilized order. He was around there again in the late 13th century A.D. time. as a very close advisor to the great Kublai Khan (even met the legendary Marco Polo himself).

Mid 17th century A.D. he had a hand in establishing the Manchu dynasty in Manchuria. In between times he did numerous other things as a man of countless guises and talents (his present identity with the don Miguel name was adopted in the late 18th century A.D. only).

He led thousands of families across the Bering Strait to Alaska, and down to more hospitable climates in North America. He also had long stays with the Eskimos. Eventually, he settled with the Navajo and Pueblo Indians - but prior to it he spent long stretches in MesoAmerica, in which area his influence had been felt in the past two millenniums along with that of Quetzalcoatl's.

At this, don Miguel handed me a medallion: it depicted the now inseparable ancient MesoAmerican symbols of Quetzalcoatl the plumed serpent (and/or the symbol of the mystery hiding step-pyramid) on one side, and the friendly old Indian don Miguel on its other side.

He asked me to give this medallion to a Canadian UFO researcher associate of mine, as a token of official recognition for furthering the Space Federation's cause. He said the medallion was actually a multi-purpose device, and he hoped my associate would prove resourceful in finding ways to its usage.

Later, don Miguel disclosed some other relevant information. He said he was well over 30,000 years old in his present embodiment. He and his long lived fellow operatives on these special planetary assignments had regular access to facilities, communications, R & R. These options were provided via shuttling to a Federation stationed Space Lab Ark in the solar system. But after awhile planetside, the operatives were becoming more and more self sufficient. Full immersion in the environment and total devotion to the mission became quite natural with them over the millennia. And this was beneficial all around, for both the planet's cultural and the operative's individual growth.

Soon afterwards, as Quentin finished with his work, we headed back to Taxco, for returning me once more again to my earthly routine...



Stonehenge, England.

A report of Oscar's meeting with the Psychean UFO-naut friends from the Space Federation on the night of November 27, 1985, at the ancient 'Stonehenge' in England.

On the night of November 27, 1985, it was about 10 PM when I reached the point for the rendezvous with my Space Friends in St. Catherines (Ontario, Canada) I was guided to. There, I was picked up by and driven inside an electronic-gear packed, windowless van to some country spot near the Welland Canal. The driver walked me through the dark fields to a group of trees that hid a 30 feet diameter flying saucer. We entered through an iris-like opening, and found a young woman at some control panel. Both the young male driver and the young woman pilot were blacks, dressed in coveralls, very human looking, introducing themselves as Jack and Jill.

The saucer took off with us, heading across the Atlantic for England. The flight took about an hour; the destination was the Stonehenge' site for the purpose of a secret meeting with several persons. Upon landing, my eyes were caught by the saucer panel's local-time display which read 0030 hrs - on Dec 7/85, nine days in the future! I was informed that the shown date was correct: the time factor was altered by the Space Federation to cover the tracks of the VIP participants brought in from varying time frames. I thought it all was very ingenious and intriguing.

Jill stayed behind in the craft now cloaked invisible except from close up, while Jack walked me across the damp ground to the Stonehenge-ring proper. *He explained that around the perimeter there were several more flying saucers - invisible but 'on guard' like ours - all protecting the one much larger and also invisible craft, which waited inside the ring for the planned meeting.* And indeed, just as we passed through under a monolith lintel in the semi darkness, suddenly there loomed a huge chalice-shaped craft. Its 40 feet diameter base was resting on the ground, or was partially draped over the fallen stones of antiquity. A wedge-shaped opening in the base served for the entrance, where we were 'beamed up' within the stem to some loading platform level. From there we walked up a circular stairway to the main deck of the craft.

It felt like being inside a medieval castle, with all the ornate iron supports and stained glass-like cathedral windows for portholes, with the subdued glow emanating from the musty smelling walls, and with a circular stone bench girdling the center support-column. Six human figures berobed in gray cassocks were already seated carousel-fashion, facing out on the circular bench. I was asked to take the seventh seat, now also robed in a gray cassock I had to don earlier. One of the human figures along the circular wall, a white robed one stepped out and spoke in a muffled voice.

Greetings, my friends. I am Joseph, the custodian of this chalice-shaped spaceship...

* * *

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