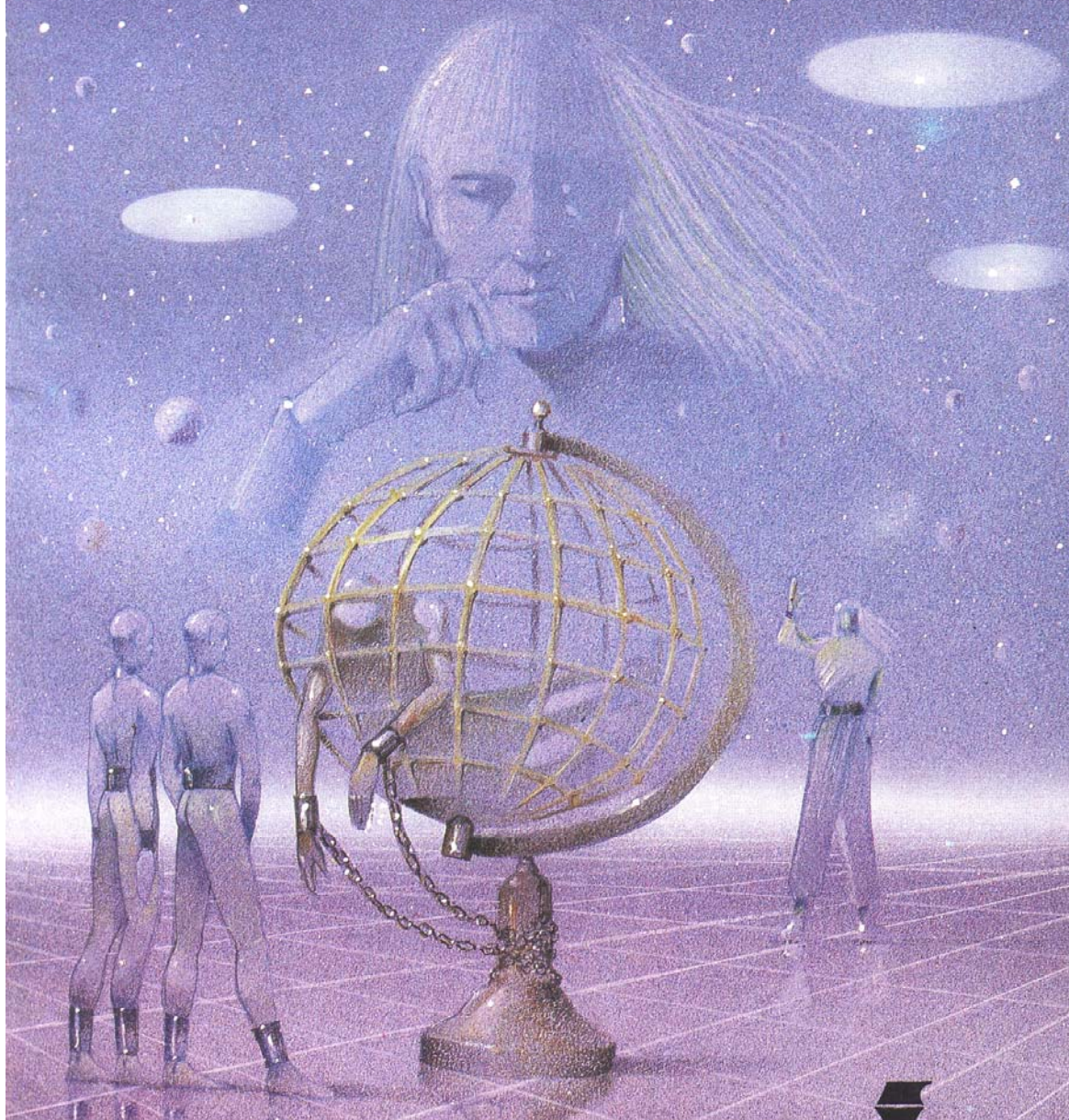


# Os Semeadores de Vida

Sowers of Life



2ª EDIÇÃO

C.R.P. Wells

**I**cone  
editora

C.R.P.Wells

# **Sowers of Life**

Os Semeadores De Vida

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To Christine, my flower, my dream, my devoted comprehensive companion of every minute, who made me feel what true love is. To Sixto, my beloved, irreplaceable brother in blood and apprenticeship, a companion in remarkable, unforgettable adventures that impressed my soul deeply.

To my always remembered, very special Jorge Trocoli more than a friend, a brother I love and admire, from whom I have learned and will continue to learn a lot. To Rodolfo Aramayo Diez de Medina, a brother more than a friend, taken away by time and distance. To Joao Annicelli, whom I remember with tenderness and every moment we shared at Serra Negra. To Julio Bracamonte, Salvador Chain and Marcela Galvez, unique and special beings, who opened their hearts to me.

To Newton Cesar, my "little grasshopper", great friend, great instructor and marvellous being, whom distance will just bring closer. To Betina Troccoli, to Carla, Fernando, Valmi, Tato, Mariela, Veronica, Ricardo, Rodrigo, Pedro, Diego, Alberto, Louiz, Tadashi, Fatima, Ester, Silvia, Alba, in short, to all those who taught me the difficult art of love during the journey in this world.

To my always remembered Juan Jose Benitez Lopes, who, through modesty and honesty, came to serve a purpose he still ignores in its totality and extension and whose sincere testimony launched this fantastic, marvellous work into the world.

And especially to my father, without whose courage, curiosity, and determination all this would never have happened.

To all those marvellous friends, I dedicate this rather different, objective vision of Rama and of the contact.

I dedicate the contacts and this different objective vision of Rama to all those marvellous friends.

“Do not think that I have come to bring peace on the earth. I did not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. A man’s enemies will be the members of his household”. (Matthew 10: 34-36)

“And then the sign of the Son of Man will appear in the sky, and then all the tribes of the earth will mourn, and they will see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of the sky with power and great glory. And He will send forth His angels with a great trumpet, and they will gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of the sky to the other.” (Matthew 24: 30-31)

“Truly I say to you, this generation will certainly not pass away until all these things take place. Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father alone.” (Matthew 24: 34-36)

After this I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding back the four winds of the earth so that no wind should blow on the earth or on the sea or on any tree. And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the seal of the living God; and he cried out with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was granted to harm the earth and the sea, saying “Do not harm the earth or the sea or the trees, until we have sealed the bond-servants of our God on their foreheads.” (Revelation: 7: 1-3)

Jesus answered and said to him, “Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.”

Nicodemus said to Him, “How can a man be born when he is old?” “He cannot enter a second time into his mother’s womb and be born, can he?”

Jesus answered, “Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Do not marvel that I said to you, ‘You must be born again’. The wind blows where it wishes and you hear the sound of it, but do not know where it comes from and where it is going; so is everyone who is born of the Spirit.” (John 3: 3-8)



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## Prologue

From the moment we assume conscious dissatisfaction with a life full of uncertainties, where the horizon looks cloudy, without clear hope and at the brink of an ever more frightening future, we begin searching for a reason that will allow us to choose and plausibly justify our efforts and sacrifices for a continued existence. This pathetic present condition we live in provokes us to obsessively pursue the answers to innumerable questions related to the purpose of life and its trials and challenges, for we stubbornly insist on staying alive and assuring our survival at any price, sometimes without knowing why.

To this day, in order to participate in the context of life and in the search for understanding the macro powers that govern us, we have counted only on tools that are tied to the vices of the Establishment, becoming accomplices in the traps that lead nowhere and that delude the unwary and desperate, who persist in trying to achieve their dreams and promises of happiness through an unconditional surrender to the values and demands of a senseless system.

But now, in this scenario, an opportunity to escape from these deceits and traps appears, presenting a limitless source of answers that are not misleading or influenced by unilateral interests. The contact with civilizations of an extraterrestrial origin emerges as a gigantic hope to realize previously impossible dreams, a means of direct access to a radical transformation, and the epitaph of a dated era.

However, I wonder if at present we have the structure or capacity to understand everything that will be revealed to us and that we will discover during this fantastic process of extraterrestrial contact. All of us hold a certain amount of knowledge acquired throughout our lives. Principles, patterns, social rules, acquired behaviors (good or bad), are part of the reality of our lives. All that processed information representing basic elements in the structuring of our personality and character is limited, partial and incomplete, as is usual amongst humans. Each one of us states his vision of himself, of the world and of the people around us, but is it a true vision? I wonder whether our basis is solid and sound.

The objective answer is no. Our knowledge of things is partial, for the information and experience of life we have is limited by our opportunities. To better understand what I am trying to say, let's remember the story of the three blind men who came across a huge elephant while walking along a road. One of them, touching the trunk, innocently explained to his companions that the animal was shaped like a long tube, thicker at the top than at the bottom and that it was extremely flexible. The other who touched the tail said he was wrong and affirmed that the animal was shaped like a thick, frayed rope with a tuft of hair on the tip. But the third vehemently denied his friends statements, for he was touching a huge, strong foot and he said that according to him it was not shaped as they had described it, but felt exactly like the trunk of a tree. In that silly, ordinary example, who was telling the truth?. Which of the three blind men was right? Whom should we trust?

As we can see, nobody has a complete vision of everything and never will. That is why we are so different. Even so, every human being egotistically thinks that his is the utmost, maximum knowledge and information. Each believes he owns the absolute, naked, total truth, the best and only perception of the universe around him, when in reality he grasps just an insignificant fraction of a bigger whole. This situation prevents us from not only having a more intimate, deeper relationship with other human beings, but also from having a better comprehension of ourselves and of our role in this small planet and the Universe.

Unfortunately, nowadays we do not trust anything anymore. This is why we drastically reinforce our seclusion, delving constantly inward in the search for a sense of life and a better, clearer perception of things. But to our total despair, clear perception never comes, or at best is only roughly outlined; we can never feel or see with complete clarity. All we get in the end is an increase of egotism and the disintegration of our personality as we become progressively more alienated from the others, hiding an afflicting craving for survival that separates us from the true reason for life.

To be able to understand what we really are, why we live and what lies ahead for us in the Universe, we must understand that life and the interrelationship between beings, here or anywhere in the Cosmos, are different to how we usually see or interpret them. Out there, everything occurs according to rules and principles unknown to us. We do not know them or do not understand them because we are confined to a world where everything is stipulated and defined according to ideological interests and megalomaniacal ambitions that insensibly subdue the legitimate rights and requirements of the human being. Inately, humanity continues to serve a few, feeding back a servility that stretches through the centuries. Nowadays, even those few who have always been the dominating class do not understand the true meaning of things because they also have been conditioned for generations, so they have become slaves of their own ambitions, limitations and weaknesses.

In this world, we seem to blindly obey social conventions settled into over time. Fashion, religion, philosophy, ideology, habits and customs are the reflection of the cultural reality of a people or a nation, but these aspects which identify them are not necessarily the appropriate ones, the ones that should be in accordance with their best way of living.

It should be pointed out that the current system in our world, ingrained in our daily routine, was obtained by differentiated historical processes. Wars, social conflicts, revolutions, industrialization and commerce established the building of structures that were organized, institutionalized and become the guiding laws for millions of human beings. Very rarely did men plan and develop systems or structures that were in tune with their true necessities. The great majority were the senseless result of other imposed systems or else they served unilateral purposes, carrying the ballast of previous vices and conditionings. The course of the dominant robotic machine of power and competition was deterred only on very few occasions in order to satiate man's real yearnings. What happened in most cases was the superficial change of the factors of submission and the rules of the game. In the fight for survival and power the worst enemy remained man himself. Finally, the history and events that ensued were motivated by ideological, economic, religious, racial, paternalistic or autocratic interests, which strengthened still further the mechanism of alienation and along the way consolidated a terribly strong, self-sustaining, oppressive structure. The ones who opposed it were virtually isolated and forsaken mercilessly.

Around 1951 a great thinker and researcher called Erich Fromm wrote in his book *The Forgotten Language...* "Human beings need and depend on each other. But up to now, history has been influenced by only one fact: material production has not been sufficient to satisfy the true necessities of men."

He goes on...."The *elite*, forced to control the *non-chosen*, became prisoners of their own restrictive tendencies. Therefore, the human spirit, both of dominator and dominated, is deviated from the essential human purpose, which is to think and feel humanly, to use and develop his faculties of reasoning and love, inherent to man, and without which his total development is hindered."

"...In this process of deviation and deformation, the human character is distorted. The prevailing objectives are those opposite to the interests of the true 'inner man'. His potential for love is impoverished and he is compelled to wish to have power over others. His self-assurance diminishes and he tries to find compensation through an unquenchable thirst for fame and prestige. He loses his sense of dignity and is forced to become a merchandise, trying to find self-respect through his success and by selling himself."

Another writer, thinker and spiritualist, John Baines, wrote in his book *The Stellar Man*: "...Deprived from the superior possibilities of the mind, man perceives in a very obscure way, his own debility and impotence regarding destiny, death, illness, war, poverty and dangerous changes. That is why he has always looked for leaders or governors whose strength would compensate for his weakness. Guided by desire, he invented gods to whom he attributes and begs the power and strength he lacks. All the structures of our civilized world are based on the total weakness, cowardice, impotence, ignorance and uncertainty of the individual, who forges collective systems of protection, support and control in order to compensate externally for his internal fragility."

The synthesis of all this is that we must accept that in order to escape from this mental, ideological, and spiritual prison that daily stifles us and in order to have the opportunity to discover life, it is necessary to re-establish a clear vision of things, chiefly regarding ourselves. But this will only be possible by substituting new

conditionings acquired and realized through comprehension of the old ones, which were acquired through an osmosis induced by the environment. When we discover the fragility of the system we live in and intelligently begin to substitute more efficient, clearer values and archetypes, obtained as a result of agreement with a universal reality, for the values and archetypes conventionalized by culture and interest, we will be on the way to self-discovery. When in practice we begin to use the new values, those which will reflect knowledge, love, respect and consideration as well as organized common sense, and as a result we develop definite, objective criteria of analysis, then we will finally be on the way to our irresistible inner transcendence.

Man will leave his cocoon of transformation and become a cosmic citizen when he learns how to live harmoniously with himself, how to understand the development of life, when he is able to look at himself impartially, without prejudice or bias and when he realizes definitely, the profound message of a leaf blowing in the wind. Then man will be able to feel the extension of his creative power, realize the constructive ability of his intellect, the beauty hidden in his feelings, the tender innocence of creatures, and come to the conclusion that he is not alone. Then he will fraternize with his fellow men, those who live in the jungle of the civilized world, to learn how to live, understand love, grow spiritually and each day become more conscious, happier and finally realize his potential. He will know that in this great, marvelous Universe, he is not isolated or abandoned to his fate. Other brothers are waiting for him, to share and struggle with him, in order to build a greater universal happiness.

In short, man will only transcend if he is willing to confront and question sincerely and honestly, and if he is ready to analyze, revise and reformulate the image of himself, the world, the system around him, his beliefs, his objectives, knowledge and basis. In summary, he will only be able to outlive himself and his cultural transition, if he is firmly determined to understand life and undertake an unconditional re-organization of the parameters and values that have guided his life up to now.

He will find his way to infinity by restructuring himself internally, deeply and radically. This is why this book is particularly directed to those who have not yet lost hope for growing mentally and spiritually, who still envision better days for man and the world, and who wish to conquer their inner world and become the people of tomorrow, sowing life in the garden of the Universe.

## Introduction

When man began to observe the stars and elaborate upon his calendars, he started a new era of comprehension of the universe and of his own life. However, at the same time, crucial questions arose. Some of them have been answered over the course of our history, but the great majority are still deeply immersed in speculation and theory.

Among these important, puzzling questions, the possibility of extra-planetary life was conceived of only in the world of fiction. Religion, astronomy and physics reject flatly and totally any possibility of alien life, although a few scientists have shown a little more flexibility.

But, even against the will of all institutions and sciences, this subject has continually arisen. With the coming of the technological revolution, and specifically the development of aviation and the invention of radar, man took notice of the presence of unknown visitors and science began to worry about explaining the appearance of various aerial phenomena.

During the Second World War, strange objects were detected on radar screens, objects visually seen by both enemy and allied airplanes, causing panic and hysteria in innumerable villages because they were mistaken for teleguided missiles or enemy bombers. At the end of the war, several documents and reports were discovered revealing the undisclosed information of the presence of unknown aircraft whose crazy maneuvers puzzled pilots, technicians and engineers. But up to then, each supposed their origin was totally terrestrial and that some great enemy power was making the craft.



On Tuesday, June 24, 1947, a civil pilot, Kenneth Arnold, owner of the Fire Material Supplier Company of Great West in Boise, Idaho, USA, took off from Chehalis in a single-engine airplane to Yakima, Washington on a routine mission in search of a Navy C-46 airplane reported missing in the Cascade Range. Circling around the accident site at about 3:00pm, on the right-hand side of the airplane he was surprised to see nine objects, disc-shaped, flying in the direction of Mount Rainier. He estimated the objects were the size of a C-54 four-engine jet airplane. Astonished at the sight, he estimated that the machines.....or "Flying Saucers".....as he called them, were flying at a speed of 2700 km per hour. Inadvertently, he launched the popular expression that would identify those objects throughout the years.

Soon after, On January 7, 1948 at 13:15, a military observation party located in Madisonville, Kentucky, informed the Godman Air Force base that a circular aircraft of more than 70 meters in diameter was flying swiftly towards Fort Knox. At 13:45 the Air Force base military observer asked for the identification of the object over the radio, while land officers located it through binoculars. Base commander Colonel Hix sent an immediate message by radio ordering that the aircraft be intercepted by three F-51 bombers that were still flying. The small patrol commanded by captain Thomas Mantell spotted the target at 14:45 and prepared to intercept it. Two airplanes turned back because they ran out of fuel and the third one, piloted by young Captain Mantell, advised via radio that the object was above him and that he would try to approach for closer examination.

At a speed of 500 km per hour and at an altitude of 5,000 meters, Mantell reported that it was a huge, metallic object and that it kept climbing. At 15:15, at 6,000 meters high, the captain reported to the base that the object was still climbing and that he would abandon the chase because he was not equipped with an oxygen mask. That was his last message. At 16:00 the wreckage of Mantell's F-51 was found scattered over a radius of several kilometers, indicating that the airplane disintegrated at a high altitude in full flight. In spite of a thorough search lasting several days, it seems that no vestiges of the body were found.

From the day of this tragic incident, the American Air Force created Project Saucer, also known as Project Sign, for the research and collection of facts related to all types of unidentified flying phenomena. In charge was James D. Forrestal, State Secretary of Defense, who later disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Years later, Project Grudge was substituted for Project Sign and in 1951 the famous and controversial Project Blue Book was adopted under the leadership and co-ordination of Edward J. Ruppelt, whose administration ended in September 1953.

On December 17, 1969, an Air Force inquiry committee in Dayton, Ohio, definitely closed Project Blue Book after the publication of the negative conclusion of the Condom report, written by the well-known Dr. Edward U. Condom. In short, the report stated that the so-called 'Flying Saucers' were nothing but an illusion caused by natural phenomena.

However, things were not actually as simple as that. On April 24, 1949, after the substitution of Project Grudge for Project Sign, Edward J. Ruppelt received a confidential report on the possible consequences and risk of generalized panic any official disclosure of the reality of these objects would cause. The report made direct reference to the terrible fright that killed thousands of Americans on October 30, 1938, when the novel *The War of the Worlds* by the English writer H.B.Wells was turned into a radio play and broadcast by the then journalist Orson Welles.

And as a last stroke, on January 12, 1953, a committee of American experts and scientists met in the Pentagon secretly, a meeting which they called "The Grand Jury", presided over by Professor Dr. H.P. Robertson, professor of theoretical physics at the Californian Institute of Technology. Among other learned men of that time, also present were: Prof. Luiz W. Alvarez, physicist at the laboratory Lawrence of Berkeley University, California, Nobel Prize winner in Physics, 1968; Professors Thorston Page, Lloyd V. Berkner, Samuel A. Goudsmith, Brigadier-General Garland, Misters H. Marshall Chadwell and Ralph L. Clark from the CIA, and Prof. Allen Hynek as scientific counselor.

During the first session, the committee was asked by the Air Force command to reach a final conclusion. The suggested alternatives presented after innumerable official reports and documents were the following:

1. All observation reports on "Flying Saucers" can be explained as natural phenomena

2. No conclusion can be reached from the observation reports for lack of sufficient information.
3. "Flying Saucers" really exist and are space machines of extraterrestrial origin.

After that, Major Dewey Fouret, member of the committee specializing in the investigation of testimonies and stories, presented a careful, thorough study of the maneuvers of these UFO (Unidentified Flying Objects), and finally concluded that undoubtedly they were spacecraft of unknown origin, probably extraterrestrial.

Unfortunately, during the last sessions for the preparation of the final report, chiefly in the one when the future line of political conduct would be defined, members of the CIA intervened. They asked the committee to clear the cloud of mystery around the subject and asked the military services to systematically 'smother' any public evidence, no means spared. The international political situation with communist and socialist groups (the famous Cold War) was the perfect justification.

An extraordinary fact for that time is that in July 1947 the North American Army and Air Force had already found the wreckage of an extraterrestrial aircraft, probably the result of a collision, in the deserts of Roswell and Secore, New Mexico, and recovered the bodies of members of the crew. At that time, Major Jense Marcel of the Intelligence Service and General Ramey were responsible for the investigations. They informed the journalists of the Roswell Daily record and the press in general that a meteorological balloon had been mistaken for a UFO. And to keep the press silent, they guilefully presented as evidence some debris derived from a recording balloon. At the same time, a B-29 bomber secretly took off from Roswell base in an unknown direction and under strong military escort, carrying the extraterrestrial bodies and debris.

The film "Hangar 18", made in the USA in 1980, showed the dramatization of this episode in the cinema. The plot of the film exposes the manipulation by the American government to neutralize, menace, or silence anyone with any accurate knowledge of the event, even going so far as to eliminate them. It also depicts the deliberations of the high-ranking officers regarding the political aspects and the positive or negative impact on public opinion. All this in order to get rid of the wreckage of a flying saucer and the bodies of its crew.

The information on the Roswell affair was later revealed when letters addressed to the American Air Force High Command were disclosed. They had been sent by the then head of FBI, Edgar Hoover, repeatedly requesting access to the extraterrestrial wreckage and bodies. It seems he was always denied.

People interested in the subject, some researchers and even a few scientists believed that the presence of these objects of unknown origin was not limited to the modern age. Investigators, archaeologists, anthropologists, and several writers such as Peter Kolosimo, Erich von Daniken, Serge Hutin, Louis Panwels, Jacques Bergier and NASA consultant Zecharia Sitchin, among others, were responsible for making the public aware of the archaeological discoveries that prove the presence of entities strange to our environment, as well as historical facts and situations that have aroused a heated controversy in the scientific world.

Even with ample evidence and over fifty years after the first investigations, the civilized world still declares itself to be in doubt about the existence of UFOs, not because they are unreal, but because accepting them would imply that the world, chiefly each man and each government, would have to answer such complicated, disturbing questions as: Where do they come from? What are their worlds like? What political regime do they follow? Are they going or have they already gone through a transition similar to ours? What is their social structure like? What about their production systems? Is there misery, inflation, violence, alcoholism or drugs in their worlds? What are their sources of energy? Do they own or use weapons? What God do they believe in? Is there a God for them? Have they succeeded in defining Him? Do they have a religion? Did they have a Jesus, Buddha, or anybody like them? Do they live eternally or die like us? Do they believe in an immortal soul? Do they believe in reincarnation? What do they want from us after all?

I wonder whether the modern world is actually able, prepared or sufficiently mature to listen to and face the answers without being scandalized or shocked by what they may be.

Nowadays people are in general still searching for evidence of the existence and origin of UFOs...concrete, conclusive ones. But, as we have seen up to now, even if the evidence exists in myriad form, it would be literally impossible to make it public. The filtering and manipulation of reports, information and news are part of the complicated mechanisms of defense used by the current system of 'civilization' in order to maintain its

control through the means of communication. Throughout time, history has shown us the incredible power of political and social alienation exerted through the manipulation of information upon public opinion. We know and will always only know what is considered important for us to know by the few. Our history books are full of examples that illustrate this statement. Any knowledge that will arouse argument, controversy, and impose a reformulation against an established situation will be irremediably out of the public's reach. Anything that endangers the system will always be concealed from people's understanding. They will only be offered what is considered 'best' to keep 'order'.

The American projects for the investigation of extraterrestrial phenomena, which I have mentioned before, were not really created to prove the existence of Flying Saucers or their crews and to communicate that information to people. Just to the contrary.....they were created to find out why the Saucers are here and to destroy any kind of evidence, information, or person liable to endanger the political interests of the country.

The ideological windfall that these visitors might bring to Earth frightens the authorities. And in such a politically, socially, racially, ethnically and religiously divided world like ours, a new reformative tendency, moreover a totally revolutionary one concerning the dominating power, would be extremely disastrous to a lot of interests and people involved. The dominant authorities are not willing to abdicate from their pleasant situation, advantages and power to further the interests of humanity. As long as ignorance and obscurity persist, the great majority of people will remain submissive and obedient to their government's will and caprices.

This is why this subject is so controversial. Nobody wants to admit that beyond the frontiers of this small world, other extraplanetary civilizations exist, whose 'truths', 'ethics', 'beliefs', and 'ideologies' have nothing to do with the ones we know and practice.

Investigators all over the world, those patient researchers who collect evidence, information and testimony and who should be the champions for this cause, are not free from manipulation either, be they victims or no. Although they have no more doubts about the presence of extraterrestrials, a great number of them still consider the possibility of programmed contacts just fiction. What they really want is, not to have contact, but to obstinately prove that they had always been right in believing in intelligent life beyond Earth. Nothing more than that, unfortunately. They would not know what to do with the contact itself, except to present it as an attraction or curiosity. Some want to promote themselves socially and publicly through their research or a finding, creating a mysterious atmosphere and intimating that they are in possession of fantastic information, and so claiming an outstanding position in the scenario of world curiosity. There are also those who go to the extreme of trying to destroy, attack or eliminate possible evidence of contact, acting as the new inquisitors of a 'holy cause' without going to the trouble of making a careful, thorough and impartial investigation into the facts and people involved. Others, very few, work honestly and carefully, but being righteous and invincible within the system's daily machinations is no doubt a very difficult hurdle to continuously surmount.

Although all these researchers are so near to discovering a fantastic reality, they are at the same time very far from believing that some day they can be a part of it. The great majority is content with collecting evidence, interviewing witnesses, giving talks, and becoming well-known. Thus they are still part of the repression, censorship, misbegotten ideals and egotistical behaviour of the system. To our deep sorrow and distress, their attitudes show that they are still terribly distant from what this research should really be; they even manipulate people in support of their own interests.

And the few researchers we could finally mention within the traditional nomenclature as scientifically qualified, have been trying to approach the secrets of the Universe and some form of alien intelligence through technical means, aiming at some exchange probably linked to private interests of an institution or government, obviously wishing to gain a source of scientific and/or technological benefits or riches that will place them in an advantageous situation compared to other countries.

But is that specifically what the extraterrestrials are willing to offer? What about us? Have we already reached the necessary maturity to understand and use what they would have to tell us?

The events that will be discussed in this book are not an isolated case of an extraterrestrial encounter, nor the most important within the world phenomenology, but they are the only ones in the history of humanity that

have given concrete evidence of their objective truth. Four times the presence of journalists, TV channels and investigators of various origins were allowed to participate in the experiments of programmed and pre-arranged contact.

The news of the first encounters that took place in 1974, experienced by myself together with a group of friends, and that later involved journalists, researchers and people from various countries, were made known to the world for the first time by the then journalist and foreign affairs correspondent for the *Gaceta del Norte* of Bilbao, Spain, Mr. Juan Jose Benitez Lopes. At present the author of a great number of books about UFOs and of some of the most interesting, well-known science fiction books ever published, such as the international 'best seller' *Operation: Trojan Horse* already in its fourth printing, *The Rebellion of Lucifer* and *Saint John's Testament* among others, Benitez took part as a guest in the contact with extraterrestrials, arranged by myself five days in advance, on the sands of Chilca, Peru, 60 km. south of Lima on September 7, 1974. Later he described his experience in a book called *UFOs: SOS to Humanity*, published in 1975 by the publishing company Plaza & Janes from Barcelona, Spain, one of the first books of his career as a writer not published in Brazil yet. Soon afterwards, he returned to Peru with the journalist and photographer Fernando Mugica, collecting material and experience for another book that was published the following year, *100,000 Kms Chasing UFOs* by the same publishing company, not yet published in Brazil either. Today, there are several books, magazine and newspaper articles, radio and television programs that relate our present and past history of contacts.

Currently, we have achieved one more programmed encounter of extraterrestrials with the press. It occurred on January 23, 1992 at 11:30 pm, near Santiago, Chile, under the orientation and coordination of Mr. Rodrigo Frenzalida and his group and, as guests, the independent film productions Terranova, responsible for the program "Free Zone", representing Channel 9 Megavision from Santiago. There, in the presence of all the technicians and journalists, an extraterrestrial spacecraft appeared once again. It is all registered in a television program that was broadcast in that country in July 1992 and in which after interviewing us, the journalists described all the details of the incredible experience in which they took part with the Rama group.

The following work that I present will be the narrative of the beginning of these events, the people who took part in them and still do, their problems, difficulties and conflicts, their process, transformation and definition through the years, the innumerable testimonies of the appearance of extraterrestrials in our experiments, of the fantastic revelations obtained from the continuous relationship with these incredible beings throughout 19 years of contact, of the journeys we made to their world of origin and of the terrible difficulties that we faced, fighting against an implacable, powerful enemy....ourselves.

The characters, situations and events mentioned are real. They existed and still exist. The conclusions are the natural result and consequence of this endless journey into universal consciousness gained through the years. The dialogues and considerations really occurred, and the questions and answers were analyzed with the spirit and consciousness of today.

This document is a humble contribution to the ones who wish to begin the discovery that we live to be happy.

## Chapter I. RE-ENCOUNTER

Slowly the sunlight came into the room through the window slits, announcing the beginning of a new day. The majestic megacity of Sao Paulo awoke hot, sunny, a little more polluted, and with its inhabitants hurrying to work. Another busy, frenzied Wednesday was beginning with the added vigorous routine of preparing for a long holiday eve. This November 15, 1990 holiday would be prolonged by a Friday holiday as well, making the city even more hectic. For the ones who lived in Sao Paulo, in general it would be a great opportunity to travel to a beautiful beach or some pleasant place to relax and forget the worries of a hectic life. But for my wife and myself it would be the start of one more incredible adventure.

Christine was getting ready for work, making up her beautiful face reflected in the bathroom mirror, while I tried to wake up under the shower. We quickly discussed the details of our long trip, settling the time of her arrival home from the office, the time to set out on the road and the shopping for the necessary supplies needed for the days we would camp in the green, peaceful woods of Serra da Mantiqueira.

All was organized. The camping equipment came out of the garage straight to the garden while I went through the shopping check-list, which was my responsibility. Christine started the car in a hurry, giving me some final instructions, and insisting on following the timetable punctually. A tender kiss and a sad look of good-bye confirmed that now everything was in my hands.

Three sluggish months had passed since I had received the message from the extraterrestrials for another encounter. 1990 had been a period of many outings afield, of frequent manifestation of alien beings, of unobstructed observation of their spaceships and of a great quantity of phenomena at the encounter site. But the conditions for the preparation this time were much more rigid, with no room for mistakes.

Christine had been very nervous and excited those last days, with good reason. The expectations for this trip heralded the beginning of an important, unique experience. This experience would determine a new phase of our work and consequently, a major alteration of the routine to be followed.

While I walked along the supermarket aisles looking for the items I needed, I pondered over all we were involved in and my memories went back to the past. A little more than two months before we had returned from Cuzco, Peru, where for the first time, Brazilians had taken part in a world meeting with Rama groups of other countries, an event organized by my brother and his work groups. That experience was important for all of us, because it showed that although the human being is complicated, sometimes frivolous, there are people who are open-minded and well directed towards their inner development.

In the past, my brother had chosen to follow a particular line of work according to his understanding of the contact we had experienced together and tried to show his followers how to improve. However, a few people around him built a complicated, ponderous relationship of dependence, for all initiatives for new activities, information, studies, etc., were at his instigation; even the motivation to continue the work and to keep the groups united were from his initiative. This type of paternalistic, vertical relationship established over the years in the absence of better work organization or better understanding of the objectives of contact, physical distances and the continuous demands for information and orientation from the growing number of people in the groups all over the world, contributed to the rise of manipulators and manipulations, intrigues and maneuvers serving egotistical interests. Disputes arose for local, national and even international leadership, all of which should not seem strange to us. Everywhere, there are people who are not willing to change and who try to adjust the rules of development to their own liking, hindering any real change and reverting the group to the repressions, egotisms and limitations they should have overcome.

My brother could not see clearly what was happening around him because of his frequent and exhausting trips to different places in the world where his presence was requested, his personal life always sacrificed to the continuous insistence of curious people. His eyes were on the distant horizon, focused between the wish to offer a better method for self-discovery and the desire to do his utmost to help others.

But it did not weaken our spirit, nor did it prevent our stay in that paradise in the Peruvian Andes from being marvelous. Dealing with human beings implies that you have to go through that kind of situation; there are always people who have a limited vision of things. But there are always exceptions as well. The meeting gave us the opportunity to meet a lot of charming and receptive people, who opened their hearts as well as their minds to each one of us.

Those days in Cuzco in the valley of Urubamba, brought to my mind and imagination the saga of the Inca Empire. It was incredible to think that in these whereabouts, more than 500 years ago, the hosts of the Inca Pachacutec walked on that same land where I was. I wondered whether, preceding his army, the warrior emperor had camped here, right here, before leaving for new battles and conquering other peoples. And there, in that same place, a new group of people and myself were writing world history again...a history where battles were being fought only internally, each of us concerned with the future of man.

It was curious to see how things change in the world. In the cradle of a culture that, centuries ago, astonished the world and the Spanish conquerors with their development, organization and ability, a new situation arose in the mysteries of time and again astonished the world.

Three contacts arranged weeks in advance, and in the presence of guest-journalists equipped to their teeth with movie and photo cameras, had been a total success when those formal, skeptical, conservative people had confirmed the presence of spacecrafts of extraterrestrial origin. I had looked at the stars in the sky, wondering what would happen the following day, in a few days, or right at that moment.

Among the spectators and visitors in that meeting there were Chilean journalists from TV Channel 7 from Santiago, Chile, recording interviews for the program "Special Information". After giving a few interviews, I talked with them for some time, noticing their unquenchable curiosity. It was difficult for these people to understand what we were accomplishing. They associated it with rituals and ceremony, anything but something really important. They could not look beyond the foolishness uttered by some, nor the exaggeration by others.

"My God", I thought, "when will they look at us seriously and realize the great moment humanity is bound to face and the avalanche of opportunities that will arise?"

In spite of all the evidence already presented, the importance of the moment escaped their notice, including the fact of the great number of participants. The journalists pursued objects to photograph, constantly looking for any mistakes or foolishness that would justify their skepticism. A few looked for proof, a phenomenon or something they could tell people about afterwards; others, very few I believe, seemed to be more secure and conscious of their intentions and purposes.

But, what about the Brazilians that accompanied me? I wondered if, after almost 16 years of activities, proof, encounters and various experiments in Brazil, people had not yet acquired a clear, objective perception of everything we were involved in. From what I could see, it seemed they had. Anyway, the days we spent in Cuzco were very interesting and important. The balance was positive and significant. Although we noticed that there were still people more concerned with other people's business than with their own improvement, there were others who were friendly and alert, with whom we could exchange ideas or suggest a joint line of work and research.

Although the road to higher levels of consciousness is very long and difficult, there were some people there of great value and courage who were willing to follow it as soon as possible. So, we had discovered the reason for our trip. We came back from Cuzco happy to have found some people who were ready for a transformation, willing to share a new vision of the process of inner growth with us.....human beings who favored our idea of finding a new, freer way to further our comprehension of life; people who had a lot to offer from their own experience, showing us other innovative and creative aspects we had never thought of before. We reached an agreement to evaluate totally what had been achieved up till then, formulate a proposal of clear, practical objectives, and establish parameters that would measure the work performance and its results. All that would be presented in the next world meeting.

I remembered and pondered the importance of this project. The work and its results belong to all those who want to grow and to expand their state of consciousness, and in that work our role is that of mere intermediaries, heralds of a fantastic, marvelous reality within everybody's reach, mere introducers who present the outline of an alternative road. My brother and I, those who began in 1974, and those who were beginning now the difficult work of re-arranging the path that leads to the comprehension of a human being's inner and outer reality, discovered a secret by-pass that would lead us to where no one had ever dreamed. This magical road is simply the understanding that there is much to learn about life, love, our being intelligent and thinking, how to use our abilities constructively to make our lives productive, and about how to really change the future that now threatens us. Project Rama established a relationship with more advanced beings who so generously are willing to help those who turn to them with sincerity.

Back to the present, between my thoughts and the supermarket trolley, the trip that we would begin this day and that was mixed with the memories of so many other outings and experiments, would be special and important, as I have mentioned. The Serra da Mantiquiera awaited us, majestic, imposing, mysterious and



challenging. This ecological scenery would be the stage of one more contact with the extraterrestrials, where the schedule of activities and work to be accomplished in the following years would be defined. A plan of action in conjunction with various countries both American and European, would be presented and our activities for the following ten years would be based on it. This experiment would be transcendental for our future, and it would be the only opportunity near at hand to resolve our concerns regarding our present performance and to evaluate the results obtained up to now, not only in Brazil, but all over the world as well. In short, the destiny of all the groups, Brazilian and foreign, linked to our work was going to be defined. So we hoped to make the best of this trip and its results, returning to Sao Paulo with the conviction and tranquility of having concluded one more stage in the process of our development, more committed to our work, and conscious of the responsibility that lay ahead of us.

Although there were around fifteen groups, only two were called for this meeting: group 6 from Cotia, SP, composed of six members of whom only Beniera and Christine, my wife, would be present; and group 4 from Sao Paulo composed of 8 members, all of whom would be present. I would be the coordinator of the experiment and the intermediary in the field activities.

Christine and I would go first on Wednesday in order to prepare and secure our spot, where later Newton Cesar, Flavio and DDG would join us. Together we would start to put up the tents, making room for the rest of the group that would arrive on Thursday morning, depending of course on how heavy traffic was on Presidente Dutra Highway.

The day passed quickly amidst arrangements and preparations. Around 3:00 pm the baggage was already in the car, the shopping dealt with, and I was waiting for my wife. One and a half hours later we were driving on the road along Tiete River, towards the Trabalhadores Highways and then Dutra Highway. Three hundred kilometers lay ahead of us, and we would have to cope with the heavy traffic that was already starting to cause the delays typical at the beginning of a prolonged holiday.

Some exhausting hours and many cars later, we stopped at a gas station. Back on the highway, right on the border with Rio de Janeiro, a huge traffic jam on the already busy road delayed us for two hours. Even so, our mood was not affected. The anticipation of this new adventure and of what would come from it kept us alert, awaiting the events. We knew that everything was part of the experiment, that every movement was being watched and every thought was being analyzed. Therefore, our attitude should reflect all we had learned throughout the years, for it would determine if we were qualified to receive a new crucial task.

In the early morning we reached our destination. We had seen hares and opossums that crossed the road among the trees, as if welcoming us. These small creatures, nature rarities that keep their distance from human beings and are usually only seen in films, cheered us up and reminded us that we had entered another world, far from civilization and almost virgin, untouched as yet by man's hand.

To our surprise, although we had been delayed, we noticed that our three friends had not arrived yet. Even though we were exhausted by the journey, we began to put up the tents by flashlight. All we wanted at that moment was to go to sleep as soon as possible listening to the sound of a small waterfall, the best lullaby.

By early morning our missing friends arrived, much to our relief. Following their arrival, the others came in one by one. The only one who was due on Saturday was Gilbert, delayed because of a few family commitments.

Two other young men, Luiz Tadashi and Diego Alberto, both experienced contactees, old instructors and "survivors" from the first groups formed in 1976 soon after my arrival in Brazil, had also been called for this experiment, but for different reasons were unable to attend.

Thursday, November 15 seemed full of hope for all. After 16 years of work and preparation with extraterrestrials in Brazil, one more group would graduate, qualified to lead and prepare other people in the relationship of learning and cultural exchanges offered by those beings. In fact, group 4 would be the one to receive the confirmation of having attained a level acceptable to collaborate in the work of forming development and contact centers, and group 6 was only a guest to the event.

We spent the morning and afternoon of the 15th organizing the distribution of space, putting up the rest of the tents, assembling the kitchen, improvising a toilet, looking for wood and rocks for a fire and using the rest of the time to resolve a few questions about what we should expect during those camping days. In the evening at around 6:00 pm, we gathered around the fire, starting the work that had brought us such a long way. Surrounded by the peacefulness of that wild environment, by the sounds of water and animals, we slowly relaxed, feeling the cold mountain breeze caressing our faces, and little by little we focused our minds onto endless space, desirous of another mental contact with the extraterrestrials, asking for their instructions for the ensuing hours.

While the darkness of the night descended upon us with its coolness and stars grew brighter, the answers to the questions asked of the extraterrestrials flowed gently to each member of the group. One by one the group recorded in their notebooks the messages transmitted by the extraterrestrials. When the reception finished, all began to read what they had received. Again the contents of the messages were the same and the instructions were clear and objective.

In short, the beings informed us that they would manifest their presence and support by the appearance of their spacecrafts and robot probes, which meant that the controlling conditions were put into action and the final tests would follow. They asked us to choose a place for the meditation and self-control<sup>1</sup> exercise that should begin that same evening. The place where we were camping was very familiar to all of us (we frequently used it for this kind of encounter), so, as usual, the place for the experiment would be a woody hill that we had named "Self-control"<sup>1</sup>.

The sequence in which the members should go to the work area for the self-control had also been received, so we started to organize and begin the activities. While the group got psychologically prepared and the first person waited for his turn, a gently moving light appeared in the sky at low altitude. We immediately looked at our watches and saw it was exactly the time the extraterrestrials had set to indicate that everything was all right. The strange bright object was formed by only a yellow light; no other colour could be seen. At first its course was straight from south to north. Soon after, another object followed close behind the first. The first one accelerated, left the sea (east) and changed its course towards the mountains (west), describing a sharp curve clockwise. The second object kept accelerating towards the north, while the first one also accelerated above us calmly, inverting the curve to anti-clockwise. No engine sounds similar to airplanes or any other spacecraft had accompanied the objects. All was complete silence. By that time it was almost 8:30 pm. Among the messages received by the group, the passage of the spacecrafts had been recorded and the time of their appearance was correct.

While we discussed the appearance of the object, a swift reddish light was seen moving in the woods, making crazy revolutions, avoiding the trees and going farther into the woods. It was a Kanepa<sup>2</sup> or robot probe used by the extraterrestrials to assist the work more closely; an efficient way to show their concrete presence and support to the group and to certify that everything was all right and that the objectives that had led us so far still remained.

This kind of phenomenon was now frequent in the field outings<sup>3</sup> and indicated the existence of an organized process of orientation and partnership by the extraterrestrials regarding us. These 'shows' were not prizes offered nor stimulants for our curiosity about the phenomenon, but an objective way to offer concrete proof that we were reaching the minimum level of preparation to be admitted to an exchange of cultures with a society advanced at least 1000 years beyond ours.

As time went by, the group began to get a little nervous and uneasy with the movement of the 'kanepas'. Although the messages pointed to Saturday being the most important day, once in the field anything was

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<sup>1</sup> Self-Control: a specific kind of practice, individually or in a group, in an isolated place, intended to work out the conscious mastering of fear.

<sup>2</sup> Kanepa: technical name given by the extraterrestrials, also known as Kanepa. It is a device or probe, shaped like a sphere, similar to a ball, which transmits images and information to an extraterrestrial ship nearby. Its size can vary from a football to something three times the size of a basketball. The size and colour of the light vary according to its function. It can be mistaken for a flash of lightning.

<sup>3</sup> Field outings/field practice: it refers to a trip to a place sometimes indicated by the extraterrestrials, aimed at the training of the group, an experiment or the achievement of some kind of encounter.

possible, especially in this camp. The objective was to define and encourage a group to initiate more people into the process of encounters and learning; it was also to complete the preparation of the groups so that they might be able to face a skeptical world as messengers of extraterrestrial beings who generously want to show us simply how intelligent life can develop an orderly, coherent society from which poverty, misery, violence and hunger would disappear forever.

A little tense but sure of our objectives, one by one we practiced self-control, having previously decided that we would make an evaluation of events only the following day.

At 11:30 pm another light at high altitude flew over the valley and ended the activities of the group that night. However, I would have to go to the place of self-control to finish the task and receive instructions for the next day as well as comments about the experiments with the group.

While most of the group had dinner and discussed the last sighting<sup>4</sup>, a few of them silently accompanied me in my slow ascent of the hill. Minutes after disappearing into the darkness, my presence could only be ascertained by the gleam of my flashlight. Just then a small ball of reddish light appeared, flying in the air on the outskirts of the woods at great speed. From a distance, the group could see it swiftly speeding amongst the trees with an erratic movement towards the beam of my flashlight.

At that moment, without noticing the presence of the little visitor yet, I sat down on a small collapsible chair in the 'practice ring'. It was the place called Self-control 1. A secluded spot amongst the trees that formed an almost perfect circle, delineated by strips of white toilet paper to easily distinguish the spot to sit in. In the centre was a simple camping chair.

While I recovered my breath from the climb, I watched the little red 'kanepa' that ran through the woods from right to left, described several circles around me and stopped just in front of me, floating in the air without a sound. Although I had already seen it in action many times, I was always impressed by it. It had always fascinated me as an object of rare beauty, the product of a distant technology.

With the little visitor a few meters away from me, I breathed deeply, relaxed, concentrated, and prepared to get in mental contact with the extraterrestrials with whom I have worked for so many years. Doubtless, at that same moment I was being observed by them through the 'kanepa', a kind of robotic probe that has an electronic eye and is equipped with a set of sensors that simultaneously transmit signals with the collected information to a central computer inside a spaceship. Besides those images, whether it be day or night, the probe also registers perfectly any organic change or disturbance in the focused creature, be it metabolic, chemical, thermal, related to the circulatory system or the soul, registering effectively and without error the performance of the person being tested. The probes can become literally invisible to human vision if they so wish, by vibrating their mass at a speed superior to the one that the human retina can register; but any camera lens can still capture their activity. The 'kanepa' is a polished, metallic, silver sphere that moves erratically and at high speed. It has an 'eye' or camera that emits a light and can be easily seen at night. That light can be white, reddish, orange, blue or yellow. It sometimes flashes a powerful white light even while totally invisible; it lights up a large area and can be easily mistaken for a flash of lightning. Its size can vary from a soccer ball to three times the size of a basketball. The size and colour of the light are according to its function.

With the object opposite me, I started my concentration, mentally calling the name of the extraterrestrial that has accompanied me in this work since 1974. Soon I felt his voice in my mind while the 'kanepa' was silently floating in the air, moving away very slowly. He immediately gave commentaries and an objective evaluation of the present behaviour and mental level of the group as well as of my performance, and after that, new instructions for the following day. Taking advantage of the opportunity, I asked for a personal encounter with him and the 'Training Council' in order to resolve some serious concerns and to have a complete explanation about some international subjects that worried me. He answered asking for calm and patience. My request would be considered, taking its importance into account. I should expect an answer later on.

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<sup>4</sup> Sighting: observation at a certain distance, of an object flying over the place where the observer is.

A little upset at not having a prompt answer for my worries, I breathed deeply and opened my eyes. The little probe was gone and the shadows of the night were all around. I started the long walk down the hill. Arriving a few minutes later at the camping site I found only a few people still up. They had seen the 'kanepa' when it swiftly entered the woods, and asked me what had happened. I simply said that nothing special had happened and that the most important event was still to come. After two bowls of warm soup I said good-night to the three that were still awake. Tired, I went straight to the tent where my pretty blonde was fast asleep.

The weather seemed to cooperate with us. The nights were less cool than usual and the warm sunny days made the work more agreeable and kept the group stimulated. "I hope it all continues like this" I thought.

Friday dawned a splendid day. The hot sun and the spectacular blue sky posed an invitation for a pleasant dip in the clear water of the lake. Flavio was the first one to dive in and complemented the bath with the delicious cold water of the cascade. Newton Cesar and DDG followed suit, and then Marcela, Nilson, Mario Sergio, Benecia, and Christine, while Fatima and I watched the party. After the refreshing swim, a hot shower (the latest inspiration of Mario Sergio's [known as Gyro Gearloose]) completed the pleasures of that paradise.

The day was full of activities and play. Each one described his experiences and reactions during the self-control. Although nothing special had happened, there had been a lot of tension and expectations. During the day we all tried to relax because deep inside we knew that at night everything would be quite different. I kept quiet and did not make any comments on my experience to avoid upsetting my companions and feeding their already great anxiety. Time passed swiftly by and the evening soon arrived.

At around 6:00 pm the group met again around the fire and once more mental contact (also called 'communication') was re-established. A detailed program of what we should do was requested. While the group established their communication, I used my time to review the instructions I had received from my extraterrestrial instructor the previous night and to ask a few questions.

After the reception of the messages, we were surprised by a bright object that crossed the space in our view horizontally from end to end at a fantastic speed and at a very low altitude. We quickly made a few calculations to determine the speed of the object...we estimated it at around 5,000 km per hour. It was something beautiful and impressive, a ball of light on an accelerated rectilinear course, whose horizontal movement would astonish any skeptic.

After calming our emotions, we sat around the fire again in order to analyze the messages received. They requested the practice of self-control again and the sequence they established indicated that, once again, I would be the last one.

The practice began without any interruption or sighting. Christine was the second to go, and while she began the slow ascent of the mountain, Benecia came back. Suddenly we saw the light of another 'kanepa', yellow this time, moving charmingly and swiftly in the woods, and lighting up everything around it. Absent minded, Christine did not notice the probe. This time the probe entered the woods before the rest of the group had finished the practice, and the fact that everybody saw the little object do that, made them a little more nervous than usual. Each of them preferred to wait for their turn, silently and alone. The apprehension and tension were great; meeting the unexpected was frightening.

People went up in an orderly fashion, complying with the sequence indicated by the extraterrestrials. After Christine, it was Flavio's turn and then DDG's. Half an hour later I approached Newton Cesar and told him to get ready, for DDG was already being sent back by the extraterrestrials. Newton Cesar looked at me a little surprised and replied that DDG had not returned yet. I explained that I was mentally connected with the extraterrestrials, accompanying each member's performance in the self-control, as I had done other times. I insisted that he start off in order not to fall behind in the timetable, and said he would meet DDG returning. Remembering the other times he had already seen me do this, Newton Cesar understood and without a word started on his way.

Around ten meters from the woods Newton Cesar saw the light of DDG's flashlight, who, as I had said, had just finished the practice. He gave him a smile, exchanged a few words with DDG who was surprised to see him, and silently entered the woods where he could feel the extraterrestrials' presence very strongly.

Soon it would be my turn to go up and while I was contemplating, Christine approached and embraced me tenderly, telling me some of her concerns. Our dialogue was abruptly interrupted by the sighting of two more objects moving in the sky, crossing paths. Calmly we looked at those two bright spots that ascended swiftly towards space and out of sight.

While I looked at each face present there, I remembered that the extraterrestrials would provide necessary evidence so that the group could be totally sure that, besides being real, the contact depended solely on a level of consciousness coherent with the objectives of life and with the purpose that kept us together. As long as our work of inner development led us to reach that level, the encounters and experiments would improve. Everything that might happen during those days would be the most objective indication of that level. My extraterrestrial instructors would guide my steps and orient the strength of my spirit.

"What will happen to these people? Soon, others will take their place and the chain would continue. But me, where shall I be?" I mused.

Approaching Marcela, I told her to start walking because Newton Cesar had just finished his practice. Without comment she began the ascent. As before, she crossed paths with Newton Cesar who had just been sent back by the extraterrestrials in charge.

At a certain moment two yellow lights were seen moving swiftly in the woods and then in opposite directions, which clearly showed the presence of two 'kanepas' this time. Simultaneously, more objects were seen nearby around the valley. When we were all together, right at the end of the self-control practice, a small fleet of four objects, three in a triangular formation and a fourth one in front, were quietly and calmly flying over the mountains to the right, describing a slow curve, It was an unforgettable show, a well-deserved reward for all of us to end that wonderful night.

After that I went towards the hill. It was my turn for the self-control. A little worried and impatient, I waited for the extraterrestrials' answer; I'd had no sign of their return up to that moment. When I reached the 'ring' I tried to calm down and relax, this time sitting on the ground facing the tree, watching the strips of white toilet paper which delineated the ring swinging in the wind. I pondered the events of these two fantastic days.

A few minutes later, my sidereal instructor entered my thoughts quietly to inform me that the next day I would have the answers to all my questions, the answers I so anxiously awaited.

I felt relieved and thanked the being for the support offered to the group. My interplanetary instructor promptly remarked that the phenomena was intended to strengthen the reality of the encounter and that only with this certainty would the people involved be able to speak to the world. However, even with all the evidence, not everybody would make it. Touched by the extraterrestrial's words, but a little unhappy with the latter information, I stood up and went back to the camping site. On the way a lot of faces crowded my thoughts. I remembered how many people had been here under similar circumstances, and I wondered where they were today. So much work, so much time spent and nothing to show for it. As Jesus said, "The kingdom of Heaven is like that of a king who celebrated his son's wedding, sending his servants to invite the guests to the party; but they did not want to come....Many are called but very few can hear the call."

A worried Christine was waiting for me together with the others; their remarks indicated how touched everybody was by the ample evidence of extraterrestrial presence. Altogether, eleven objects had been sighted, including the four ships in formation, not including the 'kanepas'. Gradually, the importance of what we were doing impressed everybody deeply, although in my thoughts I wondered who would really endure what faced us. Tired and more conscious of the task ahead of us, we went to bed, leaving the discussion on our experiences for the next day.

Saturday, November 17th dawned with a delicious sunshine and a wonderful blue sky. In the morning, we analyzed the events of the previous night and agreed that the extraterrestrials' presence and support were

total, and so everyone's sense of responsibility and commitment grew proportionately to the events. In the midst of jokes and comments, I tried to see deep inside their souls, trying to unveil their future. Through all these years, I had tried to prepare so many people, guiding them to this point, and so many had not been able to face the compromise and challenge of a deep, radical, inner change. So many new beginnings, deceptions, betrayals, and so much incomprehension, in so many years. If only one in this group succeeded, my work would be worthwhile because the world would have one more consolidated safe path to follow, one more hope to encourage them, one more worker to water and sow the field of a new, better tomorrow.

We spent the afternoon discussing several topics and settling some questions that had arisen from the experiments themselves. In the evening around 6:00 pm we began communication again in order to get more detailed information for the experiments that would take place during the night.

In most messages received, I was appointed to coordinate the work that would begin at 8:00 pm sharp, at a fixed place right in the middle of the woods. Also, my sidereal instructor informed me in my message that I should be prepared for a physical encounter that would be witnessed by all the group at 9:30 pm.

This message was received only by me so I kept it to myself. Once we had read and discussed the messages, I took Christine aside and told her about the pending experience. She was worried and frightened that I would be taken away and not return. Caressing her hair and embracing her tenderly, I tried to calm her down, explaining that nothing in this world or any other world would make me leave her and that this particular encounter was very important for it would allow me to find out directly from them what could be expected for the future, and thus permit the organizing of our lives accordingly.

This encounter, which I thought was the only way to solve our uncertainties, would definitely eliminate my doubts about the situation of our present work here in Brazil and in other countries as well. Also, I would have the opportunity to make a summary of all the work I had already achieved with the extraterrestrials and determine a main direction to be followed in the coming years. We would know which approach to take, what to do, how to do it, with whom, when and what the final purpose of all that effort was. My destiny would be shaped in the next few hours and the future of Rama would be reaffirmed or corrected.

Around 7:45 pm, the group consisting of Newton Cesar, Nilson, Marcela, Mario Sergio, Fatima, DDG, Flavio and Gilberto, prepared themselves psychologically for what would be their final test. Christine and Benicia embraced them, wishing them good luck and trying to lessen the nervousness in the air. Finally, we silently entered the woods at a previously chosen place, while Benicia and Christine stayed in the camp. Arriving at the site, the group formed a circle, and under my direction began some exercises to relax and ease the tension. Soon afterwards, we all saw a bright mist surrounding us, while a shining object, a 'kanepa' ran around us. A kind of compact, misty energy formed on one side, and other shining 'kanepas' sped to the centre of the group, sending out a flash of light. Meanwhile, on the outskirts of the woods and taken by an enormous unconstrained curiosity, Benicia and Christine watched all the phenomena. The group was commendably calm and succeeded in all the tests they had to undergo. The experience ended and the group was graduated to spread the message. Happily they congratulated one another amongst embraces and kisses. Benicia and Christine were in the woods now. Right then I felt a mental call and immediately gave Christine a kiss and walked to the determined spot.

Everybody watched my ascent up the hill, step by step, thinking I was going for another practice of self-control. Only Christine knew where I was going and, worried, shed a few tears. At that moment, to everyone's surprise, an intense brightness formed above the site where I was. It was a shining light that filled the whole hill with a strange but wonderful radiance. It disappeared suddenly, taking me with it.

Immediately, a shining object stopped right above the group. It was 9:30 when the spaceship stopped, the exact moment I had vanished, and a small red 'kanepa' moved quickly out of the woods where I had entered a few moments before.

As I had gone up the hill towards the ring, a semi-spherical light formed in front of me. I had seen it at other times. It was a tri-dimensional gate, inviting me to go in. Without a second thought I stepped forward.



Crossing into the light, I was quickly transported to the interior of a circular room with a diameter of approximately fifteen meters. The floor was covered with a kind of wall-to-wall carpet, the walls were smooth and metallic. It was well lit with indirect lighting. Before me there was a man, more than two meters tall. It was my sidereal instructor Godar, who was standing on the left side of a long, curved table on a kind of stage, from where other similar beings watched me. Once more I was before the 'Training Council', a group of beings appointed to coordinate the activities, training and preparation of human beings in a program called "Pilot Project", an experimental variant of the original work applied in Brazil at first. Among the five beings who were sitting, I could recognize only Onar, Andar and Astar. The other two were unknown to me.

I was in the interior of an extraterrestrial spaceship, exactly the same one that I had visited two years earlier during an experiment in the Serra de Tanbete in Sao Paulo. The characteristics of the scene were identical. I seemed to be two years back in time, for the beings occupied exactly the same places; I think even the clothes were the same.

Anyway, I was thrilled by the re-encounter. It took me some time to calm down and be able to think clearly again. Godar approached and summoned me to come nearer the table. Still trembling with emotion, I stepped forward. I breathed deeply, relaxed, and prepared to speak.

But at that moment, I heard Godar say "This is a difficult time for your world, and it tends to get even worse. The solution is likely to come sooner than expected, but at a very high price. Day by day, the human race hinders its possibilities for survival. By your wrong attitude, you are not able to see alternative ways of development, and the chances of a new beginning are reduced. Therefore, we are concerned to help the earth find a worthy, intelligent condition of life. We want to continue our work with human beings that are really willing to revise their idea of happiness and learn to live with dignity as thinking, free creatures, with all their potential and capacity. We cannot lose anymore time with groups or people that simply want to satisfy their curiosity or wish for personal success. It is essential to identify those who can actually contribute positively and constructively to the development of wider levels of consciousness. In all these years with you, we were able to watch and accompany every moment in the processes that influence the decisions taken, that stimulate curiosity and development, that induce courage and determination, that hinder comprehension, understanding, friendship, humility, self-denial, that induce fanaticism instead of freedom, that mystify and dogmatize instead of teach. Out of thousands, only few can give themselves up to mutual aid, without being seduced by the power of information or vanity. It is difficult to direct their energy to a united endeavour of rescuing their race, revising and questioning the errors, mistakes and blunders they made. Very few are on the verge of awakening and have the necessary willpower and determination to build, with their own hands, a better world, worth living in. So we will now correct some faults in the process and formalize our approach to those who are really willing to understand who they are truly and to improve in the search for a full, harmonious, conscious and happy life."

I was impressed by his words, although it meant no change for the kind of work we had been developing. I listened attentively as he went on.

"Actually, nothing will change, for the objectives and aims are exactly the same as at the beginning of this project. The only difference we can point out is that, from now on, we will act more directly; we will not waste time with people who distort the message and the purpose, for time is getting shorter. A great number of groups in other countries are in total anarchy and out of control, subscribing to a complete, absurd mystification. They have completely lost their reference parameter. What they were participating in was pure fiction, childishly confusing any manifestation, even a natural one, with one of our signs. Never did they question our rare presence, our delays, or our total absence as a way of indicating their incoherencies. They were simply looking for a unique experience to be enjoyed, without stopping and thinking about its true meaning. Independence and hunger for acceptance were stronger than objectivity and common sense. However, many can still be rescued and many others can be re-directed."

"Does it mean that everything continues normally for us? Nothing has been changed? Can we develop new groups here and in other countries?" I asked, relieved.

"Yes. Brazil is a special project that has given good results, as well as the other countries that are part of this exchange. Up to now, we have tried to support all Rama groups in the world with the intention of making it

clear and evident that the world has already established contact with more advanced societies with which it can begin an exchange of mutual benefits. Now we will support the ones that are faithful to their purpose, tuned in with us, and also the groups that have been working united in the commitment of transformation, not in bureaucracy or the search for power and prestige. Project Rama has been transformed into a messianic, pseudo-Christian-religious movement, totally divorced from what it should be. It is hard to believe that even after more than two thousand years, the mystification and the distortion continue. With the implantation and development of "Project Emanuel" we already observed the same behaviour. It was no use giving examples, making analogies or using simple words in the attempt to speak clearly. The teachings and orientation were transformed in various religions due to ignorant manipulation. We think that nowadays this phenomenon is less likely to be repeated, but we have noticed that human beings have changed very little. The lack of deep reflection, detailed analysis and constructive query are the worst faults in the human being; they usually try to apply themselves to destructive purposes, to try their strength or to compete. If the "Elect" came back now, I would not be surprised if instead of being crucified, he was assassinated for fear of being a political agitator, a subversive, or a terrorist. The churches created by him would probably be the first ones to try to destroy him, fearing he would contest the way they conduct the doctrine. Similar to what happened in the past, people looked to Rama as a refuge for their loneliness, anxiety and hopelessness rather than to truly understand what we had to offer. All they could see was a mere chance of better days, of promises of hope. They did not realize it had to be built by themselves."

"Godar, I wonder if human beings have yet to free themselves from the deficiencies caused by experimental processes and mutations that occurred in the past, including the genetic interference by you."

"Now would be the right time for the human race to overcome the imperfections that interfered in your evolution. Perhaps not everybody, but at least a few would already be awakening from the dream. The experiments that occurred in the past and the chemical and environmental influence of the planet upon your genetic development should already have been minimized, for the ancestral origin of humans and ours have something in common. Unfortunately, probably only a few human beings will succeed in freeing themselves from the chains of the past and the obstacles of the present. Anyway, these are the ones you should look for."

"Godar, nowadays, there have been an increasing number of extraterrestrial encounters where almost everybody has undergone experiments which they cannot consciously remember. Why do you persist? Haven't you had enough experiments with human beings yet?"

"Remember that the human being is a sub product of mutations that occurred through millions of years of evolution from our ancient colonies. The environment together with a nourishment consisting of a biochemical structure alien to their origin, changed their genetic characteristics, affecting their psyche and the development of their brain. It transformed their behaviour, their perceptions, their coordination, and restricted fantastic potentialities. When humanity began their cultural development, that unnatural insanity or psychotic configuration derived from the mutations should have been overcome through natural selection, by eliminating the problematic individuals and allowing the capable ones to genetically transmit their qualities to their descendants. However, it did not occur because their wars demanded a human contingent considered to be the most able. Consequently, historically, human culture has always gradually eliminated the best individuals and also the paranormal ones. I mean, when the human race began to improve, and what you call paranormal manifestations began to occur, religion destroyed them, saying they had a pact with the devil. So the best human beings are always destroyed, while the technically worst are preserved. The physically less capable, the mentally deficient, the genetically fragile are the ones that continue to procreate, under the protection of what you call civilization. Criminality and violence grow in proportion to the protection given to the criminals, genetically transmitting their qualities to their descendants. This is why we are regularly following your genetic development in order to estimate the correct moment when your mental potential can be triggered, and to measure your potential danger. Because if you do not correct your behaviour before that, you will be a menace to all kinds of life, intelligent or otherwise. This is one of the reasons why we are watching you so closely."

"Well, I understand we must seem a bad batch to all of you. Our general instability can really destroy us. But by what I understand, the only thing that will change is that the experiments and encounters will be specifically limited to those who have unveiled the mystery of time, those who are emerging from the cocoon

after the metamorphosis; those who, awakening to a new consciousness, will try to build a better world in a practical, honest way; those who, without any falsehood, hypocritical spiritualism or cheap altruism that hides an egotistical self-esteem, will unremittingly continue the task of self-transformation for the benefit of humanity and the search for their true identity.”

“Yes.”

“Do you mean then that neither the cynicism of false modesty, retrograde dogmatism nor mystification that changes our work into a kind of religion or into a kind of extraterrestrial Christianity, will count? Is that so?”

“Yes.”

“Do you mean that we must concentrate our efforts in a more selective process and identify the ones who are ready, waiting?”

“Yes. From now on, we will support only those who have broken the barriers of limitations and honestly will look for real inner growth; those who will not be detained in time and those who will permanently bear in mind that in order to evolve or progress, it is necessary to develop dynamic, deep levels of consciousness. They must have a clear understanding of themselves and of their relationship with others, without the bewilderment or interference caused by impulsive attitudes, false morality, struggle for power, and selfishness. We will go on looking for human beings who have opened their mind's eye, who have broken the chain of spiritual ignorance and obscurity, and who are now able to realize the value of life. Tired of getting lost in mawkish reverie, they will be ready to understand a wider reality of life.

“What can we expect from you from now on? What do you expect from us?” I asked, less worried.

“What has been the main reason for our coming here, since the beginning? The redemption of a humanity built out of the ashes of civilizations come from other worlds, the identification of a reason to grow, the search for beings that deserve a future, the continuous offer to guide your understanding so that you can realize that the human being is not a creature confined to a rigid or stagnant reality, be it social, spiritual, political, ideological or economic; to show you that there is a lot to be discovered and understood in order to reach levels of valuable existence, and that we are here now, by our own free will, to help you walk through the Universe! We are here to give you conditions to justify your existence and continuity to the universal order, in order to warn you that if you do not change your course you may lose everything. We are humble regarding apprenticeship, but we look for those who want to evolve, with love and respect, and we recognize that some of you are waking up from an ancestral dream and are crying out for a new chance to live in plenitude; this is why we continue by your side. As long as your relationship with us is honest and unselfish in its objectives, we will go on working together. All life in this immense Universe was created for only one reason. What happens to one person affects the ones around him. The intelligent creature is no doubt responsible for most positive or negative transformations in this interplanetary scene. Only by performing your role correctly will you achieve the wonderful work of contributing to the perpetuation and continuity of the natural process of selection. Otherwise, you will allow the possibility of endangering life already existent and condemn it to either a process of extinction or some kind of universal destruction. For the time being, we will be with you in the search for people who are open-minded, humble and receptive to new knowledge. People who have a deep love for a full, healthy, joyful, free, productive life, who live in hope of building a better, more humane future. People to whom all these things are more important than their self-sacrifice, than the difficulties they have to face because of people's incomprehension, than the leisure time spent in the accomplishment of that task, than the loneliness and disrespect they have to undergo in order to start on their way towards the building of a better world to live in; a new world with room for human and interplanetary societies; a really evolved, spiritual world.

Godar's words touched my soul deeply, shook my feelings and made me shed a furtive tear. Nothing else needed to be said. Responsibility grew and the task was confirmed. The extraterrestrial Onar stood up, looked at me and said:

“Go in peace. We will continue helping those who value life; those to whom offering the opportunity to understand the act of life with love is more important than ideas, ideals, dreams or errors. However, love

means to respect each person's moment in his eternal journey along the path of development. Nothing justifies criticism, judgment, or labeling. Basically, nobody is anybody's judge. From the humblest to the most arrogant, each person lives his own moment; so he must be respected. Only those who love and respect life more than themselves will find a place beside us. We love life so much that we are and will always be, beside those who want to share the opportunity to transform that universal love into a reality that can be reached by all those who wish to build it from the bottom of their hearts. Those who place their interests ahead of love are doomed to loneliness. The secret of harmony, coherence, development, life, freedom and realization is to love with consciousness. However, love is also not to be an accomplice or conniving at other people's expense. From the moment somebody's freedom is invaded or threatened, he will have the right of response. Love is to know when, how, where and what must be given and not to give what is left. Many interplanetary entities resent your behaviour and the fact that you exist to use them as parts of an experiment and their world as a laboratory. The universal ethic favors the majority when a minority offers obstacles or threatens the natural course of things. You must reverse this situation quickly, for you are gradually getting farther from meriting the continuance of your freedom. Do your task and preserve your commitment with life."

Deeply touched by those words, I looked at Godar, who slowly walked towards me and with his huge hand indicated a new interdimensional door that had been opened. While I turned and began walking, Godar said softly, "Next time you come to this place of practice we will meet once again. Now, go in peace; you need not worry. Nobody but yourselves can ever take away from you what you have already conquered. Keep your purpose in mind and we will be with you."

Still a little dizzy, I walked towards the light and crossed the new energy gate that had opened behind me. Suddenly I found myself in the dark of night. I could not see anything at all and I was totally disoriented. I could not identify where I was. Somewhat frightened, I instinctively looked for my flashlight.

I could hear the voices of the people in the group. Little by little I noticed I was not on the hill, but less than seven meters from the camp and on the other side of the brook. I had been transported to the other extreme of the lake, more than a hundred meters from the place where I had crossed the interdimensional gate. That was totally unusual; we were usually returned to the same place of departure. I was rather dizzy and could hardly understand what was going on. Suddenly, I felt a powerful hug and a kiss. It was Christine, who could not control her emotions while she embraced me. She felt relieved by my return. Like an avalanche, everybody ran towards me, asking questions all at the same time. Newton Cesar held my arm and looked at my watch, he noticed a considerable difference in the hour registered.

They had seen me appear from nowhere, suddenly materializing exactly when all the members of the group were looking in the same direction. Mario Sergio had teased Christine, saying that it was taking me a long time to come back because I had been taken to another planet. He had the strong, strange intuition to ask the group to move to another place. Trusting him, the group moved to the other side of the camp facing the place where I would materialize just moments later.

When all of them ran towards me I did not know what was happening; everything had been too fast for me to comprehend. According to the group, I had been absent for a little more than 35 minutes, too long compared to my usual practices of self-control, but my watch indicated one hour and a half longer.

They were astonished, could not believe what they had seen. Someone had suddenly materialized out of nowhere right in front of them. It was particularly curious, as if it had been previously arranged, that Mario Sergio had felt the urge to take the group to the exact place where I would appear in just a few seconds, giving everyone the opportunity to see the materialization. Otherwise, the group would have been on the other side of the camp and would not have seen anything. And to make things still crazier, my watch indicated one hour and a half longer elapsed time. I had probably spent that missing time in another reality of space-time. It had been an incredible night.

Once again, the extraterrestrials had offered us a great experience...the certainty that the contact is real, is there to guarantee our development and to show us that if other humanities succeeded in overcoming their difficulties, we can as well; if not everybody, at least those who wish to achieve it.

That night we could hardly sleep. We were excited and happy. Rama is really something very special for all of us, for it is in the heart of those who dream and work to build the day when this planet will be the home of honorable beings, where violence will be just a sad legend of a distant past, where hunger and misery will be a ghost exorcised, where the light from pure, spiritualized hearts will guide the steps of future generations.

A long road lay ahead of us to the accomplishment of our goals in the world. With jokes and joyous laughter, one by one, everybody went to their tents to sleep. Outside our tent I looked at the empty, dark camp. The starry night and the silence around me invited meditation. Approaching the almost extinguished fire, thousands of thoughts ran through my mind while my eyes watched the stars and my hands caressed Christine's face, almost asleep. During my meditation my thoughts flew swiftly and far from the camp.

"I wonder what these people's destiny will be?" I asked. "Where will they be and what will they be doing in a year from now?"

Some falling stars broke my concentration, and while I tenderly covered my sweet, sleeping Christine, my mind dove through the veil of time. I remembered so many moments and people, experiences and words spoken, and now a whole future ahead of me...new directions, new horizons. A story to be told, a unique adventure, an experience that looks like the stuff of legends, that lasts like the epic stories of a race, tales that represent one more step in the course of evolution.

I am not more than others; only someone who came to this life trying to find the answers that time and man forgot. I am you who will read these lines in time, in the future, in your future.

## Chapter II. MEDITATING

It seems somewhat foolish that in the billions of years of existence of the Universe, the presence of the human being on the surface of this modest planet should be limited, according to anthropology, to little more than two million years. Its origin is estimated to have begun between 20 thousand and 8 thousand years ago, and its civilization only a little more than 5 thousand years ago.

During that period, the need to survive had always been the purpose of human activities. Struggling against the environment, succeeding through creativity, imposing itself with violence or destroying whatever would interfere with its objectives, the human being conquered its place forever. However, the taste for fighting seems to be as strong as ever; and it is not a healthy fight...just the opposite. It is a fight as violent as the ones at the beginning of time when winning was a matter of life or death. The weapons are now sophisticated, the scene changed, clothing different; the only thing not altered at all is that curious specimen called 'Homo Sapiens'.

During those long 2 million years until this moment, the compulsion to survive has been as strong and real as ever. Of course, if it had not, we would hardly be here now. But perhaps this will to survive is even wilder and more violent today than in our past due to the constant pressure exerted by social conflicts and by the insecurities inflicted by the system. The old spiritual hopes that lessened man's suffering disappeared before the technological development and the growth of a materialistic society, forcing him to quickly reformulate the reasons for his beliefs in order to justify his ordeal...a sad substitute to mitigate his sufferings and guarantee his survival.

This situation places man in a hideous, gloomy reality. He becomes more and more distressed and pessimistic in a world where physical space and housing are endangered....150 new human beings are born every minute. A world where the sources of food disappear and where soil is impoverished by the destruction of 26 billion tons of its topsoil every year, creating 6 million hectares of new deserts.

And to make things worse, our water is contaminated and we do nothing about it. It may seem ridiculous, but in older times an individual's need for water averaged less than 5 liters per day. Obviously man's hygiene

was precarious at that time. Nowadays, for only personal and household hygiene, each inhabitant needs ten times more that amount daily. And although this still seems slight, there are some urban centers where the absurd quantity of 500 liters of water is used per person daily.

The estimated quantity of potable water on the planet is around 7 or 8 million cubic kilometers, replaced only by rain. However, increasing pollution gradually diminishes the quality of pluvial water.

It may seem that there is no reason to worry, but if we think of a great city with approximately 14 million inhabitants, such as Sao Paulo, with its factories, parks and gardens, the situation is quite different. Thirteen to fourteen million liters of organic liquids are expelled by 14 million bladders and are sent straight to the sea, along with the 7 million kilos of excrement that will also reach the sea everyday. And on top of all that we will have about 7 million liters of other dirty water that will drag all the foregoing to the sea or to a river. And it will happen every day, continuously, year after year. Think of how much has already been thrown into the rivers and seas all over the world up until today.

A dramatic investigation carried out in the Mediterranean by the famous French oceanographer Jacques-Ives Cousteau confirmed that its waters were deadly contaminated. And even if its continuous pollution were stopped, it would require two centuries before the water would be clean again.

Deforestation grows at the frightening rate of 11 million hectares of tropical forest annually, a result of a constantly active and predatory economy despite the concern of ecologists.

These pessimistic numbers, given by the United Nations Population Funds, indicate that something must be done immediately. 150 children are born every minute, giving us the absurd number of 220 thousand new people per day. At this rate of growth, in the next 13 years the Earth's population will have at least one billion more people, a figure which in 1850 represented the total population of the planet. This means that it will take humanity only 13 years to produce the same population that it previously took 80 thousand years to produce. What can we expect for the next 13 years then? What will happen to the world?

This accelerated, disorderly growth that will give the planet a population of 6 billion inhabitants in the year 2,000 will basically occur in the poorest regions of the world (Latin America, southern Asia, and Africa). In that year, 11 of the 13 biggest cities on Earth will be in the 'Third World'. And according to the UN, Brazil will hold the sad record of having two of those concentrations of misery. One of them will be Sao Paulo with 24 million inhabitants, second only to Mexico City with 25.8 million. The other will be the marvelous Rio de Janeiro, which will not be so marvelous with its 13.3 million inhabitants, classified as the tenth largest city in the world. At present, according to numbers given by the UN, 49% of the Brazilian population live below the poverty line, 39% below the misery line, 20% are illiterate, 9% hold 40% of the total income of the country, and misery grows at the rate of 4% a year.

There is also the growing lack of job opportunities, which we must agree is becoming more and more problematic. The prospects for education are also very poor. Due to the social and economic situation, it is more difficult each year to find vacancies in state schools or colleges, and the private schools are too expensive. We can't expect human beings to be indifferent to this situation. It would certainly be normal to react in the direction of a reformulation, unless there was a hidden motivation that forces such confusion. I wonder if man is a normal product in the universal process. I wonder if Adam's sin was not to have been an unnatural device created outside of cosmic laws. The answer is in the discovery of our identity.

What a frightful world and what a hopeless future for a creature that seemed to be God's work, destined to be able to build his own happiness. In theory, we should be able to evolve and find the right road to accomplishment. That road would be coherent, rational and obvious, but it seems that man is far from doing the right thing and far from wanting to be rescued from himself. Instead of looking for solutions, he tries to excuse his heedlessness and turn it into something good. How complicated and difficult to see the obvious, how stubborn and intransigent to let others guide him; how many unsuccessful experiments and how many attempts frustrated by fear. Until when will the human being pity himself?

When I look back, searching my mind for memories, it seems unbelievable that almost two decades have passed since everything began and transformed me. With my mind's eye I see the faces of so many people I



have met: good, difficult, skeptical, serious, joyful, funny, stubborn, suspicious ones, all of whom I learned to love. And I think of the many others I will still meet.

Many times as I've wandered along the streets I found myself watching people walking to and fro and wondered what drives them on, how much their lives are worth, their past and their future. I've tried to read in their faces what inner power runs in them and what destiny has brought them to my world. And I see clearly that time is an implacable common enemy in man's life. Life passes terribly quickly. One day when we wake up we will sadly see that youth has gone, that there are no more opportunities and that mistakes made in the past will linger as an indelible stain.

We do not have the power to go back to the moment of our failures and alter situations we would now know how to cope with. There is no forgiveness for the wrong choices we made nor mercy for what was lost. The only thing we can do is to regret the opportunities we missed, the wonderful people we didn't understand, the ones who forgot us, left, and never came back, the initiative we never took and the courage that we lacked.

But, to what extent are we really responsible or to blame for the misfortunes of life? After all, nobody has taught us what living is. Nobody has shown us clearly the road to take in this labyrinth of ideas, nor the objectives of life. What direction should we take? What should we do to avoid suffering? Why should we live? Where are we going? What is our destiny? Should resignation and acquiescence be our fate? Should spirituality be our motivation?

Being born into this small world is an incredible but horrible adventure, for our masters are as naïve, primitive, and ignorant as ourselves because they also are learning how to live in the continuity and the inactivity of their own moments. The various experiences of their lives can impart only a pale idea, a feeble indication of what we can expect. Opportunities will present themselves in a different way for each person. Anyway, two people going through the same situation at the same time will have different reactions. Each human being was modeled and developed within his own environment, from his conception up to his immersion in the various circumstances and events of his life. Thus he acquires data and elements for the structural building of his own private language, which from then on decodes, interprets and evaluates every new experience. Life will have as many facets and ways as people in the world.

The worst of it is that nobody asked us at any time if we wanted to come to this world and face it. However, no matter what cosmic reason determined this condition, here we are, and we have to cope with it.

Unfortunately, reality is what I have described. Pleasure and pain, good luck and bad luck, life and death, are part of a continuous process on the universal stage, like roulette or a lottery. Paradoxically, we are born to die in this material universe; life in itself seems to exist as a foolish agony, where the end will inexorably come, because this is the only certainty we have. And when it comes, when that inevitable end reaches us, will we be prepared to finish that vital cycle which is part of a material reality? Or has this life been lived in vain?

Cruelly and insensibly, life usually punishes or rewards us according to a strange complicated logic. The same as when you enter a game without knowing all the rules and find yourself in a difficult, complicated situation. Only after having won or lost a few games by pure chance and after having suffered substantially, will we be capable of besting our circumstances, or of at least achieving a better score.

In the final tally of life, who could honestly say if he won or lost? Who could say if he won the puzzling, mysterious, fantastic game of life? What kind of 'success' characterizes the winner? What proves that the game was actually won? And most complicated of all, what is the game of life really?

It seems that these questions are quite difficult to answer. When asked, each person will give a different answer, since 'success' has a particular connotation for every human being. No wonder it causes confusion and misunderstanding. The great majority of people associate the idea of success with the acquisition of material goods and wealth, together with an outstanding social position that will give them prestige. A minority is also tied to the principle of security and comfort, but not so obsessively. At some time in our lives we all dream of realizing our ideals; to have a beautiful house, a good current model car, financial stability; to travel, not be job-dependent; to have our ideal mate to make us happy, and if everything turns out well, perhaps to have a family.

Well, I believe the great majority will agree with me. Some may add a few details, but that is the overall picture. After all, our ideal of a good life is to have power and riches, and to take advantage of everything and everybody.

That is the product of a mega structure that feeds the illusion of needing to attain all this and so increases the number of its participants. It is as if people were programmed, generation after generation, to make the same choices, to retain the same habits and to have the same objectives of life, with the only difference being that the details are changed to guarantee the apparent renewal of advantages. It is like buying the latest model car ...what does it have that is fundamentally different from, and better than, last year's car? Nothing actually, except maybe the optional items....a little more power and some aesthetic differences; but it is basically the same car. Its initial objective is still the same... transportation. A new car being a sign of status and power, the human being is urged to consume more and more, without bothering to question if what he already owns suffices. In a competitive system, being satisfied is dangerous, because it could be considered ignorance, stagnation, or lack of ambition in life. In this way the system stimulates consumption as an excuse for satisfaction. It suggests mythical limits but also creates a feeling of insecurity about its loss. The strong fear caused by uncertainty, subliminally or directly stimulated by means of communication, by idealized archetypes of winner and loser, by myths of the outstanding millionaire and misery without future, is greatly responsible for the human attitude.

Just consider our aggressive daily life to realize how the situation drives us towards contention and competition. The obsessive search for economic stability and comfort, a good salary or a fixed income, represent the universe of human ambitions and inner poverty that spoils man's integrity.

If we look back on our own life, we will see the contradictions that affect the plans of men and women, no matter their social, cultural or religious conditions, no matter their ages. Our life offers daily examples of how we are forced to behave according to the system. We are all actors in the play of life and ones who do not act well are culled or destroyed.

This statement is easily analyzed. There are lots of examples that can illustrate my words. Remember our adolescence when we were around 17 or 19 and people began to pressure us into choosing a career? There were many questions and suggestions about professions and universities. If we wore different, unfashionable clothes, if we did not smoke, drink or participate in riots, we were youngsters of good character; but to the young in society we simply did not know the pleasures of life and were out-dated. In other words, we were odd. If we had to work to pay for our studies, we were responsible youngsters, but poor. If we did not work, we probably belonged to an excellent wealthy family. If we were seen at a party and were poor, people would say we were irresponsible; if drunk and rowdy but with money, it would be considered just a healthy moment of relaxation. If we went by bus, our future would be hard; if we had a car, especially a new one, our future would be promising and easy, for it showed our family could give us any help we needed.

For girls things are just the opposite. When they are around 17, questions will be about boyfriends; if they have a steady boyfriend, what university she wants to enroll in (although everybody knows she will probably never follow a career or if she does it will not be for a long). And around 25 years of age, questions will go straight to marriage. If she is married, they will ask about her children; if she has one child, they will ask about the second one. If she works as a secretary, she will need to learn how to avoid the boss's seduction and keep her job at the same time. If she is rich, it will be difficult to find a man who likes her for what she is. If she is an executive, it will be hard to find a man who does not fear her.

If she is a little conservative, a good housewife, helpful, gifted, she will be a perfect candidate as an ideal wife and consequently the mother of children. Totally devoted to her home and with no time to develop intellectually and culturally, her universe will be reduced to the four walls that will surround her for the rest of her life. And following the rules she will stay at home, performing the role of a good housewife, and her husband will be happy and proud of her.

If she is single and over 27 with a steady job, living alone or with her family and very happy not to be engaged to any man, people will say that something is wrong. To begin with, they will say she is on the shelf; they will even suspect her sexual preferences are not normal or that she is neurotic.

At work, in a profession where historically men have always been the master, it will be a challenging test from beginning to end. She will struggle all her life to prove she is as good as, if not better than, any man, and to at least earn their respect. But she will rarely reach the top, which will most frequently belong to a man.

If she is too liberal, adjectives will be used in profusion and men will consider her as an excellent possibility for adventure. I remember an interesting popular saying, "Good girls go to heaven, bad ones go anywhere". It shows a clear picture of what it means to be a free, independent woman with the same privileges as men. She will be considered vulgar and inadequate, and men will feel uneasy to have to compete, to be compared with her and will feel the need to show their superiority.

We could not expect less from a society where the word 'man' is a synonym for humanity and God is considered male. We say God is our father; nobody has ever said that God is a mother. From the beginning, idea of woman has been associated with the treacherous, seductive, ingenuous, irresponsible, greedy image of biblical Eve. According to the apostle Saint Paul, woman was created by God with the only intention being to serve man, who was created to serve God. According to him, God considers her inferior. The biblical text says that she was made from man, consequently she depends on him: "...For man ought not to have his head covered, since he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man. For man does not originate from woman, but woman from man; for indeed man was not created for the woman's sake, but woman for the man's sake." (Corinthians 11: 7-9).

Unfortunately, today women have also been trapped. They frantically imitate men, trying to assert their personality and delimit their own space, in a fight that is most of the time cruel, exaggerated, desperate and that affects their physical and inner beauty, basically harming their natural femininity, sensuality and sensibility.

What should the correct behaviour of both sexes be?

Even in a masculine society, men are not free from their obligations to the system. If the man is young, around 25, he must be a graduate and probably looking for a post-graduate course or trying to attain a leading position in his job. If he has the latest model of car, he will surely be one of the 30% of successful young men, but he still has to buy an apartment and make some investments.

As he is considered a good match, most girls' concerned mothers will try to catch him. The others will try to catch the very few who belong to very rich families and can have everything without paying for it. He can go to more than one university and do complementary courses at the best places. As for a job, he can choose between working in the family business or opening his own.

If he does not have a good job and his salary is not enough to buy a car or if he has saved just enough to buy an old rattletrap that is constantly being repaired, if he lives with relatives or has to use most of his small salary to pay rent, if he does not have time to study because he has to work extra hours, people will say he is doomed to failure.

This sounds like an absurd reflection, but it is all part of the daily reality of many men. It is even more absurd to see that in the subconscious archetypal region of people's minds, there is a belief expressed in the popular saying that there are two ways to be successful in life: either to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth or to struggle for success and be dynamic, smart, shrewd, and cunning with no scruples. Of course there are more ways, such as marriage for economic reasons, or the lottery, but they are less likely to occur.

Socially, here or anywhere in the world, every person has to perform roles determined by the local culture, like it or not, in order to be accepted into the institutional human context. That is the only way to survive.

In a competitive society like ours, every human being is a competitor, an enemy that can take your place at any time. A short moment of distraction, any lack of preparation, a badly planned strategy or a wrong word, and you will lose the opportunity for a good job, a business transaction, or even the person you love and share your life with.

Male-female relations are usually difficult because the competition syndrome interferes. It is almost impossible to shake free of the archetypes, behavioral patterns or conditioning that delimit the typical characteristics of a relationship, unless your search for a shared happiness is done outside of social and cultural conventions. Both man and woman must undergo an inner revolution to be able to love, be happy, and behave accordingly to reach a positive evolution. In order to reach the boundless joy of a healthy relationship, they must break the ideological barriers, the limitations of sex, the pettiness of tradition and establishment. A relationship must be a discovery of contents, an opportunity for development and satisfaction in a shared experience, never a hazardous one.

In the arena of social life, where we are all gladiators fighting for the promise of fake freedom, there are many and various available weapons. In this scene of countless characters where the stage is dwindling, it is easy to be morally and socially destroyed in order to eliminate competition. You are usually labeled according to what you think, what you wear, how you walk, your haircut, places you regularly go to, courses you attend, whether you work and where, your habits, your manners, what you say and how you said it and even what you eat. From these elements, people will judge whether you are responsible, interesting, nice, intelligent, ambitious, generous, with good or bad prospects for the future. In short, they will decide what role you should be given in this play of life and whether a relationship with you would be advantageous.

I wonder if life is just a permanent struggle between human beings, if it is a performance with different masks to disguise our true ambitions; if it is just hiding one's real feelings in order to find a place in the world or lying to the world and to oneself, trying to minimize frustration, pressure, dissatisfaction and insecurity.

How does each person see life? How can such an intelligent being have created such a powerful, anguishing trap? Where have we failed?

When a person has gone on a trip to an exotic or special place only once, he can hardly say he totally enjoyed it and that he saw everything. His impressions are relative, for if he arrived with bad weather the landscape will have offered a completely different impression from that on a sunny day. He will never know for sure if accommodation and service were appropriate or if the tour was superficial; the results of the experience will be doubtful.

I remember a similar situation that happened to me. The first time I went to Noronha on the beautiful island of Fernando off in the Atlantic 350 kms from Natal, it was a fantastic experience.

I totally ignored the geography of the island, its attractions and chiefly the places I should or could visit. As an amateur diver, I was too excited to plunge into the green waters and participate in a unique underwater adventure. I had to strictly obey the directions of the guides and the established sequence of visits to beaches and other places we were taken to. Because of my curiosity and inquiries, I made friends with the guides and some islanders, and got to know places that were not included in any tour. I also learned that, according to the tide, some places were inappropriate for diving or their beauty could be marred.

I fell in love with that lost paradise in the ocean, visiting it three times. I learned the best time to visit and explore its resources to the maximum, in many cases identifying the changes of tide that sometimes totally altered the landscape and the possibility of a successful dive.

Once, talking to a group of friends in Sao Paulo, I told them about my unforgettable trips to Noronha. I was interrupted by a friend who said he had been there during his holidays and had found it all extremely boring and unpleasant. While he was there, the weather was awful, it rained all the time, it was windy and the sea was rough.

The same way that my friend was frustrated with his visit to my paradise, thousands of people are frustrated with life, which is a much more serious situation, as they are facing it for the first, only and last time. Even if we believe in reincarnation and if it does exist, we are only conscious of this present life.

If anybody could remember any previous life in every detail, it would present a big headache to them. The conscious memory of pains, joys, losses, options and choices made in a previous life as a result of learning in that particular life, would influence one's current options. Previous experiences would interfere in and limit

one's present life, which would be meaningless and offer no opportunity for development. That is why each existence has to be unique.

In fact, it is not important to know the truth about reincarnation. What is really important is to know that the life we are living now is our great opportunity to accomplish something, to learn, to evolve and to be happy. There is no point in knowing whether there is another life after this; if there is, it will have another purpose. Besides, we may reincarnate anywhere in the Cosmos, not only on Earth. If we are here now, it is because this is how it should be at this moment and we must do our best.

If my friend had visited Noronha again at the right time and in favorable weather, he would certainly have changed his unpleasant impression and might even have fallen in love with the island as I did. But I think that thousands of people who travelled to an interesting, distant place may have discovered after sometime that due to bad planning, lack of better orientation, limited time, wrong information or distraction, they did not see or enjoy an important or interesting part of the place they visited. Some of these people may be planning to go back to that place on their next holiday, when they have enough money or the weather is favorable. But not everybody can do that. In the course of life, the same opportunity can hardly be repeated. If you are lucky enough to be at the right place at the right time, with the correct knowledge and condition, it will probably happen only once in all your life.

Life is a visit to a place called Earth where we will not be able to go back consciously to accomplish what we did not do or forgot to do. It is a trip with a one-way ticket, including a city-tour with no delays or repetition, for we will not have a second chance. The routes we take, the friendships we make, the relationship with our guides and the attention we pay to details are the tools that will help us understand the world and what life offers for or against us. They will help determine if this paradoxical place called Earth is paradise or hell. And worst of all, the scenario we will leave for the ones that come after us depends on that venture. It may be a picture of hope or despair.

On the other hand, I would like to remind you that what we have learned from life up to now is the conglomeration of the historical journey of thousands of people. All one-way journeys with no return, at least not consciously. And it is important to mention that the result of a single visit to a place is always doubtful. Although the pyramids of Egypt have been there for more than 4,000 years, continuous findings reveal that history is not always as we believed it was. So the more we learn about a place, the more our perception about it changes.

Historically, the only knowledge or direction relating to life and its mysteries were in the religious, philosophical or esoteric texts. In the first case, the principles clearly showed a policy of humility, subordination and absolute resignation. Any suffering, misery, sacrifice or happiness was sent by God's will. Everything that occurred was part of God's wish. However, I think that if God had to spend all eternity testing people, listening to their complaints, granting requests and helping those in need, we would have to admit his total failure as the artisan of such an imperfect being, unable to stand on its own. According to this point of view, man would be so fragile and irresponsible that he would permanently need God's protection and the constant threat of punishment in order to be 'good'. If the Almighty God is omnipresent, omniscient, knows past and future, he undoubtedly knows how and when we will sin or do evil, steal, kill, etc. So why would he create us if he knew in advance that we would be so immature, irresponsible and violent?

It seems a little odd to me that God would deliberately create a being inclined to sin. And what is more, that He knew when, how and how many times that would happen, and the ultimate fate of humanity. In His almighty power, God must know what and when our final destiny will be, and if in this process He has to intercede or help somebody, it means that His own creation is unprepared for life. It means that, at the moment of creation, He did not foresee the possible reactions, problems or demands that the human being would have to face and that he would depend on Him for the rest of his life.

Extrapolating, I could even think that the human being was created imperfect to depend on God, on purpose; in that case it would be a manipulated submissive creature, unable to act for itself and with no free-will. Anyway, if man was created to choose and act freely, he would also have to accept the unpleasant consequences of his choices, for making mistakes is part of choosing. If God interferes in man's path, He will never allow him to act for himself; man will always be dependent and God will be totally responsible for man's

failure in coping with life. God would be an autocratic entity, though protective and paternal, leading man to accommodation and proving His total irresponsibility and lack of ability to be God. Following this reasoning, as if we were created by a limited, insecure God, we will have many imperfections and will never be able to have a free, full life; we will never know whether we are thinking of our own free-will or through God's; we will never know whether the feeling of guilt is intended to guarantee our dependence. This creator God would be as unfit to be God as we to be men.

If we accept the fact that free-will and universal justice really exist, we will come to the conclusion that God cannot be what has been described above, that He did not create us to be puppets or robots. Why did He create us then, and what for? In order to understand that, it is fundamental to have in mind that our existence is tightly tied to the reason for creation. Let's explain that.

I agree we may get a little confused with all this thinking, but we are at least beginning to realize that the reason for our life is bigger than the most absurd dream or ideal that has ever been imagined.

It would be complete madness if we were still stagnant and satisfied with mysteries and dogmas, in the passive attitude of submission and meekness. But humanity has just begun to break the chains of ignorance.

It is amazing to think that man began to consider thinking a little more freely outside religious precepts only around 1866. Up to that date, the ideas of the scientific Western world were based on only one book for the interpretation of life and the world – the Bible. So, we cannot but understand why in 1543, the Polish astronomer Nicola Copernicus was so afraid when he presented his theory of the two movements of the planets – one around itself and another around the sun. He was careful enough to make it clear that it was only a coherent conclusion of his observations and not a true vision of the Universe. Fortunately, he was a priest and nephew of the Bishop of Ermland, Lucas Waczenrode. As a mathematician, doctor and lawyer, he was admired by Pope Clement VII, but was in conflict with the reformer Martin Luther. The Dominican friar, Giordano Bruno, was not so lucky; bolder than Copernicus, he was imprisoned by the Inquisition in Venice. For six long years, he was tortured so that he would deny his ideas and eventually burned at the stake on February 17th, 1600, at the age of 52.

The madness did not stop there. In 1633, Galileo Galilei himself was sentenced by the Inquisition to home confinement for the rest of his life for supporting the theory that the Earth revolves around the Sun. In 1655, other people were also burnt at the stake in the name of truth, people such as Isaac de La Payrere in Paris, for stating that Adam and Eve were the original couple of only one race, probably the Jewish. And around 1512, in order to stop the massacres in America and create a basis for punishment of transgressors, Pope Julius II had to decree that the Indians of the recently discovered continent also descended from Adam and consequently also had an immortal soul.

In the field of philosophy, the concepts relating to life and the mystery of creation are much wider, deeper and more intelligent. However, their development throughout history was not free and easy. The Greeks, from Socrates to Plato, considered that creation had always been there from the beginning, without any alteration or transformation. There were only inter-dependent forms, tied to one another logically. The current of thought establishing the existence of a system within nature began with Aristotle, but it did not attain the importance it deserved because the religious beliefs of that time interfered in its development. In philosophy, dialectic has sometimes been on the brink of ideological precipices that could have totally hindered the awakening of humanity without necessary care and prudence. For centuries, man has philosophically asked himself about the correct attitude towards the world and conflicts of life. There have always been many answers, but all were limited and inadequate. No wonder. Although many philosophers and wise men sensed intuitively that the great majority of these problems could be solved either through a change of attitude or better inner development, the concepts of correct attitude or inner development have always been obscure, as well as the important concepts of good and evil, morality and immorality, which are in fact regional, cultural and religious.

It is useless to search for solutions to problems or conflicts that were created within a certain level of consciousness if we know that that level of consciousness is limited, chiefly if those solutions are imagined with the mentality of that same level. It is only possible to find alternative ways and practical solutions when we thoroughly understand the mechanisms that led us to the conflict. So it is necessary to make an

evaluation, a careful in-depth examination focused on an objective of general interest that will not distort the process, but to the contrary, will complete, justify, stimulate and make it more understandable.

On the other hand, mechanisms used to find solutions, like philosophy in this case, are going too far, getting lost in incredible reveries of a 'sacred mission', which instead of offering a practical approach with feasible alternatives, look for extrapolation of ideas, falling to unreal exaggerated dreams, where ideals are mixed with exaltation of the ego, proselytizing, false intellectual self-affirmation, and alienation. These attitudes surreptitiously lead to the maintenance and reinforcement of the pattern of behaviour required by the system. Under the close watch of the magicians of words and masters of manipulation of inner necessities, dialectic and demagoguery have found fertile ground in which to develop silly assumptions whose basis will always be tied to religious, cultural, and ideological conditioning that a minority insists on maintaining, obviously to preserve its power.

In the esoteric or occult fields there is no difference. There we find a mix of alternative religion and philosophy, frequently showy, to serve the interests of the few and subdue the many. 'Karma' or 'causality' is the excuse and the justification for everything. If anything disagreeable happens, put the blame on 'karma'.

In an unusual but pertinent way, submission and resignation to life, suffering and privation have found an easy explanation, stimulating passivity and eliminating guilt...."you must suffer to pay your karma", ...."you have incarnated in an atonement planet in order to expiate your debts",....."it was destiny, for it was written in the stars", or...."it was the causal result of unchained energies".

In mysticism there is a need to abandon reasoning, a kind of obsessive escape from the feeling of guilt belonging to every occidental religion and philosophy, which requires constant attention in order not to fall into temptation. Fear of God, of sin, of punishment, creates a repressed, puritan, but false behaviour. The feeling of being watched and continually censured, enslaved human behaviour. In eastern religions there is no guilt; everything is the result of external agents and forces at work. It is the theory of liberation. There are no gods that work out punishment; there is no punishment in an eternal hell; there is only a transition to another situation of life. There is nothing to fear, there is nothing to be blamed for; behaviour must be free and without prejudice; love is the word of command and its practice an obsession.

This is why there is a nearly massive migration towards oriental religions and philosophy. Instead of controlled thinking, rules, guilt, formal repression and hypocritical morality, they offer 'freedom of feeling' and 'intuition' with no barriers to dreams nor limits to fancies because there is no obscenity or guilt, only words of love, comprehension, and unconditional forgiveness.

In this magical world, repressed feelings are revealed, secrets and guilt are expressed through symbols, and a total lack of affection which is the consequence of an authoritarian, conformist and punishing system, finds compensation in ecstasy. All that, the mere reflex of a queer life created in a cold, calculating society, now finds meaning in the rescue of emotions and feelings probably lost or forgotten in the entanglements of the struggle for life.

The search for spirituality through the elation of emotions shows the terrible lack of affection and solitude caused by the system and institutions. The human beings that are still sensitive totally refute the authoritarian, rational world that governs them, and try to find in mysticism and spirituality the love, understanding, beauty, safety, attention, assurance, freedom, faith and hope that they need. Through that magical journey called 'mysticism' or 'spirituality', imagination grows wings and finds the means to escape this troubled world, seeking an explanation beyond comprehension, a life far removed from daily pettiness; in short, an ideal place, an 'oasis' far from reality where their fondest dreams can come true. In that place, anything can happen.

I sometimes have the impression that man enjoys picturing himself as a poor creature in the middle of a hurricane of gods, energies, stars and destinies that determine the course of life, and that, like it or not, he will have to submit humbly and passively in order to survive. Man is completely ignorant as to the process of human development to high levels of consciousness; he knows very little about the aspects and interaction of its mechanisms. Escaping all responsibility, we create myths, religions and beliefs to justify suffering. We created mythologies to explain joy and pain, and according to our wishes we shaped invisible beings that we

say are responsible for the destiny, pleasures and misfortunes of our life. That way we take the responsibility off the only responsible ones...ourselves.

Since our ancestral origins we have projected in time the primitive behaviour that characterizes all creatures: the survival of the strongest. Unfortunately, we have kept this going for centuries as something natural and necessary for the development of our societies. In legends and myths this attitude is apparent...one is always trying to take advantage of the others. This results in the division of human beings into two teams of gladiators, the submissive and the dominant.

The human race has found in religion, philosophy, esotericism or politics, a divine or functional excuse to dominate through manipulation and to subjugate through dependence. Humanity is aware of this situation and it is this awareness that generates conflict. However, the situation has to be accepted passively for it is part of the projected 'natural reality' that establishes two levels of survival...the leader and the ones led.

I wonder if this vertical, hierarchical relationship is really necessary for the development of any society. Following this line of thought, we can see clearly that there are not many chances for favorable changes or a promising future in life (if you can call it life). The human being constantly experiences tension, stress, apathy, neuroses and psychoses, and cannot imagine that another kind of life may exist. The demands of participation in the system exact a very high price. Besides using up all his time, energy and health, man is perpetually tied to an imperceptible chain.

The majority cannot see this condition of slavery. Man is so used to this that being a victim is his natural condition. To make things worse, he does not see himself as a victim, but as someone realistic and completely integrated with the demands of life. The game consists of working to exhaustion, constant competition, cheating your competitor before he surpasses you, earning more and more money, buying things, being the best, the first, being outstanding, self-affirmative, being a leader, being successful, and being admired by others. And incredible as it may seem, he considers it all normal. All these points will be constant objectives in his life. Although survival is painful, with struggles, segregation, violence, difficulties, egotism, and so on, he has to submit. And what he has been taught from the day he was born will follow him to his death, which I expect will be its consequences.

The evidence that man does not feel he lives in slavery is, alas, as obvious as absurd. I am reminded of the Republican period, when negro slavery was abolished. It happened simultaneously in several countries during the same period, the United States, Peru, Brazil and others, giving the slaves freedom and the hope of a new life. However, to general surprise, the great majority of emancipated slaves wanted to return to their masters' homes. This madness was, surprisingly, logical.

For generations they were used to a structure that ordered, fed and sheltered them. Now, largely illiterate, with no professional preparation, and nowhere to go, they were thrown into a hostile, unfamiliar world. They were totally unfit for freedom and their new reality; survival was their only objective and they paid highly for it. Hunger, misery, illness and poor jobs were their sad daily routine.

Modern man is in a similar position to the old slave. He does not know how to live in freedom, its real meaning or what to do with it. So he prefers to continue in a system that controls his life. He denies any other way to live life and to understand the world around him. Like a slave, man spends his constrained days hiding from himself the wishes and dreams of freedom that constantly play on his mind and that secretly nurse his hope for change someday. He tries to deny his dreams to resign himself to the established rule for in order to survive he is not supposed to question it, otherwise he will become a dangerous element that no master is willing to tolerate. So all he can do is dream and idealize worlds and beings that will someday come to rescue him.

By observing all this, I came to the conclusion that something new must happen in this process that will allow the human being to understand the real reason for his existence in this particular cosmic space-time, and the universally historic role he has to play. To live for 50, 60 or 80 years just to study, work, compete, suffer, raise children and die is too insignificant an objective for such a complex creature.



I had always known that the answers to all my questions were waiting for me somewhere. Looking back in time, I recall the moments when darkness veiled my perception of the world, when, insecure, I looked for explanations but found only more questions and confusion, when, humble in my ignorance, I submitted passively to the irresponsibility of a few scoundrels. How I had to face deception and begin everything again. But this yearning to know who I am, this inner fire to find out my true cosmic identity, kept the desperate search for answers going. And this is what I intend to share with you who are here now, participating in my memories.

I will share with you all the anxieties and doubts I once had. But before setting out on this fantastic journey, many thoughts must be shared so that you can understand the objective of every answer, every word. And after this sharing, I hope our thoughts will be as one.

## Chapter III. THE PARADIGMS

According to what I have learned through all these years of preparation...growth, new knowledge, encounters and experiences with extra-planetary societies...and according to what my own world makes apparent, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the human race is dying, little by little. Dying in hopes, dreams, ideals, love, confidence, perspective and quality of life. Only very few are brave enough to venture on paths of hope and liberation.

When I see young people hurrying to schools and universities, I wonder what world they will have when they graduate. When I see executives rushing around making important decisions or laborers working, I see a group of distressed creatures trying to secure their places in the struggle for survival. And when I try to communicate with them, I feel they are tense, wary and afraid of what I may represent, either a companion or ally, or a menace or mortal enemy prepared to compete for everything. Human relationships occur solely out of necessity, forced by circumstances.

Nowadays, people try to isolate themselves, distance themselves from other people either physically or psychologically. You can be among friends and be very remote at the same time; live in a big city and feel lonely; have a great number of friends and be only a fake image of yourself bearing a guise that never reveals the inner you, that never risks exposing the true ego, participating in a group only to enjoy the social advantages people may offer you or simply to enjoy a companionship that will help you forget the heavy inner emptiness that you suffer.

Similarly and as easily as animals learn to defend themselves against predators, people build their camouflage. According to locale or circumstances, the masks vary. They may look strong, serious, secure, self-sufficient, intellectual, seducing, simple, delicate, mysterious, or powerful. Even happiness can be a parody, a performance where the audience is usually the actor himself.

Unfortunately, centuries of evolution have led to a false and hypocritical existence where lies are the only truth. Hiding behind a totally different personality has become a habit, something normal. The philosophy of human survival has fixed the concept of individuality as something fundamental and it has taught human beings not to expose themselves or their inner reality. They have been taught that if they do, they will be vulnerable to popular judgment, labeled and consequently destroyed and replaced by their enemy...other men. And as losers and outsiders, they will have nothing left but a difficult new beginning.

It is frightening to see the price we pay for civilization. On the one hand we have more comfort, better health and transport, but on the other hand, we pay a high price for it...the legitimacy of being our true selves. I wonder if anybody knows in fact what we are like and what we could be like.

Of course this picture has to change; we cannot develop substantially, paying such a high price. The population of the Earth is growing and we are proud to state that we have reached such a high level of technology that we will have no need of human physical labour in the near future. However, as we offer fewer

jobs because of technological advances, the population increases. And what of those unneeded people? As their purchasing power falls, goods and services become unaffordable. We boast of having highly sophisticated medicine but it is available to only an absurd minority because of its high cost. Specialized education becomes more and more expensive and more difficult for people to procure. There is less energy available and less space for circulation, but we insist on making more vehicles and buildings, more houses every month. It is obvious we are totally incoherent.

For thousands of years, we have lived in the shadow of dogmatism and cultural alienation. However, as in tales of old, the tables were turned. Those who used to lead the process were contaminated by it, and today they are as alienated and dependent as the ones they dominate. The system has developed a simple but efficient strategy to stay operative...divide to conquer. We are all different and all enemies; only the system can save, you can survive only through it; without it you are an outsider and will die. The time has come for a big transformation that will change the course of our history. It was through major alterations and radical changes that the course of the political, social, economic, technological, mystical-religious history of the world was changed.

There is a totally different, wonderful form of life waiting to be disclosed, understood and applied. But to attain it we must realize that up to now, man has been blind, deaf, and turned in the opposite direction. He could not see or hear it because he pursued the wrong paradigms.

I remember a nice little story that will help you understand what I mean. It helped me to understand this process very clearly, and how things should be faced as they come up.

“Once upon a time, there were two little frogs that went out for a walk. Jumping along, they reached the stable of a beautiful farm where they saw a huge bucket. Full of curiosity to see what was inside, they jumped in. To their surprise and misfortune, they discovered it was half full of cream. They struggled desperately to get out lest they drown.....five, ten, thirty minutes. Finally the bigger frog turned to the smaller one and said “I can’t stand it anymore!” He was so tired of trying to jump out that he went down and drowned. The smaller frog was exhausted too, but somehow he went on struggling. However, his strength also petered out. He knew he could jump only three more times. Already panicked, he jumped once and it was awfully difficult; then he jumped the second time and it was like dragging the whole bucket along. The exact moment he jumped for the third time, the cream turned into butter, Surprised and happy, the little frog stood on the yellow, solid surface and jumped to freedom finally.”

Although he did not quite understand what had happened, the little frog of this story did his utmost to get out of the bucket. The first frog was not so lucky, but the second one succeeded for he had time to wait for a major transformation in his environment, which meant salvation for him. However, not everybody in the world will be able to await the right moment, when striving reaches a favorable transmutation.

Sudden, radical, surprising changes, unexpected and apparently revolutionary like the one experienced by the little frog in our story, are frequent in our world. They are important changes that alter the rules of the game of life in whatever field of human activity they may occur. And when the rules change, the world changes automatically. In these last 100 years, we have seen incredible changes. Norms, procedures, and rules are constantly turned upside down.

We can easily highlight some of those important changes, such as people becoming concerned about pollution, ecology, and environmental protection; black people and minorities fighting for their basic rights and having them secured by state and federal laws; going from passenger airplanes to space buses; from the notion of inexhaustible oil supplies to the knowledge that there is not much left; from large, heavy cars averaging 3 kilometers per liter to small, light cars that averaged 12; from huge multi-million dollar computers to equally powerful but affordable desktop computers; from likely death from an infarction to an artificial heart; from long distance calls through wires to long distance calls via satellite; from women’s stay-at-home domesticity to women working outside the home at any job of their choosing; from the division of Germany to the falling of the Berlin wall and Germany’s re-unification; from a socialist Soviet Union to a ‘Perestroika’ of market economy and the end of Soviet communism; from American leadership in the production of cars to leadership by the Japanese. If anyone had predicted these changes before they occurred, many would have said they were impossible. However, every one of them came true.

And let's remember that in 1937 an American called Chester Carlson, who had nothing more than a certificate of Bachelor of Science, developed a device that he called electro photography. One day, he went to see the manager of Kodak in the United States to show and sell his invention. He demonstrated how it worked. The scientist rubbed a cotton cloth against a zinc plate coated with sulphur in order to load it with static electricity. He wrote a few words in India ink on a microscope slide. Then the slide was placed against the zinc plate and they were both exposed to the light of a reflector for a few seconds. The beams of light impressed the plate, except for the places covered with the words in ink. The plate was then sprayed with some black chemical powder called lycopodium which was attracted only by the energized part of the plate, highlighting it. After that, Chester pressed the plate against a sheet of paraffin-coated paper. The words colored by the powder could be seen on it and were then fixed with heat.

The manager looked at it, said it was interesting and showed the scientist to the door. I don't have the slightest idea of what he might have said, but he definitely did not buy the invention. It was only around 1947 that Chester succeeded in launching the machine that revolutionized the reproduction industry. He had invented the Xerox, but at that time nobody saw any use for that strange type of photography. Today, nobody can live without it.

What if man could recognize a great idea and its consequences? What if he could at least foresee the changes? It would make a great difference. He could take advantage of a situation or at least have fewer frights and surprises, and could also possibly avoid much violence, hunger, misery, suffering, destruction and death.

The Universe has given the human race the ability to think and choose, not with the intention of dominating the weak or submitting nature to their fancies, but to build a worthy way of life, where everything, human or otherwise, can live in harmony. But it will only be possible when man finds a way to recognize these opportunities for transformation, when he finds a system of apprenticeship that will rescue him and return him to a healthy road of development.

Where did the secret lie? Where was man's main problem?

Being able to foresee these special changes, identify the opportunities and be prepared for them would be an incredible advantage, and it is possible in fact. But to be able to foresee these kinds of special changes, to begin any process of comprehension of life and to get back onto the road of development, it is necessary to understand the power and influence of PARADIGMS.

Paradigm is not an ordinary word. At least it is not used everyday. The Greek root of the word means *pattern*. Another definition, which is the one that interests us, says that a paradigm is a group of rules and regulations that define limits. In other words, this is the function of a pattern, to define the limits, that is, the extremes. But it is important to understand the meaning of 'rules' and 'regulations', for we will be constantly analyzing them.

Paradigms strongly influence the way scientists see the world. I mean that solidly established rules and regulations act like filters and select the information that reaches the scientist's mind. The information in accordance with the scientist's paradigm has free access to an immediate, thorough acceptance.

But the information that is not in accordance with the scientist's paradigm is accepted, if so, with great limitation or difficulty. In some cases, the scientists distort the information so that it will adapt to their paradigms, instead of accepting the fact that it is an exception to their rules. In other cases the scientists are literally unable to recognize the information, for that information is invisible according to their paradigm.

Paradigms are values that, having been acquired all through life, constantly filter the contact we have with the world and the results of new experiences. We see the world through our paradigms all the time...but this does not mean that we can see all we want to and can create a new set of rules. No, in fact we take some information that is valid in the real world and select from it that which can best adapt to our paradigms. So we interpret, distort some, ignore others.

As a result, what is perfectly obvious in one paradigm can, in fact, be totally imperceptible to a person with another paradigm. Its implications are reflected in our daily actions. Every action, every habit, every behaviour, every association of ideas is under the total influence of paradigms that we acquire throughout life. This is why we frequently cannot see important parts of our life or our future until it is too late.

Everybody's life has rules and regulations, be they from a religion, military institution, business, football team, the way a soccer player kicks the ball, or the way Mum cleans the house, we constantly deal with paradigms. And it is these previously established rules and regulations that prevent us from seeing life clearly.... what we are, who we are related to...and from foreseeing the future successfully.

So, in the sixties, man looked ahead in time and came to the conclusion that oil would be cheap and available in abundance forever, that four children were an ideal number, that long hair, earrings, make-up, and hair-dressers are for women, that women should stay at home, that abortion was a forbidden subject. How wrong all that was! And it is sad to see that for some it is still wrong due to the power of their paradigms.

Paradigms alienate man so subtly yet powerfully that he is unable to recognize or identify when it is time to change attitudes. And it is not a recent situation. Stemming from the origins of our civilization and the beginning of our culture, changes have always occurred slowly, except when they were radically and abruptly imposed through wars. Thus, sadly, in the 21st century we still have groups of humanity living in tribes with such primitive habits and customs.

As I ponder, all the images I have of the world seem absurd. Paradigms have worked like a drug that anaesthetized us to brutality, a blindfold that prevented sight, and a medicine that could be deadly if misused. Instead of helping to serve as a basis for understanding, they have become a weapon turned against us; we've dug a pit deeper and deeper, from which it becomes more and more difficult to escape.

Since ancient times, institutionalized paradigms have been responsible for the chaos and divisions in our world. They have radically interfered in the progress of human knowledge. There are many examples to illustrate this statement, e.g. religions have sacrificed at the stake men who defied their doctrines. Through their discoveries and theories, these men questioned the simplistic information that attributed creation, as well as the manifestation of natural phenomena and their effects, to the gods. Some famous events seem ridiculous to us today, such as the prohibition of the study of physics by Pope Alexander III in 1163, or the decision of the French Parliament in 1380 to prohibit the study of chemistry according to the decree by Pope John XXII. James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland in 1650, stated that creation had occurred in 4004 AC. And later, in 1700 Dr. John Lightfoot, Master of St. Catherine's College in Cambridge, England complemented the calculations and said that, based on the Ancient Testament, everything had occurred on the 23rd of October at 9:30 am.

In the 18th century, based on some strange findings, scientists said that the Earth was eighty thousand years old. And they continued, saying that man came from Adam and Eve and that fossils that were found belonged to animals that had existed before the Deluge. Not before 1871 was the theory of an evolutionary process accepted, and then not by all scientists. In the 19th century when the steam engine was invented, the scientists of the time affirmed that the human body would never be able to stand any velocity greater than 80 km per hour. At the beginning of the 20th century, the dream of making an object heavier than air fly was impossible. A journey to other planets was only in a madman's imagination.

People at that time accepted all this as irrefutable truths and unbreakable laws. They lived and grew up under these paradigms, blind to any other reality. And how wrong they were!

It is unbelievable that even nowadays there are people that are so attached to their paradigms that the most obvious things are absurd and unreal to them. For some, man has not reached the moon. They say that what we saw was a simulation staged by the Americans to cheat the world. For others, the Soviet 'Perestroika' is also a staging, with interests and objectives focused on a majority participation and representation in the European Economic Community – the division of the ex-Soviet Union into independent socialist countries could represent, after all, a dangerously superior number to the non-socialist countries.

How absurd and how suspicious! Unfortunately, fear has become for all of us the worst paradigm. A paradigm that silently enslaves and dominates our life and numbs our senses more and more, day by day. If the world that surrounds us offers so many surprises that it is too difficult to step outside of conventions, what about the wonders hidden in the Universe!

The human beings are an unfailing source of surprises, with a countless number of fantastic potentialities that we still are unaware of. There is much to be explored in the paranormal field, but man's physical attributes are also as fantastic as those typical to super-heroes in the comic-strip adventures.

It seems absurd to say we are as powerful as that, but it is easy to prove. After millions of people all over the world began to practice 'jogging', 'aerobics' gymnastics, etc., the physical paradigm became a typical one. There are various rules of exercises in this modality of sport, but how many would like to take part in a run of 100 kms?

In our culture the words '100 kms' and 'running' simply do not match up. Driving yes, not running. But north of Mexico City, runs of 100 kms are usual among the Taratumano Indians. They do it regularly, as part of a religious ritual. What is impossible to us is so easy for them, simply because running 100 kms is one of their paradigms. The longest competition of our culture, the 42 km Marathon is a child's play to these Indians, and not because of a genetic difference or anything of that kind. It is important to note that if any of us were born in that region, we would run exactly like them because we would have learned their paradigm of running.

The American film "Discovering the Future" by Joel Barker, can help better illustrate the action of paradigms. It all happened in the vocational Center of Technology in an American University, where without much difficulty, a group of students broke one of the most interesting paradigms of automotive technology. In 1976 the students of the advanced course in Fuel Technology, decided to build a very economical car. After a long period designing it, its features were: it weighed over 1,000 kg (over a ton); it attained 100 km per hour in less than 10 seconds and it averaged 27 km per liter of gasoline, with an engine of only 16 horsepower.

Well, anyone who understands a little about cars knows that it is impossible. You cannot make such a heavy vehicle attain that speed so quickly with an engine of only 16 horse power. However, without much effort, that was exactly what the students did. How?

The easiest way, using a different paradigm. Those students were not in the advanced course of automotive mechanics; their course was advanced technology in fuels. They knew that if they used their own paradigms, they would be able to re-use the energy wasted by ordinary cars.

In fact, this vehicle was quite a simple project. When it slows down, it does not use normal brakes that generate heat and friction. Its rear wheels trigger a hydraulic pump that sends hydraulic fluid to a chamber, generating compression. This compression offers resistance, which lowers the car's speed. This vehicle does not use the engine to stop, consequently it does not use gear reduction. The engine triggers the hydraulic pump that sends more fluid under pressure to the storing chamber.

Result: When this car begins to accelerate after a stop, the acceleration does not come from the small engine, but from all the energy stored in the chamber. This way, you can accelerate even with the engine off, for there will still be pressure in the chamber. Therefore, the small gas engine only keeps the car speed steady, so it attains 27 kms per liter. As you can see, it was a very intelligent approach.

But the question of paradigms is this: Do you think the students who created this vehicle would even have imagined it if they were auto mechanics? I think the answer is 'no', because the paradigm of auto mechanics does not deal with storing energy, only with consuming it.

I cannot and do not want to say that this car is perfect. It has a series of defects but it shows how powerful paradigms can be. What is impossible with one paradigm can be performed easily with another. It is frightening to accept that paradigms can drastically influence our opinions and decisions, knowing that they can dangerously alter our perception. Even more so knowing that they can be acquired and induced. It seems clear that if we want to make a fair evaluation of our present life, understand the past and make

provisions for the future, we have to know the current paradigms that govern us and discover how they influence us; only in this way can we see clearly what surrounds and awaits us.

Therefore we can see that paradigms are a double-edged sword: one edge cuts the information that suits them into very minute, precise details, but the other edge severs the information that does not suit the paradigm. You only see what your paradigm allows you to see, not the reality. It means that in some cases you will see only a part or none of the information that does not suit your paradigm.

In short, I can say, based on the work of Joel Barker, that paradigms are normal, for we have rules and regulations in many situations of our lives – professional, personal, familiar, spiritual or social ones. Paradigms are useful and necessary. In fact they tell us where our time is best spent, what is important to us and what is not. They help us to solve problems, setting priorities of importance and the course to follow for their solution. On the other hand, they can cause serious difficulties, preventing us from having a clear appreciation of new ideas.

But be careful...sometimes your paradigm can become 'The Paradigm' which means the only way to do something. When you then come across an alternative idea, you reject it instantly, which can lead to a noxious attitude. We call it 'Paradigm Paralysis'. It is the fatal illness of 'certainty'. It is easy to catch and very dangerous for it will be extremely difficult to cure. Many people and institutions that caught it were eventually destroyed, for they never imagined that they might be totally wrong.

Pessimists, defeatists, or owners of rigid paradigms, who do not believe that something can be done, must get out of the way of the ones who are doing something. People who create new paradigms, the ones who always propose new ways, who take daring tracks and are ahead of their time, tend to be considered strangers. They can be young or old, their age is irrelevant. The key note here is that they do not subscribe to the established community of paradigms. As they do not invest in the old paradigms, they lose nothing by creating new ones.

If you want to be able to discover new paradigms in the present time, you must look beyond the centre where paradigms usually are; you must look at the extremes. It is at the extremes of conventions and systems that transformations occur. The adepts of old paradigms who choose to accept the new ones at the beginning of their development, must be very brave. There is no concrete evidence to prove the validity of new paradigms, for they are unique. If you accept a new paradigm at its initial stage, you must do it against the evidence created by the previous solution. So you must believe that the new paradigm will succeed with many current problems, the only knowledge being that the old paradigms did not succeed in a few. Such a decision can only be made through faith.

These pioneers take great professional and existential risks when they shift from one paradigm to a totally different one; if the new paradigm fails (as sometimes happens), they lose all credibility.

Anyone can choose to change their paradigms. Human beings are not genetically conditioned to only one way of doing things. They can choose to ignore a group of rules and adopt others anytime they feel like getting rid of old ones.

My very dear friend Silvia from Rio de Janeiro, quotes a saying attributed to the great industrialist Henry Ford: "Our best successes were due to the fact that we let the madmen insist on what the wisemen had abandoned."

This reminds me of another good example, also by Joel Barker, to prepare the way for the rest of your reading. What follows in this book may be the breakdown of all your paradigms, so it is my responsibility to offer a new, different way of looking at the world. Here is the story.

"There was a young man in a very fast car who liked driving in the mountains of California where roads had only two lanes. They were narrow with a lot of dangerous curves, but he was a good driver and could cope with them.

One day he was driving on his favourite road approaching his favourite bend, when he encountered a car out of control coming at him. He swerved and managed to miss the other car by a hair's breadth. A beautiful woman shouted through the open window, "Ass!"

He was terror-stricken and shouted back, "Ass!" and thought to himself *"How dare she! I was in the right lane! She was in the wrong one!"*

Feeling vindicated by shouting back at her before she drove away, he sped up his car, drove round a sharp bend, and ran down an ass."

This is a typical story of a paradigm. The young man reacted with an old group of rules: "She called me names, so I'll call her names too." But, in fact, she was just trying to warn him.

Likewise, I have observed people during those long years when I was travelling around the world with a new vision of life, people who have heard "Ass!" on the roads and sharp curves of life. Obviously they do not realize that their paradigms prevent them from taking a new track to happiness and accomplishment. A wonderful road is waiting for those who want to take it.

There are alternative ways and opportunities always available to those who are alert. We are not alone in the Universe, abandoned to our fate. There are others who, like us, tried to find the real meaning to life and succeeded. Today, they want to share it with other people who are willing to live a full life and remove the veils that blinded their eyes, and who will gradually substitute the rules that govern the Cosmos for their old paradigms.

Dear readers, the paradigms we all carry inside us prevent us and always will prevent us from recognizing the opportunities for real progress in life. Widen your mind, free your spirit and open your heart to these words.

I am sure that for those who have flexibility in their paradigms, these words will represent opportunities, but for those who have paralysis of paradigms, these words will be just the nonsense of a deranged mind.

In these years of my new life, I have learned a lot and still am learning. What these fantastic societies of extraterrestrial origin have to show us is more than technological development; it is the result of a gradually growing process of humanization and evolution. They are the concrete evidence of a civilization that succeeded in transcending the obstacles in the evolutionary process of a crowded technological society and reached the threshold of a cultural utopia, where mind and soul mix in dazzling reality.

They are the way back home, a compass for finding the distant, unmarked path of life. Sowers of knowledge and experience. And I am the foreigner who will take the risk of expulsion from this human community full of cultural, social and religious prejudices, rules, values and paradigms. Boldly, I will try to show where humanity made a mistake and what can be done to alter the route from its imminent self-destruction.

We have already come a long way in a history that seems endless, but still have not gained much capacity of comprehension. We cannot continue in this retrograde mentality, nor can we go on thinking that only science or total spirituality are the routes to salvation and progress. We are no longer the centre of the Universe, nor are we God's favourite people. We are neither special nor unique, just creatures on their way to maturity, facing the risks of transition.

Our generation has been given the task of changing, the task of forging unprecedented changes, of escaping the paralysis of paradigms. After 2,000 years the time has come for another revolution. A mental, spiritual, cultural revolution towards intelligent realization.

A new future will come. After the storm of a world in chaos as a consequence of ignorance, a new dawn will find those who knew how to be flexible against the fury of the wind, like a firmly rooted tree that has humbly bent to the violence of the elements, but stands again with the purpose of constructive evolution. Otherwise, those who remained rigid against the wind of truth and reason, stiff to the tempest that cleans and purifies, or unbending with arrogance, will be uprooted, given no more chances to grow, for then it would be too late.

As long as there are pure hearts and alert minds there will be hope.

## Chapter IV. HOW EVERYTING BEGAN

One more day; the sun painted with its golden light the long range of mountains rising along the Peruvian coast until it tenderly touched the cold, grey water of the Pacific Ocean. The snow-covered peaks of the Andes, with their majestic beauty that inspired challengers, sportsmen and adventurers and that fed the imagination of poets and dreamers, placidly overlooked the cradle of the mysterious Inca civilization in the distance.

Amongst mountains, arid deserts and the seaside, the city of Lima, centenary capital of Peru founded in 1535 by the legendary Spanish conqueror Don Francisco Pizarro, rises peaceful and quiet with its plain houses and few buildings, in a typical configuration of the first years of the 'fifties.

However, in this calm, cozy scenery, not everything is as romantic as it seems. The operating theatre of a big hospital is the stage of a hectic scene. Doctors and nurses fight desperately to save the life of a young man rushed in hurriedly. He had been seriously wounded in a violent motorcycle accident while racing, and the young driver now depended on the prompt assistance and professional skill of the doctors. The young man that was fighting against death had up to now been daring, handsome, dynamic and successful with women. If he survived, he had the risk of being comatose for the rest of his life, or of having a sequel that would render him mentally or physically handicapped.

Virginia, his mother, a widow who had recently lost her second son in an airplane accident, prayed fervently at Carlos's bedside day and night. Virginia and Rosa, the two remaining younger daughters, tried to console her. Firm, obstinate and with an iron-will, their mother did not give in to despair. But unfortunately, chances were slim for total recovery; it would be a miracle. However, something had to be done, so with unshakeable faith, mother Virginia went to the best specialist at the time and begged him to help her. Moved by the woman's despair, the doctor accepted the case. Slow, painful hours of surgery and three long months in a coma accomplished what had seemed impossible. Little by little, a dead man returned to the world of the living. Although he was slowly recovering his consciousness, damage was apparent in an uncomfortably disturbing amnesia, in the painful scars that criss-crossed his skull, and in the squint he shyly hid behind heavy dark glasses.

Several painful, long surgeries had been necessary to correct his injuries. The expenses incurred by the accident and its consequences cost him a fortune, but his promising motorcycle business covered the high expenses of the months in hospital. When he recovered, a new life awaited him, quite different from the one he used to lead as the centre of attention at parties and among friends, a busy vain life. Now, he hid at home, far from everything, weakened, withdrawn and shy because of his deplorable condition.

Carlos was not the same any more. From an arrogant, irresponsible, worldly young man, he became a different, strange person, not only to his family, but to the few friends that remained as well. His physical appearance was not the only alteration undergone by the young motorcyclist. His behaviour also underwent a complete transformation. Months after the accident, a young man keenly interested in the secrets of his inner self, in the true meaning of life and in spirituality, took his first steps. Like a creature just born to a new world, he devoured everything within reach. He listened like an astonished spectator before a new discovery, read greedily and discussed vehemently; he began to broaden his horizons in a way he never had dreamed of. Now, other values directed his life.

Around 1953 his keen desire to absorb more information led him to the well-known Peruvian Association of Astronomy. After a short time, he became its secretary and treasurer. His surprises did not come only from science in that year. Love conquered his heart and he married Rose Marie, an old devoted friend who helped



him in his worst moments and who some years later would give him three children: the first one Carlos, best known as Charlie, who is writing this book; then Sixto and Rose Marie.

It was during that period, when Carlos was beginning his family life, that he first heard the news of the official investigation by the government of the United States of America, of UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects). The subject fascinated him so much that he proposed to the Peruvian Association of Astronomy that they should dedicate part of their time to the investigation of this new, fascinating phenomenon. The answer was a prompt 'no'. The majority of members in the Association were scientists, and at that time the thought of life beyond Earth was considered science fiction, created by mad novelists obviously totally out of their paradigms.

In spite of that, Carlos was not deterred. He broke off relations with the Peruvian Association of Astronomy where he did not find a favorable environment to develop what had become his fundamental objective – to prove that intelligent beings from outer worlds visited us – and founded the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations on January 31st, 1955. That young man was very bold and irreverent for his time; the name of the Institute was quite arrogant and a direct insult to those who did not believe in the truth of the phenomenon and the speculations aroused by the subject. However, even he did not suspect the prophetic meaning of the name he had chosen.

Jose Carlos Paz Garcia Corrochano, Peruvian born in Lima, had just started an endless adventure, and without suspecting it, he had become a prophet and a visionary. He was ushered towards the solution of an enigma that would become almost an obsession throughout his life. The thought of meeting intelligent creatures from somewhere in the immense cosmic ocean simply thrilled him. He had to discover the truth. He had to seek more information, look for evidence from people and be prepared to be part of that fantastic adventure himself someday. He would spend years and years, and sacrifice anything to undertake this strange, bold enterprise.

It was not long before the world and other researchers understood his dedication and seriousness. His prestige grew and he gave innumerable talks at national and international events. Many international organizations made him a member or representative. At present, the IPRI is associated with the International Federation of Astronautics (head office in Paris) as a voting member; he also belongs to the Intercontinental UFO Research and Analytic Network (ICUFON) of New York, where he represents South America; he is a member of the "Frente de Investigadores do Brasil" and of the Latin-American Society of Parapsychology in Buenos Aires. Today, Carlos is also Vice-President of the Pan-American Federation of Scientific and Philosophical Studies on Extraterrestrial Life, whose head office is in Buenos Aires. He is a collaborator of many specialized magazines and is often required to give interviews. Among his most famous friends is Professor Werner von Braun, inventor of the rocket Saturn used by NASA in its project Apollo. From this friendship came the support and incentive to continue the research and forge ahead even with the miscomprehension of the uniformed and skeptical.

In the course of this difficult road, many people approached him, among them someone who would be the centre of an incredible, limitless adventure. Around 1969, Carlos and his wife went to a diplomatic reception in honor of a friend, a Dominican diplomat, who told them of a queer, frightening experience. He was driving on a road in the Dominican Republic when he encountered a bright light that blinded him. A few moments later the car had stopped; everything had gone off without any cause. He noticed that behind that light and not very far away, there was a large disk-shaped object. When the intensity of the light dimmed, he saw two humanoid creatures approaching the vehicle silently. Their resemblance to humans was perfect; only their clothes revealed something different. Speaking good, fluent Spanish, they asked him to calm down, saying they meant no harm and that they came from Ganymede, the biggest natural moon of Jupiter. He did not quite understand what was happening but entered the spaceship upon their invitation; he stayed for several hours. Inside, he exchanged some dialogue with the crew and underwent some medical examinations. And finally, at the end of the experience, he went back to his car, immediately started the engine, and headed to the safety of his home, terribly upset and puzzled by what had happened.

That same year, a member of the Institute, whom Carlos trusted and considered a friend, took the details of that episode and other similar information, and later under a pen name he published a book in which he wrote about his extraordinary experiences on Ganymede – which obviously never occurred – and his contacts with

those beings. Although the book contained only half-truths, it was a sales success and created in some credulous readers false expectations and an incorrect idea of these extraterrestrial's civilization. The launching of the book in Lima in 1972 and later in other Latin-American countries set off a polemic in the circles of extraterrestrial research, in the media, and in public opinion. Some people even thought Carlos was the author. In general, he was invited to explain and give his opinion on such a controversial publication.

Carlos gave dozens of talks at that time. And beside him always, keeping him company, were his two sons, Sixto and myself, Charlie. We knew a lot about the subject and were very enthusiastic.

The talks continued until 1973, when we had an invitation from the International Society of Divine Realization (Sociedade Internacional de Realizacio Divina or SIRD), an Oriental Entity that spread the teachings of Swami Devanand Maharaj. Its representative in Peru, Mrs. Silvia Rivera de Marmanido, had asked for a talk and comments on the book.

After his brilliant speech, Carlos was surrounded by interested people while Sixto and I, both very impressed, had a conversation with Mrs. Silvia about the origin of SIRD and the kind of studies developed by the entity. When she observed our great curiosity, the hostess asked if we would like to take part in the activities of the society, attend the talks and the yoga and meditation courses. Our answer was prompt and affirmative. Back home, we told our father Carlos of the conversation we had had with Mrs. Silvia, the offer she had made us and our desire to participate. A little apprehensive, we asked him if he had anything against it. We were both thrilled and deeply interested and could hardly conceal our enthusiasm. He could see in our eyes that flame he had already experienced inside himself in the past, the flame that had led him such a long way in search of the unknown, which had undoubtedly found an extension in us, his sons. Both of us had inherited his interest in UFOs and also the same curiosity for the new and unknown. So not only did we get his permission to attend the SIRD, but his encouragement as well.

While my father, our ex-race-car driver, developed his research and activities in Ufology, Sixto and I started a new stage of learning. A different, rigid process would be part of our daily routine now. Yoga exercises, vegetarian food, meditation, relaxation, reading, and research had become our sports and occupied our time completely, but we never forgot or lost our passion for the subject of extraterrestrials.

However, over the next few months, university classes, various sports activities at the Peruvian Federation of Olympic Gymnastics along with a good dose of laziness, made me abandon the SIRD. Sixto, on the contrary, became an assiduous participant and diligent student; his mystical tendencies and great spirituality had found the best place to flourish.

We were at the end of 1973. Activities went on normally at the Institute. Talks, courses and seminars still attracted our attention and we were always ready to participate. During that period, my father put me in charge of a parapsychology course, a science that studies and investigates extra-sensory phenomena (ESP). That activity, based on the theories of Dr. Charles Rickett, professor at Sorbonne in Paris and Nobel Prize winner in Medicine, would bring an unsuspected collaboration in the future. Out of all the ESP phenomena researched by parapsychology, telepathy (also called 'thought transmission' or 'mental communication at distance'), investigated in depth by Professor Joseph Banks Rhine from the University of North Carolina, USA, would be one to which I would dedicate most of my time and attention. It would soon become a work tool of limitless extension.

The end-of-year holidays were approaching. With some friends we were planning new excursions to the caves in the Andes, and to complete the adventure, to some Incan cemeteries and constructions unknown to the public and archaeologists.

None of us could ever have imagined that the event that would soon occur in our family would be responsible for the transformation of the life of hundreds of people all through the world, for they would write a new page in the history of humanity and international extraterrestrial phenomena. These events would set the beginning of a new, wonderful journey in the search for man's cosmic identity, towards the knowledge of the meaning of life. It was as if everything was already established and the first steps were about to be taken.

Soon the prophetic vision that inspired the name of the research facility created by Carlos, my father, would accomplish its destiny so long awaited.

## Chapter V. THE EXPERIMENT

The year 1973 was calmly coming to an end. My father had started a series of courses on extraterrestrial life and parapsychology at the Institute, while my brother Sixto enrolled in the university, and I passed on to the second year of general studies with an option in industrial psychology.

At the beginning of January 1974, an interesting piece of news reached Lima. An article published in a local newspaper mentioned that at the end of the 'sixties much evidence about the possibility of extraterrestrial life had been gathered. Among them, a great deal of radio waves and various sounds from the Cosmos. With manned space flights, we found out that space was not a sepulchral silence as one might think, but on the contrary, it was saturated with noise. These sounds did not come from litter accumulated in space but probably from broadcast messages. For this purpose 'Project Ozma' was created, consisting of the orientation of tracer antennae in Virginia, USA, to pick up sounds coming from space. Once identified, they would be decoded by computers to determine their nature.

This curious piece of news motivated the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations to call a meeting in order to inform the public about scientific advances in the attempt to prove the existence of life beyond Earth. The talk would be given by the well-known Dr. Victor Yanez Aguirre, physician at the Police Hospital, famous parapsychologist, president of the Peruvian Association of Parapsychology and president of the Theosophical Society. Sixto and I were also present; we were enthusiastic admirers of my father's activities and had also contributed to the organization of the meeting.

The talk was highly interesting. The speaker affirmed that not only was it possible to communicate with extraterrestrials through technological means, but that also in some recent encounters contact had been made "by telepathy", that is, the communication had been established through mental waves and thought reading. Apparently, it was found in some experiments that the aliens have a very high parapsychological potential, could talk mentally with any person no matter what the language. He commented: "While scientists and technicians pick up the signals coming from space and try to interpret them, a group of psychics or sensitives, that is, people endowed with extraordinary extra-sensory perception and who use it freely, meet simultaneously to concentrate and send mental waves to space. The objective is...if there are intelligent beings in space and if they are potentially sensitive, they may pick up our wave and answer it."

To the audience, that sounded like something from a science fiction film, a futuristic novel or a fantastic dream. They steadfastly refused to believe it.

Finally, when he noticed the general skepticism, Dr. Yanez ended up by narrating three peculiar cases; two of them had recently shaken the extraterrestrial research scene. The first case was about the experience of Mr. Eugenio Siracusa, from Italy. In the 'sixties, Siracusa made contact with several beings called 'Ashtar Sheran', 'Woodok', and 'Link', in a crater of Vesuvius. Later he made close contact with a being called 'Adomesio'. The latter communicated telepathically but did not belong to our dimension. After that the speaker referred to a very interesting, incredibly curious case that happened in Venezuela in a small town near Curacao, at the beginning of 1973 and from which another, not less unusual event would transpire. Finally he mentioned the recent experience undergone by Enrique Castillo Rincon, an engineer in Colombia, who contacted two extraterrestrials named 'Cromacan' and 'Krisnamec', from a group of stars in the Pleiades.

According to Dr. Yanez, the experience in Columbia ensued from what had happened in Venezuela. To satisfy the curiosity he had aroused in the audience, Dr. Yanez began his narrative:

"In 1973, on a North-American highway, some person was calmly driving his car when suddenly, with no apparent reason, it went out of control and violently crashed against a huge tree. Immediately other cars stopped to help the driver who they assumed would be injured inside the smashed car. But they were very surprised to see that there was nobody inside. The police were called and identified the car...it belonged to a young Venezuelan who lived in the United States. According to the information gathered, the young man had been a bright engineering student, dearly loved by friends and colleagues and until recently had worked for a local nuclear power station.

In the ensuing weeks after the accident the police and government authorities tried to throw light on the case, but after a long, painstaking investigation, they could not reach a conclusion that would explain the mystery. The body had simply disappeared. Worst of all, it had vanished leaving no trace, and everything had happened in the presence of all the other drivers who were on the highway at the time.

The research continued for months with no results. The authorities had bought themselves a disturbing headache. The diplomatic groups demanded a conclusion and pressure from relatives and friends grew stronger.

The young man's family, living in a small, quiet town in the suburbs of Caracas, received an official communication sometime later stating the strange conditions in which the young engineer had disappeared. The information was contradictory, diffuse and somewhat obscure as well; the American authorities considered it a case of revenge, probably followed by murder. As there was no corpse to be sent, they returned only his personal belongings. With no further explanations, the family had to accept the loss.

They were spiritualists and, being dissatisfied with the cruel, sad way in which they had been deprived of their beloved young man, the relatives decided to hold a mediumistic session, where they would summon the alleged dead man's soul in order to learn what had happened and then finally say goodbye and wish him peace and joy in his new condition.

Friends and relatives began to carefully prepare the session which would be recorded on tape so they would keep a strong final bond. The receiving medium would be a young medical student, an old friend of the deceased.

Everything was prepared, the lights dimmed, the place silenced, the group ready and the medium in a trance. Expectation was great; everybody hoped to be able to establish their bond with the unfortunate young man one last time. Minutes passed, the medium was evidently in a trance. Before long a curious, strange, bluish mist started to gather beside the sensitive, slowly taking the shape of a circular cloud. It gave out a soft light resembling fluorescent cigarette smoke that increased its intensity at intervals. It seemed to pulse. The mist quickly turned compact and formed a half-sphere, and in its centre appeared a shadow. Slowly, from the depths of the unknown, a humanoid form appeared. It looked human, but with an angelic appearance. The face was beautiful with soft, well-defined lines, but serious. The eyes were light-colored and slightly oblong; the hair was long, fair and combed to the back. His body was well-proportioned, slender and athletic; he was about 1.80 m in height; his limbs were perfectly normal and you could see the outline of his muscles. He was simply dressed in a loose coverall with sleeves ending in tight cuffs, high-leg leather-like boots, and a wide belt around his waist.

The figure stood in front of the light, looking seriously at the group; they were puzzled.

Then the being of unknown origin looked at the medium, who started to speak: "Don't be afraid, I mean no harm; my name is Ashtar Sheran. I'm the commander of a spaceship fleet from Ganymede. Your son is neither dead nor lost...he's among us. He came of his own free will and wants to stay with us; don't worry, he'll be all right." The being went on talking, presenting an outline of events that would occur in the following years, and finished by saying: "...These events (referring to the self-destruction of humanity) will take place as a consequence of the following:...There will be a political leader in the future within the social conglomerate of the united countries. He will dominate the masses and rule the social and economic destiny of the other countries. He will be helped by mechanisms that will be triggered off by himself, as an expert of metaphysical laws. Then, there will be the invasion of continents. And I want to warn you that the signed peace in the region called Vietnam will serve as an immediate step to the conflict between Arabs and Jews. It will be followed by earthquakes that will destroy towns and which we will try to alter in order to avoid more serious damage." Finally, he went back to the light and disappeared.

This incredible event was studied by the Colombian researcher, engineer Enrique Castillo Ricon, who after some time tried similar experiments in Columbia. He gathered a team of select sensitives who tried to establish telepathic contact with some extraterrestrial intelligence.

The engineer's experiment began at the end of 1973. For several weeks of tiresome sessions, nothing happened. But finally one sensitive began to receive messages from an unidentified source. Week after week the group tried to establish a closer relationship with the broadcasting source. Finally, doubtful that the contact was really extraterrestrial, the alleged entity was asked to confirm its existence through a manifestation or the presentation of any kind of phenomena that would identify its nature and origin. The answer came after a few hours of general expectation. Centuries passed by in those few hours. The being answered, inviting the engineer and his team to an encounter outside of town.

In spite of their skepticism, curiosity won out and they decided to go for a showdown. They all went to the designated locale at the appointed date. Visibly anxious, they exchanged stories on how they had got to that God-forsaken place. Minutes passed. Their faces showed doubt and worry. Suddenly, at the appointed time, they were all surprised by a disk-shaped, bright object that flew over them.

There was general commotion. Surprise, joy and other emotions all mixed and nobody could understand anything. One of the sensitives received a message and informed the group:..."Only one of you will be brought aboard the spaceship." It caused shock. *Who would be chosen?* ..everybody asked mentally. Each wished to be the one and pointed out the reasons why the others were not ready for the invitation.

Another message came soon after, saying:..."This time we won't take anybody, for you proved not to be prepared. Egotistically you despise each other, deprecating your companion out of pride and ambition. We will come back some other time. We would like to have a closer relationship with beings that are ready to renounce their old faith for positive evolution and whom we can trust. We will make another appointment."

This new appointment was kept some time later, by the engineer alone. And from then on, new encounters occurred in the presence of the engineer and other participants as well."

Dr. Yanez's narrative had been gripping, and the audience wondered if it could really have happened. They were reluctant to believe what they had heard; everything was so difficult to accept. But two participants were deeply touched by the story. The events narrated excited our minds so much that we began to think about the possibility of duplicating the experiment.

After the talk, very excited with what we had heard, we decided to meet with our group of friends and try to have a contact like the one experienced by engineer Rincon. Sixto could hardly wait to do it. The thought of contacting beings from other planets was exhilarating, and the adventure it represented fascinated him. He was so exhilarated it was as if he were plugged into 220 volts. And so was I.

To participate in the experiment, we summoned our cousin Roberto, two neighbors and friends, Alfredo and Juan Carlos, two colleagues from the Institute, Juan and Henrique, and our school mates Mito, Lalo and Arduino. The invitation was incisive; that's why nobody declined or was late.

When everybody had arrived, we explained the reason for calling the meeting. The proposal to try a contact with extraterrestrials thrilled everybody and we agreed to begin the exciting adventure the next day. We should all be there at 7 pm with a writing pad and pencil; we would use a system of mental or telepathic communication called "Psychography" or "Automatic Writing", where, according to experts, mental impulses are decoded by the brain and transferred by muscular stimuli, resulting in a rudimentary form of writing.

That was a sleepless night for the whole team of adventure-mates, including myself. And when we did sleep, our dreams were of a distant, fantastic place. It was January, a holiday month, so the hours dragged and anxiety took hold of our emotions. Finally, the arranged hour came.

One by one our friends arrived for the appointed time. My mother, Mrs. Rose or "Mochi" as Sixto tenderly called her -- could not understand what was going on in the house. Quickly and silently, we all went to the living room and secretly barred the door.

Mochi was puzzled by our suspicious behaviour. "These kids are up to something", she thought. Curious and intrigued, she stayed nearby, hoping to solve the puzzle.

When everybody was there, I went over some details of the Columbian experiment and described the technical aspects, referring to the form of telepathy we would use. Sixto suggested some relaxation techniques and exercises that should be used for a better performance from the group.

To better illustrate the idea, I told them about the experiment carried out by an officer of the submarine Nautilus of the North American navy in the Arctic, when he established a telepathic contact with another officer at the Pentagon in Washington. I also mentioned the case of astronaut Mitchell, who, during the Apollo XIV mission in 1971, had a telepathic contact with another officer on Earth. With all these precedents, we believed we might also be successful.

The exercises were very simple actually. Based on what we had learned in the parapsychology course and during our stay at SIRD, we would begin with some directed relaxation followed by concentration. In this way we would try to send a mental wave into space, intending it to be picked up by some alien. We would use Psychography as the best way to register the messages received. According to what we had learned, the telepathic or mental wave would come back in spasms or impulses: light muscular contractions that would move one's arm, forcing one's hand to write something, even rudimentarily.

The group formed a circle with the receiving sensitive in the middle in order to get energetic help from all participants around him. Everyone would be a receiver, in a sequence at the group's discretion. At 19:30, instructions were given to raise our thoughts to space and try an approach to the Universe. After that, for a few minutes, each member of the group in turn tried but without success, until we got to the last one. Visibly tired, uncomfortable and frustrated, we made a last, painstaking effort. It was Sixto's turn; although he had been the first one to have the idea, he would be the last one to try it. All ready, we breathed deeply and raised our thoughts to space again, repeating the exercise for the last time, doing our best in a final effort.

Suddenly, a light warmth filled the room and Sixto had a shock. He felt a series of violent, involuntary movements of his arm. Frightened, he threw the pencil away frantically, got up and said "That's all for today. I think we've had more than enough. We'll try again some other day." My brother looked pale and could not understand what had happened. His hand and arm shook completely out of control. He felt an odd sensation of helplessness. On the other hand, he was starting to believe that it was all caused by his anxiety and euphoria, and some self-suggestion as well. Definitely Sixto did not think it was real! You could feel disappointment in the air, but in spite of the sad result, the group buoyed their hopes for a future meeting, sooner rather than later.

I left the house for a walk with Alfredo, Juan Carlos and Roberto, while the rest went back to their homes. Sixto headed straight for his room, still upset. On his way, he met Mochi and Rose, our younger sister. They were curious and wanted to know what we were doing. He told them in detail about our fruitless attempt.

Rose was shocked with the information and asked him to show them how it worked. Sixto agreed. They went to the living room and he showed them the steps we had followed, this time with Mochi's and Rose's help.

Step by step, the exercises were repeated. Sixto was the receiver and the two women assisted him. His behaviour was strange; he had resumed the experiment with no reluctance. He seemed to be drawn into it. He did not seem to remember what had happened a few minutes before. At 21:30 on the 22nd of January, 1974, an unknown, powerful force shook my agitated brother's hand. Wildly, the pencil drew lines in an incoherent movement. Sixto was frightened, pale, perspiring, and shaken. Nobody could explain nor understand what was going on, let alone know what to do.

My mother and my sister cried out for him to stop. Fright got hold of him but he tried to overcome it, and in a moment of control he managed to throw the pencil away. Feeling odd, he looked at what he had scribbled on the sheet of paper: "...Living-room good for communication; we can talk about UFOs in your planet. My name is Oxalc; I'm from Morlen, a satellite of Jupiter. We will be able to communicate later on..."

Everybody was silent, did not know what to do. Sixto was angry and said that it was probably only his imagination. Greatly amazed and worried, he left the room. Mochi and Rose wondered what it all was about. They did not have the answer but they knew something unusual had happened.

The following day the news spread. Rose, excited with the results of the previous evening although she did not quite understand what had happened, spread the news of the received 'message' to all the participants except me, who had just left for another town with some friends.

That day, willing to learn details of the event, the members of the group asked Sixto for another demonstration. Reluctant and still skeptical, he finally gave in. His intention was to discover definitely whether or not something extraordinary was happening or was just mere auto-suggestion; he thought that this time he would certainly have the answer.

But this time, the result was beyond all expectations with everybody present. The being called Oxalc manifested again and talked about various subjects with clarity and depth. Everybody wanted to ask questions.

Some questions were trivial, others were philosophical, and answered accordingly. My friends had just discovered a new, unusual entertainment similar to the one with the "little cup" that we used to play when we were children. The difference was that now the answers came from an alleged extraterrestrial.

A few days later when I returned home from my trip, I learned of what had taken place in the house. Worried, I talked to my parents. I could not accept the results of those 'mental connections' as real. *"To believe in intelligent life in other worlds in outer space is all right, but to believe that one of those extraterrestrial beings would contact a bunch of kids to answer futile questions was too absurd"*, I thought.

However, excited over the channel of interplanetary communication that had been opened by Sixto, the group met in my house daily, trying to get new information about "Mr. Oxalc". One day, I could not stand it any longer. Deeply worried about what I considered my brother's bout of auto-suggestion and fearing it would reach serious proportions, I decided to take part in one of these extraterrestrial contact sessions in order to disclose the truth and normalize everything again.

In that particular meeting, some incredibly curious facts were presented. Among the questions asked, one in particular disturbed and astonished me even more. A lady, the mother of two of the youngsters in the group, asked the being about the book she was reading at the moment; through Sixto, the being mentioned the name of the book, the writer and the number of the page at which she had stopped. *"Something unusual must really be happening"*, I thought, puzzled.

Even so, the hypothesis was that for some unknown reason, my brother had developed some kind of psychic, telepathic power. However, to accept that the answers actually came from an extraterrestrial being was out of the question.

So I finally decided to interfere, and asked, "Are you really an extraterrestrial being?"

"Yes" he answered on the paper through Sixto.

"Are you flesh and blood, physical, material like us?"

"Yes" he answered again.

"Could you prove your concrete existence?"

"Yes" he affirmed.

"Well then could we see you or one of your spaceships?"

"Yes" he promptly replied.

"Then when, how and where?" I asked ironically.

“On February the 7th, sixty km south of Lima, but only your group” he answered psychographically!

That was too much for my mind. *That's too much! How can it be? Can't Sixto realize what he's doing? Can't he recognize his fantasy? Well, at least we now have the means to put an end to the fakery and go back to normal,* I thought, worried.

For his part Sixto was also perplexed and worried about what was happening although he participated in everything. He did not know whether it was all his imagination or really an extraterrestrial mind communicating with him. The question I had asked Oxalc would finally enable him to find out the truth and so bury all his doubts. He must be mad, or perhaps he had accidentally achieved some kind of paranormality, or was possessed by an entity. Sixto could not stand this uncertainty any longer either.

The answers to my questions had created an air of expectancy. Our doubts would be dispelled and of course nobody wanted to miss the opportunity to be there when the time came. I told my parents about our meeting and what had been decided; they agreed that we should go. Carlos, my father, was also worried and talked to Sixto about it. My brother told him about his doubts and fears. The whole family felt uneasy.

At that time we were all on school holidays and camping was a normal, frequent activity for us. The difference was that this time we had a very special reason. This would be a completely different adventure and we all knew that. Preparations should be careful and detailed. To reach the place designated by the alleged being, we would have to endure the heat of the sun and the dryness of the Peruvian desert. In that wild, barren region it would be impossible to count on water or on any help in case of difficulty.

The thought that we were making arrangements to meet “Mr. Oxalc” in the middle of nowhere was maddening; I could not believe it. Anyway, we were going for the fun of the trip, and afterwards everything would return to normal again.

Sixto was deep in thought. He was prepared for the worst and he felt that the sooner he faced it the better, although he was scared stiff.

“How will it all end? What awaits us?” each one of us asked ourselves. It would be a journey towards our destiny.

## Chapter VI. THE CONTACT

The day of the departure drew near; there would be nine of us. My father warned us that the final result of that adventure might be frustrating.

Alfredo, Juan Carlos, Roberto, Juan, Henrique, Lalo or Eduardo, Guillermo or ‘Mito’ as we all tenderly called him, Sixto and I formed the expedition. The place chosen by the entity was situated near a small village known as “Papa Leon XIII, a group of tourist houses along the South Pan-American highway a few kilometers from Chilca. The location proved very convenient for the group, because Juan owned a house there, where donna Maruja, his mother, spent the week-ends.

Quite enthusiastic about the coming adventure, we left Lima one day before the date of the encounter. First we were going to Juan’s house where we would rest a little and prepare to face an exhausting desert trip. During the day the sands of the Peruvian coast and the sun are scorching, so since we were carrying knapsacks, it would be more convenient to travel during the evening and night when it was cooler.

After a long uncomfortable bus ride, we were warmly received by donna Maruja who offered us a delicious lunch. Afterwards we checked all the details for the walk that lay ahead. The co-ordinates mentioned by the alleged alien indicated a group of mountains towards a region called Santo Domingo de los Aleros, fifteen



kms east of the place where we were. The journey would be tiresome and difficult because of the weight of the knapsacks and the softness of the sand in that region.

Our rest was brief; a few hours after we had arrived, we prepared to leave in the freshness of the afternoon. With our knapsacks on our backs and a lot of enthusiasm, we set out. But some hours later and with many kilometers behind us, the enthusiasm gave way to exhaustion. The heavy baggage and uneven ground tired us so much that we were forced to stop at a dry riverbed. There we rested and relaxed until we went to sleep; when we woke up it was dawn.

Still sleepy and sore because of the broken ground, we got up and continued the journey. The total gripping silence of the desert induced us to tell one another of the most incredible dreams that we had had that night. And after a few hours of conversation and questions, we reached the probable place of the encounter.

It was a slope between hills in a very deserted region, typical of the Peruvian coast, where the Andes Range begins stretching up to the central mountains. From that spot one could enjoy a magnificent view of the whole valley. The journey had been so tiresome and difficult that we decided to have a rest and study the area.

Up to that moment it all seemed a pleasant adventure. There were even jokes about flying saucers, green Martians and pink extraterrestrials, nonsense disguised to ease the tension. The possibility that something would really happen was remote but we did not rule it out. Up to that moment, nobody had thought of anything altruistic or very serious. Our motivation was a gnawing doubt, an unquenchable curiosity, as well as the exhilarating sensation of taking part in an exciting science fiction adventure in real life. Our objective was to discover what it was all about and enjoy the camping and the walking; anything beyond that would be a bonus.

As the hours went by, the day became unbearably hot. The need to find shade and water was imminent, but it seemed very difficult. The hard, rocky ground, the strong wind and the sand, too soft to erect a tent, eliminated any alternative for shade. We tried to anchor the tent with stones, but the wind still blew it away. Having shelter was starting to be a problem and in the middle of the desert, at the beginning of the day, it was a serious one.

In the meantime, a few of us went in search of water. After walking for some time on the hot sand in temperatures of almost 40°C, fortunately we came to a little oasis of wild grapes protected by a grove of cactuses with fruit. Very happy with the finding, we took as many fruit as we could carry to the camp. The desert banquet we enjoyed quenched our thirst and hunger.

But the wind returned doubly forceful in a sandstorm that tore the tent down. Fearful of facing the midday sun without shelter, and fearing that the sandstorm would get worse, we elected to go back to Juan's house and re-arrange our plans.

Knapsacks on our back, we set out on our return trip. We had walked only a few kilometers when we saw a military truck going down the valley towards the highway. We attracted their attention by waving and yelling, and so we luckily got a lift. The soldiers were practicing some survival exercises in the desert and test firing in a region many kilometers away from the highway. They asked what we were doing in the middle of the desert and we answered we were on an excursion. "Nobody in his right mind would believe we are chasing flying saucers in this place", I whispered in Juan's ear and he answered with a smile.

The arrival of the group worried donna Maruja, who supposed that at that time we should be well settled at the foot of the mountains, waiting for the night. She approached quickly and asked if anything serious had happened. My group of adventurers could hardly carry their knapsacks. After a delicious lunch we told her the adversities of our enterprise and stated our resolution to return there with no luggage in the evening. Our doubts had to be dispelled at any price, I thought, and so did Sixto.

Recovered from our exhaustion, and after a pleasant dip in the swimming pool, we started to get ready again, this time intending to reach our objective more quickly by not carrying any weight. We all felt uneasy and it showed in our demeanor. Sixto was nervous and I was anxious to put an end to this annoying story.

We asked Sixto to make a final communication with the extraterrestrial to learn if he was still willing to fulfill his promise. The answer was positive. He confirmed what had already been established ...at 9 pm we should wait for the evidence that would settle everything.

As the sun began to set we hurried towards the appointed place. Now that we knew the way, had nothing to carry and were rested, the journey was easy and quick. Nobody said a word; we were all silent. As we drew nearer, expectation and nervousness grew. When we got to the place, a little before the appointed time, the group dispersed. Each of us went in a different direction as if wanting to face this moment alone, no matter whether the result was positive or negative. Now something different and strange moved inside us.

After days of anguish and tension, finally the time had come. It was a starry night with no moon, a little cold but agreeable. The wind caressed our faces lightly while nervousness and anxiety grew within us every second. My bold companions and I gazed at the horizon where you could see the lights of the village between the mountains, and farther away the headlights of the cars on the highway. Everything was calm; dead silence and darkness created the atmosphere.

Our watches indicated one minute before nine. The calm of the night was torn when someone who had been watching the skies cried "I can see a light right in front of us coming from the sea!" At a great distance over the horizon, a light similar to a star was rapidly coming towards the group.

To everybody's surprise that bright spot was approaching us quickly. It was 9:00 pm sharp.

"It's an airplane...a satellite balloon". Each of us hysterically tried to explain the light that came towards us. *There must be a rational explanation for what is happening* I thought anxiously.

As the size of the object increased, its speed decreased until it finally stopped right near us. It was the shape of a lentil, 25 to 30 meters in diameter and had a segment in the central part where you could clearly see six light blue hatchways. The fuselage looked smooth, with no evidence of a door or landing gear. Its surface was covered by a slightly yellowish light that brightened all around it softly. Sometimes, small blue and yellow lights flashed at the corners. Together with the brightness, the spaceship gave out heat, but it was not oppressive. We could hardly believe the sight that filled our eyes.

Hovering in the air, the disk was about 15 meters above ground and 80 meters from the group. There was no loud sound coming from the craft; you could only hear a low hum, similar to swarming bees. As if suspended by invisible string, loose and floating in the vastness of the night, the disk hovered steadily in space right in front of all of us, who, silent, could not take our astonished eyes off it.

The group was frozen stiff. We all looked at the object without blinking. It took several minutes before someone could break the silence.

While the group rushed towards Sixto, bombarding him with questions, I slowly and timidly approached the disk. My curiosity was stronger than my doubts and fear. I had to investigate the appearance of the spaceship and its landing gear in every detail. At that point the group was in a state of commotion. Some were anxious to know if the crew would land; others hysterically asked Sixto to send them back.

Sixto was disturbed, confused and could hardly think; the emotion of the encounter left him speechless. He came back to consciousness slowly. Thousands of questions formed in his mind. "I wonder what will happen. Will they take us away?" Then he received a mental message, "We will not land this time because you can't control your emotions yet. There will be some preparation, another time and place."

At that moment, the sound from the disk altered suddenly and it began to move slowly. That enormous bright mass began to turn slowly around an imaginary axis. I was nearly under it in the vertical so I got a great fright and fell down to the ground. I thought the spaceship was landing right on top of me. Alarmed, I crawled frantically towards the group, trying to escape it. The spaceship turned slowly and flew over all of us in the direction of the sea. Silent, our eyes glued to the object, we watched it until it disappeared. In all, it had taken 20 to 25 minutes, but to our group it had seemed an eternity.

The shock of the encounter was terrible and it took us several minutes to return to normal. After the impact subsided, we collected our few things and went back to the village to pick up the rest of our equipment before leaving for Lima as soon as possible.

When we got to donna Maruja's house, everybody was excited and talked hysterically. I wanted to leave soon but Juan wanted to tell his mother everything. Having it Solomon's way, Juan and Henrique stayed while the rest of us hurried to the highway to catch a bus to the capital.

During the drive, I asked Sixto a thousand times how he felt about all we had gone through and how the communication had been established. Sixto was still disconcerted. His mind's eye was still in the desert, looking at the amazing object.

*It can't be that easy, I kept thinking. After our dream had come true a few hours earlier, I had only one fixed thought in my mind: This is all real, the contact exists and the communication is real. It's urgent that I tell my father everything in detail. What we have seen doesn't represent just an event out of this world, but the beginning of something incredibly important for his work in the Institute and the world.*

With great difficulty, but still very enthusiastic, we managed to arrive in Lima by early morning. Although very tired, we were euphoric. Upon our arrival we went straight to the GHQ, I mean my house. Sixto and I hurried to wake my father. Without quite understanding what was going on and with as much patience as you can have when you are pulled out of bed in the middle of the night, Carlos told us to calm down. We were so excited that we were speaking at the same time. We both were trying to explain what we had seen a few hours before. The shock of the experience had completely upset us and we needed to get it off our chests.

Calmly, my father listened to our story and concluded that besides the exaggeration, we had probably confused a shooting star or any other natural phenomenon with a disk. I was angry and insisted that it was a disk-shaped object; also, from below I said that at a certain point the group noticed moving shadows through the hatchways or windows. How could one confuse all that with a hallucination, mirage or a natural phenomenon? A little irritated at our persistence, my father bluntly said he would think about the subject during the day and went back to bed.

His attitude gave us no room for argument; we felt dejected, humiliated, treated like idiots. We could not believe nor accept that our own father himself should refuse to believe in the experience we had lived so intensely a few hours before.

When we went back to the living-room where we had left our knapsacks, the rest of the group questioned us. We were all disillusioned. Neither Sixto nor I could sleep. That same night, we decided to contact the being called Oxalc again and ask him for another encounter, this time with the presence of Carlos. We received the answer a few days later. A new encounter would take place on Saturday the 16th at the same place and other people were allowed to be present. We could hardly wait. That same evening we would talk to Carlos about the message; he would certainly accept Oxalc's invitation.

We anxiously waited for the end of the day when he would finally come back home from the office. A formidable challenge confronted us in trying to convince him to accept the invitation made by the extraterrestrial. Then the front door opened; Carlos was back from work. I had the same sensation of butterflies in my stomach that I usually had before a final oral examination at college. Nothing could be worse.

On the way to his room, we approached Carlos, who immediately suspected by our attitude that there was something strange in the air. Timidly, faltering, Sixto asked him if he had thought over the subject of the event in Chilca. Carlos' answer was just a stern look. Feeling quite uneasy and insecure about the unfavorable situation, I intervened.

"Father, it's all right if you don't believe us. We may have confused things. But what if what we saw was really an extraterrestrial spaceship? I wonder if you don't have the slightest doubt about that possibility."

"What doubt?" Carlos said in an authoritarian way.

“Well, imagine if this being Oxalc invited us to another encounter. Wouldn’t you like to come with us?” I asked again.

“That’s a waste of time! Besides, it’s too far and I have more important things to see to.” He replied unmoved.

“But father, what if everything is real?” argued Sixto. “Think! Have you imagined the chance you would be losing? It doesn’t cost you anything! If nothing happens you will be proved right and the subject will be closed forever. But, if we are right, you will finally see an extraterrestrial spaceship, face to face!”

“He’s right father; why don’t you also let us discuss the subject with some people in the Institute? You know that our friends’ parents have called, curious about what their sons have told them. They are intrigued with what their sons saw and they may be interested in learning more about the subject. Anyway, we are the ones that will lose something if it isn’t true, not you. And if someone else witnesses a second encounter with us and everything proves real, then I bet you’ll feel terribly sorry for not having participated in it. Think father; come on!” I said.

With so much insistence and the power of so many arguments, don Carlos began to yield finally.

*What if it's all true? Their arguments make sense,* he thought. “Well, just in case, let’s try” he answered.

We felt very happy and could hardly believe we’d succeeded. At least, Carlos, our father would be present at our next encounter.

We had a hard time convincing Carlos to arrange a meeting with some members of the Institute, among them parents and friends of those who had participated in the first encounter. In fact, his objective had been to discuss the subject with his closest friends and decide whether or not he was being too obstinate. At least he would not be alone if anything happened. There would be more witnesses to whatever might occur.

For this purpose, armed with courage and determination, he made a list of names and asked me to call and invite them to an extra-official meeting at the Institute. I did it without delay and with pleasure. Although still in doubt as to whether or not he was doing the right thing, Carlos had decided that we deserved a chance. At least other people could listen to and judge what we had to say, and help decide what should be done.

At the appointed day and time, the guests began to arrive. All looked curious and puzzled. The audience felt uneasy. The reason for the meeting had not been clearly explained for I had no intention of revealing it so easily; so nobody knew exactly what the meeting was about. When everybody was there, my father began to speak. At first he did not feel at ease, but somehow he managed to explain the reason for the meeting, how insistent we had been, and his skepticism. Then he asked us to narrate the details of our encounter.

Sixto and I began the narrative. We were very shy and worried about the possible reaction to it. Anyway, for an hour and a half, we both related in detail the facts which led us to the encounter with the extraterrestrial object in Chilca, including my initial total skepticism. Some of our companions also contributed to the narrative, adding details and their personal impressions, until we finally finished our story.

The audience had listened in silence, clearly showing signs of disbelief. Comments began as soon as we had finished. They were contradictory and ridiculing. You could also hear ironic jokes. There was a general commotion. Ashamed and once again humiliated, this time by the crowd, we interrupted the comments abruptly. Angry at so much narrow-mindedness, I repeated the arguments Sixto and I had used with my father.

“What if everything is true? What if all we saw is real? What would you be losing by going?” I shouted. My exhortation was rude but it had an effect. Heavy silence fell upon the room as everybody stopped to think. The sarcastic jokes were silenced by a glimmer of doubt now. Our faces showed disappointment and frustration. We had not been welcomed by the ones we thought were most likely to understand us. We didn’t know how else to convince them.

The pensiveness was broken by my father who reminded the group that “Mr. Oxalc” had given an open invitation for another meeting and that those who were willing to participate should say so after deliberating the issue. The meeting came to an end.

Frustration did not defeat us. Although we felt like sad adventurers on an unusual quest, something out of an Indiana Jones or Stephen Spielberg story, Carlos’ promise to come with us to the encounter was quite enough. A well-known witness, expert and respected researcher in the field of Ufology, would back us and evaluate our contact. Thus we would regain our shattered respect from everyone at the Institute.

The days went by and Saturday, the 16th of February arrived. Very early in the morning, our group was at the HQ’s (my house) door, ready to set off on the journey to the scorching dunes of the Chilca desert.

Knapsacks, sleeping bags and light baggage were the implements that would be in constant use from now on, but we didn’t know it yet. Before the trip this time, we settled details and made sure of Carlos’ presence. Worried about the delay, I went to his office to see if he was ready to join the group for the journey. He answered he would come later. A friend would give him a lift. He assured us he would be there at the pre-arranged time and place. So we drew out a detailed map to make it easier for him to get there and assured him that one of the boys would be waiting for him at a certain point to accompany him to the correct place. There could be no mistake. A little worried and fearing something might go wrong on the journey, nevertheless we departed, hoping that “they”, the aliens, would not deceive us.

Hopeful and curious, with the expectation of a new encounter, our small group got on the bus going towards the South Pan-American highway. As always, the bus was crowded and very uncomfortable, but we did not mind. During the drive we talked about how everything had started and how our lives had begun to change on that Thursday, February 7th. Our way of thinking and facing things had taken a completely different approach. There we were on our way to an encounter with a civilization thousands of years ahead of us. *What mysteries does this adventure hold and what fantastic findings await us?* I wondered as I looked at my companions’ faces.

We got off the bus near the small village of Papa Leon XIII and with the knapsacks on our backs, we started to walk to the place at which we had rendezvoused a week before. This time, we did not stop at donna Maruja’s house. A few hours later we arrived at our destination and began to set up the camp. We would wait for my father and anybody else who might show up.

Hours went by; darkness came. Soon, the lights from our lamps were the only sign of intelligent life there. We kept glancing at our watches and at the horizon. There were only six of us in the group this time and we talked, trying to pass the time and ease our minds.

That quiet desert place was ideal for an alien appearance, for it was well hidden. Just then our thoughts were interrupted by the presence of two distant slightly orange objects flying over the top of the mountains, disappearing in the distance a few minutes later. We all exulted. The spaceships had confirmed the place. It was 6:45 pm. In a previous communication before we left, Oxalc had offered to give a new confirmation through some kind of manifestation or phenomenon before the actual sighting time.

The group was in a greatly expectant state. “The others should be here with us; it’s the only way for them to believe us.” we said. Sixto and I looked at each other, sorry for our father’s absence. Suddenly one of the boys cried from the top of a hill, attracting our attention. He explained that he could see car headlights approaching from the highway. It was 7:00 pm. We went up a hill to watch my father’s arrival and identify how many other cars were coming. It was a general surprise....a caravan of dozens of cars lined up on the dunes.

People poured out from the cars. More than forty had decided to participate. Everywhere were guitars, young couples embracing, beer cases, binoculars, field-glasses; we could hear jokes about “the little greens” that would come. In short, everything that would transform what had been planned as a very serious encounter with beings from other worlds, into a week-end party with stereo sound.

We were horrified at what we saw. It was too crazy for something that we considered so important and that required a more solemn behaviour. But it was too late. The time for the encounter drew near. The group

silently watched all that commotion and a single thought struck our minds simultaneously like lightning: "What if they don't come? What if nothing happens? What shall we do? What will they think of us?"

Sixto and I rushed to Carlos, questioning him and complaining of the attitude of his group of visitors. He said he couldn't help it. We were both very annoyed and angry about it all.

My father did not seem to notice our disapproval and asked what time the encounter would occur. Sixto, visibly angry, said it would be at any moment as we had already had the confirmation of the event. No sooner had he spoken than a shout drew our attention.

Before us, from behind the mountain, slowly came an object of spectacular proportions. It was a dark colored spaceship, about 100 to 150 meters long, cylinder shaped. White lights that lit in sequence could be seen along the fuselage. The spaceship swayed slowly and silently. My father could hardly believe what was in front of him. He had devoted years to the investigation of this phenomenon and hoped someday to meet these beings, but he had thought that day would never come, moreover not via his children.

Everybody was dumbfounded and followed the flight of the spaceship in the sky. Isolated comments could be heard in the silence of the night. Emotion was strong. Something gripped me, tightened my chest and silenced my voice. I was paralyzed, unable to utter any sound, just staring, stunned, at that solid cylinder floating in the air.

Suddenly, one of the women present cried with trepidation, "There, over the mountains, I can see two disks." We all turned towards that direction. In fact, two disk-shaped objects, 20 to 25 meters in diameter flew over the neighboring mountains, giving off bluish light that for a few seconds changed to orange. Then, the two objects flew apart, speeding independently towards the group that screamed hysterically. One of the spaceships flew towards the crowd at great speed. People ran, stumbled and fell to the ground, beer bottles rolled and broke, tables and chairs turned over; some people ran to the cars, others tried to hide.

At the same time, three more objects were seen on the horizon, but they stayed at a long distance, making quick movements at sharp angles. And as quickly as they had appeared, they disappeared, maneuvering endlessly as they went, and the group could hardly follow their flight as far as the mountains. The two other spaceships reacted suddenly as if under a synchronized command, speeding towards the sea where they split up, one to the north and the other to the south. The biggest one, still in the area, came back for a last approach. It emitted a strong hum, turned round and sped southward.

After the last movements of lights, there was complete silence. People were stunned and could hardly believe what they had seen. Frozen in place, we had witnessed the final maneuvers of that fantastic spaceship. Now, moved by the same impulse, the people approached our group. They looked at us, puzzled. We were responsible for an amazing extraterrestrial show, for an encounter where two civilizations of different origins were able to face each other consciously. Science fiction died at that moment and gave place to an absurdly different reality in all our lives. And everybody, without exception, asked: "How is it possible? How can it be so easy?"

We did not have the answer. After all, we did not understand the mechanism that established the communication. The purpose of the encounter escaped us and everything occurred as an avalanche of questions, experiences and emotions we could hardly assimilate.

Little by little, the people calmed down and started heading home. Puzzled at what had just happened, they could not stop commenting on the maneuvers of the objects. Still literally dizzy from the spectacular night show, my father did not notice how disappointed we were. The "picnic" of the alleged researchers was a sample of what we might expect from the rest of the world.

When all the visitors had gone, we climbed to the top of a hill. There we stayed the whole night, looking at the sky, gazing at the stars, trying to solve their mystery, and wondering what would come next. We knew nothing about the future. We could guess nothing.

In that silent desert emptiness, we meditated for hours, while the stars continued on their trek in the sky and the constellations gave way to dawn. With the first rays of the sun, we left for home.

The world would never be the same for us. We ourselves, would never be the same.

## Chapter VII. THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL GUIDES

In the days that followed the encounter, the experience at Chilca was always the main subject of our conversation, and not only between Sixto and I. We could not help talking about that fantastic event in conversations with my parents and friends. It had been too amazing to just side-line it. But although we were glad that there had been other witnesses, we were a little disappointed, perhaps frustrated, by their behaviour. Time is a good healer.

As the days passed, we learned that the extraterrestrials were willing to establish closer contact and identify the ones in the group that were able to effect communication. The communication developed with growing fluency and new subjects were explored. Sixto, Juan, myself and several others who had taken part in the event in February were included in the task of investigation. From the day of the experience with the members of the Institute, we had met regularly with the intention of finding out more about our alien visitors and the mechanisms that facilitated the contact and reception of messages. I particularly craved to establish communication and was looking forward to the day I could personally ask my own questions. But all my attempts had failed up till then.

In an answer received by my brother, Oxalc mentioned that 80% of the effort in the communication came from them and only 20% from us. According to him, man had not yet reached a level of mental and spiritual harmony balanced enough to develop his paranormal potential. He also said that the human brain gives off waves similar to radio waves, but that due to cultural, intellectual and educational aspects, these waves are manifested in very unstable frequencies. That was why it was so difficult to tune in. He also said it would require using an amount of physical and mental energy that man does not usually have because he wastes it regularly and excessively in his daily activities, and ends up in a deficit balance.

He explained that the telepathic relationship and its manifestations, mainly between identical and fraternal twins, couples, mothers and children, are due to the fact that there has been or still is a tie, be it intra-uterine, embryonic or merely affectionate. It means that during pregnancy, with the mother carrying the fetus for nine months, both brains establish a survival circuit between each other. The same happens between twins, either between each other or with their mother. Although the moment of birth breaks that tie, it is kept partially active through the ties of affection. It explains the 'intuition' or 'sixth sense' of mothers. Very strong love relationships can also establish a telepathic line between people of different origins. It is a consequence of close affinity, mutual satisfaction, dependence or full integration.

It must also be remembered that in the course of human evolution, the paranormal faculties have mainly been linked with the survival instinct, their manifestations always associated with immediate or future dangers. The need for self-protection and safety triggers the psychic senses in an involuntary, unconscious way, using the small amount of energy that is left.

According to Oxalc, the senses directly linked to the instinct of survival, such as sight, smell, touch, hearing and taste, are lost or weakened by modern man's lifestyle. During the evolutionary process of the species, they had found a moment of surpassing excellence, sophistication, but eventual substitution. Wise nature offers its creatures more and more complex tools to help them in their survival. The appearance of psychic faculties, proven by the successive manifestation of their phenomenology, shows the existence of these new mechanisms in action. They are here to play the same role as the previous ones, that is, to pinpoint, select or warn of the imminent or incidental dangers that threaten the immediate continuation of life. In short, we would say that the paranormal potential exists to help in the selective process of the species that reach more advanced levels, particularly those of intelligence. So the senses that would traditionally be employed to

guarantee the mere perpetuation of a species, are gradually overtaken or replaced by more accurate ones, that will only be manifested in the more evolved individuals, who in their turn will transfer that inheritance to their descendants.

At many different opportune times, Oxalc emphasized, our humanity could have reached a higher level of paranormal development, but the process had been interrupted by the attitude of institutions that killed people, and even wiped out whole families, accused of witchcraft. When someone exhibited abnormal attributes, they were considered either saint or demon. The death of those individuals and the consequent destruction of their genetic charge, delayed the rise of an era of Paranormality, forcing the human race to slow their acquisition of this capacity.

Our group was given the fundamentals on how to start the communication and how to establish, develop and maintain a circuit of mental relations with the extraterrestrials, which would eventually allow better information exchange. It is important to point out that the interest we all had in the contact 'channel' was mere curiosity, nothing more serious, adventure only. Still, little by little, we were contacted.

Rose, my younger sister, who was very sensitive for her age, dynamic, as curious and brave as the best of us, was the second person to make psychographic contact. A few weeks later, she contacted a female alien called Xenia, from the planet Apu in the binary system of the stars Alfa and Beta in the Constellation of Centaurus, the same stars that are part of the Southern Cross and are 'only' 4.3 light-years from our solar system, that is, 'only' about 43 trillion kilometers away. Both stars turn round a common mass centre in very long orbits, which means that their separation has an appreciable variation in a revolution period of approximately 80 years. Also part of the system, although a little further away from the other two stars, there is a third red, dwarf star called 'Proximal Centaurus' because of its shorter distance from our solar system.

The name Apu originates from Quichua, a Peruvian Indian dialect as ancient as the megalithic constructions that remind us of the fantastic monuments of Incan civilizations. That name, meaning 'Master', is directly associated with the legends from small villages in the Andes, where according to remote traditions, those beings manifested to the Indians as gods, angels or celestial beings, also called 'gentle', for their presence was related to the regular bestowal of some kind of assistance.

The identification of these extraterrestrials by such a curious name was the result of a mutual agreement, for as they said, we would not be able to pronounce the real name of their world of origin.

We were told that the beings from Apu originated from a civilization that had first come to the solar system more than 250 million years ago, escaping from a terrible destruction that led them to barbarism and extermination. We were also told that it had been an extremely difficult journey that had extracted great sacrifices and taken many generations till its conclusion. After their arrival in our solar system they had first temporarily inhabited a planet, now extant, called Phaeton by the Russians. It means "Triumphal Carriage" and originally occupied a spot between the orbits of planets Mars and Jupiter, where the dangerous "Asteroid Belt" now is. There, they built a rudimentary colony where they worked undisturbed for some time, planning a more detailed exploration of our solar system, until the planet was destroyed by the collision with another celestial body in erratic trajectory, forcing them into a new migration towards the Earth.

To reinforce this statement, there is scientific evidence that proves planetary collisions in our solar system. In 1986 the space probe Voyager compiled information about the inclination of the axis of the outer planets Uranus and Neptune. According to reports published in the Science Journal of July 4th, 1986, a group of forty scientists concluded that the moons of Uranus and Neptune were not formed from those planets and according to scientist Ellis Miner, assistant to the project JPL, the colours of the satellites as well as the inclination of their orbits could only be the result of the collision of a very large object with one of their moons. Later, NASA scientists affirmed that an object almost as big as the Earth, travelling at over 60,000 kilometers an hour, might have caused the inclination. All this was confirmed by the English astronomer Garry Hunt from the Imperial College of London, who summarized his statement in only a few words: "...Uranus received a great shock at the beginning."

According to the research of Dr. Yegveni Krinov from the Soviet Commission for the study of meteors from the ex-Soviet Union, in meteors that probably came from the Asteroid Belt petrified unicellular hydrophytes



were found, that is, fossilized vegetal material, as well as fragments of trilobites, an extinct kind of crustacean. According to Dr. Yegveni there is no doubt that in a very ancient past there was life on Phaeton long before it disintegrated. Another Soviet scientist, Dr. Alexander Zavaritsky, who investigated the Asteroid Belt very closely, said that planet Phaeton used to occupy the fourth place in the solar system, that it had a structure very similar to the Earth and that it was approximately the size of Mars. According to the collected fragments, it was clear to the researchers that the extant body had oceans, mountains and an atmosphere able to sustain life. According to the scientist, a big a cosmic catastrophe must have drastically altered the configuration of the solar system, placing each planet in an orbit different from their original one.

In the messages sent by the extraterrestrials, they said that long before the destruction of their planet, the ancestors of the Apus had looked for a refuge on Earth, where they lived for a period of millions of years, during which time they built a fantastic, unique civilization that was at length destroyed by the fight against other extraterrestrials, beings from Mars who desperately fought for the possession of the planet Earth. Of course, all this had occurred because of the destruction that Mars had undergone after its orbit had been changed by the bombardment of big asteroids hurled out from the disintegration of Phaeton.

All this fantastic information, senseless to some, found great support in the text of many religions, among them the Jewish and the Christian, and in countless archaeological findings. The need to know whether we were receiving correct information from the extraterrestrials forced us to investigate intensely and with great curiosity. The results were astonishing.

For example, the Jewish religion informs us that the beginning of creation was the result of the action of "Elohim" and not God directly. Elohim is a plural word mentioned 2,250 times that means supernatural powers or celestial hierarchy. In the texts of the Torah, the sacred book of the Jews, the creation of the world and the whole universe is attributed to them; they are considered God's helpers. In Christianity it is said that in heaven, before the creation of man, there was a fight between celestial hierarchies; as a result some angels fell onto the Earth. This story was reinforced by the finding in the caves of Qumran near the Dead Sea, of almost 1,000 scrolls written in Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek, containing ancient texts of the Torah, the basic book of the Catholic Old Testament. Among them there was one with the title "Regulation for the War between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness", obviously a reference to the celestial conflict.

In Egypt, there is an inscription on the walls of the great temple of Edfir, an ancient sacred town dedicated to the god Horus, that tells us of the war between the god Horus and his enemies. According to the legend, Horus had installed in the Earth a foundry of 'heavenly iron' where he kept the solar disk that traversed the skies. The text reveals that it occurred in a time previous to man's existence. Horus travelled beside god Ra, always in a winged disk going through the heavens. But in this case, they both got together to fight against beings that wanted the "Luminous Crown" that meant supremacy over the Earth.

Four thousand years ago, the Assyrians and the Sumerians believed that the god Baal had created the world from the body of a monster that he had previously killed in a battle. According to Hinduism which began 5,000 years ago, creation was the work of various gods. In short, many religions refer to two important moments in the world: first, the beginning when there were only gods; second, the creation of man.

In many cultures there are also references to extremely advanced civilizations that existed in ancient times and then disappeared, such as Lemuria and the lost continent of Mu, both vanishing in the Pacific Ocean after a great catastrophe, the first mentioned in theosophical tradition and the second in several cultures in India. The lost continent of Hawaiki of the Polynesians, and Hiva near Easter Island, also disappeared in the Pacific; the legendary Aztlan of the Aztec, the Atlatlan or Azatlan of the Norhoa, the Toyon of the Maya, the Hyperborean of the Nordic, the Tyno Helig of the Welsh, the Lyonesse of the Franc, the Thule of the Scandinavian and even the Atlantis of Plato.

There is strong evidence to prove that in ancient times, probably millions of years ago, the surface of this small planet Earth changed a lot. So it should not seem strange that places that once were on the surface are now on the bottom of the sea. It is known that at least in these last 18,000 years, the level of the sea varied over more than 100 meters, which places many archaeological sites at great depths in submarine abysses. But not only the sea can hide archaeological deposits; the surface of the planet itself can also hide great secrets. We should remember the findings of whole towns such as Herculaneum and Pompeii buried by

Vesuvius in AD 79 and only discovered in 1719. Or Arkrotire on the island Santorin, also called Tera or Kalliste by the ancient Greeks, destroyed by a terrible volcanic eruption in 3500 BC and discovered only in 1967, over 9 meters beneath the ground. Where then should we expect to find evidence of a civilization that is supposed to have existed and struggled on the surface of the Earth more than 250 million years ago?, or even 1 million years ago? How deep under the ground or in the sea would their remains be?

I believe it would be difficult to recover the evidence of the existence of a civilization more advanced than the human that disappeared millions of years ago. But evidence has been found throughout the years to confirm this hypothesis.

In 1851 in the small town of Whiteside Country, Illinois in the USA, two small copper rings were found 36 meters deep in the soil and later in June of the same year, an explosion in Dorchester, Massachusetts brought to the surface a solid block of stone with a metal bell adorned with floral motif inside it.

In 1885 in an Austrian mine, a curious metallic cube was found in a Carboniferous stratum from the Tertiary period, which means that the object could not be less than 12 to 70 million years old. Today, the piece is kept in the Salisbury Museum in England. Another no less unusual case in 1869 was the discovery of an object that would not coincide with the time of industrial production. It was the discovery of the traces left by a screw 5.08 cm long, in the interior of a rock taken from the galleries of Treasure City Abbey in Nevada. This rock engraved with the screw shape was investigated by the Academy of Science of San Francisco, the news of which at the time shook the scientific world.

Among the most interesting fossils ever found, I cannot fail to mention the human footprints, double the normal size, found on the Paluxy riverbed near Glen Rose, Texas, beside dinosaur footprints. These footprints dated back to the Cretaceous Age, that is , the end of the Mesozoic era, therefore they are not less than 140 million years old. Quite absurd when compared with the anthropological findings that say that Homo Erectus is little more than 1.5 million years old and Homo Sapiens only 100,000 years old. And that is not all. In 1931 Dr. Wilbur G. Burroughs in the Geology Department of Berea College in Kentucky, USA, found 10 fossilized human footprints northwest of Mount Vernon. These footprints, more than 250 million years old, show 5 toes on a clearly human footprint 23.73 cm by 10.25 cm. On June 3rd, 1968, another finding by Mr. William Meister and Mr. Francis Shape revealed a new enigma at a place known as Antelope Springs, 43 miles from Delta City in Utah, USA: a pair of fossilized footprints of shod feet measuring 32.5 cm by 11.25 cm. What is incredible in this finding is that one of these shod feet had crushed a trilobite, a small crustacean extinct for more than 250 million years. There is also the skull of a bison, a kind of buffalo that lived in Siberia, pre-Soviet Union, a little more than 10,000 years ago, that was found with a bullet hole. This animal, shot by a fire-arm thousands of years ago, survived the impact as proven by the regeneration of the bone and today is the subject of investigation by the Museum of Natural History of Saint Petersburg.

No less spectacular was the finding by Mr. Mike Mikesell, Mr. Wallace Land and Virginia Maxey on February 3rd 1961 in Olancho, California. These three young people were looking for geodes, hollow rocks with crystals inside, sometimes semi-precious stones of great value. That particular day they collected a few geodes near Lake Owens, some 1300 meters above sea level. Carrying what they considered to be a satisfactory number of geodes, they went back to the store in Virginia which specialized in ornamental objects of stone, where the rocks would be opened with a diamond saw. A particular rock that had attracted their attention because of its weight would be the first one to be opened. In the first attempt the saw was damaged, indicating there was something very hard in the geode. With great difficulty they managed to open it and saw that the rock was not hollow. A strange object was inside. The object that had damaged the saw was a circular porcelain piece; in its interior there was a fixed metal stick 2 mm in diameter, ending in a kind of spiral or something similar, difficult to define because of its level of decay; all this was in a hexagonal case of an unidentified material, for it was almost disintegrated, only the printed shape left. After research it was agreed that the device inside the geode was quite similar to a spark plug of a combustion engine, but more than a few thousand years old. Another extraordinary fact is evidenced by the "little statue of Nampa". A small clay figure only 2 cm, found in the village of Nampa, Idaho in the USA, at a depth of 90 meters in 1889. This object was researched by Dr. Kurtz of Davis Park Museum, who dated it from at least a million years ago.

Besides all this, we also have to mention the finding of the bones of a giant man by the German anthropologist Larson Kohl, on Lake Elyasi, Central Africa in 1936. Also the German Gustav von Konizwald and Franz Weidenreich who found bones of a giant human being in Peking.

The thought that the information given to us through our communications could prove correct when compared with the foregoing research seemed sheer madness, mainly because it was more appropriately found in a science fiction novel than in our daily life. The idea that in ancient times extraterrestrials had reached our solar system, escaping from their own, was more like Buck Rogers than like Charlie et al.

But, little by little, studying it carefully, it was interesting to see that the information in the messages was really coherent. With a simple analysis we can verify some peculiar facts. For example: if we take the asteroid belt as the centre of an imaginary map of the solar system, we will see that the planets situated from right to left and from left to right, present a strange relationship in the number of their satellites. Looking at it in detail, we have from right to left: Mars with two moons, the Earth with only one moon, Venus and Mercury with no moon. From left to right: Jupiter with 16 and a few additional fragments, Saturn with 18, Uranus with 15, Neptune with 8 and Pluto with one.

To sum up, we can conclude that the explosion or collision that was responsible for the destruction of the planet Phaeton mentioned by the extraterrestrials, may be directly related to not only the formation of the Asteroid Belt but to the birth of our moon and the number of captive moons existing in each planet of our solar system as well. The explosion of Phaeton may have thrown into space a large number of fragments that were captured by the gravitational fields of the other planets over time. This theory is wonderfully narrated in the Sumerian mythology as the arrival to the solar system of God Marduk who fights a bloody battle against Goddess Tiamat and her husband Kingu. In this fierce battle, Tiamat was nearly totally disintegrated; only one part was left, from which the Earth and the Moon originate.

As I have already mentioned, scientists accept the idea that in ancient eras, enormous celestial bodies may have entered our system and that in some periods of the geological history of the Earth, fragments of a collision with planets and asteroids in space many have fallen onto our world, leaving enormous craters. There are over 88 scars on Earth caused by the impact of huge rocks from space in pre-historic ages. Many are detected only by special flights and visible only from space, for example, the one situated in Ananicoouagan, near Quebec, Canada, with a diameter of 60 km; or only visible from an airplane at a great altitude, such as the crater of Gosses Bluff in Australia, where a range of mountains was formed by the impact. And many of them have been associated with major climate alterations on Earth and also with the death of the gigantic, ferocious dinosaurs as shown by recent findings in a crater in Chicxulub, in the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico, that has a diameter of 200 km

All these fantastic revelations that reached us through our communications whetted our curiosity for more details. The extraterrestrials usually answered that in the future there would be a moment when everything would be gradually revealed. They insisted that it was too early to speak about the past, for in order to understand it correctly it was more important to be conscious of the present.

We could hardly imagine the divulging of history that awaited us. The past events of humanity would be fully revealed to man for the first time. It would be disclosed to us by those beings who had been living witnesses of those events, accomplices in many moments of great cultural transformations and responsible for so much confusion of identity. The history of our mystic, religious, cultural and extraterrestrial past would soon be unfolded, archived by the same source that throughout our days generated so many moments of fear, love, respect, admiration, and fascination in so many beings that are now lost in the memory of time.

Meanwhile, Sixto continued his contact with Oxalc. Oxalc said he came from another group of stars, much further from our system than the beings from Apu; he also said he now lived in a place called Morlen. According to the extraterrestrial, the name Morlen is what they call in their language the biggest natural satellite of Jupiter, discovered by Galileo in 1610 and baptized Ganymede in honor of a Trojan prince who was kidnapped by Zeus and transformed into a servant in Olympus. The smaller moons, Callisto, Europa and Io are called by them 'Calonia', 'Anatia', and 'Aneta' respectively. Oxalc said that all those moons are colonies of the Orions, inhabitants of a planet in the Orion Constellation, about 500 light years from our solar system. That constellation has several well-known stars, three of which are the ones that form the "Three

Maries"; their scientific names are Mintaka, Alnilam and Alnitak, besides three others, Rigel, Betelgeuse and Bellatrix. Its sun is one of the smaller yellow stars belonging to the ensemble.

According to Oxalc's messages, more than 65 million years ago, a very small group of survivors from Orion reached our solar system in an exploratory expedition and settled on the Earth at a time when the beings from Apu and Mars did not exist as a strong civilization any more, but only as barbarized survivors. That colony may have lasted for several millions of years, fighting against those survivors, dominating our planet almost entirely, modifying the ecosystem and finally also coming to nearly total extinction. The references and details of the narratives given to us through communication reminded us of the legendary Atlantis. There is a great similarity between them and the information about that mythical civilization passed on to us by Hesiod in his "Theogonia", by Euripides in his "Tragedies", by Plato in his books "Dialogues" and "Republic", and by the striking medium messages through the well-known American sensitive Edgar Cayce. They are in accordance with a great part of the legends related to distant places inhabited by giants and strange creatures in very ancient times. These myths are always present in the genesis of many civilizations in the world and are an important part of their cultural basis. And it is most curious to see that these stories are much alike everywhere. The texts usually say that in the beginning, there were tall, fair men who dominated the Earth in a very distant past. Giants, who at the end of their civilization, in a last all-out attempt to survive, fought one another and were punished, destroyed or submitted to the gods. So in the legends, there is always a disguised truth distorted by time and hidden from the perception of ordinary man.

Oxalc continued his narrative saying that later on, around 80,000 years ago, a second group of Orions, now belonging to a new culture revived from the ashes of its predecessor, came to find traces of those who in the past had gotten lost on their journey to this part of the galaxy, millions of years ago. When they arrived here, they found some barbaric survivors living in tribal groups and a few others who fought obsessively for power and domination. They chose to leave the planet and not interfere in its natural process of development, deciding instead to settle on a satellite of Jupiter where they had already found shelter sometime in the past. It was Ganymede, which was gradually adapted to offer the necessary conditions for their survival.

According to Oxalc, this satellite of Jupiter as well as the others represent an important resource of minerals. It also provided a safe place, free from interference. For these reasons they decided to use it as the central basis of operations for the various tasks they have undertaken in this system.

This second coming of the Orions to the solar system has served purposes up to the present time. The beginning of their stay on Jupiter's moon was very hard. The first group of settlers consisted of 2500 individuals who, for more than 200 years, were in charge of the building of towns and the environmental adaptation of the satellite. Oxalc said they used the telluric conditions of Ganymede as a source of energy supply because the underground is still hot. Thermal energy would be used as the main support for the systems of environmental adaptation.

Rock crystal was extensively found on the satellite and was one of the raw materials especially used in construction. Through a technical engineering process developed by their engineers, the rock crystal was used as masonry in nearly all buildings. This is why the name given to the capital city in the colony was "Crystal City". A fantastic city shaped like cupolas or domes very similar to the igloos of the Eskimos and built with transformed crystal that gives semi-transparency to the buildings with colours that go beyond the imagination.

The political and social system of the beings that we had been contacting, followed a pattern very similar to each other, like the systems used in the "Patriarchy" or the ancient Mesopotamian people and in the Roman "Patriciate" where a "Council" composed of a certain number of venerable or distinguished men were in charge of keeping order and coordinating the activities and functioning of the structure. In these extraterrestrial societies there are no kings, emperors, presidents or governors. They do not accept a single leader with supreme power because they do not promote individualism nor protagonism. According to their philosophy, they consider individualized power as a stimulus to egocentrism, egotism, and ambition that totally hinder interpersonal relations both vertically and horizontally.

They are usually societies based on communal activities where opportunities are equal for all. Their ideology is anarchic-socialist oriented but not a communist socialism or an anarchism similar to ours. Just the opposite.

They act through sound principles; simple objective values rule their actions, motivate their behaviour and guide their thoughts beyond any imposition. Their reactions and attitudes are the result of conscious mind, not doctrines.

Although everyone has the same opportunities for work and development, there is no kind of payment for the final product. Even so, each individual is motivated to work and produce more with better quality, for their objective is to satisfy the security and demands of the community; by doing so they are indirectly doing it for their own benefit. There are no different social levels, no hierarchical job positions like ours, nor activities getting different benefits. Individual and collective efforts aim at the constant development and welfare of society, thus enabling everybody to benefit from the result continuously. There is no sexual differentiation in productive or non-productive activities. All men and women take part in the same functions and responsibilities. The final objective is to cooperate for the success of their enterprises and to provide for all the basic needs of the community. There are no futilities, no superfluities. An individual does not want to be more important than the others nor to own more than what they already have, because what one has is already quite enough to satisfy needs completely. In all senses, these societies are not motivated by competition but by the desire to improve life. Their incentive is not to best an opponent, but to unite efforts to overcome the difficulties of an accomplishment for general benefit. They do not fight against one another, but struggle *for* everybody. Any concept of utopia would be too limited compared to this wonderful reality.

All this information sounded a little strange to all of us. We were kids of 12 to 18, with the typical apprehensions of that age. We had never had any curiosity about politics or sociology. Up to that moment we had never worked to earn a single cent. Political-ideological matters were far beyond our full comprehension, but later on new situations would arise that would enable us to understand all that and much more.

The messages we received mentioned the existence of various extraterrestrial civilizations whose cultural bases were similar to the ones we have already explained. However, why were several alien races frequently mentioned in the contacts?

In one of these communications, Oxalc explained that in our Galaxy, the Milky Way, there is an interplanetary entity or institution that is formed by a group of extraterrestrial civilizations. According to his reports, in a very distant past, interplanetary vehicles of various origins that explored space met other technologically advanced societies and from then on they began cultural and technological exchanges, establishing embassies and creating commercial links. The "Worlds of the Galaxy Confederation" is an organization that is comprised of hundreds of extraplanetary civilizations at different levels of development but with the same objective. This incredible entity divided the Milky Way proportionally into 24 Quadrants or sectors, aiming to provide for the necessities of research and identifying areas of interest, thus enabling them to plan a better work strategy. The solar system where we live belongs to the 13th quadrant which comprises part of the arm of a galactic spiral called the "Orion Arm".

The administration and coordination of the activities of this extraordinary organization is the task of a "Committee" or "Council", consisting of 24 elements or creatures of both sexes of the most different and fantastic origins. According to the messages, the beings in charge of the Council are chosen by a direct vote held by the representatives of the affiliated quadrants. They are also chosen by the worlds belonging to each quadrant. All these proceedings are conducted regularly. The Council has an "official Spokesman", changed every meeting, and called "Supreme", not because of the importance of the position, but because of its responsibility.

"The Council of the 24" as it is usually referred to by the aliens, was formerly situated on the planet Acater, situated quite near the Orion constellation. It was temporarily transferred only once from 1970 to 1974, to Morlen or Ganymede in the solar system, in order to participate in a celebration. At present the headquarters is situated on the planet Lomos, between the Centaurus and Orion constellations.

The Worlds of the Galaxy Confederation acts as a mediator to determine the aspects related to interplanetary research and to distribute their results to the various participants so that development will be homogeneous. On Earth, the UN (United Nations Organization) performs the same role, mediating between warring countries. Similarly, its sidereal sister helps to keep peace in the galaxy, intervening when it is actually

necessary and policing the maintenance of order and respect for the various civilizations and forms of life under development.

However, not everything is that marvellous. There are societies outside the Confederation that, against the wishes of the Confederation, often consider, similar to some views held on Earth, species of inferior development as primitive and worthless. In most cases, these beings are responsible for the frights and ill-treatment undergone by some contactees. But an extraterrestrial society should not be considered bad or negative just because it is not Confederate.

The concept of interplanetary ethics is a complicated subject, for the concepts of right and wrong are not determined by laws or regulations, but by a principle of survival. So if the human being thinks he has the right to submit to experimentation a creature he considers inferior, like a rat or a monkey, why can't an extraterrestrial submit a human being to a similar experiment for the benefit of scientific investigation?

Finally, Oxalc informed us that a group of civilizations of different origins but physically very similar to humans, was appointed a few years ago and has now been acting in our solar system, intending to plan an approach to the situation on the planet Earth. And that was all. The extraterrestrials would explain it in detail later on.

Up to now, it was like watching Captain James Kirk, First Officer Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy and the crew on the bridge of spaceship "Enterprise". All at the service of the "Galaxy Federation", always willing and ready to fight against the violent "Klingons". But it is worth remembering that as fantastic as it may sound, a similar theme was presented at the end of the last century, when a French writer called Jules Verne in his book "From Earth to the Moon", depicted a fictitious manned space journey, giving data and information that would eventually coincide with reality. Fiction and reality go side by side, sometimes mixing.

The messages we had received up to now only mentioned the necessity of reflection in the face of the world situation. They described the values that should rule human behaviour, their condition and responsibility in the cosmic scene. They often reinforced the idea that a new attitude would be necessary so that humanity could continue its development. Otherwise, destruction would be the imminent consequence. The approach was philosophical and spiritual; sometimes it touched on religious or esoteric fields, referring to the origins of occultism, religion, magic and spirituality as necessary steps in the process of comprehension of the larger reality where man moves.

They often repeated that something would soon happen and that we should be alert. However, up till that moment, our only motivation was curiosity and love of adventure. We knew we could contact various civilizations, a total of 15 in fact, as would later be proven. According to what Oxalc said, all these people had a physical appearance similar to the human. In this way, physical approach could occur without creating undue fear or insecurity, easing the way for ongoing experiments.

I was the third one to establish contact, but it was not easy. I had been annoying my brother Sixto and my sister Rose, trying to understand what they did to communicate with the creatures, their 'guides'. The word "guide" was chosen by the group to indicate and classify the extraterrestrials we were in contact with and to identify the purpose of the contact. In spite of the similarity to the spiritual word, we are dealing here with a living, active entity made of flesh and blood, that inhabits a tri-dimensional space, so is not disembodied.

According to the messages that reached us, now also through Rose, the extraterrestrials, or the guides, would be available to offer information and/or orientation that would be transmitted little by little; they often said that there was a lot to reveal but that it would only be possible when we were able to understand the meaning of the "Superior Purpose" of the universe<sup>5</sup>. That expression sounded mysterious but the guides refused to explain it at that time.

All was going so quickly for us. I knew that a lot would still happen soon. There was something in the air and time would show that my suspicions were correct. The contact experience that awaited me would be different from the previous ones in absolutely every way. Sixto's and Rose's reception of the messages was

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<sup>5</sup> Superior Purpose - it will be extensively studied in Chapter XII

established through psychography, or automatic writing. Reception happened in our home in a relatively comfortable way; but with me, things would be different.

One day, as was already a routine, the whole group travelled to the desert dunes of Chilca, once again hoping for a new 'sighting'. This new word referred to the observation of one or more spaceships at a certain distance, at a place and time pre-arranged through our communication. The presence of the object was a confirmation that our contact relations went on steadily and that the group still corresponded to the guides' expectations.

That particular day I was rather annoyed, frustrated by the failure in my attempts at communication. At a distance from the group, I was sadly watching the stars in the dark sky, trying to ease my bad temper. The thoughts that crossed my mind increased my irritation. I believed I would never be able to establish direct communication with my guides. I even thought that I was 'undeserving' of such merit and that I would depend on others for the rest of my life to get information. I hated the idea of passively accepting that destiny.

In a moment of agonizing depression, I looked at the constellation of the Southern Cross and tried a last, desperate mental contact. At that moment, something unusual occurred. A name suddenly crossed my thoughts. The name Godar appeared clearly in my mind, as if I had taken its image out of a television screen. I stopped for a few seconds, rather perplexed, then tried the mental contact again. Once again, the same name appeared.

Communication was usually established through automatic writing and nothing indicated it could be otherwise. Impressed and very excited, I could not understand, but came to the conclusion that I was being given suggestions or else had gone insane. I could not get the name out of my mind. It was always there. Puzzled, I tried to work out what it could be. I questioned myself, looking for a good argument, but the doubt was always there. I kept repeating "*It must be self-suggestion.*"

I decided to accept it as a probable phenomenon and asked Godar if he was really a creature of any dimensional origin or an extraterrestrial. I received an affirmative reply, that he was an alien.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"From Apu." I heard inside my mind.

"Will there be a sighting today?"

"Yes" he answered bluntly.

"What time will the spaceship be over us?"

"At 21:15." He replied without hesitation.

It was too much! I felt I badly needed a psychoanalyst. No doubt it was a serious case of self-suggestion. I went to Sixto for help.

Sixto was having a conversation with some members of the group. I felt shy and did not have the courage to tell him what was going on in front of the others. Pretending curiosity, I asked if there would be a sighting planned for that night and at what time. My brother mentioned exactly the same time given by Godar. Thoughtful and wary, I still sought a rational, logical explanation for what was happening. Even with the confirmation of the message I had received, I did not feel at ease to discuss the matter with Sixto and the others.

In that state of mental confusion, the minutes went by and the appointed time arrived, as did the spaceship, flying above us slowly, to the pleasure and happiness of our small group, and particularly to my joy and mental tranquility. Of course, the happiest in the group was me, and the others could not understand my elation. Finally, I told them what had happened to me, because now I was sure it was not suggestion. Everybody laughed at my fears. Each one of them was greatly supportive and happy with my experience.

After congratulating me for being the most recent contactee, the group went towards the cars to start the journey back home. But suddenly I stopped as if frozen. Inside my head Godar said: "Stop; don't go yet; wait a little, we haven't finished." I mentally asked what I should do and Godar answered: "Stay here a little longer and wait for instructions. Tell your companions."

Immediately I told the group the message I was receiving. Some members offered to stay with me, while the others, including Sixto, would return to Lima. The few that remained there with me watched the lights of the cars that were leaving. The lights disappeared among the dunes and sand, and darkness coldly filled the landscape again. Everything was wrapped in an eerie silence.

I could not quite understand what was going on but I decided to follow the instructions of the alleged "Guide Godar". Then, when they were all looking at me, waiting for a command, I felt an irresistible urge to follow a certain direction. Insecure and suspicious, I discussed my doubts with the boys, and willing to explore, we all agreed to comply with what seemed to be a message. So we began to walk.

The usual site for the observation of sightings was the hillside of a group of mountains near a dry riverbed near Chilca. This time, guide Godar pointed to a new direction, opposite to the usual one. We went around the small village Papa Leon XIII. Slowly, its dim lights disappeared on our right and a police customs post on the South Pan-American Highway on the left revealed the presence of civilization. In front, there was a low mountain range, and between them we could see a ravine. I innately knew we had to continue, so we all walked towards that little valley. When we reached it, we walked as far as an old, long abandoned quarry, where Godar asked us to wait for new instructions.

Wondering what might come next, we were on the alert for any movement or sound. Suddenly, I received a message: "From now on, all your outings must be here. Come to this place every time you are summoned. Now, look up."

After I had received the message I passed it on to the group. We all looked up and right above us a disk-shaped spaceship with a bright yellow light flew over our heads at low altitude in a circular movement. Juan, Henrique and Mito could not control my excitement. My contact had been confirmed and I was overjoyed; emotion gripped me and I could not help shedding the tears that washed away all my anguish and frustration.

After a few seconds there was another message: "You can go back now; everything is settled." I passed on the message to my companions and then the spaceship turned and sped towards the sea.

The next day, the rest of the group was informed about the result of the experience and from that date on we began to use the new place for the scheduled outings and future contacts. Because of the advantages and features of the place, we called it "Mine". It would make things easier for all of us now and for future researchers. Simply by mentioning the name all people involved would know where the new practices or contact would be and there would be no mistake. Only strangers would not know what the word referred to.

Weeks later, Mito, Juan, Adolfo and others started their first communications. After a few months the number of contactees had increased to 12 people. It was the beginning of a new stage in our fantastic experiences.

In mid April 1974, the guides announced the beginning of a preparatory phase that would include new field experiments for the reception of important teachings and information that ultimately would help to modify the destiny of humanity. There was a long period of messages alternating from apocalyptic to messianic that gradually but dangerously stimulated each one's fantasy and ego. Some people thought we were different and there were even situations when we all thought of ourselves as special. I believe that this long period of contacts was purposely scheduled to test us and learn or measure our weaknesses.

The messages were usually about varied subjects aimed at arousing our curiosity and at maintaining the group's receptiveness to new instructions. But in most cases the excitement marred the authenticity of the contents of the message. Although enthusiasm for adventures and novelties stimulated the group's motivation, unfortunately there were also occasional conflicts between us, the ego vying to be the winner.



Until then, the guides had sent curious and interesting messages, beautiful, philosophical statements and a few other things to feed our imagination. However, the actual purpose of contact was still obscure. At that point, the validity of the information itself was questioned, for the messages received might contain a great deal of interference from our subconscious itself. We had no guarantee that it was not happening. Up to that moment, nobody in the group had talked directly with any of these beings face to face, in which case the receptor would be able to identify his share of interference in the message. So there was a cloudy horizon to be illuminated. We somehow knew, not very clearly, that we were part of something important. But what? The answer would take a long time to come.

Through fair and foul, self-suggestion, fantasy, manipulation, mystery, as well as coherence amongst the gamut of questions, we managed to identify a pattern of approach, a way to analyze the contents of the messages, of clarifying proceedings for establishing communication and how to interpret the conceptual composition of the communications.

Little by little, the guides showed us a pattern to recognize the characteristics of the communications that could be considered 'relatively valid'. They insisted in saying that every message would always carry in it some data, information and even orientations originating deep in our own minds, as a consequence of our familiar, professional and spiritual formation. For that reason, we agreed that every message received that might arouse doubt should be confirmed through a field outing. In short, any questionable piece of information should be compulsorily confirmed by a concrete contact, that is, a sighting or the presence of an objective phenomenon sent by the extraterrestrials in order to prove the validity and authenticity of the message.

Among the new experiments that the guides had prepared following a kind of schedule they were using, now there was a great innovation that they called "Practice of Self-Control". This new practice method consisted of outings to a determined place, usually away from civilization and difficult to reach, that is, away from the noise and the presence of any human being. They would be desert places, beaches unknown to the public, mountains far from any route and the Mine itself. There, individually or in groups, we would do something different from anything we had done up to that moment.

The practice was like this: In the first phase, individuals would be called by the extraterrestrials to meet in a fixed place. In the second phase, when the ones who had been called to participate arrived, they would receive the message to go to a second place, farther away, but still within the pre-determined area. In the third phase, we would receive a list of names in the correct sequence that should be followed for each one's participation. And finally after that, the guests in the experiment would remain alone and silent in complete darkness for a specific period of time, always under the supervision of the guides.

It sounds like a sadistic joke, but its purpose was to prepare us for future situations. Although the idea of staying 15 to 45 minutes in the mountains, totally separate from any human vestige, was not very appealing, it had an important objective. In total isolation, the guides would allow our minds to give way to fantasies and fears that dwell deep inside all of us. Every natural sound, shadow or movement in the place would then look like frightening ghosts or beasts peering and menacing from everywhere. That way, confidence in the contact and in the purpose of that exchange would be tested. The self-control would show courage and determination to go further, and self-abandonment and dedication to attain objectives that require sacrifices. In short, that experience would offer the opportunity to be able to share a universal reality that develops and expands the consciousness of being alive, allowing the individual to discover new internal and external horizons.

That situation clearly showed us that we were undergoing a learning process different from any human didactics; one that allowed us to find and salvage the best and most important parts of ourselves. We were sure we were part of something really different and we also knew that sometime in the future we would be able to show the world the accomplished results. All that preparation certainly had a purpose, but what?

The need to obtain mental and chiefly emotional balance was extremely important for the future first physical contact. And the only way to begin the acquisition of that internal stability was firstly to discover what lay deep inside each one of us and then to begin a very difficult process of overcoming it. So the exercises in self-control were the beginning of the preparation for the direct encounter with the guides, and we would soon learn how it would occur.

For weeks during the outings for self-control exercises, most members of the group learned how to look deeply inside themselves, recognize their insecurities and conflicts more easily and understand their inner-self more completely, day by day. The initial sensation of abandonment and loneliness experienced during the self-control practice began to give way to moments of absolute reflection. The anxiety and perplexity of the unknown and the fictitious dangers of a fertile, creative imagination, were gradually replaced by a keen, critical perception. An inner resistance and the rising of consciousness grew stronger day by day.

In May, during one of the many field outings, in one of the messages the guides mentioned the existence of a great project or plan in which they and other beings were involved. According to the guides, that plan had been devised by the extraterrestrials themselves a long time ago and related to all humanity. Their work with us was part of that plan. So nothing was casual. Other people around the world were being contacted as well. In due time, the guides would instruct us about everything, but for the time being, they would keep their secret.

Their position stirred our growing curiosity and inspired us to continue looking for more answers. The messages were still psychographic and mine were telepathic. But, in order to keep the information, I had to transcribe it. The volume of communications on varied subjects grew larger day by day. I was still worried about the authenticity of the messages, although it was now much easier to identify the interferences. However, the messages on paper were monumental and we hardly had time to analyze their content in detail. There must be a way to eliminate the questions. The only way would be to have the answers face to face.

Meanwhile, the sighting of spaceships in the field was already routine and although messages were quite an ordinary activity, most members of the group still had the feeling they were going through a science fiction adventure in real life....quite understandable. Some felt that they had been chosen to save the world; others wanted to get in touch with a more advanced technical knowledge; and others wanted to understand exactly where all this would lead us.

We could not see clearly what was hidden behind the contact. We knew that the extraterrestrials wanted to help humanity and were looking for the easiest way to approach, and we suspected we were probably part of that task. But nothing was explicit yet, the real purpose of the contact was still obscure. Somehow, deep inside, each of us felt that someday, the full meaning of everything would be disclosed to us, but we kept asking "...when, and how will it happen?"

## **Chapter VIII. AN INCREDIBLE TASK**

The trips to Chilca were now our set program every weekend. Although the sighting of spaceships was something normal, the extraterrestrials suddenly began to miss the encounters.

Such a situation confused and worried us a lot and we consequently had a strange, uncomfortable sensation of failure and abandonment. We immediately discussed the probable cause for the absence of any physical phenomenon. We thought that we had lost favor with the guides, that we had somehow offended them or that they might have lost their patience with us. Anyway, we had been deprived of them too quickly. Upset over the lack of evidence and continuity of contact, we began a careful, detailed analysis of all the proceedings that had led us up to the experience of concrete manifestation, and also examined the list of all participants.

It did not take us long to find the answer. The contact group had been formed inside the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations. Consequently there was a permanent flux of people in and out of the contact activities without a serious, definite involvement on their part, their only motivation being curiosity. The ones who were always present at the field outings were in fact very few. So the presence of new, uncommitted people was hindering the performance of the ones who worked seriously, as well as the development of what the extraterrestrials wanted to accomplish here.

The contact experience was a kind of 'extra benefit' offered by the Institute....a fascinating entertainment, a rather different attraction for its participants, a unique opportunity. Unfortunately, our extraterrestrial guides had become only a very interesting exhibition. Never before had so many people attended the activities in the Institute. Old members who had not come to the Institute for years, showed up again and wanted to learn more about the great novelty, and obviously wanted to join us for the encounters.

We called a meeting of everybody who had been involved in the contact right from the beginning, and after hours of deliberation we decided on a definite disengagement from the activities of the Institute, so that we could resume our contacts separately from its members. In this way we would prevent any hindrance to the continuity of our activities. Carlos, my father, reacted furiously to such a radical decision and said that with or without us he would continue his outings to the dunes of Chilca with the members of the Institute that were willing to accompany him.

I was greatly annoyed with the situation. My father was angry with us and I wanted him to understand how delicate the problem was. It was impossible to work properly with new people acting solely out of curiosity and with very little determination. Somehow he understood our arguments, but he could not ignore the members of the Institute who kept pressing him. How could he abandon what had taken him a whole lifetime of sacrifices to build?....just now when things were happening with so much liveliness? As a researcher, he had seen his dearest dream come true, and as an individual he had a universe full of questions to ask. Unfortunately for all of us, we had reached an impasse. A long separation began that threatened to possibly never end.

There was a certain uneasiness in the HQ of the family. The meetings of our group of contactees were held in the dining-room of our home, to avoid any confrontation with members of the Institute. When we had taken all these measures, the field contact returned to normal. Now, with the group consisting only of people who wanted to work seriously, the physical presence of the spaceships resumed.

The region of Chilca, 60 kms south of Lima, was a favorable place for contact, not only because it was removed from civilization amongst mountains and desert dunes, but also because, according to the extraterrestrials, south of Chilca and 100 kms off shore there was a submarine extraterrestrial base, part of a complex system of bases along the Peruvian coast, consisting of two main centers and a small group of research installations distributed as follows: One between the beaches of "Leon Dormido" and "Puerto Viejo" near kilometers 80 and 82 on the South Pan-American Highway; two others between Piura and Lambayeque to the north. The spaceships we had contact with and the ones we usually sighted came from that place.

At that time, we made friends with an engineer called Carlos Belevan who took part in the activities at the Institute and was a friend of my father's. Due to the requirements of his job, the engineer had moved house several times in the last months; consequently he had many personal items and pieces of furniture in different relations' and friends' houses while his own new home was being built. As he was always hurrying around, he had lost control of the situation and did not know exactly where his things were.

One day he needed some documents very badly and felt terribly worried for he would not be able to honor his commitments and pay the employees' salaries. He was in total despair. That same day, he went to my house to see my father for some professional advice. My father was not home and Sixto invited him to come in and wait. During a conversation he told Sixto, Rose and Mochi about his problem. Sixto said "...let me ask Oxalc; he may help."

A little skeptical, Belevan agreed; any help was welcome. Sixto concentrated and contacted his guide. Oxalc promptly answered that the documents were inside a washing machine. The engineer replied that the information was wrong, for he did not have that kind of household appliance, and had already looked everywhere.

Even so, Sixto insisted that they should search thoroughly again. Visibly skeptical, Belevan took Sixto, Rose and Mochi to a relative's house where most of his things were kept, and there were the documents, right inside an old washing machine now out of use. Deeply impressed by that evidence, Belevan told us about something that would confirm the authenticity of our contact and the nearness of one of the submarine bases.

Belevan worked for the Norpesca Company S/A. Its fishing boats sailed along the Peruvian coast looking for big, commercially important schools of fish. That was a daily and nightly routine, depending on the kind of fish sought and the waters they inhabited. Towards the end of 1969, one of these fishing boats (or "bolicheras" as they are called in Peru), "Roncal", sailed in the waters of Lambayeque in the northern part of the country early one morning using a radar system called "echogram" to locate schools of fish and trace in relief the bottom of the sea.

Suddenly, the officer on duty noticed that the graphics on the echogram showed some curious regular shapes that he had never seen before. He called in other members of the crew who also confirmed the unusual register. Simultaneously, the sailor on duty called the attention of the crew to a strange, astonishing circular light that was shining from the bottom of the sea. Immediately everybody leaned over the railings to watch something quite similar to a Spielberg film.

A very large, disk-shaped object surrounded by multi-colored lights came slowly up from the bottom of the ocean beside the boat, creating a scene that nobody would ever forget. The spaceship of unknown origin climbed slowly, turned round over the boat, accelerated quickly and disappeared in the vastness of space.

After the story, Belevan showed us the original echograms of the event taken by the crew of the "Roncal". In the echograms you could clearly see not only the outline of two disks coming up from the bottom, but also the outline of a gigantic spaceship base lying undisturbed at the bottom of the sea. These facts substantiated for our group that the information they were getting through communication was true and also that sooner or later it would be proven.

All through the month of June, our reformulated group, independent of the Institute, resumed their activities. During that period, the guides began to indicate their desire for better preparation to make the reason for their presence known. Little by little, in successive communications, they mentioned the fact that they were planning to prepare a group of individuals in order to start a project, an experimental project that aimed at using intermediaries between them and the civilization of the Planet Earth, human beings who would be instructed and trained to establish a method of approach between the two races.

The group would be studied and used as a reference sample of terrestrial civilization. The work schedule would allow the extraterrestrials to learn in depth and accompany in detail the versatility of human behaviour in different situations and would offer the opportunity to find out what could be expected from man.

According to the guides, they had already many times tried to approach people classified as intellectually able or professionally and hierarchically capable of establishing contact with extraterrestrials. However, these people were always linked to, tied to, or dependent on some ideological, political or economic structure which cultivated the encounters in order to satisfy personal ambitions and desire for power which is always behind these people's actions, consciously or subconsciously.

In these cases, the contactees did not have enough freedom of movement to avoid colliding with the ambitions of their sponsors, for they would be watched constantly. The extraterrestrials themselves would be vulnerable to some undesirable interference. For example, if the encounter occurred in a country considered developed, the extraterrestrials would be indicating, according to some, a special preference for the chosen country that would automatically imply a preference for its political and social system.

As for the orthodox researchers of extraterrestrial phenomenology, they would hardly submit to the discomfort of the encounters and would never even take the first steps for a mental contact. According to them, these kinds of phenomena are associated with mystics, wonder workers and sorcerers rather than with scientists.

The guides are above all that. That is why they chose a small, underdeveloped country and a group of innocent kids like us that meant no harm and had no prejudices, were extremely curious and quite mad and adventurous, who had nothing to lose except to embark on the most fantastic adventure their imagination could ever have conceived.

June was full of novelties. The outings to Chilca were always supported by the presence of flying objects that came and stood in the air above our group. But one day the situation changed. As usual on weekends, our

group, this time consisting of Sixto, Juan, Kugui, Alfredo, Juan Carlos and I went to Chilca where we arrived earlier than usual at Juan's mother's house in the village of Papa Leon XIII. It was the ideal place for our preparation, for the village was only a few kilometers from Mine, where we had our activities of self-control and experiments in general. There was always a delicious snack waiting for us prepared by donna Maruja, Juan's mother, and also a refreshing, energizing dip in the swimming pool.

Around 6 pm we started off for the usual place of work, Mine. Along the way we were singing and telling jokes, happy for another forthcoming encounter with the guides. We reached the mountains and when it began to darken, we turned on our flashlights to light the way. Sixto and Kugui walked ahead at a short distance from the rest of the group. Something strange surprised us all. Suddenly, Sixto disappeared from beside Kugui, who called for him in all directions.

On the other side, Sixto, alone and confused, appeared in the dunes a few meters from the Mine. He couldn't understand what was going on and called anxiously for the others at the top of his lungs. Very upset, nevertheless, he tried to calm himself and stopped to think. He should look for a hill to climb as a means of spotting the others. He walked on the sand with difficulty, and it took him some time to understand where he was. He wondered how he had gotten there so quickly and what had happened to the rest of the group.

For the first time he felt confused, frightened, abandoned and lonely in the vastness of the desert. Slowly, a nasty fright took hold of his mind. Anyway, even if he had walked very fast he would be able to see his friends' torches; but where were they? He decided to go back to the Mine to look for the group. He knew the group would go there because there had been a communication for that night.

Walking slowly on the uncomfortable sand, Sixto noticed a strange light between two hills. He thought it was the group and hurried towards it. As he got nearer, he could see that the light did not come from a focus, as there was no point of projection. It was like a fluorescent mist the shape of a half-moon, about 10 meters in radius and that stayed fixed and concentrated at the same place. The light did not expand or diffuse. At first he thought it was a landed spaceship, but as he approached he saw that the light was present in all the mist. It was a compact, bluish smoke and definitely did not belong to anything in this world. He wondered what it was.

When he was about 7 or 8 meters from the light he stopped. Quite worried and very curious, he watched the phenomenon carefully, trying to identify it. While he was watching, a humanoid figure came slowly out of the smoke with his right arm raised. Sixto was startled. In a panic, he wanted to run away, but his legs did not obey him. He had lost control of his body. He thought he would faint. He sweated and felt frozen to the ground. In that mental and emotional chaos, a thought took shape and a voice said: "Calm down! I won't do you any harm. My name is Oxalc. Do you remember me?"

It was a tall man almost 1.80 m., blond, thin, long hair combed to the back and a high forehead. His face was very similar to a human's and his eyes were oblong like a Mongol's. His body was perfectly proportioned, like an athlete's. He wore a white tunic down to the calves of his legs, very similar to the Roman toga and with golden trimming. The sleeves were loose and he seemed to be wearing high leg boots that looked golden and metallic.

At that moment, the rest of the group arrived. The luminosity had also attracted us to the place for we thought my brother might be there. We were paralyzed by the scene. For the first time we were face to face with one of the beings we had been contacting. We watched in total amazement.

Sixto looked at the being as if in a trance. Very frightened and curious, I approached from the side, trying to see the being and the mist better from behind. My other companions stood as if hypnotized a few meters behind Sixto. When Oxalc finished he turned and entered the light again as he had left it before. I stood transfixed looking at the light from its side and saw the guide enter a wall as thin as a blade without coming out on the other side. I fell to the ground on the sand. I could not believe what my eyes had just seen. It was too incredible. At that moment, the only thought that crossed my mind was: *How shall I explain it to my father?*

After the encounter we all came to as if emerging from a hypnotic trance and went straight to Sixto. Perturbed, we all asked him questions at the same time. Still shaking, Sixto told us about a new outing appointment to

happen soon, for which we should all be better prepared. A new experiment would occur on the following weekend at the same place. He also explained that we had not seen a real figure; it was only the projection of the guide's image, a tri-dimensional holograph.

Oxalc had informed Sixto that this door of light was called a Xendra or interdimensional entrance. They used it not only for projections such as the one we had just seen, but chiefly as a means of transport which allowed their displacement from one place to another in only a few seconds. The spaceships also used this interesting device to jump great distances in space and avoid the inconvenience of the relative action of time during and at the end of their journey. According to the extraterrestrials there are four types of gates or Xendras. Number four is normally used for physical transport. The others are fields of energy, so they can be used for different purposes including the holographic projection of images.

After this exciting encounter with Oxalc and a Xendra, our small group returned to Lima. We were very impressed and moved by the event and related it to the other kids in our group. One more fascinating experience to be added to our pile of madness, but even if nobody believed us, we were all very happy because we knew that a new phase in the relationship with our guides was beginning. Long months, frequent trips to Chilca and innumerable messages later, the extraterrestrials were making themselves visible at last. However, not everybody was happy. My father was very upset with all this. He did not understand the simplicity of the events. He suspected something. He knew that all this had a price and that we had been chosen for some very important reason.

All through the week there were a lot of conversations, communications, and speculation over what awaited us. And even if nothing occurred, the satisfaction of having seen them for the first time was worth all the work and effort. Saturday came. Sixto, Henrique, Juan, Mito and I were called for the outing. Although they were anxious to accompany us, Kuqui, Alfredo and Juan Carlos could not come because of familial problems.

Very early, the group left Lima for Papa Leon XIII, our headquarters for field operations at donna Maruja's wonderful house. After the usual swimming pool dip and the unfailing hearty meal, we waited for the evening. Close to 6 pm we put our knapsacks on our shoulders and started off to Mine. We walked in the darkness of the clear desert night. Everybody kept looking around hoping to discover another Xendra. Anything could happen and we were on the alert, but we reached our usual place without incident. There, we left our baggage, relaxed for a while and waited. A few of us began the communication in order to receive further instructions, while the rest watched the sky. The answer came promptly, indicating only that we should continue to be on the alert.

Calm and watchful as the guides had requested, we soon saw the movement of a spaceship at a great distance. A dot of yellowish-white light similar to the brightness of a planet on a starry night could be seen perfectly. The object maneuvered, turned and began to approach. It was coming down fast. Our group watched, our hearts throbbing, while our feet took us backwards, step over step. Then, to everybody's surprise, the spaceship landed right before our amazed eyes. The spaceship was disk-shaped, similar to a huge lentil, about 25 – 30 meters in diameter. It did not seem to have any kind of feet or tripod to sustain it. The disk stood floating in the air about 2 meters off the ground. It did not have any external lights or brightness. One had the impression that the outside lighting had been turned off. The fuselage was smooth opaque silver. There were no visible windows or hatches.

A few seconds later a hatch did open right in the centre of the spaceship and a kind of ramp or platform was lowered. It was the only part that touched the ground. Our group was about 100 meters from the landing site. We could hardly stand. Our hearts accelerated to a thousand beats per minute, threatening to pop out of our mouths. Cold sweat ran down our bodies while a thousand thoughts tumultuously raced through our frightened minds. We were literally scared stiff.

A light coming from inside the spaceship tore the darkness of the night, lighting up the neighboring hills with a whitish brightness. Then a shadow stood out in silhouette against the light coming from the open hatch. It was a member of the crew. Emotion and fright blended in a disagreeable cocktail. A chilling sensation ran down our spines.

As if activated by a spring, we all stepped backwards. All the preparation, all the previous tests, all the training were forgotten. An unbearable fright took hold of us but we could not move. This was not a projection; they were there, flesh and blood, near us and what was worse, waiting for us. At the top of the ramp, the figure that came out of the spaceship waved to us with his right hand. Simultaneously, we all received the same message that said: "Don't be afraid, we won't do you any harm. We are here for you."

The light behind him, in contrast with the darkness of the night, prevented us from seeing his features in detail, although his silhouette reminded us vaguely of Oxalc's projection a few days before. Gradually our pulse became normal; we calmed down and recovered, and were confident again. The extraterrestrial at the hatch still waved, summoning the group to come near. We mentally heard a voice that invited us to the spaceship. Quite frightened, I asked my friends what we should do. A worried Sixto warned us that if we did not make an immediate decision they were likely to give up on us and we might never have this opportunity again. Though still in doubt, I began to push the group towards the craft.

Walking very slowly, both frightened and curious, we approached the ship. At each step our eyes met for the approval of the next, and that way we succeeded in reaching the foot of the ramp. Never had a walk seemed to take so long. When we began to go up the first meters of the ramp, we observed that the being awaiting us was very similar to Oxalc. He was tall with thin long hair combed back, blond like straw. But he was dressed differently to Oxalc. He wore long, yellow coveralls of a material that looked like metal. They were tight on the body with loose sleeves that ended in wide cuffs looking like leather. The collar was round with a kind of bib in the same material as the cuffs. He wore a wide belt and high-leg boots that also looked metallic.

When we got near him we stopped. We were nervous and frightened. The being left the door and waved us in after him. I could not believe what I saw; it was like a fantastic dream. To make sure it was not, I touched the fuselage several times. Our greeter noticed and smiled, and when I saw that I was being watched, I felt rather awkward and embarrassed, but tried to disguise it. The sensation of being an inferior organism under observation made me feel abashed. I pushed the rest of the group in front of me into the spaceship. In a large, well-lit, circular room, 5 other beings awaited us; two of them were slender women of dazzling beauty. The three men had angelic faces and athletic bodies. They also watched us very curiously and attentively.

Both women wore long coveralls quite similar to the men's, the only difference being a kind of hood that covered their heads similar to the ones worn by divers. The hood was a continuation of the clothes they were wearing, allowing only their faces to be seen. At the back, their lank, thin, long hair came out of a hole in the hood. Although the women were not close to us, we could see that they were not wearing any kind of make-up or paint. Their faces were clean, visually charming and angelic.

Only the men of the crew had their heads uncovered. The men's clothes as well as the women's were made of a synthetic material very similar to Lycra, but with a peculiar metallic brightness. Each one wore a different colour and as we learned later it indicated different functions. To complete what looked like work clothes or a kind of special uniform, men and women wore bronze-brown high-leg boots with metallic-golden details. They did not have any symbols or badges on their clothes, nor any other kind of personal identification.

By what we could see, they all had the same origin, the planet Apu in the Alpha-Centauri system. There were no physical differences between them and their features were different from Oxalc's. They were very tall, a little more than 2 meters, and the sexes were very well defined externally. Their hair was long, thin and bright silvery-white. The eyes were almond-shaped, slanted in relation to the nose, the separation between them was wider and they were different shades of water-green, pink and blue. These colours and the white, very thin, almost non-existent eyelashes and eyebrows contrasted with the colour of their light copper skin making a strange exotic combination. Their features were delicate, fine and pleasing.

The individual that had met us at the entrance identified himself as the commander of the spaceship fleet working in the solar system. His name is Antar Sherart. This name is very similar to Ashtar Sheran, belonging to that contact in Venezuela narrated by Dr. Yanez , who had identified himself as the commander of the spaceship fleet from Ganymede. As we were informed later, the syllables "sh" and "er" in the surname mean "command" and "dignity" respectively, and as both have similar functions, the syllable "sher" is part of both names indicating the function performed. The final syllables "art" and "an" show the jurisdiction and competence of the command. These two names in particular have caused much confusion because of their

similarity. J.J. Benitez himself, when he published his book "UFOs: SOS to Humanity" and other people who spoke or wrote about our experiences, also have made the same unfortunate mistake.

Well, let's go on with our narrative. That name was not strange to us for we had already received it at other times. But it is quite different to receive a telepathic message from a person with no face, as opposed to speaking to him face to face. It was shocking. When we heard the name we felt deeply touched, especially Sixto and I, because our doubts and worries about the communication had finally come to an end.

Antar waved us toward something similar to a TV set built into a panel on a wall of the room. The screen was rectangular, flat and much bigger than any TV set that we had seen at that time.

The place was fascinating. In what seemed to be the command room, there were two different levels. It was as if there were a kind of circular mezzanine behind the control room where we stood. The room was all carpeted with what seemed to be a synthetic padded material like our carpeting. The walls were metallic and smooth with indirect lighting that gave us the impression that the points of light came out of the walls themselves. There was no point that showed the presence of any bulb or focus of light; it was everywhere and did not disturb the eyes. In the centre, there stood a cylinder a little more than 1.50 meters tall with instrument panels on the sides and was covered by a glass dome. Colored lights flickered on the small board around the cylinder. On the sides of the room, there were two huge four-seater sofas as well as a group of multicolored light panels built-in seamlessly along the walls. The room was 5-6 meters high; in the centre of the roof there was a strange concave circular object.

The members of the crew were, as it seemed, at their respective places of work. The two women watched us from a kind of elevated balcony. It looked like the resting area of a gallery at the higher level that ran behind the control room. From the place where we stood, part of that passage could be seen. One of the males of the crew was sitting in an armchair that looked extremely comfortable. It was a revolving, reclining, anatomical chair fixed to the floor, that could slide backwards and forwards. That astronaut was in front of the panel that controlled the screen similar to a TV which was obviously some kind of monitor. The other two stood together in front of a set of command controls.

We noticed that there were no edges or corners anywhere in the room. Everything was curved, visually harmonious and different. I took advantage of the situation to satisfy my curiosity and asked what that huge cylinder in the centre of the room was. Antar answered that it was an observation screen on which you could see the area over which you were flying in holographic form, allowing you to observe the disposition of the local geography and to identify the details and characteristics in relief of the terrain. We all could hear the answers simultaneously although our host did not utter a sound. The words reached our minds so powerfully that they seemed to have been verbalized.

Antar approached the monitor and pointed at the screen. At that moment, the member of the crew who was sitting, slid his hand over some small half spheres with smaller spheres of different colours built in. The colours changed. The screen was turned on and an image was shown. It showed Lima in colour from above, a great novelty to all of us, for before 1976 not all TV channels in Peru had the equipment for colour transmission. The images showed sequences of the town during the day and we concluded it was most probably a film, some kind of a recording.

Suddenly it focused on the interior of a residence. That change of scene from the exterior to the interior was funny. You had the impression that a camera was filming it. We had the biggest surprise when we saw that the house we were looking at on the screen was mine. The scenes showed our first meeting to try the contact, on January 22nd. We were now at the end of June. All the steps we had taken to establish the contact had been recorded. I wondered how they could have recorded the interior of a house, my house. We had never noticed the presence of any camera. How could they know about us when we were just attempting to get in touch with them for the first time?

Then I remembered that during the year 1966, several objects had been seen flying over Lima during the night and in particular, two disk-shaped objects with a yellowish light had flown over my house one of those nights. Everybody, including my parents and some friends, could clearly see their flight at low altitude and I remembered having tried to talk with the crew mentally, asking them to give me a sign to confirm it. I



wondered if subsequent events were the confirmation I was waiting for. Lost in thought and memories, I looked at Antar who smiled at me. I thought that was my answer.

The images went on....scenes from daily routines, one of the streets, at school, details that evidenced a thorough supervision. "How could they have foreseen that we would try to contact them?" I still thought. It seemed that somehow they knew what was going to happen. We had the vivid impression that they had been watching us for some time. But since when?

All of a sudden, the view changed. The screen did not show the city of Lima any more. It showed an arid, barren desert, ruins of buildings, a yellow sky full of grey clouds, strong winds that blew up dust and a complete absence of life. Juan asked Antar what region of the planet that was, or if the images referred to another world.

Antar answered promptly: "This is the probable end of your world. Total pitiless destruction is being engendered in man's heart. Man himself will be responsible for the extinction of his race and his world. Shortly, if you don't re-orient your course of development to more mindful lines and if you don't allow all benefits to be extended to all human communities, everything will come to an end. In the future, walking on the Earth will be like walking in a desert. There will be no towns or fields, for everything will have been devastated by human irresponsibility and egotism."

The images that were shown in the "Space-Time Monitor", as the extraterrestrials called the machine, touched us deeply. Visibly disturbed, Mito asked the guide: "I can't see any kind of life. Where is it?"

Antar replied: "Has man worried at least about his own life?" Antar explained that intelligent creatures on the Planet Earth had been evolving in the wrong way. Their civilization, their culture, their values had gone in a direction totally opposite to the one of universal laws. The result was a devastating process of rather dangerous proportions, endangering not only the continuity of life on the planet, but also menacing and worrying other civilizations. That was one of the reasons why they had been forced to intervene. According to the guides, from the moment you invade and attack the rights of others, you are automatically giving them the freedom to defend themselves and act. Besides that, there were also the theoretical advances in the field of physics relating to time travel, quantum physics, mathematics, and inter-dimensionality, in fact a fast-developing science that could endanger the stability of thousands of civilizations that share our Universe once used by a society that has not yet succeeded in solving even their basic problems such as hunger and violence. There is also the paranormal potentiality of the human being. These psychic faculties in the hands of "naughty, egotistical children" like the inhabitants of the Earth would represent total chaos.

Very much interested in the development of the human being that somehow reminded them of their own past history, the extraterrestrial said that men had created their own history independent of the real one that rules the Universe. He explained that men had created gods and demi-gods to make it easier to justify their sufferings and that although religion was a natural condition of their process of evolution, it had become a trap.

The values that guide our life should be based on cosmic, natural laws, as followed by simple creatures like animals that live and develop harmoniously as a response to a superior law – their instinct. On the contrary, men follow values that have a regional or cultural character, created and adapted to satisfy relative necessities, having great ambiguity and disrespecting their own instinct, cruelly and egotistically. The number of interpretations of the basic values is so great that every land and every human or animal life is governed in a totally different way. Their moral values are as relative as the place where they live or the clothes they wear. Their notions about the right to live or die and their concepts of good and evil are contradictory and confused. While eating a fellow man is normal in certain places, in others it is abhorrent; killing in town is a crime but in war it is an act of heroism; being faithful to principles is an attitude of weakness and stagnancy, but being corrupt and disloyal towards established laws are compulsory conditions to being successful. In short, on his road to evolution man has found a side track that led him astray from constructive and coherent development. The guides showed us clearly that the world where we live is on the edge of a precipice of unknown depth. For the time being, the moment of the fall is still unknown.

Antar continued, saying that humanity lives in a world structured on a fragile basis that was created by authoritarian, repressive conquests imposing their sovereignty by force throughout history and not through a systematic process of progressively substituting better conditions for all. The process of socialization that built our civilization and created our institutions came from the cultural re-combinations rendered by constant wars, revolutions and commercial exchanges. The civilization model of this humanity is a miscegenation of pseudo-models that ended up in generating a hybrid.

As a result, we have a man submitted to an exhaustive condition of permanent probation. He is tested, demanded of, questioned, repressed, humiliated and put on sale in a market of opportunities. He is part of an infrastructure in which he tries desperately to survive but which apparently seems to feed and breed on him. The institutionalized system as a whole has embodied man as a servant that feeds it, making him responsible for its continuation and perpetuation. In this context, the utilization of the human being is that of a slave that supplies the feedback in the process of struggle and competition of the system. He only exists to perpetuate the competition and make it more and more difficult every day. The greater our number, the more strenuous the fight will acquire some space, an opportunity for success or decent living conditions. The system does not worry about the circumstances and means offered to survive. The need to survive and the ideal models of success continually in evidence are the motivators that push man into action. The means of mass communication, family, school and work are also contaminated and conditioned by the values serving the interests of the system and they help to reinforce the rules of the game in everybody's mind. The tension is reaching its limit. In early childhood, the human being already learns to compete as an ancient gladiator, using every means to win, such as violence, astuteness, and disloyalty. The most astute will be the joy of his parents; he is outstanding in his group for he quickly followed the "wise" examples of the adults. He will be rewarded for his conquests and he will learn that the more enemies he conquers and the more victories he wins, the more admiration, approval, and benefits he will receive from the world.

As a result of this daily battle for victory, today he is a man tired of the exhausting confrontation. A young man turned into himself because he does not trust anybody. He was trained to consider the world as a pitiless opponent and every person as his executioner. He is always on guard but looks for a moment of peace and pleasure, only a second to forget the madness of being a warrior and to be just an ordinary person, remembering that deep in his heart there are feelings and desires that unfortunately will never come true in this world of contradictions, mistrust and competition. In many cases, alienation is the only way out in order to become conscious somehow, that we are something a little more complex than an animal.

The human being of today is sad and disillusioned. Living in a world of competitors, he does not believe in freedom, nor is he certain that some day everything can change. He does not have faith in himself and he doubts if he is able to cope with the daily battle where he can be destroyed or put aside and forgotten. Life has become an obscure concept, a distant, puzzling word with unknown contents. Man does not live, he hardly survives.

Unconsciously, nobody wants to continue in this kind of senseless existence, nor does anyone want to take part in this scenario any longer, because deep inside man does not want to suffer. The contradiction of living in a hostile world makes us give up finding any explanation. There is no logic in an anti-life. You cannot respect someone who shares the complicity of keeping the soul-devouring monster active. That is why man struggles against a feeling of guilt for this connivance with the reality that he would like to destroy. So, because he cannot exterminate the beast that torments him, he prefers to strike a mortal blow towards himself in a suicidal process. He ignores or disregards the dangers around him, runs unnecessary risks, puts his health in jeopardy. He tries to take advantage of every moment with great intensity, for at any time, everything may end. He thinks that peace will only be attained when he is able to escape his fears, the fears caused by the system. The long hours that are still left are a torment without much meaning, for the only winner in this silly, fruitless war will always be the system itself.

The only way out is to change everything.

Living has become a painful agony. A daily routine where the world is an arena with no limits or rules of any kind and where man is the gladiator that faces his fellow man in the hypothetical conquest of a fictitious better condition of life and where the only silent, satisfied observer is the system itself. As in ancient Rome, death

meant freedom; in case of survival, the captive would always return to the arena. Even so, why does the need for survival remain? Because, under all circumstances, there is still the flame of life....hope.

So, failing to understand the true meaning of life, man chooses to abandon it and live the present moment in search of a slow death. A fictitious, worthless present, where he will try to fill every vacant moment with excuses in the endless depressing hours, minutes and seconds of a life. Thus he will not have time to worry about tomorrow, about whether there will be another day, or whether it will be worse than today. Unfortunately, this slow, gradual suicide occurs with the approval of his conscience, fully disguising and postponing the final result. It is sad to think that the only energy that motivates him to go on living and delaying death is the faint hope that some day, perhaps tomorrow, magically everything will be different.

According to the guides, man is not an evil creature, he is simply ignorant and an arrogant subject. Afraid to face his cultural failure and to admit his error in the construction of an incorrect lifestyle, feeling unable to begin again, he became anthropocentric and thus more easily found reasons to justify his errors. This situation limits him and takes him farther from the right track. Pretentiously, he believes that he is the centre of the universe, that he knows all secrets and is able to unravel all of them. In this way, he makes his journey more difficult, because if everybody thinks as egotistically as he, nobody will listen to anybody. Each person will be alone, translating the enigmas of the world and trying to find his own meaning for life. There is only one way to rescue man from this side track, and that is to reform and begin everything again.

Antar looked fixedly at each one of us and said: "Now you know what the future of your world may be like. There are no fixed dates for it; it may occur in 10 or 30 years, but sooner or later this future will come to be. You may be ready or not. But you can change it. It is up to you to think and decide if you want to take part in a task that can procure a better life for humanity. We are here to help you achieve that. If man evolves, he will be able to take the experience of a life full of realizations to other worlds. But if he continues killing, spoiling his own home, the only thing he can offer is the irresponsibility of endangering other worlds and the menace of chaos and degradation because of this egotism. Any information that we could offer man now would only serve his purpose of exploiting his fellow man and repressing the weak or the ones who would block his way towards the expansion of his privilege. So, we have come to offer you the opportunity to join us in this task. Preservation of universal order will be your objective. If you accept, we will provide the necessary training; if not, if you think it will be too much responsibility, we will leave you and will not come back; we will look for other human beings who will be willing to help us. Think it over; you must give us an answer in a week."

After some time Antar said: "Soon, with all the new technology, man will reach distant worlds. He will soon be landing on the other planets of his solar system and will obviously find us. We are not interested in promoting any nation or benefiting any Great Power. At present, the only thing the human being can bring to our civilization is egotism, ambition, chaos and a bereft spirit. Man is not ready to face civilizations like ours. The amount of knowledge that we have can be fatal to your world. So, it is important to us to start your preparation. If that confrontation must happen before your destruction, it is fundamental that the confrontation should benefit both sides. If you accept our proposal, you will help it come true. You will be one more link between our worlds."

After that Antar accompanied us to the entrance hatch and we left the spaceship. I must confess we were overwhelmed and puzzled. The extraterrestrial's words echoed in our minds endlessly, rolling and rumbling like thunder.

We saw the spaceship take off quickly and silently speed towards the stars. In a few seconds it became a small dot of light lost in the vastness of the cosmic ocean. The silence of the desert added to our bewilderment. We kept gazing at the stars. A light breeze blew on our faces and the chill of the night brought us back to the world. During the car trip to Lima, we could hardly utter a word. We could not get the encounter, the information and mainly the proposal out of our minds.

The following week was a difficult one. We felt that we had reached a turning point. We could not lose the opportunity of giving such important meaning to our lives as the one shown us by the guides. Our group would have the incredible chance to receive an orientation from a civilization at least a few thousand years ahead of ours and to revise together the process of formation that has led humanity to where it is now. We would learn and understand in detail the mysteries of our origin and what happened on the path of our

evolution. With no religious, esoteric, mystical, political or cultural ties to interfere and no ideological compromise to limit us, our minds would be free to learn and understand everything that they would be willing to give. However, in order to achieve it we would need to acquire at least the basic important philosophical and social knowledge of our present world in order to compare it with the extraterrestrials' world. Only in this way could we identify and recognize where and when man took the wrong track, and learn which was the right way back.

We had to make a quick decision. The lives of millions of people in the whole world might change because of it. The guides had made it clear that all this work was part of an experimental project. A project that aimed at giving man new hope to re-encounter and re-start on the path of coherent evolution. The way that would allow man to find the lost, true pleasure of life. A new, productive, constructive, healthy, authentic life would be discovered again.

That June became a month full of adventures in the history of our lives. July promised a lot of experience, achievement and probably a never-ending headache.

## Chapter IX. THE RAMA-MAN

July began very busily, full of emotion and happenings. The contact experiences we had gone through would ignite the envy of any science-fiction writer or the passion of an Isaac Asimov. However, we needed to promptly decide what position we would assume. Antar's words still roared in our minds.

Some of the extraterrestrial's observations had touched us deeply..."You have the opportunity to consolidate a marvelous future and guarantee an age of great accomplishments. Up to this moment, we have accompanied you and given evidence of our peaceful intentions. We want you to help your people to attain your collective freedom and conquer the limitations that imprison you inside yourselves, stopping you from seeing what there is all around. You will end up by drowning in the mud of egotism or getting lost in the treacherous labyrinth of ignorance if you do not react in time. As I have already told you, man will soon reach other worlds and the only thing you can export to them is depredation, ambition and greed. As well, your scientists are approaching the discovery of secrets that will unravel the mysteries of travelling through space and through time. In the hands of beings who are lost inside themselves, this knowledge would be a terrible risk to the stability of other humanities as well as to the natural continuation of this Universe. None of our extra-planetary societies are interested in a relationship with what the human race represents at this moment. Just the contrary, for man is an immature creature as well as dangerously unpredictable. We sincerely hope this picture will change for the well-being and harmony of this solar system and the whole universe. You can accomplish this change and much more. If you accept, we will help you."

Those words were very serious and weighty for a bunch of kids. After days of little sleep and much thought, Sixto, Juan, Mito, Henrique and I finally decided to accept and continue. We believed that Antar was quite right and that this was a unique opportunity. There were a lot of things to learn and a lot to accomplish. Our group fervently wished that man could improve his life and that somehow, violence, hunger and misery would stop afflicting humanity. And if it were somehow possible to cooperate in this transformation, we would do our utmost to make it happen.

Sixto, myself and the others in the group that had had that unusual physical encounter held a meeting with all the participants of the contact activities to tell them what had transpired. We discussed whether the activities should be continued and told them in detail of the offer that the guides had made. For several hours, the group discussed all the implications of agreeing and finally unanimously decided to accept the extraterrestrials' offer. We were bursting with happiness at the thought of resuming our work again and of what would come of it.

We laughed and joked over what lay ahead of us, but finally I drew their attention to the seriousness of our commitment and asked them for a minute of silence. The extension and responsibility of that moment had

totally escaped our perception. Only afterwards did we decide to communicate with the guides in order to tell them of our decision and wait for their response. Juan pointed out that we were beginning a new phase in our relationship with our guides. What we would have to face in the future would probably not be easy. So we agreed on a commitment to stand together, come what may. The feeling that something very special was going to happen was shared by all. It was a magical moment.

We re-established communications and the guides set another field outing for July 6th. It was a general convocation. Everybody who took part in the contact group should be present, including my mother, Mochi.

As usual, Sixto and I, Juan and a few others arrived earlier than our appointment, not only to have more time to organize things, but also to check that everything was all right at our meeting place. Mine was situated near a Police customs post on the South Pan-American highway, and we might have any kind of unpleasant surprise or undesirable visitor, so we had adopted the habit of checking the area before an encounter. This time it was not different; we arrived a few hours in advance. Well equipped and already used to the journey, we started walking to the usual place, the Mine. On the way we remembered the time when Sixto disappeared suddenly from the group without warning. We remembered how curious it had been and how different from the time of Oxalc's projection, when the strange interdimensional door was seen.

It was already night and we had reached the place when Juan called our attention to three circles of light on the ground in front of us. The lights came from the ground with no apparent source of projection. They were perfectly circular and equidistant, forming a perfect triangle. Telepathically, Paco received the message that we should all stand inside the circles, which we did immediately. Although it was tight – for I remember well there were seven of us – we maneuvered ourselves so that everybody could stand inside them. Slowly, a strange sensation took hold of us while a kind of bright mist formed around us. It was like bluish smoke that sent off a fluorescent light with strobe effects. I could not quite understand what was going on. For the first time, we were surrounded by that strange mist and something was happening to us. There was a different odor in the air like the perfume of roses. I felt very dizzy. Suddenly, everything stopped and the mist vanished as quickly as it had come. We could hear nothing but the silence of the night and the squeaking of the bats. The night was as calm as when we had first arrived. We looked at each other in astonishment. It took us a few minutes before we could speak again.

We exchanged impressions on what we had felt, and realized that we had all experienced the same sensations. At that moment we saw the headlights of cars approaching at a distance. Still a little agitated over what had happened, we welcomed our companions. Paco excitedly told all the others what we had just experienced. They listened attentively and at the end of the narrative they all agreed that it must have been a sign.

The group completed the last part of the journey on foot, talking about the incident. It was quite a large group that day, around 20 – 25. After some time I noticed that Sixto was not near us. Immediately I remembered that time when he had been transported to a place away from the group. I hurried to find him among the other participants. Marina, his girlfriend at that time and his wife now, had already been looking for him for some time. We went on searching together. When we walked behind some dunes, we saw Sixto between two hills and ran to him. We were surprised to see that a Xendra had opened again and Oxalc was in front of it. Marina, fearing her boyfriend would be taken from this planet, ran towards him shouting hysterically. I stayed behind, frozen, staring at the scene. Oxalc noticed Marina's presence and she was suddenly lifted into the air almost two meters above the ground. Sixto was frightened and did not know what to do. Marina was pale, paralyzed with fear. I did not know whether I should go and call the others or run towards the two. A few seconds later, the girl was put down on the ground. This time she stayed where she was. Sixto ran to her and held her. Then Oxalc insistently signaled Sixto to follow him. Sixto let go of Marina but was reluctant. Mentally he felt that the guide was summoning him but in his heart he refused to comply.

I could sense my brother's indecision and began to approach slowly in case he needed me. A few meters from Oxalc, I stopped and watched. Visibly frightened, Sixto was in a cold sweat and his heart beat had accelerated. He could not move a finger or take a step. In that absurd mental chaos, a word was insistently repeated in his mind, "Come!". He knew that Oxalc was calling him. My brother tried to master his fear and reason. He was being called to enter a Xendra alone and that possibility frightened him. The ignorance of what might happen mixed with images of dozens of science fiction films that we had seen when we were kids,

in which the extraterrestrials were always portrayed as villains who wanted to conquer the Earth and took humanity by surprise, in most cases with disastrous results.

Slowly, his legs weighing tons, my brother walked towards Oxalc. The guide turned and entered the light. When he saw that Oxalc was leaving, Sixto thought that the guide had given up waiting for him and that he had lost a great opportunity to have a memorable experience. He stopped for a few seconds near the Xendra and I could see that he was still in doubt. He looked at Marina and signaled to her to be calm and not to worry for everything would be all right. He waved to me and I signaled OK. Looking at the light, my brother breathed deeply and slowly disappeared before us through the wall of energy.

As Sixto advanced into the light, he felt he was losing weight. He felt dizzy and sick, like when he had been in the circles and his skin stung with the oppressive heat. Besides all this, there was a strong pressure on his forehead and neck. Little by little the light became so intense that he had to close his eyes. He saw Oxalc in the light. Sixto was very near him when the guide began to communicate. With gestures and movements of his hands, Oxalc established direct, mental contact. He never opened his mouth except to smile once in a while. Both minds had established a circuit of telepathic communication. Oxalc persisted in saying that he should not be afraid and that everything was under control. The encounter had been very carefully prepared so that the experience would be successful.

It is important to remember that the Xendra is an energy field, an inter-dimensional door that allows travel from place to place without the use of vehicles. Those doors or energy fields are like tunnels of light that criss-cross the universe. Due to its high technological development, the Xendra can open a dimensional passage crossing planes and dimensions such as space-time. In this passage, a person who enters through that door is disintegrated, his molecular cohesion and his atomic weight are annulled and transformed into energy that vibrates at a certain frequency and he can be projected to anywhere in the universe, wherever a door can be opened.

According to the guides, this kind of door can be opened naturally or accidentally due to a high concentration of electromagnetic energy or to solar activities and cosmic storms. The Bermuda Triangle and the Devil Sea in Japan, famous for mysterious disappearances that were described by the writer and researcher Charles Berlitz, are two of many such doors that exist on the planet. According to what we know, the extraterrestrials use different places as entrances and exits and in some cases accidents with boats and planes can happen. There are old and recent cases of people who travelled near those doors in Bermuda and Japan and saw flying objects and submarines of light moving in those places at the time of the occurrence of the phenomenon. In his book "Bermuda Triangle", Charles Berlitz presents the narrative of people that were almost transported beyond this world and the incredible events that they witnessed, such as a rope tied to a boat that suddenly vanished, leaving the rope hanging loose in the air because there was nothing at its end. These and other events prove the concrete existence of these doors.

Sixto did not feel upset anymore. Oxalc mentally asked him again not to be afraid and said that the modification that they were undergoing would soon be completed. The disagreeable heat had diminished, but he still had a funny sensation and could not feel his arms and legs. Oxalc interrupted his thoughts and asked him to open his eyes and follow him. Sixto was in a lighted corridor, his steps echoing with a metallic sound. He was even more surprised when, at the end of the walk, he reached an exit...he was in the open air in an indescribable place.

Gone were the dunes of Chilca; the geography was totally different. He was in the centre of a group of mountains similar to nothing he was familiar with. Before him he could see the lights of a well-lit city composed of large dome-shaped structures that reminded him of Eskimo igloos. Sixto was still a little tense, but curious. He asked Oxalc about the city and where they were. The extraterrestrial answered that it was the well-known Crystal City, the metropolitan centre of Morlen, or Ganymede as the biggest moon of Jupiter is called on Earth. It was the legendary colony mentioned in the messages, where his people had settled in ancient times, adapting the environment artificially with their advanced technology according to the needs of their civilization. The guide explained that the volcanoes and the masses of gas that fill the atmosphere of the moon with methane were used to generate energy. Life could not be sustained without that kind of conditioning.

My brother was deeply impressed with the information and mainly with what he could see. He tried to observe as attentively as possible every detail while they approached the city. He knew that an opportunity like that would not be repeated, so every second, every image was precious. Oxalc told him that, in the past, the first groups that had come to the solar system used primitive, slow means of transport; a journey took hundreds of years to reach its destination. Only the descendants of their first expeditions had the opportunity to reach our system.

The Orions left for space thousands of years ago in search of a means to allow the continuation of their existence. Although they had already saved their ancestral civilization from extinction and achieved a high level of cultural and technological development, their world had exhausted its sources of subsistence, quite an understandable reason for the undertaking of such a risky enterprise as an inter-planetary journey. So their second arrival in our solar system was aimed at the extraction of certain minerals that were exhausted in their world of origin, and at the search for survivors from the ancient missions.

In the planets near their native world, the ore extraction was being done gradually and in orderly fashion, to meet domestic needs, but due to the existence of new and scattered colonies, new sources of supply would be necessary. In this case, our solar system and the other moons of Jupiter, Calonia (Callisto), Anatia (Europa), Anet (Io), as well as Morlen (Ganymede), would supply it amply.

Sixto was fascinated with what he could see around him. It was far more beautiful than any of the science-fiction films. Oxalc went on, saying that the government of Morlen was in the hands of a group of 12 governors, called "The Minor Council", consisting of outstanding personalities in the community who, throughout their lives, proved to be able to cooperate in the destiny of the colony. According to the guide, Morlen was transformed into a colony by the effort of two great persons, Ramanes and Oxil, who had been responsible for the planning and building of at least four big community centers in the past. Today, the main cities are called Omund, Solina, Morla and Ramanes. There, work was not only aimed at mining operations, but at biological research as well. Many kinds of plants were brought in from several places in our galaxy and were researched in agricultural centers for their eventual utilization and consumption. The biggest scientific research centre in Morlen is involved mainly with genetic and biological activities, primarily for nourishment and medicine. It is called "Oxil Development Centre".

My brother listened in amazement as the guide went on: "Everything you see is the result of the work of a civilization that went through difficult situations of cultural development similar to the ones faced by your world today. Struggles, wars, conflicts, separation, egotism are part of the maturation process of a society. However, if this phase is overcome, the conditions for a favorable life full of accumulating benefits will be attained. Otherwise it will mean gradual self-destruction. You are what we call Rama-man, an intelligent being that sees and understands things the wrong way. Instead of striving for the understanding of the phenomenon of life and its consequences, you spend your days in an endless struggle for survival. You try desperately to survive, but without knowing why you live. It seems clear that you don't look for an immediate death, although the number of definite or potential suicides indicates that life has no meaning for you. You die of illnesses that are born in your minds, as silent evidence of a repressed, painful existence. It is really difficult to live without understanding the meaning of one's own existence. It is a nightmare of continuous surprises and sufferings, especially if the rules of the game are in the hands of others who also ignore its real meaning. And because he did not understand life, man built up his own meaning for it. Setting up regulations that limit attitudes, thoughts, dreams, ideals, he created an artificial life that condemns natural beings to an imprisoned existence within the walls of the created structure and denies him the freedom to live in a universe with no boundaries. Man has to again discover the road he lost hundreds of years ago, a road where imagination and dreams are the main factors of creativity, where love and trust are essential for realization, where pleasure and joy are motivations to live."

He continued: "Although man is the product of a faulty, unnatural process of creation, he has all the resources to overcome his limitations. All he has to do is to understand that he is in a process of evolution and that he has all the necessary tools for new discoveries. We are giving you the opportunity to offer your human brothers a way to stop the cultural short-sightedness that limits your awakening and a way through which you can revise your humanity's cultural structure and reformulate it. We would like to be able to consider man an intelligent being with whom we could share our knowledge and experiences, but if he

continues acting the way he does, it will be very difficult for him to get out of the rut where he is getting stuck. Like a big animal stuck in the mud, the weight of the mega-structure he has built will pull him down faster.”

Oxalc added: “We are giving you a difficult mission, for Rama is the anagram of the word “Amar”, which means ‘love’ in your language. Man doesn’t love himself or life, much less the ones around him or his environment. How can he love life if he doesn’t understand what it really represents? The meaning of love is not the one you usually use; its concept has been absurdly distorted. Love is one of the most beautiful and greatest characteristics of the intelligent creature. Only someone who understands the value of life, the importance of a gesture, the simple language of beauty and harmony, the envelopment of a caress, the needs of others, the impact of the lack of support, the value of friendship, the shrinking of the heart when he sees pain and suffering, the silent role of nature, or someone who can sacrifice himself for others, can actually say that he has loved. We can only love with intelligence. Through love we interpret the secrets in the vastness of the Universe and transform them into a simple breath of life. If you love on an emotional impulse, you are only expressing a necessity for compensation for the lack of love. Love can’t and shouldn’t be manifested impulsively. It must be conscious and complete for it embraces the capacity for self-sacrifice and self-denial. Only someone who thinks coherently can love completely. He who loves with wisdom will be able to transcend any sacrifice. Love will never mean indifference or connivance, or the so-called “respect” that you use in order to avoid making a stand. It is true there can’t be demands in a relationship, even if it is only friendship, but it doesn’t mean that love represents tolerance to excesses or the use of that freedom to escape guilt or avoid responsibilities. Respect in love is the freedom to learn together, the loyalty, the tenderness, the opportunity to be oneself and the pleasure of being happy. To love, you must understand the reasons for being, thinking, feeling and needing the others. He who is conscious of existing will have the joy of being love. The mere fact of being conscious will be the manifestation of the purest, total, love incarnate, an ultimate satisfaction of needs. Without a clear, balanced, free mind to see, feel and understand the meaning of an action, it will hardly be possible to love consciously. He who knows life fully knows and lives love. Being life and being love and loved.”

It was too much philosophy for Sixto’s mind and too much to think about. Finally, more confused than upset, Sixto asked: “Well, what do you want from us after all? Do you want us to develop this work in the direction of a cultural change that may recoup lost time and that will take man to a rediscovery of life, benefiting in a future exchange with you? Is it so? Is this the kind of work you want to develop with us?”

Oxalc looked at him and answered: “We want you to understand that in order to be in touch with us and establish an intimate cultural relationship with us someday, man will need to build up a disciplined process of reformulation of values and criteria to understand himself and life as a whole. For if he can’t even find a new, organized, efficient, harmonious system of life for himself, he will hardly be able to accomplish the real purpose of his existence let alone have interrelations with other civilizations.”

When the guide stopped talking he accompanied my brother to the place where they had entered the city. Sixto was flabbergasted with the dialogue and the sightseeing. Obviously, it could not be otherwise. Sightseeing on a moon of Jupiter and talking to an extraterrestrial about the future of humanity is not a daily event. Slowly, they approached the Xendra and entered it. Sixto again felt the heat, the dizziness and numbness. Suddenly, the discomfort left and he returned to normal.

Marina and I were still in the dunes of Chilca, looking at the light of the dimensional door through which my brother and Oxalc had passed. Worried and not knowing what we should do, we had already gone near it and intended to get in and go after them. When we saw the shadows of two figures coming out from the light, we had a fright and stepped back. It was Sixto and Oxalc coming back, to our relief. I had already been wondering how I would tell my parents that my brother had been taken to nobody knows where through a light.

We felt relieved to have Sixto back. Oxalc waited until Sixto was far from the light, then he waved his right hand and went back into the light which disappeared immediately. At that point other members of the group had already started looking for us and arrived just in time to see the guide going back to the light. We all rushed to Sixto to see if he was all right. He was a little different; I could not say how but there was something strange about him.



Marina was rather apprehensive and greatly distressed as she embraced him. I believe that up till today, Marina has not, understandably, overcome the anxiety of that adventure. It was like an incredible fantastic dream, out of our normal context. She and many of us have often asked ourselves if all our experiences actually took place. On the other hand, I also think that Marina has blurred this and other experiences in her mind, which seems to be a frequent phenomenon among us. During all these years I have noticed that many experiences have totally vanished from our conscious minds, mine included, as if it were purposefully planned.

All the noise attracted Mochi and Rose and they wanted to know what the commotion was all about. Recovered now from the fright, I told them about the meeting with the guide and all we had seen. Marina interrupted the conversation, calling my mother who immediately went to Sixto, and upon seeing him, gave a cry of alarm. We approached Sixto in silence. His features had undergone a slight change. His eyes were definitely slanting. His features had taken on a Mongolian aspect and he was unshaven, as if he had been away for several hours. How was it possible?

To our great surprise, my brother told us that he had travelled with Oxalc to Morlen through the Xendra, that the journey had taken a few seconds and that for several hours he had been walking and visiting parts of the Crystal City. Although he had been absent for about 15 minutes here, he insisted that for at least 6 hours he had walked and talked with the being in Ganymede, a little more than 640 million kilometers from Earth.

In his statement he told us what the guides thought of the terrestrial being and instructed us in the concepts of the Rama-man. He assured us that from now on we would have to face the difficult task of making the world realize the necessity of a new consciousness, about love. According to him, we had received a new task, a mission....the Rama Mission.

## **Chapter X. THE XENDRAS**

A similar event that would prove the authenticity of our experience through the inter-dimensional doors, occurred later on April 25th, 1977 in Chile, three years after J.J. Benitez had documented what we had experienced in Chilca. The Chilean event occurred on that date at 4:15 a.m., 150 kilometers from Arica at the Peruvian border, when Corporal Armando Valdes Garrido and 7 other soldiers of the Rancagua regiment were near the region of Pampas de Llussuma in the mountains of Putre, chasing traffickers and smugglers. With no previous warning, they saw two lights similar to stars descending slowly. One of them touched ground at a distance of 500 meters from where the troop was stationed. It was an oval, luminous haze that emitted a strong violet light. Suddenly that strange luminous, thick, and compact mist began to move towards the soldiers. The corporal approached the light slowly, asking his soldiers to give him cover, and very curious to see what it was, with his gun at the ready, he entered and disappeared into the light. After 15 minutes the corporal re-appeared, 60 meters behind the soldiers, staggering and dazed. He was goggle-eyed and looked as if he hadn't shaved for days, despite his short absence. He seemed to be in a trance. His watch displayed the time of 4:30, but its calendar indicated a date 5 days in advance. Before he fainted, he murmured some words to his companions: "You don't know who we are nor where we come from, but we will come back." Even after several examinations by the Chilean army, it was impossible to make him remember where he had been or what happened to him.

"Tonight," my sister Rose said simply, "we've registered one more historic event in our lives. I think the guides will have more experiences of this kind in other places to confirm ours." How right she was! With the sound of our voices echoing on its slopes, the Mine vanished in the darkness of the night as we returned to our vehicles to begin the journey back home to Lima, where my father waited impatiently for our news. Although his relationship with my brother was a little cooler, my father and I were on good terms and we sometimes exchanged ideas relating to contact experiences. Obviously I kept him informed of each new adventure.

This experience had been very special, because for the first time Oxalc had appeared physically to us and had accomplished an impressive phenomenon of levitation with Marina. During our journey back home I

remembered the whole scene step by step. Everything was so incredible. I had witnessed the encounter of two worlds, separated by a gap of millenniums of civilization and development. But there, right in front of me, these two realities gave way to the beginning of a new one...ours.

Sixto's words hammered in my mind, accompanied by the image of his altered face. "Why? What for? How far will they go? Who will be next?" I asked myself. I was worried and puzzled. I could not envision the future; there was no program, no detailed route, no indication of what would come. The great adventure had turned out to be fantastic and beyond all expectations, but I was beginning to feel a little afraid and anxious. Oxalc's imposing, impressive, overwhelming presence engulfed my mind's eye. All was happening too quickly for careful analysis. My anxiety was unsettling.

The following days were rather turbulent, on top of it all. The frequent conversations with Sixto, the answers to the questions asked by all those who learned about the experience only made me feel worse. I think that in fact I was afraid...afraid that something bad and unfortunate might happen to someone; perhaps afraid I would not know how to act when my turn came to be the leading actor of the event.

My thoughts were meandering in this vein when some members of the group received the communication for a new general field outing the following week-end; Mochi was included. The preparations were no different from other times, except for a greater sense of expectation. The message said that we were all invited to participate in a new stage of experiences that would be called Gimbra. It consisted of the appearance of Xendras which were dimensional doors similar to the one we had seen with Oxalc. The only difference was that this time several people would go through.

No wonder we were all worried and curious, for this time groups of people would be invited to go through a Xendra to who knows where? Anyway, it would be free and probably very far, with no bother about passports or money. The experience of inter-dimensional transportation was confirmed in several messages received by different people and on different dates. None of those persons had passed the message on to their companions and so it represented the best evidence that the convocation was real.

After nearly a week of intense psychological and physical preparation (a rigorous diet had been set by the guides to better our physical condition), our general condition was satisfactory. In fact, besides being terribly hungry because of the fruit diet, I was still tense and worried. I did my best to change my unpleasant disposition, but it was difficult. Finally, Saturday came. Early in the morning the group met at my house to go over the instructions the guides had given.

The participants were divided into small groups of at least 4 or 5 with one coordinator, as indicated by the guides. The small group that was given to me consisted of my sister Rose, my cousin Ana Maria, David and myself. We were only 4, the smallest group. After that, we got into the cars and left for Chilca. Never before had the journey been so quick. Almost one hour later we arrived at the sand dunes near Papa Leon XIII.

Progressing slowly in the soft sand, we chose our way carefully to avoid sinking and stopping. Leaving the vehicles behind, we then walked towards the plain where the Mine was. The night was clear and the stars were peacefully bright in that immensity. Everything looked tranquil and the silence of the place was broken only by the conversation of the members of the group. A few minutes later, the journey came to an end. Insecurity, fear...I really did not know what I felt. On the one hand I was glad to be there with all the others for a new contact, but on the other hand I had worrying thoughts.

Sixto was coordinating the practice and suggested some relaxation, which I found an excellent idea. The group formed a circle, sitting on the sand in the lotus position. Sixto induced the group to relax, speaking about the importance of our presence there and the opportunity we were being given. He commented on the remarks of the guides about the necessity to change and assume the commitment for a reformulation of values. Each word exploded in my mind like a bomb making my heart beat faster. But his words helped eventually. Little by little, my panic was replaced with an agreeable sensation of calm. Gradually I relaxed and after so many days of restlessness, I could at last find peace. After 45 minutes of relaxation the groups began to get together to begin work.

A hysterical cry from one of the girls stopped all movement. Everybody stood still, shocked, and looked in the direction the girl was pointing. At the top of one of the hills was a strangely shaped object. It was like a banana, bent like a boomerang, approximately 25 meters end to end. It had an orange light that flashed on each end and in the centre, a kind of big, bluish window. We watched the object with curiosity and made a timid approach. We slowly got nearer and had a wonderful surprise. A few meters from the landed object was a member of the crew, standing and looking at us calmly. The being was less than 1000 meters from the group and although it was not a dark night, we could see his silhouette against the lights of the spaceship. We could not distinguish any details, but it was clearly an extraterrestrial.

The practice had hardly begun and the participants were already excited with the impact of that moment. Everybody expressed their excitement somehow. We all pointed and talked, asking ourselves if what we saw before us was real. We turned to one another for confirmation.

Three other similar objects came from behind the mountains and added to the already emotionally shaken state of the group. Sixto tried to calm everyone down, asking the groups to organize themselves for the beginning of the practice and continuation of the work. It was not easy to maintain order in a group of about 25 people with that show going on close by as well as above our heads, but finally the groups succeeded in assembling at the places indicated for each of them.

Although we wanted to pay more attention to what was flying over our heads, we slowly began to do some concentration exercises. At that moment, the boomerang shaped spaceships each shone beams from their belly down at each group. At the same time, a cupola of light formed by a bright bluish mist materialized right behind me, about 5 or 6 meters from the place where we were working.

All the members of my small group, including me, became restless. I must confess that even after all the previous preparation and experiences, my emotions were stronger than my reasoning and I was so much at a loss that I could hardly stand still. Just then I felt that a message was trying to come into my confused mind. Amongst my thoughts I heard the words "Calm down, relax, don't worry, everything is all right" and a pleasant sensation of peace pervaded my whole body. Rose had run to me when a Xendra was projected beside us. Frightened, she held me tight and would not let go. Ana Maria and David had also come close, their faces showing apprehension.

Communication had been established and messages flowed explaining the purpose of the phenomena; tranquility returned to the groups. The spaceships hovered at low altitude and the dimensional doors awaited us. Godar, my guide, informed me that David would be the first and that he should walk into the light. The guides were waiting for him on the other side and everything was under control. I gave David the message and he said that his guide also had told him to go on and not to worry. Armed with a great deal of courage, David looked at us, waved and walked towards the light. Step by step, while trying to maintain our calm, we accompanied his movements and watched him disappear inside that mass of light.

A quarter of an hour later, David came back from the interior of the light, staggering. He looked uneasy and it took him a few seconds to pull himself together and walk towards us. A little dizzy, he informed us that it had been an amazing experience. He said Ana Maria would be next and that she should not be afraid because everything was part of the practice and the guides did not wish us harm. Ana Maria got up, signaled she was ready and said that if she did not come back, we should inform her boyfriend that he should await a postcard from Jupiter. Smiling, she went to meet her destiny.

To see our cousin disappear into the light was too much for Rose who began to cry, frightened. Unsure of what to do, I tried to calm her while David began to tell us about his experience: When he entered the light he felt dizzy and felt a slight burning on his skin. At the end of the light he found himself in a room where there were two very tall men whose description reminded me of the crew of Antar Sherart. These guides spoke to him about his performance and the purpose of his task, and advised him to ponder the responsibility of that encounter and how much his life would change.

Right then, Ana Maria came out of the light also a little dizzy. Approaching the group, she cried out the name of her guide Gexo excitedly. She felt very happy, danced and laughed and encouraged Rose to get up and go to the light. Rose waited a minute, looked at us, dried her tears, breathed deeply, got up and began to

walk towards the light. And there was Xanxa, the extraterrestrial guide from Apu who was Rose's contact. My sister was paralyzed, looking at her in astonishment. We were all there gaping at the image of that wonderful woman, almost 1.90 meters tall, with long hair tied in a ponytail that fell to one side. Xanxa did not wear a hood like the crew of Antar's spaceship, but wore the same classic coverall. She had a fringe of thin hair covering her forehead, her eyes were almond-shaped, slanting and of unique beauty.

Rose seemed to have fallen into a hypnotic trance, She stood stiff in front of Xanxa. After about 10 or 15 minutes, the guide turned back into the light. Rose turned, staggered a few steps and fell to the ground. She was completely dizzy and shaking with emotion. David, Ana Maria and I held her arms; we brought her to where the knapsacks were and tried to make her comfortable, to rest and drink some water.

As I was supposed to be next however, I asked David to be in charge of the group and began to walk to the energy door. But it suddenly disappeared and at the same time I received a message saying that I would not share in that experience. It was like being doused with a bucket of cold water, icy cold. I felt helpless and stood there, looking at the place where the light had been. I watched as the spaceships maneuvered and vanished into the immensity of the night, leaving me dumbfounded. Minutes went by and still I could not believe what had happened. My concentration was broken by Ana Maria's hand on my shoulder, asking me to head back to the cars. It was all finished and I had not partaken of that event.

Back at the cars, I could hear all the boys talking and laughing excitedly about the incredible adventure on the other side of the doors. Some of them had been taken individually to a room similar to the one David and Ana Maria had been to. Others, on the contrary, had been sent in a group to a meeting with what they thought was the Council of the 24, the Council of the Venerable Elders of the Confederation, which coordinates the work of prospecting and investigation of the civilizations affiliated with the Milky Way and administers the inter-worlds technological, economic and social exchange.

Some of them asked me where I had been taken and at each answer, they looked at me as if I was a strange animal. The fact that I had not been anywhere seemed to them evidence that I was somehow unworthy, a sinner. Anyway, I did not pay much mind to what they thought of me because I was feeling really disheartened. I felt so disconcerted that I left the group to look for a corner where I could hide my sadness and desolation. Mentally I blamed myself for not having trusted the extraterrestrials and for being so insecure. My fears had caused the loss of a marvelous experience.

I sat silently on a hillside isolated from the exhilaration of the boys and tried to understand the reason for the discrimination. I was tortured by the fact that after so many experiences together, I would not be able to accompany the group any longer. My road on that incredible adventure seemed to have ended today. But I could not accept that idea; it was too cruel to be real. "I wonder if the extraterrestrials will punish me for having doubted their intentions. I wonder if I'll be expelled because I dared question them". A stray tear, fruit of that melancholy, fell onto the dry ground.

My thoughts were racing in an all-out attempt to understand that cold, cruel abandonment, when, engulfed by these chaotic ideas, I felt Goddard's presence. A chill went down my spine. I looked around for a signal. The night was still silent and the sounds of the group echoed in the mountains around me. Once again, I felt something behind me. I was startled and stood up, searching. A message took form in my frightened mind. It was Godar with his pleasant tender voice trying to calm down the storm inside me. Conscious of his presence in my thoughts, I got a whole sea of questions and despair off my chest, looking for answers. A gentle quietness filled my mind. In that hypnotic torpor I heard a voice that said: "Come, turn to the right and go ahead."

I was suspicious and initially hesitated. I felt insecure, but I made up my mind quickly, drew a deep breath and followed the direction indicated. I had nothing to lose. I walked uphill with Godar indicating the path I should take, right, left or straight ahead. A few minutes later, I reached a depression at the top of a hill right at the bottom of the valley. The group was a few kilometers behind, but even so, I could still hear the echo of their voices in the distance and see the faint gleam of their flashlights. I looked around and could not avoid the feeling of fear of a possible adverse situation.

Godar stopped talking in my thoughts. I was in an isolated place, shielded by the higher hills in the valley. The cars on the highway could be seen in the distance. They were small dots of light against the darkness of the night. For a moment I looked at those cars and thought of the people in them, who hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on a short distance away from them. They would never have imagined how close they had been to such transcendental events in human history and that they had driven close to a scene where people were trying to unravel the mysteries of the Universe.

My thoughts were abruptly distracted when I saw that a few meters from me, a light similar to the Xendras began to form. I instinctively backed a few steps and although my heart raced, I tried not to run. Actually, it was a dimensional door that slowly took form right in front of me, slowly increasing its intensity; in the same proportion my heartbeats increased.

Trying to control my panic, I saw a huge figure coming out of the light with his right hand up. He was about 2½ meters tall, had a medieval haircut, slanting almond-shaped eyes, and apparently 35 – 38 years old. He wore bluish coveralls, high-leg boots made of what looked like bronze plates and a wide belt. He looked like the beings I had seen in Antar Sherart's spaceship, but there was something familiar about this one. I tried to control my shaken nerves. It was too much for one night and I felt really worn out.

A voice came into my thoughts again and said: "Calm down, don't worry, I don't mean any harm. Try and find a way for our minds to share the same feeling...peace. I'm Godar, the one you've found in your search. You will be called for another practice at this same place, next Saturday. After you have arrived, leave your group and come straight to this place. I'll be waiting for you."

I could not believe my eyes. At last I was face-to-face with the Apunian extraterrestrial with whom I had been communicating for months. I could see his figure, his gestures, his clothes; it was simply astounding, wonderful. I was so moved and excited that I forgot all the questions and doubts that had worried my soul so painfully a few minutes ago. I felt as if I was looking at a kind of angel. His physical beauty and his features inspired awe, but there was a certain purity in his eyes that penetrated to my depths and calmed me down.

When he finished speaking, he went back into the light with the same gesture of his hand again. The door of light immediately disappeared. Then I fell to the ground; it was really too much emotion for one night.

My mind was blank except for Godar's image that was still glued to my retina. It took me some minutes to recover.

I looked at my watch and saw it was very late. Worried that I would be left behind by the group, I ran towards them. They had been looking for me to go back to town. They noticed that there was something strange, asked me if I was all right and I answered that I was. I did not know if I should tell them about Godar's appearance and decided to keep quiet. The commitment for the following Saturday had dispelled any frustration, feeling of failure or sadness for not having participated in the experiences of the rest of the group. I suspected something extraordinary was going to happen. I did not know exactly what, but I knew the extraterrestrials were planning something. Anyway, I would be part of it after all, I had been neither forgotten nor set apart as I had thought. They only needed something special from me. What?

Back in Lima, my father could hardly believe the boys' stories about their trips into the doors of light. They were unbelievable, but the great majority had points in common. Almost all the ones who had had the experience said they had been transported to enclosed places, that is rooms where they had been expected by beings from Apu or Orion, always in two's or more. The conversations with those beings were about the responsibility of a training, the need to elicit a commitment from humanity, their disposition to help and the importance of establishing closer contact in the future. Sixto's group was the only one that had made the trip with all its members simultaneously to Morlen, where apparently the Council of 24 were holding a meeting.

According to the group, they landed in a large round room with a cupola covered with symbols, among which they could see a six-pointed star, similar to the Magen David, the symbol of Israel, and a trident quite similar to the symbol of the Greek god of the seas, Poseidon or Neptune. The floor was polished like metal, bright, circular; two rows of twelve armchairs were arrayed along the walls on both sides. In front of them there were stands with ideograms or strange symbols that differentiated one from the other. According to the description,

they looked like Phoenician ideograms or Runic writing. In front of the group and between the two rows of chairs, there were six torches, three on each side, with a kind of altar or Tabernacle in the centre. A kind of winter garden could be seen with colored flowers of great beauty, protected by a crystal urn. At the bottom you could see the same six-pointed star engraved in the structure.

The 24 places were occupied by beings of different shapes. The variety of characteristics, sizes and races was surprising, although the great majority had a humanoid morphological configuration. They were too distant to be able to distinguish the councilors' faces in detail. The atmosphere of the room inspired concentration and respect. The place had perfect acoustics, so each sound could be clearly heard, but at the time it was silent.

One of the places near the group was occupied by a being whose physical appearance was quite similar to a human. The being had long hair and a thick white beard, looking more like a Viking than an extraterrestrial. He rose and pointed to the tabernacle and said: "This place, the importance of which you can't comprehend, represents the biggest mystery of the whole of creation. Here, we contemplate the rarest wonder, simple and wonderful life. Of all searches the intelligent creature could undertake, this one is the hardest, the most painful and takes the longest to accomplish. During one's existence and the consciousness of being and living a full life, the search for the comprehension of the mystery of our origins represents the first act of intelligence that transcends time and space, trying to unravel the unfathomable enigma: the dwelling of the architect of life, the extension of the generating power, the origin of the sower of spirits and the nature of the creative force. This urn represents the respect we pay to the most precious gift of our intelligence – the capacity to feel and recognize the existence of a power whose intensity and objectives are not always clear and whose logic is beyond our comprehension. The most important question ever asked by any civilization was to query the real purpose of their existence and the reason for being here now. Anyway, the fact that we are here now, means that somehow we are part of a universal plan. We have been created to discover the creator, understand the reason why we are imperfect, and find the way to achieve perfection. The difficulties on the road to evolution are intentional and are part of creation. We strive to be conscious of that and to understand its objective.

According to Sixto, everybody heard the being's words but nobody could tell if he really spoke or if they were received mentally. The group was totally overwhelmed and did not know how to react. Oxalc appeared beside them and lead the way back out. At the end of their visit, Oxalc said to them "In ancient times, other civilizations existed in your world that were destroyed by lack of vision and humility. We don't want it to happen again, so we will help. Now you must go." In a moment, through the door of light, they were at Chilca again.

Another crazy adventure added to our field experiences and one more headache for my father. It was far beyond any kind of science fiction film. My father was in a terrible quandary as to whether or not to accept our stories.

The days went by as usual but my classes at college could not distract my mind from Godar and his invitation. I could not resist the temptation and told Rose about my meeting with Godar. She was moved, happy and curious about what would happen on the appointed day. In fact, during the first days of that week messages were received, calling the rest of the group for another outing to Chilca.

Finally, that Saturday in July arrived. I remember I counted the minutes and the seconds till the journey to Chilca began. Rose noticed my anxiety. We got into the cars and left. We didn't have any problems on the road. When we reached our destination, we left the car in the usual spot and walked on. I was so excited that I could hardly keep from outpacing the group. I waved to Rose and walked towards the hills. While I walked on, Sixto and Rose watched me, worried. Sixto did not know why I was going so Rose told him.

Tired and anxious, I got to the place. The night was cool and the exercise had warmed me up. I was breathless.

From a small promontory, I saw the place where the group was gathering to begin work. The message had indicated that the work with the Xendras would continue that night. Punctually, the boomerang spaceships showed up near the valley. A low hum filled the silence of the night and the group split into smaller ones. I

was in the same place where the energy door had appeared one week before. I sat in the lotus position to relax, closed my eyes and began a meditation to contact Godar mentally.

A few minutes later I felt a gentle, warm breeze. The different temperature made me open my eyes, and right in front of me the door of light appeared again. My heart beat faster and I immediately jumped up to my feet. I think I stepped back, waiting for Godar. Funny, I was not afraid anymore, but was still wrapped in strong emotion. The door was open and I was expecting Godar. I waited a few minutes, but the extraterrestrial did not come. I began to feel impatient and worried. Curious to examine the energy door, I picked up my knapsack and approached slowly. It was fascinating, a vortex of bluish light that seemed to pulse. When I reached out my hand trying to touch the light, I felt Godar's voice saying "Come into the light; I'm waiting for you." My guide had contacted me and was asking me to go in. I hesitated and backed up a few steps. "What shall I do? Shall I go in or not?" I debated. Although I was afraid, I followed my instinct, breathed deeply and went ahead.

It was terrifying. I was in a corridor of dim light with an invisible compulsion that pushed me forward and that I could not stop. My skin was hot, burned and I had a painful headache. The air was heavy and cold. For a few seconds everything was bright and blinded me. A few steps from me, in the mist, I could see a yellowish light that looked like the exit. I walked towards it quickly and crossed out of the light in one jump. Then I felt a smashing pressure on my chest that threw me to the ground and left me breathing with difficulty. At the same time, I felt a warm liquid running down from my nose. I pulled out my handkerchief to wipe my nose and saw it was blood; my nose was bleeding.

Dizzy from the experience and suffering from the pain all over my body, I found myself kneeling on ground that was paved with finely cut stones. I was somewhere that obviously was not Chilca. I raised my eyes and was amazed with what I saw.

It was daylight or at least it looked like it. There were large fields of gardens with paths paved with stones and in the background I could see the buildings of a town. About 50 meters from me, I saw a figure that seemed to be Godar, his right hand raised, waving to me. I stood up and began to observe in detail. Behind me there was no door any longer. Only the end of a solid stone wall artificially cut against which there was a flowerbed that ran along the wall as far as you could see. This flowerbed was made of small juxtaposed stones and had extremely beautiful flowers and plants. I could never have imagined such bright colours. Along all the extensions of the flowerbed both to the right and to the left, there was a stone sidewalk. When I looked at the sky, I saw that the slopes of rock behind me went upwards, forming a gigantic cupola. What looked like the sky was actually an enormous quantity of lights arranged in long rows along the whole ceiling. I realized I was in the interior of a fantastic, gigantic cavern, artificially built. I deduced I was in a kind of underground base and that Chilca was on the surface right above us. I approached Godar slowly, looking around for details.

The grass in the gardens was the colour of beetroot, a bright red contrasting with the white, yellow, green, flowers of various shades and shapes. The light beige, cut stones were arranged into an orderly road, three meters wide and a few kilometers long.

Godar was waiting for me, his hands behind him. He wore a kind of loose, long white tunic, with golden and silver details and trimming, like the Roman Togas. The sleeves were also loose and the collar was circular. He wore a golden belt with a kind of clasp with a crystal in its centre. The tunic came down below his knees. He wore high-leg boots made of some material similar to leather, with golden metallic details. His clothes looked like the ones he was wearing on the day of the first Xendra at Chilca, but the details and style were different. Anyway, I was completely amazed. Godar broke my trance with a gesture of his hand inviting me to follow him. The guide walked towards the city and I followed. He was extremely tall, more than two meters; I did not quite reach his chest. It was difficult to keep up with his long strides and I lagged behind.

The city was, I think, 5 or 6 kilometers from where I had landed. I had the impression that the level of the terrain where I walked was higher than the base of the city. The buildings were huge, seemingly made of concrete and painted with acrylic colours, for you could see their bright surfaces even at such a distance. The architectural structures looked semi-circular and roundish. One building contrasted with all the rest; it looked like a gigantic column rising from the ground to the top of the ceiling and its polyhydic lines made it look quite different from all the other buildings.

As we strode along towards the city, I caught glimpses of the end of the cavern. It was difficult to calculate the distances. Very large fields and gardens were distributed around the city, imparting the idea of a strategic design. The road where we were was one of many others that converged on the city. At each step, I noticed we were closer to the centre of the structure.

Suddenly, as I was studying some bushes in the fields, I saw a group of beings similar to Godar, sitting in a circle on the grass. I felt like stopping and approaching them to see what they were doing. Having taken only a few steps, I noticed a large young lion lying on the grass among them. The presence of the animal made me jump back and start running away. Godar looked at me with a funny smile. It was too much. I felt anxious and wanted to know where we were. I suspected we were underground in the mountain region of the Mine, so I asked: "How deep are we below Chilca?"

Godar looked surprised. Pointing to the city he said: "You are not at Chilca, Charlie, not even in your country. We are more than 4 light years from Earth. This city is called Ilumen, the operational centre of the planet you call Apu, in the system called Alpha Centauri by your scientists.

I was surprised and replied, "But how is it possible? Nobody can travel in space like that. I have just arrived and it is impossible to cover such a distance in only a few minutes, even at light speed."

The guide smiled patiently and I could see that his teeth were not like a human's. They looked like whitish plates one beside the other. He answered still walking: "Although we can consider you a relatively advanced society, your knowledge about space travel is rather restricted. Your spaceships were designed imitating the flight of the birds from place to place, but ours try to imitate the behaviour of the planets. While you try to go long distances in less time, you make basic mistakes. Consider this: 500 years ago, a man called Magalthes went round the world on a journey that took two years; later with the development of aeronautics, a jet plane could do the same in 10-12 hours, and with a spaceship of your technology it now takes only 2 hours. Although 500 years have elapsed, man is still using a vehicle for transportation. His physical space has not changed but technology has allowed him to reduce the time spent on the journey. But what has actually changed? What is the difference? Simply the environment in which the journey took place. In old times it was by sea, where it met the resistance of the waves and the displacement caused by the winds. Then by air where it fought friction, the limitation of altitude, and the influence of acceleration, and finally nowadays he travels through space taking advantage of gravity fields. Each change in the means of transportation allowed man to considerably alter the time spent in travel. This example shows that through technology it is possible to discover and identify alternative methods that will enable him to conquer long distances in less time. This option is represented by the dimensional doors. They act like ducts, tunnels, artificially built to reduce the distance and the time spent on a journey. If you had travelled at light speed, it would have taken you at least four years to get here, and according to your scientists and the relativistic concepts, that time would be multiplied on Earth. So travelling at light speed would take you only four years in space, but several dozens of years on Earth. And if we consider the journey back to the Earth, it would take you four more years, but a few dozen more of Earth time. So you would get back home around a century later, but you would be only 8 years older. The trip would have lost its objective and technically you would be out-dated for you would find a completely different world. It is obvious that travelling at light speed is not the right alternative either to overcome the problem of space distances. The answer is in the route as well as in the means used to cover the course. This is why we use the Xendras; with them we can alter the relationship of time in another space."

All that information impressed me and gave me pause for thought. When he spoke, I watched his lips in an attempt to see any movement that would show verbalization, but I could see nothing. He was communicating with me mentally, but I had the impression that I could hear him.

Godar continued his explanation: "The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, but if you decided to leave Lima and walked in a straight line to Chilca, would it really be a straight line? Of course not. Your planet, as any other, is spherical, and even by flying you would be describing a curve. Also the lights of the stars that you can see in the sky occupy a fictitious place. Besides being in direct contact with a distant past, for the light you see was sent off millions of years ago, this light is situated in a place determined by its course in space. Light is also matter and as such is subordinated to gravity and undergoes changes in its course. The image you see is relatively real for its situation is the result of the interaction of gravitational force



and its light; it is the image of something that existed in an ancient past. Terrestrial physics and astrophysics are dropping the idea of the existence of a Universe rigid in its laws and merely tri-dimensional, where light, width and depth are the only determinant elements. Although the factor of space-time is taken into account nowadays to judge the tetra-dimensionality of the Universe, there is still one more factor of great importance to be taken into consideration: the nature and state of the matter-energy that forms the Universe itself. The concepts relating to this aspect are still the cause of heated polemics between experts who try to determine to what extent light is energy and matter at the same time or if radiation is matter or simple energy and what is most difficult, up to what extent energy is manifested and transmitted in a determined frequency or if it is actually possible. The Universe we can see is only a form of energy vibrating at a determined frequency. As radio and television waves coexist without interfering with each other, there are innumerable Universes co-existing at different levels or dimensions; their mass is manifested in differentiated frequencies of vibration where time and space conditions are different from the one where we are. The Xendra doors are tunnels that join us to other dimensions acting as decodifiers of the frequencies of universal levels; on each journey they break through time and also make distances non-existent.”

All these statements overwhelmed me. Although I was capable of learning at the university level, I did not have enough time to assimilate his information. I was too anxious and astonished to realize the importance of what Godar was saying. It was difficult for me to believe and simply accept the idea that right at that moment I was having a conversation with an extraterrestrial in the middle of an avenue of an alien city somewhere on a distant planet of the Milky Way. It was too crazy.

Still surprised with Godar’s explanation and with all that was happening I looked again at that group with the lion and asked: “Please tell me, that is a terrestrial animal, isn’t it? What is it doing here?”

Godar walked on towards the city and signaled with his hand for me to follow him. I hurried to his side. He answered: “As you can see, we are in an underground city but it was not like that in the past. In very old times that we can’t remember, we were an immature, arrogant society. Our scientists thought they could alter the natural order of things and began to interfere in the delicate atmospheric structure of this planet. Because of a serious mistake, the balance of the gases that constituted the air we breathed and also the protective atmospheric layers were destroyed. Very quickly the degeneration of the air destroyed all kinds of life. Radiation from space completed the destruction; it found no obstacle. The only survivors were the ones who were already living in the space colonies or travelling in space. Our world died together with its population, native fauna and flora, for there had been no time to save anything. Thousands of years later, we decided to return and rebuild our civilization on our original planet, but the surface was still destroyed and contaminated. We opted to leave the surface as it was. The debris of the past on a dead surface would serve as a monument to what technical and intellectual arrogance could cause. Future generations would be able to learn where our megalomaniacal, presumptuous attitude had led us. So we built these huge caverns and adapted them to our life. In all, there are twenty-four cities like this one, composed of residential modules, centers of basic production, research, administration, leisure, medical support units, piers, supply centers, thermal units, etc.; twelve industrial centers of general production, processing and research for different segments of consumers; seven experimental and producing agricultural centers; three building complexes for events and visitors; seven transportation centers and repair shops; six educational and training complexes; eight hospital centers for care and regeneration; and finally twelve units for environmental control.

“Although each city is structurally self-sufficient, the industrial and research centers develop risky work; that’s why certain areas of activity are set far apart from the others. On the other hand, the educational and training centers contain all the basic, scientific, operational and cultural activities, and they need a special, particular structure that allows the concentration of learning resources. For that purpose, over thousands of years, we imported different forms of life. Plants and animals were brought from every country we visited, not only for scientific study or sources of nourishment and raw materials, but mainly to form a new biosphere. All the plants you see are part of this landscape not only as decoration but also as a complex structure that is part of the environmental control of our city. Temperature, humidity, gases, are all linked; there is no more efficient environmental balance than the interaction of life itself. The lion you saw is part of a study. The team with it is analyzing the animal’s reaction to telepathic contact and trying to learn more intensively how its behaviour is affected by its instinct of self-preservation.”

As I listened to the guide, I noticed that my movements were easily performed. I did not feel any resistance or uneasiness caused by gravity or pressure; to the contrary, I felt a strange lightness. Godar looked at me and interrupted what he was saying to explain that the local gravity was artificially controlled by the environmental control units, as well as the temperature, atmosphere, pressure, etc. He also said that the first inhabitants of the planet, his ancestors, were physically different and that after thousands of years of technology and advances in genetics, the characteristics of the species were changed into what they were today. That whole process was developed in the space colonies where they slowly adapted to their new environment. When they got back to their native planet, they had to make a few adjustments, not only for themselves, but also for the survival of other forms of life.

As we talked and walked on the stone road, I could see the city coming closer step by step. It was an architect's dream. The buildings were roundish, globular or with a cupola. They seemed to be made of acrylic, plastic or something similar. Some were transparent, others were red, yellow, grey, smoky, sky-blue, white. I had the impression that each one of them had been built with only one piece of acrylic, for no joints could be seen. There were raised platforms joining the structures, looking like aerial roads between the buildings. A few objects flew quietly over the buildings and landed on their tops or lateral platforms.

Everything was fantastic. There are no words to express the beauty and magnificence of what I saw. I could never have dreamed of such a sight. I was so excited that my heart beat faster. Every time I thought of where I was, I felt pressure on my chest. Some moments I was overjoyed, others frightened or deeply moved. That combination began to tire me but curiosity kept me going.

When I was about a hundred meters from the city, I saw that it was actually at a different level. The road as well as the gardens formed a platform above the city, corresponding to the height of a two-storey building, so we would have to walk down a descending zigzag ramp to get to the level of the streets. We arrived at the back of a block of buildings. The ramp ran along the side forming wide corridors.

Near the access to the city I saw another being approaching, similar to Godar but younger. I was a little afraid and stopped, refusing to go on. Godar noticed and stopped too. The individual walked past me. He looked young, about 25, wore the usual coverall, smiled gently and gave me a piercing look. I felt as if his look penetrated my thoughts; it made me feel defenseless and naked. I felt like an aborigine in the middle of civilization. His smile seemed to say: "Poor, underdeveloped human!" I was conscious of an uneasy, humiliating perception of my inferior condition, but I had to reluctantly admit that the distance between our societies was enormous. I believe that an Amazon aborigine would experience something similar in his first contact with civilization if he were conscious of that difference. (I do not understand a civilization such as ours as a cultural system of mere survival, for we would probably have a better chance of decent survival in a remote jungle rather than in a big city.)

After that disconcerting encounter, we walked as far as the end of the corridor where there was a large square circled by buildings, the ground paved with the same kind of stones as were on the road. There were not many pedestrians at the moment. A few beings physically similar to Godar walked at a distance; there were women among them. Right in the centre of that square there was a magnificent fountain 10 meters in diameter, forming an ellipse of colored waters and a structure with various busts in a garden of low bushes. The fountain seemed to be made of only a single block of pink marble. Its wide boarder was trimmed with a material similar to the buildings. The sculptures seemed to be made of bronze and their features were all different. Impressed by the rarity of the ensemble, I approached the boarder of the fountain to see the monuments. They were heads whose faces showed diverse origins, probably aliens for their features differed radically. Large or small skulls, eyes at the front, on the sides, big or small, with ears or without them; there was everything. One particular bust was outstanding for two reasons: first, it stood higher than the others with its face turned upwards; second, the features were that of a human male. I felt there was something familiar in that face but could not tell what.

I slowly walked around the fountain admiring the details of that sculpture trying to understand why it was there among all the other faces. The features showed that he belonged to the white race, perhaps Caucasian or Nordic. He look upwards in an attitude of observation. He had fine features, trimmed beard, moustache, long hair combed to the back and parted almost in the middle. He had a quiet expression. Several times I

tried to identify his features that were certainly not Apunian; they looked totally human. Crazy thoughts crossed my mind in search of an identity for that bust.

Godar's voice brought me back from my visual hypnotic trance. The guide was further ahead on a lateral street of the square to the right of where we had arrived. I hurried quickly to catch up with him. As I tried to reach Godar, my mind worked, "I wonder who this human is. Why did he merit a sculpture? Why here? What was his importance to this civilization?"

Questions kept coming to my mind. I could not understand the meaning of what I had seen. Mysteries were hidden behind Godar's silence, and up till now he had not informed me why we had come to the city. But I was certain of one thing....I would not leave before I learned all I wanted to. I would have a very serious conversation with Godar for I knew the Apu were up to something regarding me. There had to be a reason for their discrimination and for what was happening now. After Sixto, I was the second person to travel alone to another world. All the others, except for the group that travelled to Morlen with my brother, had had totally different experiences. But why me? Why with me?

## Chapter XI. THE "PROFOUND"

The city tour of Ilumen continued. Between the streets I could see the buildings around me, large entrances, corridors, styles, forms and details all unconventional. Leaving the square, we went to a group of buildings, moving away from what looked like the administrative centre of the city. While I walked I saw that the city was divided into sectors that differed from each other by the characteristic design of the buildings. The buildings around the square where the busts were had a great number of storey. Their shapes were straight, linear and symmetrical. In the sector I was approaching, the buildings looked like enormous domes surrounded by smaller ones all structured on tall columns.

I must honestly confess that I had difficulty in accompanying my guide in the sight-seeing and did not ask any questions. That bust in the fountain still lingered in my thoughts and I had the worried impression that, if I asked any questions, everything would disappear.

Finally, we entered an enormous building that looked like a gigantic cupola from the outside. Inside, there was a large hall about 50 meters high. On the sides, tall crystal urns stood along the walls. There was a soft melody in the air. It seemed like there was a sound system producing ambient music but I could not see any loudspeakers. Very curious, I approached the urns that looked more like enormous shop-windows and noticed that some shadows were moving inside. As I got nearer, I saw that the sound came from their interior and was uniformly distributed because of the acoustics in the hall. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that those shop-windows were in fact gigantic cages containing something that looked like very large butterflies whose wings flapped at high speed. Each insect (or whatever it was) made a specific sound, according to the flapping and vibration of its wings. The harmonious combination of the sounds produced by these various creatures merged into a kind of melody. It sounds fantastically improbable, but we must remember that here on Earth there are insects that communicate with each other or with their mates in season by the emission of high-frequency sounds that are usually undetected by human ears.

There was something new at every moment and I was more and more astonished. Godar smiled at my queer behaviour. I felt like Mr. Troglodyte himself marveling at the advances of modern civilization.

The guide went to the end of the hall with the urns and walked through a door that opened before him. I hurried behind him and saw a long descending corridor. Godar signaled for me to walk faster. Another door slid open and we found ourselves inside a kind of auditorium. The room sloped down, ending in a concave wall. There was a group of armchairs, ten rows of four armchairs on each side of a corridor, making a total of eighty. Between the two rows, right between the two armchairs in the first row, there was a kind of solid cubic table that seemed to be made of yellow, smoky crystal. On the top could be seen a row of six parallel grooves. In front of each one were half-spherical keys on a totally smooth, almost transparent surface. The high,

smooth walls of the auditorium were light-brown and formed a full arch with the ceiling. The shape reminded me of church domes. The front wall was built jutting backwards to the inside, forming a kind of box, breaking the continuity of the room. A kind of architrave, beam or curved arch separated it from the auditorium, keeping it dim. The floor was covered with something that looked like a soft, light brown carpet that left no footprints when you walked on it. The lighting emanated from the ceiling and did not show any points of light; it looked as if the ceiling itself was the source. Godar walked along the corridor and sat down in the armchair on the left side of the table. He called me mentally to sit down in the armchair beside him and I did so. The armchair seemed to be made of a caramel colored synthetic material soft to the touch. The surface yielded slightly according to one's weight and agreeably followed the contours of the occupier's body; it was enormous and made me feel like a Pigmy. In front of us there was a smooth, bright, concave wall that seemed to be made of the same material as the building. Godar opened a little compartment on one of the sides of the table by pressing a certain spot and took some small crystals out of it, all of them the size and shape of domino pieces. The crystals were totally transparent, quite similar to bars of colorless acrylic. In one of the corners, the crystal bar had a kind of bas-relief mark. It was probably a symbol to identify it. The guide held one, showed it to me and inserted it in the first groove. At the same time, a sequence of colored lights flashed on the tabletop and the wall in front was lit with an image of about 6 by 12 meters, using all the height and width of the wall.

Once again I was shocked. The images were of the interior of my house in Lima and showed the daily routine of my family, for the second time! At that moment I decided to interrupt that flow of incredible events, and leaping to my feet I asked him to stop the display and begin to explain in detail the purpose of this exhibition of technological advances and declared spying.

Godar looked at me quietly and answered: "Sit down and take it easy. All your questions will be answered."

Agitated, nervous and tense, I went back to my armchair. Godar turned round and said: "Watch carefully. I'll answer your questions later."

I could not think of an immediate reply, so I sat down and looked at the big screen. Suddenly, the situation changed; they were not images of the daily routine of my family anymore but scenes of a war that I identified as the Vietnam conflict by the characteristics of the uniforms. I was impressed by the technology for, at that time those big screens with no external projection had not reached Peru yet, or if they had, I had never seen one. Now, I was watching on a huge screen, images of perfect resolution and clarity with no apparent focus of projection. It was like a gigantic TV set in colour, except that there was no distortion in the images.

I was fascinated. The scenes changed quickly, showing different wars, alternating with panoramic views of wonderful landscapes or images of poverty, urban violence, environmental pollution and the destruction of forests on Earth. Then, the screen showed extended desert areas of desolation and barrenness that looked like the Sahara or another planet. It reminded me of the scenes that Antar Sherart had shown us in the other spaceship. But why this again? I was puzzled and asked Godar the purpose of it all. He answered:

"The machine we are using is connected to something similar to a computer. It's continually fed with information from all the worlds we regularly visit, through resources that are beyond any analogue, digital or electronic information that you know and have been using. This complicated machine analyses and processes all the data through a system somewhat similar to a triangulation. It confronts the data by association and builds images by conclusion. Besides, it can catch images and sounds of events that occurred in the past. To give you a good idea of how this device works, you just need to imagine this: if the Earth had a gigantic telescope you would be able to see, through the light sent off by a star on a planet, the events that occurred thousands of years ago, for the time that the light takes to go through space is so long that the telescope would catch scenes of its initial formation. The star may have disappeared but the image of its destruction will take light-years to arrive and during that time, if you can see the light, you will go on seeing scenes of the events that occurred in a very ancient past. Our technology made it possible for us to shorten that distance and glean all the history at one time. Let's say that the computer also has a kind of radio-telescope capable of gathering the real images of past events and of adding other information that belongs to the present. So as a result, we have true situations and concrete facts with the possibility of projections into the future. The scenes you first observed belong to the past but are also as real as you and me and every character in the images. Their movements, battles and deaths did actually happen once, somewhere. They

were not taken from a fiction film produced for entertainment. This monitor projects the image of events that happened anywhere we can access, so we can learn in detail the events that caused the present situation. Besides, the Time-Space Centre as it is called, allows us through a complex processing system to create scenes of probable future situations. In other words, if we chose to watch the images of the explosion of the first atomic bomb on August 6, 1945 during your World War II, we could suggest to the computer that an engine failure should occur that would prevent the American airplane from dropping the bomb and we could project on the video what the end of the war would have been like without the explosion over Hiroshima. So a continuity of events in image and sound would be created by the computer from a new past, and as a result it would create a new totally different present. This technology allows us to study several alternatives for past, future or present events and offers the possibility of understanding in depth the conditions and situations that caused the changes in the cultural processes in any civilization. At the same time we can identify the behaviour and attitudes that were responsible for successful results that benefited development as well as the mistakes that hindered a coherent, effective evolution.”

“You mean you can see historical events as they actually occurred and then with your technology produce artificial images of what the result would be like if something hadn’t occurred the way it really did?” I asked, very impressed.

“Yes, and we can make projections into the future and see images of events that will occur in that probable future. This way, we can foresee with a certain margin of safety what measures should be taken to get the best result and also avoid situations that will jeopardize the work, safety and balance of our system.”

I listened, astonished, to that technological explanation and could hardly believe what I saw on the screen. It was like watching a film at the cinema with the difference being that it was not fictional drama; it was our daily drama where everybody without exception, performed a single role...the role of struggling for survival. I began to feel despair. The images from the Earth reflected the violence, depredation, poverty, misery, and injustices to humanity in contrast with the beauty of our geography. While I pondered, Godar said:

“Your world is really beautiful. We call it Merla; that means Blue Planet. Although we know hundreds of worlds in the galaxy, Merla is unique. No planet offers such a splendid variety of colours and life. The richness and fertility of your soil, the complexity and integration of your biosphere and the abundance of resources are something very rare.”

I said, “Godar, I know our planet is beautiful and marvelous and that humanity can’t deal with life correctly, but anyway, why does everything exist? Why is there life after all? Do we have to suffer, struggle, work, survive, raise a family, to simply die afterwards? What’s the meaning of life? Do we just have to accept the answer that it’s all a divine mystery beyond our comprehension?”

The extraterrestrial guide listened to me carefully and impassively. His calm, introspective face showed no emotion. Then he said, “Man is a creature that ignores not only his own nature but also the meaning that should direct him on the route of his existence. For centuries, man has wandered on the surface of the Earth, trying to survive the inclemency of meteorological and climatic conditions, the attack of wild predators and chiefly the misdeeds of his fellow men. Instead of growing spiritually and expanding his creative ability, he mistakenly uses his talents to dominate, explore and destroy. His science is fundamentally directed to obtain power and not to better general conditions of life. All the benefits derived from science are merely merchandise, the continuity of which will depend on its negotiation. In this way, dependence and submission to that power are guaranteed, for there is no other way to survive. His memory is short, for his knowledge is restricted to the historical time he lives in and the space he inhabits. The past is something unimportant, meant to be forgotten. He doesn’t take into consideration that there is no present without a past. He favors egocentrism, envy, power, vanity, sectarianism, and discrimination. He is so vain that he thinks he is the only intelligent living creature in the Universe, that everything gravitates around the Earth and that he was made in the image of the creative power. He is so arrogant that he thinks he is able to interpret the concepts and laws that govern the universal reality without any help. Animals, plants and the soil are there just to be his slaves. Being a unique creation in the Universe, as he believes, everything is there just to please him. A mere act of repentance can erase all pain, affliction and destruction caused to the environment or his fellow man, leaving no traces just as in a sleight-of-hand trick. For years, man has damaged and destroyed for the sake of various ideas that he believes are right. But what can justify destruction and aggression? Only the

conservation of life, respect for, and welfare of the majority. Does man think about others? Or does he only think about himself?

“In the primitive stage” he went on, “all animals respect a major principle that, although they don’t understand it, is part of nature. Instinct leads all species along a coherent route for survival, stimulating them to act according to their needs for perpetuation. While instinct commands, nothing goes astray. The environment cooperates in great decisions and its balance determines the transformations or changes in the route. When man was still primitive, he respected the laws that led him naturally in a coherent direction. His harmonious relationship with the environment offered a facile scenario for the success of the basic transformations that would change the course of his evolution. As he began to be conscious of his power to create, change and transform the things around him, he discovered that he was different and superior to the other species. As a result, there came the practical exercise of that discovery, the mastering and unconditional domination of his inferiors. Survival or death was his only reality; whatever he didn’t understand was either preserved or destroyed according to his sympathies or wishes. In a world where living was mere survival, the human being managed to learn how he could use his brute force, violence, seduction, intelligence and shrewdness to reach his objectives, or to make others work for him. Engaged in an evolutionary search for the discoveries of intelligence, he was ingenuously caught in a trap. Although satisfaction of necessities is the natural motivation of any creature, man developed new motivators, so many that today he believes that competition is the only form of stimulus to development. He established and justified war as a way of general subsistence, war whose weapons and strategies are innumerable and cruel, when in fact, a word used intentionally at the right place and time, an attitude or gesture, can defuse a situation or mollify any real or potential enemy. But in a world of continuous defense, weapons were transformed into daily utensils, and today he doesn’t distinguish attack from defense and vice-versa.

“It’s a pity” commented Godar, “that such a complex and wonderful creature as man can’t see that he has been caught in a trap, and stubbornly goes round in circles without stopping to think and re-orient his route. He has never tried to understand his true nature, the reason for his existence and his role on the stage of the Universal theatre. Man is getting farther from this perception every day and life has been transformed into a baffling mystery. Charlie, have you ever wondered why the intelligent creature exists in the Universe?”

That question hit me like the kick of a mule’s leg. I did not find any words to respond. Godar went on: “Life is a secret for one who doesn’t see the subtle messages offered by the mere fact of existing. Think. What’s the meaning of life? What does life exist for, after all? Who or what created us? If we start from the idea that we have been created by a divine entity or creature, we will have to accept that it had an intention and executed an action motivated by a purpose. If there was an intention, consequently there was an abstraction, a reasoning, a thought. This is reinforced by the idea that, if there was a purpose, there was some planning and a project with a well-defined objective. So, if we accept that this entity thinks, reasons, and that as a result of those mental processes, it established procedures, we are accepting the fact that it has preferences, interests, motivations, desires and objectives. So, it is not omniscient. Omniscience means that it knows everything, including past, present and future. If this entity needs mental processes to act, it means that it ignores the bond between things, its correlation and its inter-dependence. He who stops to think does an evaluation in an associative relationship of cause-effect and/or cost-benefit, before taking any measure or causing any action. If this entity has created life and the Universe itself as a stage, it was because it had a very clear objective and a reason. But, if its power is so big, why didn’t it use it to instill in all creatures a condition of ideal behaviour and harmony, in accordance with the Universe itself?

“The fact that we have been created imperfect and as part of an evolutionary process” he continued, “obviously implies that evolution also has a purpose. It would be simplistic and thoughtless to state that it is because God has endowed us with ‘free-will’. It would give us the impression that this entity had placed us in a laboratory intending to watch us and see if we succeeded or failed in the challenge of living. He should know from the beginning what our performance would be, our rights and wrongs, the chosen options, for if we have been intentionally created, everything is part of a plan. If creation obeys a definitive purpose known by its creator well before it exists, that creator should also know everything relating to every element or creature that is part of that creation. In summary, even if a creature makes a decision, it was already known by the creator-entity; so there can be no ‘free-will’ if each step was pre-determined. Every movement would correspond to a foreknown thought or an expected action. There is no freedom that way. Free-will would only

be theoretical, for if our creator has the power to create a Universe out of nothing, it's impossible to accept that his plan didn't contain every possible variable, from instant zero of creation to the last day.

"As you can see," continued the guide, "there are two evident alternatives concerning freedom. The first one would accept an entity as a creator power. In this alternative, free-will is a condition of choice for intelligent creatures, although it exists only in theory, because the creator must have the past, present and future knowledge of all the universal compound, knowing in advance all the right and wrong choices that will be made. If not, its power would be limited, together with its capability to act or interfere, even to foresee the continuation of its creation, and so it couldn't be considered the supreme power. If it acts directly on somebody, that is, if any intelligent creature benefits from its personal action or interference, it will have immediately recognized that its creation is unable to act by itself because it was created faulty. If it is faulty, it means that the creator wasn't able to foresee the different situations and/or conditions to which his creation would be submitted during its existence and for this reason it will have to be constantly assisted. As an unfolding of this statement, you will have to accept that good and evil, right and wrong, are concepts for which creatures can't be praised or punished, for if that major power or God, as you wish to call it, didn't know in advance what the choices of its imperfect creation would be, the creation itself can't be blamed for its mistakes, because they are the result of an empty project. If, on the other hand, the creator power knows what the answers and choices of its creation will be, it is an accomplice and co-responsible for any of the creature's right or wrong actions, for He himself has created the creature like that, and knew from the beginning what the end would be.

"The second alternative is to accept the idea that we are not the result of the creation of a thinking, individualized entity, but an active, important part of the interaction of a compound of forces, subordinated to a fantastic power under development, and that although we are a consequence of a fraction of activity of that bigger process, we have total freedom to move and act in the universal scene. In other words, what we could call God wouldn't be a person or entity acting by his own will, but a force in development whose improvement is linked to the course of the Universal existence itself. Thus, right or wrong behaviour is a free choice of the created creature and it will be judged according to local and universal conditions. This way, every creature or entity is free in its choice, for the power we call Profound or Reason doesn't act after it has created life; it's only responsible for the laws that generate life; it means that by its nature every being created is equipped with all conditions and abilities not only to survive but mainly to understand what life really is and to evolve consciously. It simply gives the initial push; the continuation is up to each one of us.

"The idea of a distant, non-personified force makes the human being feel unprotected and abandoned. Man created gods whose forms and behaviors adjusted to the inadequacies, frustration, sadness, doubt, and insecurity that surrounded him. These personified gods were transformed into his best companion, his only friend, for according to man himself, there is no other creature in the Universe whom he can trust. In this terrible inner loneliness where his fellow men are violent predators and where survival is an action that must be justified to withstand the constant daily pain, only a divine friend can help. The promise of a life after life, of a paradise in exchange for only temporary suffering, of a happy, eternal life, of a profoundly special reason, sounds like sufficient motivation to live one day after the other. The hope that something will change for the better in the future drives him on. He expects a divine intervention. Without this friend or spiritual power, his life would be complete bitter solitude, where living would have no meaning. This is where the mistake lies. Astray for so long from a healthy coherent evolution, he invented idols and mythologies in the attempt to justify his actions and sufferings that stemmed only from the fight for ambition and power. Man created idyllic concepts he doesn't even understand, in order to diminish suffering and conceal frustration. Living and understanding life is an act of love, that profound feeling that separates the animal from the rational being. But you mistake one for the other.

"In this vast canvas where the plurality of life escapes the most fertile imagination, intelligent life is the only kind capable of experiencing the beauty of sentiment. A creature with the power of creating, building, loving, hating, destroying and transforming. A power that can only be compared to the power of creation itself. The intelligent creature is the only being capable of breaking any limitation or boundary, be it geographical or planetary, spreading love as well as pain. What would be the purpose of putting such a danger in the Universe?

“The Profound may look like a cold power, a force indifferent to life, acting distantly without caring for the transformation of the Cosmos, but it’s not true. The Profound, or God, as you wish, is not a man or creature, but the synthesis of life and its reason, embodying the generating force of transformation and continuous evolution. It’s the dynamic impulse of a continuous adaptation and the energy of constant progress in search of perfection; the source of accomplishments, the inspiration that nourishes imagination and moves creativity, freedom of being, loving and living with dignity. It’s a force with clear, definite objectives intended to grow and expand, but that are not the result of a thought; they are the result of its own nature. The inner energy that leads animals in search of new pastures and water, the voice that moves and pushes man to go a long way or begin new enterprises in search of better life conditions and a corresponding inner satisfaction, the emotion of a conquest, the feeling of love returned, the tenderness in a gesture, an act of compassion, the pure simplicity of a caress and the attainment of an ideal are different ways to discover a small fraction of the Profound acting and manifesting itself in each one of us.

“When we talk to our inner self, when we stop to think and meditate, we are building a channel of communication with that major power. You don’t know what you are capable of, for you haven’t yet found the way to identify that relationship and establish your place in the interior of the Profound. That power or energy is as old and as young as creation itself. Who or what could serve as a reference to compare it? What relationship of time could we use to say that it’s old or new? Anyway, its existence is clear and its expansion is a fact.

“The God of your world is associated only with good. Evil is personified by the devil, which was a simple and easy way to avoid the conflict. You forgot that evil is a creation of that same God. Good and evil are necessary and complementary antagonistic forces. Both of them are fundamental to solidify definitions, and thus essential to determine the speed of transformation. So, the devil cannot exist as an individualized, independent being; it ends up as an extension of God. If you accept the religious tradition that Lucifer rebelled against God, you would have to accept that the creator power ignored the intentions of his creation to the point that it turned against Him. Thus, God didn’t know his angel’s actions, which means absolute alienation. That absurd ignorance impedes the amplitude of his power, indicating a limitation.

“God must be the two factions because there can’t be universal consciousness if it is partial, fractioned or unilateral. It is silly to think that good is only good and evil only evil. Polarity is a universal condition and it exists as two faces of the same reality. Black is the opposite of white and to obtain white you need all the other colours. The magnet has a positive end and a negative one, but the two are part of the same mass; everything has its thesis and antithesis contained in the same unity. Evil or ignorance exists as basic, primitive, simplistic action and reaction; its other extreme is good or complexity, existing as knowledge and perfection. Being perfect is not being good or bad, it’s harmonious co-existence with universal law. Life can only progress with the clear perception of the conflict inherent in the various alternatives of existence. It’s impossible to conceive and define light without understanding that darkness exists; nobody can be good without ever having overcome his wickedness; nobody can evolve without having something to overcome; there cannot be a supreme power that doesn’t contain in itself good and evil, primitiveness, degradation, chaos, accomplishment, conquest, improvement, life and order, for without this it wouldn’t be capable of carrying out evolution. If God is the creator, generator of the process and the accidents of its extenuation, he is compulsorily the synthesis of good, evil, perfection and imperfection, the evidence that everything evolves, including Himself. Good and evil derive from Him. Without God, without the generator power, there wouldn’t be good or evil, there would be absolutely nothing.

“The major power exists in and from all things either animate or inanimate that occupy the Universe. The interaction of these bodies, their transformation and adaptation, wrong or right doings, their victories and failures, nourish this force contained in every participating element. Every element is part of that power and a concrete manifestation of its existence as well as every action being the clear demonstration of its expansive and growing activity.

“Realizing life is an act of consciousness that goes beyond reason, for it’s evident that it happens and that we experience it in innumerable ways. The Universe exists and in it, worlds, systems, galaxies, creatures and beings that escape your imagination. The origin of the Profound goes beyond any explanation; it exists even if its existence is denied. It is easily proved. If you accept that the Universe had an origin, it must be accepted that the whole basis of the principle was given at the act of creation, the laws of gravity, energy, matter,



structure, life and evolution. There was and there is a controlling power that organized and arranged everything at that moment. If not, from where came the first information that arranged the DNA? The power that established the structure of the first atom? The force that gave electric charge to the first electron? A pre-organized structure founded and segmented the principle of everything, not as an act of thinking, but as the consequence of a differentiated process that acts on pre-established, automatic impulse. The power exists to act and mediate transformations, containing many surprises accessible to the creatures that succeed in transforming themselves. Its existence is not to be worshipped, but is to be a channel through which the profound meaning of life and the mission given to intelligent creatures from the beginning of creation, will be discovered. Our technology has allowed us to discover that creation is a continuous action. Infinite Universes exist at overlapping levels without interfering mutually. This is only one of them that emerged out of the destruction of a previous one.

“The Profound finds its concrete form when you imagine the visible and invisible Universe. Everything is in continuous transformation and there is no such thing as the state of static balance. There is a constant search for the condition of not being immutable, for if everything is his extension, it will only develop in a process of continuous alterations, until the day when it reaches the state of organized, dynamic balance; and it is quite probable that this is finally its major objective.”

That avalanche of information was terribly disturbing and confusing for me. Of course, all of us have at least once in our lifetime stopped to think about God and wondered if he really exists. Many, during their life, lost or diminished their faith for various reasons, and finally changed it for their own particular concept of God and the reasons that tie them to life. I had difficulty in following Godar’s explanations. He stopped for sometime. After a moment of silence, the guide looked at me and went on, saying:

“Close your eyes for a moment and try to see what you are feeling. Relax a little, don’t think of anything, try to feel only. That feeling of anguish and insecurity that is coming from the bottom of your inner self reveals a search for comfort. Every creature has this necessity, but not everybody can find it.

“The creator-power goes beyond good or evil, right or wrong, for both are necessary to determine the way. There is no good or evil in the Universe, for morals are something extremely relative. There are only two realities: continuity and extinction. In the processes that control the evolutionary chain and cosmic harmony, being good or bad is subordinate to whether a person or a society is progressing or subsiding into chaos. No creature can be considered truly bad in any circumstance, only ignorant. It’s the total ignorance or lack of perception of the extension and seriousness of his acts that lead him to destructive action. Evil is simply the manifestation of total, absolute ignorance bound to extinction. So, good and evil don’t exist, only the surmounting of ignorance that leads to pursuance, or the ignorance and unawareness that leads to extinction. The scenes you have seen clearly show the human condition of aggression and violence, typical of a society in a state of ignorance. To you, good and evil is personified in a creature who is always on the hunt. You think that there are bad people who have an evil power and are responsible for the violence and for the temptations you face. This deplorable alienation prevents you from evolving. Since you are dependent on God’s help to orient your lives and lighten the impact of right or wrong decisions (attributed to God’s will), it’s easier to face a world that doesn’t belong to you and to act as a marionette of divisive forces. That way there needn’t be any rules because all action is under the command of the deity, good or bad. In by-gone times, during what you now call the “Middle Ages”, thousands of people were murdered with that same excuse. Although times have changed, there is little difference in behaviour compared with that period. Clothes have changed, technology has advanced, the system of production has grown and physical death gave way to psychological death. Fear of life and the future grew greater. Superstitions have endured, perhaps stronger than ever.

“To understand the force that administers and impels the Universe, you must deprive it of any human or divine characterization. This force contains in itself all the alternatives that orient the evolutionary process, from nothing to the most complex form of life. Animals are merely instinctual; there is no right or wrong in their decisions; they simply respond coherently to the necessities of their environment, urged by an inner force having no predilection. But the human being, the thinking, self-reflective creature, abandoned his instincts and governs his thoughts and actions through mechanisms that not only don’t listen to the inner voice of instinct, but also lack reason. Although man wants to be identified as a rational being, he is still far from being that. Emotion is stronger than reason and instinct itself, and that is a delicate problem at the

moment. Unfortunately, emotion is not positive; it shouldn't be confused with sentiment. Experiencing a pure sentiment is totally different from experiencing simultaneously a group of sentiments of varied intensities in an uncontrolled manner...that is emotion. The moment that intelligence evolved, man abandoned his instinctive condition and began to use various resources that enabled him to widen his perception and understanding also of their value and importance. However, this creature will have to gradually discover the correct use of these tools so that the choices will effectively correspond to what is expected by the universal course of evolution. That's a difficult, complicated situation, for he can easily go astray, mainly because man is making that journey for the first time. Being highly emotional puts him in a position of maximum danger, for there are no coherent parameters or references with which to correctly evaluate reality and the result will probably be failure. Intuition itself or feeling, cannot prevent the possibility of a serious mistake, for its field of action is usually as restrictive as the emotional. The intelligent, coherent behaviour of self-reflective beings in development must be the balanced combination of the instinctual stimuli and an organized, analytical, reflective reason that evaluates sentiments deeply and experiences them in an orderly way. Being well-balanced and coherent is not synonymous with being cold and invincible...on the contrary. You can only experience the importance and value of a sentiment when you can be totally involved in it, and it can only be reached when you are determined to understand its nature, strength and importance and so you plunge into a thorough perception of the sentiment. Feeling deeply, with total awareness of its extension and amplitude is the beginning of a state of consciousness that differentiates the intelligent creature from the animal. Man permanently complicates his life by making up excuses for his existential reality instead of trying to understand it better.

"He justifies his permanent lack of control and reasoning by saying, 'being emotional is being sensitive'. Sensitivity means ample appreciation of a reality or situation and consequent understanding. Sensitivity is not only the capacity to feel, a simple reaction to a given internal or external stimulus. It's neither a disposition to be mastered by impressions or emotion. Man considers sensitivity as a quality that indicates the variations of intensity of like, dislike, affinity, sympathy, aversion and even love. However, sensitivity must be the clear, deep, objective discovery, identification and appreciation of something. A sensitive creature is a detector, an entity capable of differentially interpreting the messages that float in the atmosphere and reality; a being that decodes the language of superior or inferior beings, for it has the inner disposition and the right tools for the purpose. An emotional creature has no inner disposition and no tools."

"Evolving is a difficult, slow, complicated route, with hidden traps at each turn and an enemy residing within each creature. With no horizons, man creates alternatives as a palliative to pass the days of his existence. The transition is frightening and complicated. So in most situations it's better to occupy one's time constantly with activities to avoid confrontation with one's own inner self due to an absolute dearth of answers. Those who desperately search for these answers to give a meaning to the effort of survival have to conform to very little. Meanwhile, man is busy filling his days with activities, trying to occupy all his time until he has no more of it to simply stop and breathe. For to him living is being engaged in an activity and doesn't necessarily involve anything transcendental. The objective is only entertainment to help him escape the monotony of routine or the confrontation of the self. As long as he identifies life solely as work and the only evident state of existence, he will never have the wherewithal to understand life and discover its potential for accomplishment. In order to understand the major power of life, its objective and mechanisms, you must break the limitations to that transition. For an evolutionary process to correctly orient the transformations of a society, it's of vital importance to obtain a harmonious, constructive, ample state of consciousness. Where there are written rules and laws that repress through the threat of punishment, there is no consciousness. When the major power created the Cosmos, he didn't write down the laws that control its movement or its transformations. They are implicit in everybody, in every fraction of the whole. Thus, the laws that rule life are contained in every creature; you just need to find them and decipher their language."

"Not an animal anymore but not completely rational yet, only diffuse, shallow emotion, with a highly self-destructive power...would that be the terrestrial man's profile?" I ventured.

"To be able to understand the Profound and existence itself, you must understand the nature of life and its objective reason. Living is giving, sharing, serving a purpose, feeling you are a part of something bigger, catching a glimpse of a horizon and walking towards it. Living is to unravel all secrets, conquer all challenges of the world and the Universe. It's to question your inner self up to the very last query, trying to acquire the tools that will help build your freedom. Understanding is to feel in your soul, in your essence, the space taken

by the Cosmic Whole and you will then have found the true reason for your existence and the origin and purpose of your cosmic identity. Attaining this understanding, you will discover the value of sentiment and the weight of reason. There is no greater power in creation than love, made reality through truth, and truth is nothing but a pure commitment to life and is there to orient it. Integrating with the Profound is the vocation of intelligent life that will come true when a reflective, deep, free state of consciousness is reached. Man has tried to bring his gods near him, when in reality, it is man who must go towards universal truth. It is easier to create a fictitious, comfortable situation, based on already-known, manipulable archetypes than to go to the trouble of looking for what is distant and veiled, even if this is the solution you have looked for all your life. The capacity to love, respect, create, build and the responsibility to live and feel coherently are not learned in books or by cultural transmission. They are obtained through the discovery and practice of inner potentialities, the dialogue with outer and inner life, the transcending of difficulties through understanding, the discovery and practice of cosmic existential identity committed to universal harmony. This act of consciousness will only be attained when man is ready to orient his spirituality on the road to reason and make a commitment with truth; the commitment that is not disposed to destitution, failure, grief, solitude and interests that continuously deceive him and lead him away from the only universal truth. The human race will never overcome the moment of transition if they go on trying to find solutions for cultural, social, existential problems based on an alienated, partial state of consciousness. Unfortunately, the solutions proposed are imagined with the same mentality responsible for creating the problems already existing. The only real solution will be the transformation of a state of consciousness into a more universal one. Our work with you and your group will be to teach you to expand your state of consciousness and allow a greater deep, rational, sensitive understanding of life in all its manifestations, and also to extend this opportunity to those who, like you, try to unravel the mysteries of their existence, the secrets of spirituality and to traverse the roads of freedom.”

Godar had finished his speech and had made his intentions clear. The information sounded important and objective, describing a sad but true scenario of human reality. I did not know how to answer such convincing arguments. My beliefs and vision of the world were shaken and their reformulation would be slow. If it were possible to change the course of human development for the better, I would definitely be there to help.

After having heard all this, I had many things to think over. So much pain, so much hunger, so much loneliness, so many lies in a blue pearl called Merla, now so far from me. So many faces came to my mind. Faces of old people, men and women that I had seen begging in the cold streets of Lima, abandoned to their fate, as were so many children. How cruel our world was! It pitilessly condemned life to such misery. And there I was, four light-years away from that nightmare routine, in the coziness of a different humanity.

## **Chapter XII. THE "SUPERIOR PURPOSE"**

The gigantic screen had caught my eye again, but it was off. The large room around me seemed to vibrate with Godar’s words. So many mistakes throughout humanity’s existence made me ask silently: “What should the correct behaviour be to face the conflicts in which we live?”

After listening to Godar’s explanations, I really think that the answers are many. However, whichever are chosen by man, they will obviously be limited or inadequate due to his present inadequate level of understanding; they will always be shaped by his closed state of consciousness and based on the same paradigms that have brought him to this point. Although many can see or perceive intuitively that the problems of our poor world can be solved, we also know that it will only be possible with a broader comprehension of things through an inner, spiritual development outside of conventional patterns. In other words, when our mind is used to educate our spirit, and both, in perfect union, join in a magical act of full harmony, they will be starting their new cosmic life, similar to the union of man and woman to create new life. Then we will be back on the road we deviated from. Mind and spirit are needed to create the most fantastic miracle....true universal life.

While I watched my extraterrestrial guide, some of his statements kept replaying in my mind: “You consider man and his reality according to a materialistic premise, paying attention only to the most obvious and

evident, his substance. The Universe is manifested in innumerable different ways. Man's perception is as limited as arrogant. Instead of trying to broaden his knowledge and better understand the Cosmos' nature, he only thinks of what is apparent."

I had to agree with Godar. Man does not know himself. His true nature, the reason why he exists, and the role he has to perform in this vista of the "Cosmic Theatre" are still mysteries for him. And what about his spiritual world? What is then the true meaning of man's existence? ...the existence of a creature that can think and put the Universe either into danger or into full development?

My mind frantically sought an answer. Sitting in that soft, huge armchair, a whirlwind of questions and doubts swirled through my mind.

My mental 'short-circuit' was interrupted by Godar: "In order to better understand what you consider a difficult mystery, I must tell you that in the big Universe, every part of it is also part of a complicated system we could call Universal Ecosystem. At present, scientists in your world are interested in researching the environment and some of them already believe that the Earth behaves the same way a living creature does. A place where life develops, not only by adapting to the environment, but also by participating in its constant transformation. So, the planets would be different one from the other because the various internal and external factors have an inter-dependent relationship of complementariness and mutual transformation. In other words, the difference between worlds would be related to effects produced by the action of living creatures on them that would have taken control of the 'metabolism' of the planet and transformed its chemical mass into a gigantic, self-sustained system. It won't take long for your scientists to discover that the oxygen you breathe today, that gas without which there would be no life in your world, did not exist on the surface of the Earth some two billion years ago. Its appearance and increasing level occurred because of the appearance of the first plants that used the process of photosynthesis, producing oxygen as a sub-product. Just as happens in our underground city, the plants control the balance of gases, the temperature and the humidity of a world, directly affecting its climate. Indiscriminate deforestation, contamination of the seas, burning of pollutants and erosion in your world will bring serious and regrettable climatic transformations that little by little will turn against man himself."

Those statements had a hidden message of revelation. I asked: "Godar, what will the consequences be?"

The extraterrestrial guide picked up another piece of crystal and inserted it in a groove on the table that controlled the monitor. Immediately, landscape scenes appeared before my eyes. Images of the sea, clouds, mountains and green prairies were shown. My concentration was interrupted by the commentary of the guide: "The plants are not the only ones that control the volume of oxygen on your world. The minute sea organisms that you know as 'planktons' are the main collaborator of that production besides being co-responsible with the plants for the regulation and control of the climate. Some kinds of plankton produce a chemical substance that is diffused into the atmosphere of the whole planet. The quantity of that substance in the atmosphere controls the density of clouds. So, I can assure you that the different kinds of life that exist on the planet are there to perform a role and each one is the controller or regulator of its own biosphere. Acting as an immense organism, each element is a factor of great importance in guaranteeing the preservation of the local ecosystem. Nothing existent is irrelevant; all of them follow an objective that compliments and cooperates in the maintenance of a perfect balance. However, if it's broken, there must be a total reformulation. The planetary organism reacts to the presence of intruders as if they were bacteria attacking a body and as such they must be fought. Instead of cooperating in the maintenance and health of the body that houses him, man makes it ill, extracting its resources and affecting its structure. So, the destiny of man will be to be treated like an illness and as a consequence he will be eradicated from the Earth. His own world will rise up against him and stop only when whoever survives learns how to work for the maintenance and development of the planetary environment. The Earth will rise up against all men mercilessly, by gradually degrading your resources of nourishment through the destructive action of the elements and the impoverishment of the soil; by restricting your breathing through the inhalation of undegraded pollutants; by burning and altering your flesh through the solar radiation penetrating a weakened atmosphere; by running out of its resources of energy; by limiting more and more the habitable space through the instability of the soil and the elements. The Earth will create a chain of events that that will destroy the human economy, causing social chaos and critical uncertainties about the future.

The guide's words bewildered me again. I was lost in thought, trying to imagine what that horrible moment would be like. It was shameful to admit that our ignorance was hindering, day by day, a continuity of life on Earth. Future generations would surely suffer the consequences of that irresponsibility.

The more conscious I became of our destructive capacity, the less I understood the purpose of creation in having placed such a creature in the Universe, capable of destroying everything around him and of imperiling life not only on Earth, but everywhere he goes. Evolution is bent on a continuous search for perfection, but we human beings would hardly have time to transcend our difficulties and we would be more likely to destroy ourselves and our environment well before reaching perfection.

I was worried about the sad future that awaited me when I returned to Earth. I asked Godar "If God or the Profound wanted to create a perfect Universe, he wouldn't have created man. He would have perfection with the irrational animals. All of them would live and act in perfect balance with nature, would never question anything, never get out of control, nor would they be capable of causing any indiscriminate destruction. The Universe would be a real paradise, for everything would be ruled by its own universal laws including animals by their instinct. But, then along comes man....a creature that, before being rational, feels impulsively, as you told me, and falls prey to his passions. Through his behaviour, he endangers his own life, the life of his fellow men, of the animals, the balance of the environment, and the harmonious continuity of all universal stability. At the level where he is now, he doesn't consider himself an irrational animal anymore; he feels and understands in a different way. Not completely rational yet, his thinking lacks freedom because only one who is conscious of thinking and being can be really free and nobody in my world has full consciousness. At the same time, the rashness of emotionality silences the inner voice of instinct that should warn him of imminent danger or help him with the best choices to guarantee his survival. On the other hand, reason can't act objectively because of impulsiveness, sentimental chaos, inner immaturity, repression of the higher-self, privations, loneliness and insecurity. In short, we are nothing definite; we are only a transition. A creature still to be defined and trying to be something. But please Godar, tell me...What's the meaning of the evolution of life to the thinking stage? What for? Why?"

My extraterrestrial guide looked at me and smiled. His deep, green eyes (similar to a cat's) looked through my soul. Softly, once again, his voice mixed with my thoughts: "The Universe, as well as the Earth, is a conglomerate of components of various natures, such as cosmic dust, stars of different magnitudes and sizes, galaxies of innumerable shapes and dimensions, simple binary or trinary planetary systems; in short, innumerable elements whose only reason for existence is to provide a 'shelter' for life itself. Although it may seem curious, this statement is easily understood. What would be the purpose of having a house with nobody to inhabit it? Or, what would be the purpose of having dwellers without a place for them to dwell in? We can see there is a close relationship between the universe-space and the universe-life; one has no meaning without the other. Something must be sufficiently dynamic and free to create transformations in an environment and consequently affect more complex systems. Life provides this demand. A world without life is like a stone suspended in space, but it may also be a group of elements with the potential to create future life.

"Different kinds of life can affect the behaviour of a planet, as you have already seen. After the climate, modify the temperature and, why not, condition the selective timing of the species themselves. The planetary eco-system is a group of elements where each element takes care of the other, forming a closed chain. If you break this dynamic balance, that is, if that mutual compensation is somehow changed, the result will be totally unexpected for it will depend solely on the capacity of the system to find stabilization again and of the species to adapt to the changes.

"Life within the Universal Eco-system acts like a very complex, valuable, important mechanism for the selective transformations that occur in it. Its function is to allow a group of sub-systems to evolve until they prove to be able to continue and expand and at the same time also to detect if they have the necessary conditions to become a factor of reinforcement to the continuity and preservation of the Universe. It's as if the Universe were experimenting with different alternatives, placed far apart and in various places, in order to discover which of them would result in a better evolution, and then help them to achieve it; and also to select those that would represent risk or danger and in this case to destroy them and make room for new alternatives. In the first case, if the process has taken life to a level of harmonious, thinking development in accordance with the preservation of the environment and continues to fully satisfy all its necessities, its

geographic barriers and existential limitations will tend to disappear and be incorporated in the larger system to reinforce and balance it. This situation will allow compensation for the damaging effects of the sub-systems that continue in the chaotic process.

“In short, life consists of focuses of experiment, several different projects of ecosystems that may or may not result in the continuity of the Universal Ecosystem. The forms of life that follow the transformations demanded will be able to evolve up to the most important level....intelligence. At that stage, a more rigid rule of control will be applied. It's like going from primary school to secondary. There will be further demands, greater dangers and more complex transformations.

“You should see that thinking life is an important phase in the cycle of evolution of a planet, for it plays an essential role in defining whether a subsystem will have a continuity or not. Thinking life will be the deciding factor that will force the selective process by causing major alterations in its environment and urging all the elements of the sub-system into an immediate adaptation, including itself. Prompt and adequate response will be the gage of the value of the experiment and consequently the start of a new phase of evolution. Remember that the thinking creature is the only one capable of breaking its geographic limitation, extending its vital cycle and enduring the inclemency of the elements. It is also a malleable variable within the planetary biosphere, for it can easily alter the laws that have ruled the balanced behaviour of the sub-system up till then, modifying and transforming everything around it, in a definite, irreversible way most times. You must think it over. The creature reaches a stage of relative independence within the context of the sub-system when it has the capacity and ‘almost limitless power’ to modify the course of its own evolution.

“Thinking creatures are to the Universe the same as a group of bacteria, viruses or infectious agents are to a human organism. When attacked, the organism will react by releasing its defenses to destroy the contagious agent. The final result of the battle will be one of two alternatives: either to die because it didn't succeed in defending itself from the aggressive, destructive action of the contagious agent, or to survive by destroying the aggressor. In the latter case, it will have increased its resistance. This image can be applied to the relations Earth-man, man-Earth, man-man, Universe-man and man-Universe.

“The Universe also uses thinking creatures as balancing devices for the bigger system or Universal Ecosystem itself. It means that thinking beings work as test agents in the sub-systems (take the word sub-systems as planets, biospheres or local ecosystems, institutionalized culture itself and organized societies) or even as checking agents to verify the validity and functionality of the processes applied that determine the direction of its evolutionary, biological, environmental function and also its social, political, philosophical, religious ones, etc. Thinking creatures create situations of conflict that cause or accelerate selections within similar or inferior species, forcing the environment to transform, though in a disorderly way, and then expand their conquests to other sub-systems, exporting anything good or bad that they have accomplished.

“Man's historical process itself reveals the presence and activity of selective mechanisms that constantly try to maintain the balance of the sub-system. Every time an animal, a species or even a society dies, the opportunity for a reformulation appears; new elements will supplant them. For the universal it was one more experiment that didn't succeed and generated an opportunity to begin again. So, we can see that when the environment is manipulated incorrectly, when its potential is used improperly, the sub-system of which it is a part will activate its defenses to destroy the aggressor that is menacing it. The bigger system and the sub-system will act together against these contagious elements and will at all costs secure the stabilization and existence of a harmonious universal order, of life as a whole and of a new opportunity for development.

“Universal laws have no scruples. The Universal Ecosystem or Bigger System is like a gigantic organism that depends on life to survive and that always selects those forms of life that have become stronger and have assisted in the maintenance of the harmonious balance of the interactions in the evolutionary processes. It gradually and sometimes drastically eliminates those that have put it in danger. This elimination doesn't obey an alien will nor a divine one, but is a circumstantial fact. It means that within the existent opportunities of evolution there are rules as in a game, and if someone breaks them, an avalanche of situations will be unchained, aiming to correct them, even if someone must be sacrificed.

“Anything that favors the furtherance of the Universal Ecosystem will always exist, but anything that endangers it will perish. There are hundreds of examples in your history: animals that were extinguished

either by lack of a prompt adaptation to the transformations of the environment or by not having been able to defend themselves against the creatures that extinguished them; cultures that developed, expanded and disappeared even after having dominated large areas and subjugated other peoples. Each one of them was replaced. If the thinking species doesn't evolve to perform its role as a balancing factor, transforming agent, regulator of local interactions, creative reformulator of alternatives and sensitive creature that preserves its environment, it will attract the Bigger System's rage and will be superseded.

"The preservation of the Universe is the major objective; it's the rule that must be followed by living, thinking creatures. The reason for their existence is to create favorable conditions for the transformations that will insure the selection of the best sub-systems and orient the processes of continuity and development.. Thinking life is the conditioning variable of transformation and is the representative of the physical, objective action of the Cosmic Power or Profound, as you prefer, for the Universe uses each one of us to perform the necessary alterations so that everything within it will continue.

"The thinking creature can create, alter, modify, build and at the same time, destroy. His continuing participation in this process depends on his consciousness that being a thinking entity is the condition of being a student learning the mechanisms of conscious evolution and that besides, he exists to learn how to deal with his own life and with the resources the Universe has to offer. And to be kept in this cosmic school, he must know its processes and rules, he must accept the minimum demands of performance, and respect the place of study itself. But if he doesn't behave accordingly, he will be summarily expelled, with no right to appeal. The human being must understand that he was created and exists to promote the betterment of the Universe and to make the necessary changes on the road to that accomplishment. The thinking being is intelligent enough to know what to look for, how to act and mainly to be careful and to recognize the value, weight and responsibility of every moment. Those who are conscious of their role as intermediary between past and future, conscious of their role as transformers and of their responsibility as architects of a developing Universe, those who can live, evolve and constructively enhance the harmonious balance of their society, freeing themselves from physical and spiritual limitations, maximizing the available resources without affecting or attacking the Universal Ecosystem, will have discovered the Superior Purpose to which they were conceived."

"Godar, what about the invisible counterpart? Is there a spiritual Universe really? A soul? Do we re-incarnate when we die? What do you think about it?" I asked.

"Well, in fact, there are two Universal Eco-systems. This one we are referring to and that we could consider the concrete, material side of life, necessary for continuing the transformational processes of the Universe, and another, real and yet invisible. Matter is only a reflex, an image of an extremely limited reality that hides another varied condition of existence.

"The concrete Universe is, in fact, a board game that is played by entities and beings that are not visible in the game. There is a plot but the participants are not present. What I mean is that there is another reality behind matter that is really responsible for what happens in the concrete Universe. Although the participants are not on the board of the game, they will however be affected by the consequences. So creation created various kinds of energy, among them one in particular that can evolve, think and perfect itself to the point of consciousness and individuality. We call it soul. The true Self is not this mass we see; it is an energetic entity, a being of light and energy that uses this vehicle to learn, evolve and perfect itself. This perfection is not related to morals or to good or evil; it's related to true knowledge, universal truth. The soul evolves to ascertain its own self, to understand its nature, to discover its identity and to find in itself the part belonging to the Profound. It's like a search for a treasure where the clues are discovered only by fulfilling certain prerequisites that will be set out in the course of innumerable lives. Yes, re-incarnation is a fact. It exists. It is the opportunity to continue the search for new clues. To get where? Simple. When a soul evolves, it means that it wishes to obtain all the knowledge and purity in the Universe. The maximum development a soul can reach is to be a synthesis of the Universe. In other words, a totally evolved soul would compulsorily have nothing else to learn or perfect. According to what we know, a soul in evolution gradually increases its energetic mass and also its level of purity. With each concrete life that is well used, its light increases.

"According to the Superior Purpose, the concrete Universe exists to offer the soul an opportunity to receive stimuli and learn; the evolution of species at different levels is the vehicle for the process of learning. The soul

and the intelligent being are elements of transformation. In this case, intelligent life relates to its environment and influences other species and the future scenario, and the soul as a growing source of energy aims to reach a condition required to recreate another Universe. That's it. The energy liberated by a soul is the right amount to create a Universe and each Universe is within the Cosmos. The Profound is the power that organizes and promotes our ultimate objective ...generators of life. We will talk about it later; there are other things we must talk about first."

The extraterrestrial's comments had impressed me. I did not know what to think or ask. While I was contemplating, Godar stood up from the armchair and turned the big screen off. Automatically, I stood up from my place and followed the guide towards the exit.

I was puzzled, bewildered. I could hardly put my thoughts in order with so much and such important information. It was too much for a boy of 19. Although I had participated in a few philosophic-esoteric groups, I had never been exposed to these transcendental thoughts.

Still confused, I followed my host to the lounge of the building. I saw those big crystal urns again and their fantastic butterflies (or whatever), their sound still filling the room. This time, we went to the enormous door, and through it onto the sidewalk. In the lounge another door was open. When I walked past it towards the exit, I could not contain my curiosity and glanced quickly inside it. There were three men similar to Godar sitting around an enormous table with a crystal top. A chessboard and its pieces were on it. Absorbed in their game, they did not notice me. I was puzzled at their indifference since I felt they must have sensed my presence, but went on.

While we walked, back on the stone sidewalk, I felt a tightness in my chest and my eyes filled with tears at so much beauty and peace and at the thought of how our small, abused world could be so much better, more humane, more conscious, less violent, more friendly, and how far we were from having even a little of the peace I was feeling deep in my soul at that moment.

## **Chapter XIII. THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE**

We left the building that the extraterrestrials call "Leisure Centre" and my tall host walked with long steps along the sidewalk towards a group of low buildings that were about 1000 meters from where we were. I had to pay attention to Godar because every time I stopped to watch something more carefully, I was left far behind and had to walk faster to catch up with him.

I looked at everything with growing surprise and curiosity, until we got to a small complex of buildings that looked like a meeting point. The buildings were probably equivalent to about ten storey in height at maximum. There was a small square at the base of one of them with tables and chairs that reminded me of a self-service snack bar. That is where we stopped.

Godar signaled me to sit on one of those enormous chairs. I felt like a child on an adult's chair but it was very comfortable. My guide looked towards a smoked glass door and a young extraterrestrial promptly came out carrying a tray that seemed to be made of white plastic or acrylic. On it there was a kind of plate with a yellow block that looked like butter or 'polenta' in small slices. Beside it there was a comical-looking glass with a roundish border and a chalice stem. In the glass there was a liquid similar to milk but a little thicker. Godar asked me to eat and drink to replenish my energy. Apprehensively, I had a small bite of that yellowish block. It had no taste. I tried to drink the liquid from the glass to disguise my uneasiness, but it was worse; the liquid was thick and a little sour.

Godar looked at my face and had no need of any telepathy to know what I was feeling. He did not insist, and asked me to calm down. He said he would not force me to eat anything.



Trying to overcome the distasteful meal, I asked “Throughout the history of humanity, sects, religions, esoteric schools, philosophical and alternative groups have appeared, offering an explanation for the innermost queries of the human mind: God, life, death, the reason for our being here, and so on. However, none of them could completely explain each one of those questions. The cultural and historical evolution of humanity has proven that not everything we see is exactly what it seems. Also, not all stories mean what we thought they meant. Although Christianity is a consequence of Jesus’ existence, today there are more than a dozen different types of Christianity, around 10,000 types of Buddhism and a great number of esoteric varieties, all of them with practically identical basic teachings. Man touched on everything that seemed to be a source of answers and as a result, we have the addition of a comma, a full stop, a word or even an expression and, logically the addition imparts a particular interpretation. The transmission of facts hardly occurred with any fidelity, so today we have innumerable options of ‘enlightenment’ and ‘sources of knowledge’. Certain historical facts accepted as irrefutable ‘truths’ in the past have been reformulated throughout time. In ancient Greek mythology, the world was supported by Atlas; for other people it stood on the back of a group of elephants that stood on a gigantic turtle. For others, Adam and Eve are the parents of humanity; for the ancient people of Central America, this is the fifth humanity. According to certain religions, creation occurred in six days, while for others it occurred in several stages. Technological development has helped man to understand nature, to demystify facts and also to discover that the heroes in history books or traditions were not always as depicted. Was it really Columbus who first discovered America or was it Leif Erickson, the Viking? Was electricity discovered by Galvani or Volta? It had already been used as galvanization in Babylonia 500 years before Christ. This is historical data that can be contested today.

“Modern anthropology itself” I went on, “has had a hard time trying to understand the origin of races and the genealogical tree of man. There is a long path of learning ahead. But, these are not the elements needed to offer man a better, healthier life. Information, knowledge and learning are manipulated according to the will and interests of a few who prevent their fellow men from being enlightened, engendering confusion purposely and creating a dependency in order to consolidate their power to gain economic profits and benefits, and to assert themselves or just to feed their pathologic need for attention. That phenomenon doesn’t occur only in intellectual or political activities, but also in religious and esoteric ones. The desire for power, obtained charismatically or through mysticism, generated purposely by mysterious information or by an atmosphere of secrecy, still seduces people’s ego but doesn’t take them anywhere. To the contrary, it seeks proselytism, sectarianism, and dogmatism. In our world, there will always be someone claiming to have all the correct answers, the absolute truth of what the universal reality is. But I doubt we have yet reached that level of development. I doubt we can discover or understand these answers. How can we know whether whatever we have discovered is correct or just a crazy extrapolation, a poetic fantasy?”

Godar had followed my speculations silently, without moving. My words seemed to hit him and rebound without any effect.

At the end of my speech I was so excited that I sat on the table with my feet on the chair. When I noticed it, I slid back to the chair. The guide only smiled.

I continued, now sitting properly. “On Earth, there are as many paths as curious people. There are philosophies, cults, alternative orientations to every customer’s taste. Some are incredibly exotic and require tremendous sacrifices. Others are simple, where everything is permitted, including excesses. The more demanding people begin a pilgrimage through all these centers of knowledge, participating, reading, submitting to rituals, ceremonies, initiations, activities and also sacrifices and impositions that will grant them the opportunity to discover all the hidden knowledge and ultimately the meaning of their lives. To achieve this, Godar, isn’t it possible to find only one explanation for all things in the Universe? When we see a flash of lightning in the sky, will we still think that Zeus is sick or that Thor is riding his chariot holding a hammer? The explanation for this phenomenon is the same for everybody I think, including you. If everything in this fantastic world can be understood or if there is an explanation for all of it, how can we discover it? What is the best way?”

Finishing, I looked at the guide, having expressed to him not only my questions, but also my feelings of insecurity, confusion, fear and sadness at so much ignorance. I had to know if there was a right road to follow, where the answers and knowledge could be attained without the contamination of human weaknesses. Now was the time to see if the opportunity of being face to face with a more developed race would be the

beginning of my awakening, the genesis of my inner rebirth and my development based on a broader vision of life.

An unimaginable number of answers, free from any biased commitment was at my disposal. An inexhaustible source of discoveries, experiences and accomplishments lay ahead of me to calm my thoughts and anxieties. And, if possible, also for every human being as tired as I of an egotistical, cruel, insensitive manipulation, of being thrown from one side to the other in search of some hope for better days.

The guide broke his silence. Sitting at the other side of the table, Godar looked at me attentively without moving his lips, but his words mixed with my thoughts:

“If four people sitting in a circle at the four cardinal points were asked to describe a car placed in the middle of the circle, what would we get? To the one sitting in front, the object would have two headlights, two wheels and a windscreen; to the one sitting behind the object, it would have a windscreen, two lights and two wheels; the ones sitting on the sides would say the vehicle had no lights, but it had two wheels, a door and two windows. Who described the vehicle most accurately? All the descriptions were correct but they were incomplete. If we got all the information together we might have the right image of the vehicle, but even so, we would need other people on top of and under the vehicle to have a really complete description. As you can see, each creature is in a corner of the world where he lives and he can only see what happens through a small, limited angle. It's impossible for anyone to have total perception of events around him. If one simple creature could have the opportunity to see every detail of an occurrence, the co-operation of another fellow creature would be unnecessary. He wouldn't need to check or compare pieces of information to come to a conclusion. He would be self-sufficient.

“The Universe shows us” he explained, “that the thinking being is a social creature. He associates with others in search of security, comfort and food for survival. He joins efforts with others to acquire more efficient protection for himself against potential enemies or predators in general, but mainly in order to have the opportunity to observe, compare and experience different situations, to observe different kinds of events occurring with other people and retain everything as a reference. Integration in groups helps us to understand situations experienced by others, and through their results decide on the best option for our actions, based on the concrete reference of others' successes or failures. We definitely relate with others to build a state of full, objective consciousness, based on the analysis of past experiences.

“A worthy condition of life, coherent activity, a harmonious, trusting relationship, a peaceful conscience, freedom of action and expression, satisfaction and happiness are the simple consequences of a system based on conciliation and unbiased collaboration, with the addition of effort and knowledge in search of a common objective. But it will only be possible to build a common objective when people have transcended the most difficult barrier: to recognize that each person can only see part of a whole, a part mistakenly interpreted by virtue of insufficient information, aimed only at survival. Besides, the human language itself is insufficient for a correct communication, a horizontal, homogeneous and unique interpretation between the object and its real meaning. An accurate interpretation ultimately should have consolidated the correct meaning of things. But the concepts and values partially established and derived from man's fragmented, distorted perception of reality and their correspondingly distorted decoding and interpretation, in fact establish a totally absurd, incoherent circuit of communication and understanding between participants, for the interpretation occurs silently, inside each person, increasing the already confused version of the world elaborated by each individual.

“In other words, the universal meaning of any object, symbol or sign – no matter who imagines it – should always be the same for every intelligent creature, but in fact, it represents something different to every human being. In different aspects such as weight, value, intention, contents, extension, the meanings will be very different and in some cases even opposite. For example, if we speak of love, what is your concept of love, Charlie?”

Taken by surprise, I was unable to answer. While I deliberated, he continued: “If people in your world were asked this question, many would give quite different answers. Some would mention the feeling of tenderness and devotion between two people. Others would mention the relationship between parents and children, between friends, between animals and so on; each one would associate the concept with whatever was most

familiar to them or with which he identified. If asked about humility, discipline, submission, wisdom and so many other concepts and values, the answers would also be varied. So, imagine a conversation like the one we are having now. How are you interpreting each word, each concept, each idea? How much incorrect interpretation is there due to the erroneous decoding of my words? True, deep understanding and friendship are difficult to attain because every human being builds his own particular image of others, like a sculpture being formed through an artist's rendering. Of course there is deception, mistrust and falsehood among you, for relationships are based on each one's particular interpretation, so you can't understand each other. You can imagine how prejudice and pre-evaluation work. Judgments are absurdly subjective and based on completely unreal values taken from a partial, distorted perception of a reality that is poorly observed and still more poorly formed. Thus social chaos, alienation, mistrust, individualism and misunderstanding have proliferated easily on Earth. Philosophers, scholars, religious men, masters and many others have looked for alternative paths that would lead to a more humane, peaceful life on Earth. However, all of them have made the same mistake. They tried to create methods for improved living, political and social systems that were balanced and that offered the same opportunities to all participants. They created methods for analytical, dialectical thought. They developed techniques for meditation, contemplation and self-analysis, but they represent only palliatives to help the symptoms of an inner illness. They have never attacked the core, the virus, the cause that, like a destructive cancer, contaminates and destroys humanity as a whole and becomes more and more violent and destructive for the generations that follow. Man desperately looks for new options, new methods to attain inner comfort, a divine, spiritual, mystical pretext that will bring peace to his tired soul and will allow him to continue the daily battle for physical, moral and mental survival.

"Tools used as sedative, orientation that drugs understanding, myths that lead to conformity and resignation, activities that distract from inner suffering and loneliness....that's what is left to man. Drugs that have seeped into his soul, promising nirvanas and heavens that will only come true when he doesn't exist anymore. Lives beyond his comprehension that will justify his sufferings. Promises of enlightenment that will come one day and a universal consciousness that will descend out of the blue. A merciful God watching his suffering. A universal law that tortures him to test his resistance to guilt.

"The answer is beyond all that, away from all that cosmic, mythical or supernatural power. It is inside every being, human or not. Because he can think and feel, each creature is the creator himself, the promoter, the accomplisher of the transformation.

"To be able to create a better life and penetrate the consciousness of the universe itself, it's necessary to establish a clean, pure, complete, clear relationship with what surrounds each being. You can't build anything without previous knowledge of the materials and their constructive technical capacity. Just taking the material and using it can lead to completely unexpected results. The work itself will be constantly offering surprises because of unforeseen details and defects. The same way, to realize life you must be fully aware of the concrete, obvious, true reality that encircles the universe. Where are you? What's around you? What potential do you have at hand? You must try to identify the facts as they really are without lessening their importance or taking a defensive posture, even if they clash violently with your internal structures, to learn the historical reality of the process that generated dissatisfaction and the reasons that prevented you from achieving a life in accordance with your wishes; to become conscious of existent dissatisfaction, identify your desired condition of life and apply the necessary effort and will-power to reach the objective; to commit oneself to the discovery of the truth, the only answer that will be valid anywhere, anytime, independent of the source; to struggle to find it, even if it takes all one's lifetime, and not to let the search stagnate by opting for principles that can temporarily relieve problems through sympathy, conformity, or that serve your private interests and wishes.

"All the previous proposals have failed because they looked for the solution to suffering only, not for the cure that would prevent it from coming back. They looked for miracles that would exorcise the pain and dissatisfaction. They looked for leaders, gods and masters they idealized, to be used as intermediaries for the spell that transformed pain into pleasure. Those proposals failed because they worked the form and not the contents; they worried about the structure and forgot the contents. When the one responsible for an idea died, the ideal and the structure also died, for each person had created a different version; nobody had really understood the basis of the idea. That's why there are so many options, so many alternative lines in politics, religion, spirituality or simply in love. Everybody forgot that talking to each other is not just verbalizing but also understanding each other."

“But Godar, “ I interrupted “is there actually a single truth? Doesn’t each person have his own truth? If not, is that single truth within our reach?”

The extraterrestrial stood up and walked to a window where there were several vessels. They seemed to be made of colored acrylic, shaped semi-spherically. He took a yellow one, came back to the table, sat opposite me, looked at me and said: “Look at what is in it.”

In the vessel there was a small flower, similar to a daisy. Without knowing what the guide wanted, I said “Well, it looks like a flower to me.”

The guide smiled.

“Even here, at over four light-years from your world, the concept of a flower is the same. If you show me the key in your knapsack, it will also be a key to us. To your scientists, the concept of ‘sun’ is that it is a star and its composition is according to the information and the knowledge you have acquired up to now. Our knowledge of the stars, their behaviour and composition is wider but it has the same basis and principles. As you can see, there are proportionally identical answers to the same facts; depending on the degree of information and discovery, they will be more or less complete, but they will always have the same concepts. Oxygen will always be oxygen either here or on Orion, and its molecular composition the same too. Its name may vary but its behaviour, characteristics and structure will always be supported by the same laws and they will always be understood with the same logic. Two unities are and will always be two unities anywhere in the Universe. There isn’t an individual truth, only a language that is part of a regional, temporal culture and that, in a certain way, tries to identify and translate a reality composed of conceptually universal elements. There is only a partial perception of a whole and so a fraction of something that will be true only when it is added to the perception of a group. The bigger the group the truer it will be.

“You must be conscious that, at your level of evolution, your perception will always be increasing as time goes by. At every period, your development will show you what was valid, efficient, corresponding to reality or totally false. The capacity to quickly discover false perceptions is equivalent to the awareness that all your knowledge is false and defective in principle because of your perceptual limitations due to your current level of evolution. The less rigid the position taken by an entity or group over what seems real, the less materially or spiritually traumatic the shocks caused by the new discoveries will be. It will make reformulation and survival much easier. The more tightly a creature is stuck to his presumed truths, the more dependent he is on what he thinks is real, the more defensive or skeptical he is of any new information, proposal, orientation or knowledge, the more difficult it will be for him to transcend the difficulties and demands to reach an adequate level for life or to understand the meaning of existence, and the farther he will be from having a productive, prosperous, easy, generous and humane future; he will make the way still harder for his children. His reluctance and opposition will make improvement of conditions more difficult, will mix truth and falsehood when trying to adjust to new ideas without sacrificing old habits, without abandoning beliefs and without relinquishing the comfortable prerogatives of his vices; in sum, building dangerous half-truths and hindering the improvement of his fellow men.

“Truth is unique and is available to the ones who are not seduced by the glory of power, by the ease of comfort, by the weakness of the ego, who are not afraid to discover their fragility and loneliness, the sadness of incomprehension and the anguish over what will be discovered, who are not deterred by the exhaustion of the struggle. To everything there is a sole answer and it will be attained by those who remain faithful to the purpose of their exploration.

“A very special man has already said in your world, in ancient times: ‘Those who have eyes to see, will see.’ Those words are full of wisdom. Truth is obvious in itself. It’s as clear as crystal. But to grasp and retain it you have to be prepared because it is a different situation from the one your world is used to. Truth is an incredible adventure but full of dangers. Consider those who explore the bottom of the sea. If they are equipped correctly, they will enjoy a unique view impossible to be enjoyed from the surface. But if they are not properly equipped, their life can be in peril. Those who stay on the surface and try to observe without getting wet, will have only a very vague idea of what is at the bottom; no matter how clear the water is, very little would be seen and understood. With such a limited image from the surface, the human being intends not

only to determine the dimensions of the ocean, but also to understand its mysteries and wonders, to define what it is, how it moves, how it exists, what laws govern it, what creatures inhabit it and what they are like; he pretentiously thinks he can do that work for the most part individually. Similarly, man tries to interpret the truth. Just like the sea, truth in itself is absolute and unique, for the universe as a whole has the explanation of itself in itself. I mean, the universe can be explained from the moment when the total knowledge and perception of the phenomena that occur in it, including on the spiritual level, exists. The sea can only be conceived of when its dimension, depth, composition, movement, population and the inter-relations that maintain it are known. And for that, patience, determination, time, sacrifice, humility, willingness, discipline, perseverance, generosity and devotion are necessary. Remember that one can only say he knows what he does, when he knows all the possible options for action.”

I tried to follow the extraterrestrial’s reasoning, and some questions arose while he spoke. His rhetoric filled my mind, showing me a new way to see life and the Universe. I interrupted and asked him a question that was bothering me and made it difficult to go on without comprehending:

“Godar, something bothers me. I agree two unities will always be two unities anywhere in the galaxy, but what about sentiments? I wonder if a sentiment can be standardized. I wonder if any creature, as evolved as one can be, feels exactly like the others. What about individuality, after all?”

The enormous extraterrestrial looked at me and took in his hands the glass he had offered me to drink a few moments before. Raising it before me, he asked: “Charlie, what’s this?”

Without understanding the purpose of the question and remembering the example of the flower, I said, “To me it’s a glass or something similar.”

The guide immediately said:

“Right, it’s a glass. But of a specific shape, made of some specific material and for specific functions. The answer you gave me derives from your knowledge and the concepts linked to your experiences and learning throughout your life. If I show you a work of art, what will your interpretation and sentiment be? Your way of interpreting it will be directly linked to how its elements and forms combined, associate or contrast with your concept of aesthetics. The impact of the image will trigger a sentiment in you through memories and experiences; that sentiment is linked to the conceptual aesthetic aspects contained in your rationale. You can’t feel without first considering the intrinsic, representative value that the object or being has for you. There can’t be feelings without an act or thing first; a sentiment by impulse without rational thinking is anything but sentiment. It will be an emotional act, with no extension or content, for it can’t have a projection and will have no consequences. A sentiment results from the value, the importance, the recognition of a meaning, the satisfaction obtained or not, the desire, the necessity, the identification and the existent link, the space it occupies in your spirit, the pleasure or dislike that it instills in you; in short, sentiment is a consequence of the wide, deep perception of an evident reality. The impact of this relationship creates sentiment. Anything one may experience, resulting from impulsive reflexes is short-lived. It will never be important, for it is the result of inner solitude and despair.

“Feeling is magic for it has the power of creation; feeling is also creation. When you feel deeply, a fantastic force rises in you and it can create, accomplish things, and make you better. Emotion and passion can only destroy you, for their power goes beyond reason, instinct itself or any control. Being rational is not being cold, insensitive and exact. Just the opposite, it’s being free to feel deeply and completely. It’s to be able to respect, renounce, sacrifice or expose yourself if necessary, to devote yourself without fears or limits, for everything is being done fully aware of whatever is involved. Feeling is really being one with the Universe. It’s the moment when a being uses his consciousness as a tool to open up his spirit and reach any perceptible reality. One can only experience a sentiment when one is conscious, when one’s inner or outer relation with reality is deep, true and follows an objective. I’ll give you an interesting example. What is ‘beauty’ to you, Charlie?”

As if coming out of a dream, I mumbled a few words uncertainly. How could I define my standard of ‘beauty’? I did not understand if he was referring to people or objects. “I can’t explain myself and I don’t know what you are referring to.”

Godar answered:

“In some places of the world, beauty can be a completely tattooed person, his body covered with scars. In other places, somebody plump, thin or sculptured; in sum, there are various preferences referring either to people or objects. To you beauty is almost always cultural. To us, beauty adheres to certain principles. Linked to the harmony of the shapes, the value, the meaning, the expressiveness, the structure and the complexity of the work, while to you, it would be tremendously relative; the concept of beauty in a jungle tribe is totally opposite to the one in a modern city because of an evolution in the aesthetic concepts.

“Beauty and sentiment are universal because they belong to the same principle. Referring to the intelligent creature, they are both determining factors in the evolutionary process itself, being also selective. If they aren't ordered and coherent, they will be the basis of a period of chaos, segregation, battle, destruction and cultural rupture. In a wider state of consciousness, sentiments are ruled by the same principles, aesthetic concepts too. Individuality is preserved by the intensity manifested, for each being identifies himself with more or less intensity with what he observes. We are all alike, terrestrials or extraterrestrials. We feel, love, desire, evolve physically and spiritually, but in different states of consciousness. From a primitive form of spiritual relationship characterized in the cult of an animal, the thinking creature has gone different roads on his way to the discovery of the Universe. But, there is still a lot to be understood by man. Only detachment and the capacity to let things reveal themselves at their right moment instead of forcing them will allow man to progress and understand the wonders hidden inside him. The great majority of difficult moments of a society are related to the difficulty of letting go of old, obsolete patterns of inadequate conceptualization and spirituality. Through self-denial, the renunciation of prejudices, and the opening up to new possibilities, humanity will have the opportunity to advance to a better life without suffering.”

My mind was on fire with all that information. Godar's explanation had shown me a completely different vista from the one that had directed my behaviour and the way I faced life up till then. According to him, we are all equal and everything has the same explanation, to be seen and felt in the same way. There was a single same language in the Universe that was spoken only by beings that had reached a certain level of conscious evolution, enabling them to understand its meaning. We were different from the extraterrestrials because we could not even speak a common human language amongst all of us. Human individualism meant competition, the need to be different in order to have different ways to survive, to attract attention and replace our loneliness with the illusion of being accepted and loved. The desire for power was a simple, silly, but desperate need to overcome the violence of repression and to acquire some freedom.

Fundamentally, we are not different because our nature made us like that, but because our experience of life in a world that has not understood the objective of life yet has forced us to plunge into the ghettos we have built in our souls so that we won't succumb. And the fragile light that brightens our lives, that softens the feeling of abandonment and nourishes our hearts is still called 'hope'.

For an instant I was overwhelmed by these thoughts. Tears rolled down my face while I reflected on the obscurity my fellow men were in. How many young people, how many human beings have spent their lives without understanding its meaning, filling up every moment of their existence with activities simply to have something to do; struggling day after day with the only purpose being to survive as well as possible, as if the prize for existing in this world were merely to stay alive. How much inner feebleness, what a waste of energy, how many lives without expression or content.

After calming down a little, I commented “Did I get it right, that there is only one way to look at everything? That there is only one truth? A total truth that contains all information in itself? Is it real? Are things like that? Can we grasp it?”

Godar answered patiently: “Every reality can be real as long as it can be experienced. A lie is real but not true as far as information goes, but true as far as its existence, and so it's real as far as fact. Similarly, a dream, as absurd as it may seem, is as real as true. But its truth and reality are linked to the fact that it has occurred and has been experienced. So we can deduce that in the Universe, there is an absolute truth as well as an absolute reality. Because someone has never seen a fish it doesn't mean the fish doesn't exist. Similarly, the universal reality is beyond any perception, for it will always be partial while it is individual.

“There is a unique, absolute, universal reality, elements and facts that escape any intelligence for the reason that they are physically far apart in different points of the Universe, but also situated and participant in innumerable manifestations of matter. Either visible or invisible, these facts, these elements are there to be understood, for they hide the secret of the Profound in themselves. It is as if creation plays hide-and-seek with the thinking being, continuously challenging him to discover where the creator is.

“The same as there are facts and elements forming the Cosmos itself, there is an explanation for all this. This is the absolute truth. There is an absolute answer to absolute facts. For every reality to be discovered there is a truth to explain it. No matter where in the Cosmos, a galaxy or a world, an atom will always be an atom. Remember that two units will always be two units anywhere; the only difference will be the symbols used to identify the units. The basic concepts, the values that form a perspective of life applied to daily life and to inter-personal or environmental relationships are what basically differentiate the ones who are evolving from the ones who aren't.

“As I have already mentioned, along his evolutionary journey the thinking being meets situations that must be understood and assimilated to ease, else hinder, his progress. Certain situations will be understood and assimilated with more or less clarity than others. This is where distortion comes in. When several people are investigating a fact and they don't coincide in their explanation, it means something is wrong. The one who is the most attentive will have to point out the misunderstanding, but this will only be possible if the others are ready to realize their immediate position, their commitment to the objective to be reached. When, facing the same situation, each person offers a different interpretation, it's better to stop and consider each one's standpoint in life because it's very easy to ignore. There can be no intransigence whatsoever in evolution. Life doesn't depend on individuality to be accomplished; it depends on solidarity.

“In short, Charlie, we can define three types of truth. One is the 'absolute truth' or the complete explanation of the reason for creation and the interactions that preserve it. Another is the truth referred to in your world as 'individual truths', those deriving from a partial experience of life that interprets everything and formalizes the conclusion with an irrefutable dogma. Besides being false and distorted, this truth is also limited by time and by the dynamics of information, because knowledge and information flow very swiftly and you never stop learning. What is known as a rule today will be superseded by a new discovery tomorrow. In this existence, nothing is rigid or eternal, everything will be replaced, everything changes, everything is transformed. But this closed, individual, egotistical, self-sufficient way to relate to the Universe hinders the continuity of existence; it endangers the present and future life of all creatures around him, as well.

“The third and most important truth is the one we call 'temporary'. But this one derives from a more developed society with all the components sharing the same information and knowledge. Although the knowledge, the understanding and the information are not equally great in everybody's mind, the basic notions are the same and the perception of the truth and reality is shared and complemented by all the members; so they all have an ample vision, although still incomplete according to the evolutionary, historical moment in which the group lives. They are fully conscious of this natural condition.

“So, there is an absolute total truth, removed from any developing creature, for you would have to become God to have it. However, there is the temporary one that allows a society to progress rapidly as long as they are all inter-dependent participants of the acquired knowledge, never tied to dogmas or rigid principles, flexible in their changes and dynamic in their development. Individuality, that is, the condition of being one within a group, serves as a complement, not as an obstacle; there are no individual interests, only collective ones. The development of the group is the objective, and as a consequence the progress of the individual will occur. A satisfied society means a satisfied, secure, confident, motivated individual. A society divided in individual feuds of private, unilateral truths whose existential reality obeys only the desire to continue living at any cost, is a society condemned to destruction, because its members are all competitors and enemies.

“Charlie, I feel sorry for human-kind, for man believes he has the right to judge everything and everybody; he considers himself an expert in identifying what he needs to live well and what is bad for his continuity. But he is prepotent, arrogant and despises any real opportunities to progress. He is blind, dazzled by the light of his ego, and is deaf to the thunder of his egocentric individualism.

“We wish to reach your heart and that of every human being to show you the road you left because you were too distracted, worrying about survival and defending yourselves from the others. Every man can attain the state of freedom. Freedom to live. Freedom to love and be loved. Freedom to learn and teach. Freedom to suffer and be happy. Although part of the guilt of its present is in the genetics of its origin, your world went willingly astray. The easiest way is always that of inertia. Any other implying harder work, sacrifice, is always left aside. Correction and change is as difficult as finding the mistake. But the moment has come. We can't go on like silent spectators, watching a species destroy itself day by day, in a slow agony that could be avoided. We know there are many like you that can be rescued and taught to go back to a worthy, productive, satisfactory way of life. The means to transcend this moment is in your hands and in all of those who want to build a new view of life. We need you to be the intermediary between us. We want you to gather these people so that we can together make your hope come true.”

After that, the guide stood up and asked me to follow him. I was still perplexed by what I had heard and I had a terrible headache. I could hardly think. We continued towards the square where the busts in the fountain had impressed me so much. When we got near the place, I sent out a thought related to the bust that looked like a human at the top of the group of sculptures. Godar looked at me immediately and stopped walking. I could see that my curiosity was not well accepted but I could not stand the doubt and asked directly, “Godar, who is that man that has deserved to stand in the square together with the other sculptures in the fountain? Is he human? From Earth?”

The guide was silent, and without answering went on walking towards a huge building behind the ones in the square of the sculptures. A little annoyed with his silence, I followed, or tried to follow, my guide's steps.

Finally, we got to the doors of a gigantic building. It was a rectangular construction with curved corners. There were columns on both sides forming an arc up to the top of the building that was about twenty storey tall. Huge doors of more than five meters in height opened to let us through and I could see an enormous hall as large as a sports gymnasium.

There was a row of about twenty couches. They had an anatomical shape and a kind of cupola on top of it that seemed to be made of dark red acrylic; the couch was made of padded plastic. Each couch was suspended in the air, 1½ meters high, floating over a luminous net fixed on the floor. In front of each couch, was a wall with a screen of 4 by 2 meters. The hall was about 15 meters high and at least 30 meters wide. Other beings similar to Godar walked from one place to another carrying strange devices that were deposited beside each couch. Then I felt afraid.

Godar took me to one of the couches and asked me to lie down. My fear grew greater. I felt totally defenseless. I did not know whether I should run or stay. Nothing had been done against my will so far; they had always sought my agreement, but even so, I felt afraid at that moment.

Noticing my reluctance, the guide said that if I lay down I could recover from my headache and then go back to Earth. He said that I should not fear anything, for all they wanted was to help me overcome my physical exhaustion caused by the journey and all that had happened.

My anxiety eased, but my headache was still very strong. Tired out by all the adventure, I agreed and lay down. The couch gave way a little under my weight. It felt like an air-mattress. It was extremely comfortable and I accommodated myself in it. Then the screen in front of me began to show an image, but I lost consciousness.

Suddenly I woke up, jumped up and sat on the couch. Godar was beside me and everything seemed perfectly calm. I felt well. My headache had completely disappeared. Then I looked at my watch for the first time and saw that six hours had gone by since I had arrived at the city through the Xendra. Surprised, I stood up thinking that all my friends and my brother would be worried about me and had probably already returned to Lima leaving me alone in the middle of the desert.

Godar signaled me to follow him, but this time I was the one to go fast. On the way I began to plan things in case everybody had left for Lima. I was thinking of perhaps going to donna Maruja's house in Papa Leon XIII, which was not far from the contact area, and from there looking for a bus or waiting until dawn.



Godar stopped at the same spot where he had met me at my arrival. I hastily thanked him for all I had learned, promising to make good use of every word I had heard. Godar smiled and waved his right hand. I gave back a sad smile, for I did not know when I would have another opportunity to see him. Behind me the dimensional door opened; I held my knapsack firmly and stepped inside.

Again, the bright mist surrounded me. The sensation of a strange coldness, the burning on my skin and an uncomfortable queasiness made it difficult to think. But in a few seconds, I was at the top of the hill in Chilca again, exactly where my journey had begun. It was night, so I looked for my flashlight. Then I looked at my watch and saw something that shocked me and made my legs tremble. Weak with the shock, I sat down on the sand.

Although more than six hours had passed as I had noticed when I was with Godar, the calendar of my watch showed a difference of 15 days from the date when I had entered the Xendra. In other words, I had stayed 15 days and six hours in Alpha Centauri, but had only 6 hours conscious time. The rest of the time I had been totally unconscious, but why?

Automatically, I raised my hand to my face and noticed my beard (although very short at the time) had grown a little.

I turned my thoughts to establishing how I would get back to Lima so late at night and how to make my way out of the middle of the desert. As I walked down the hill, I remembered that I should not worry because the extraterrestrial had probably told my friends of my stay in Alpha Centauri. So they might be waiting for me. Otherwise, donna Maruja would have an unexpected guest for that night.

Going round the hill, I saw in the distance the gleam of flashlights and the headlights of our vehicles where we usually met. I was relieved to see that I could go back to Lima comfortably. I continued walking more easily now, but I could not get that sculptured face in the fountain in the bust square out of my mind. I wondered who it was.

A few minutes later I reached the parked vehicles. I was glad to meet everybody, but nobody paid any attention to my presence. Astonished at such disregard, I went to my brother and asked how they had known the right day to come and meet me. My brother looked at me, puzzled.

“What do you mean, come and meet you? You went up that hill 15 minutes ago. What are you talking about?”

Right then, my sister Rose came up, excited. “What happened? Did you give up on meeting Godar? Are you all right? Why did you come back so quickly?”

I was completely puzzled. Was I mad? I checked the day and the time and confirmed that we had all arrived at the Mine 30 minutes before. This was crazy! I had spent 15 days and 6 hours in another world and had been sent back 15 days, 5 hours and 45 minutes before. If I understood it correctly, at that exact moment, I was co-existing simultaneously in two places at the same time. I had travelled through time. I had come back to the past. Although only 15 minutes had gone by on Earth, I was 15 days, 5 hours and 45 minutes older. I would have other crazy adventures like that one.

In the following days, I was more and more curious about the sculpture in the bust square. I did not know at that time that I would soon come across some information about that character, and that later on I would learn what had happened to me during those 15 days. My life had turned into a remarkable adventure.

## Chapter XIV. WHAT IS SPIRITUALITY?

Back in Lima, I told my brother and sister about the incredible trip to Apu and the conversation with Godar. Sixto and Rose were enthusiastic and asked for details.

I told them about my visit to Ilumen in Apu, but purposefully omitted the details related to the sculptures, not because I wanted to keep it a secret, but because I felt that somehow my future was personally tied to that information. Godar's evasive attitude to it somehow meant something important, otherwise he would not have let me see the sculpture. Deep inside I knew that soon the mystery would be unraveled, but that that discovery would have a serious consequence.

Obviously my father had great difficulty in accepting the adventure, and I could not blame him. Even for me it was rather difficult to accept. I sometimes retired to a corner and wondered if it had been real.

Towards the end of July there were a few field encounters but not as important as some we had already had. So I took advantage of my free time to review all our experiences, organizing the messages received according to subject.

Around that time, I happened to meet a very interesting and friendly young man, a new member of the Institute. This new friend, Gerardo Brandes, belonged to the Great Universal Fraternity. It was a teaching entity founded in Caracas, Venezuela in 1948 by Dr. Serge Raynard de la Ferriere, and had been active in Peru for a few years. That international organization linked to Hatha-Yoga, was represented in the country by the Order of Aquarius where Gerardo was an instructor. Amongst the many conversations I had with that intelligent, unforgettable friend to whom I owe much, one in particular raised a few questions and created hot discussions. The subject was the concept of 'spirituality', a really polemic subject offering a variety of approaches.

The long hours of philosophical exchange with Gerardo resulted in many questions on the subject. So I asked Godar through communication to help my confused mind overcome those questions because I thought it was essential to our work. That night, after a philosophical massacre by Gerardo, I went to my sitting-room, sat on the floor, relaxed the best I could and mentally called Godar. Without any delay, my extraterrestrial guide answered as usual...."Yes."

"Godar, from now on, after all the experiences we have faced, we can begin to have a clearer, deeper perception of life, the world and the Universe. But what kind of objective, systematic questioning are we using to have a broader vision?" I asked.

"Have you ever stopped for a moment to review the history of your world and try to understand the moment when you deviated from the natural course of creative, constructive development? How distorted and incomplete do the perceptions of your world seem to you?" he questioned.

"What about us? What are we after all? The result of an unreal, incomplete biased vision? An odd caricature of what life should be? Man has never stopped to think and analyze his experiences of life. He thought a deep revision of its basis and objectives was unnecessary and preferred something easy, trivial, something that would justify everything without any effort. Why? Why are we blind?" I asked, disturbed.

"It seems incredible" Godar said "that paradigms, those imperceptible filters present in every human being, can have such a dramatic, dangerous, even selective role throughout life. It's even more difficult to accept that although man considers himself quite intelligent, he is dangerously defenseless and vulnerable to these mechanisms that keep interfering all the time in the way he sees and interprets the world. It's most worrying that his decisions are not made freely; they are the result of an inter-dependent action, full of prejudices and of course, paradigms.

"Throughout all periods, paradigms have influenced every step of the intellectual evolution of man, filtering and orientating his interpretation of the visible, concrete world and the invisible, interior world. Throughout

time, through famine, plagues, wars, privations and discoveries, the concept of the reason and purpose for life in the universe has been confused and contradictory. When asked about the purpose of their lives, people offer the most varied explanations. Some are a little commonplace, others are mystical or religious, and there are even some that are a bit romantic. The reason for being here and now is part of an uncomfortable question lost in the whirlwind of daily routine and in an entanglement of problems and worries that encourage finding quick and simplistic answers. Unfortunately, in the long run they don't satisfy anybody, leaving even larger gaps of frustration. In this case, the only solution is to look for something that would replace the anxiety caused by not knowing how to justify their daily forfeiture, a mystery that would serve as a bridge for solving the important questions of life. But it would present answers soon to be transformed into a mystical, dogmatic palliative. The weariness caused by the long, fruitless search would finally lead to a radical alternative: either the return to cruel, senseless materialism or to mysticism where feeling and dreaming is more agreeable than thinking and justifying.

"As I have already mentioned, man has recently begun to question himself about what he should think regarding conflict, incoherence, disrespect, and frustration in the world where he lives, not because he's worried about his fellow man, but mainly because he has realized he is a victim. He is offered many options and different means of finding the answers. Descartes, one of the great ancient thinkers of your humanity that followed a rational stream of thought became well-known through an interesting statement: "Cogito, ergo sum." In simple words we could say "I think, therefore I am." I wonder if by merely being able to think, someone has acquired the notion of existence. The statement should probably be: "I think, therefore I live". The act of thinking doesn't necessarily imply that one is conscious of existing. Existence refers to a consciousness, a capacity to identify the role of life in the conjuncture of universal forces and variables, to the perception of being and obeying a purpose that will someday be understood. Existing is the act of integrating the meaning of life, understanding the role one has to play in the universal scene; the act of discovering the value and the importance of intelligent life and the capacity to see and understand who we are, where we are going, and the role we must perform in creation.

"In another field, esotericism, someone in your past history has already said that the Universe is first of all mental. But is it really so? The sensitivity to receive the subtle messages of the universe, to value life and every created being, human or otherwise, is an important partner of reflection, for without the capacity to feel and value properly, any result will be inadequate. Thinking is not sufficient to understand the importance of existing or to realize the real meaning of a conscious life; also, feeling and intuition are not sufficient or adequate to have a clear image of being and existing.

"I think that in a process of conscious development, every act must previously be a thought, otherwise it won't be an intelligent action, but rather an impulsive and irrational one. As I have already said, being cerebral doesn't mean being cold or indifferent as some of you think; it means being sensible, sensitive, reflective and conscious. A mental process tries to understand the limitations that interfere in development and the clear perception of the reality around us. Being cerebral is to be aware of the paradigms that may disturb the clear appreciation of the opportunities for finding the path of existence.

"From ancient times in your history, life has been the biggest mystery. When man became conscious of his creative capacity, he also became conscious of another creative work, coming from an alien source of which he is a part and a perfect evidence of that power.

"When primitive man splintered the first stone and turned it into a tool, a revolution began on this small planet. A creature had stopped being a mere animal and was transformed into a creator. At that very moment, a relationship was established that surpassed the frontiers of the concrete, going into fields that are still unknown today. When he became capable of creating a new form, even if it was from a simple unhewn stone, man fully realized he was not alone. Like the tool he had created, the animals he had painted in dark caves, an idea he had given life to through his hands, his own existence had also had a similar origin. Someone or something had made him, as everything around him.

"Like a magic trick, this awakening placed man above animals and allowed him to begin the construction of a new consciousness showing he is not a common creature and that he undoubtedly has a definite place in the cosmic scene, for he was placed there with a purpose. The idea of the pre-existence of a knowledge or a reality that contains the secrets of life took shape and strengthened during his awakening. Confused

conceptions and varied conclusions arose in the attempt to attain that comprehension. The road was not easy. Each person interpreted the messages from the universe through a poor, simplistic vision of the reasons that justify life in its true conception. The limiting paradigms of that moment did the work of influencing the decoding of those manifestations. Those messages or signals are complex and subtle and are there to be interpreted. And what about the capacity of a developing young mind that was still trying to discover the basic foundations of survival? The resources of primitive man were scarce, not only in capabilities but mainly in the means for comparison and discussion. So, it was much simpler to build myths, create legends and superstitions to interpret life in the universal context. There is a perception that the mystery can be unraveled, but not everybody can do it. Somewhere in this fantastic universe there is a knowledge so powerful that it contains in itself the comprehension of any mystery. Somewhere in this fascinating Cosmos, there is the key to all that is inexplicable. This key can be physical or intangible, but it does exist somewhere and belongs to someone. But not all beings, whether or not human, have the determination, courage, ability of self-denial and strength to reach such an ambitious objective.

“This ‘occult’ knowledge, the abundant source of answers, has been sought in your world throughout time by mystics, religious men, philosophers, scientists and thinkers who expressed their conclusions through stories, myths, heroic legends, theories, thoughts and in many other ways, and created currents of thought, orientations, sects or religions that claimed to be the only synthesis of that mysterious, occult knowledge. They did not realize that they were giving their own individual interpretation of the signals they had found, restricted through their paradigms; in other words, through a state of consciousness committed only to the historical moment, preferences, desires, customs, and temporal needs in general, on which they had based their search. The road leading to this fantastic source of knowledge continually escapes those who traverse it; it is complicated and demanding and like a possessive lover demands total fidelity. A simple slip, an abstraction, a silly reverie or a simple extrapolation is enough to destroy all the work already achieved. The dangers on the way to truth are the unguarded moment and negligence. A false step and all the work done is lost. In this enterprise, the signs that identify the way to knowledge are subtle, quick and precious, forming a map towards a fabulous treasure and as such, the road is full of dangers.

“Every man historically recognizes the existence of a knowledge superior to the one they have today, or will ever have. Every being plays a part in the historical path of evolution. They are an instant on the long road whose end escapes their understanding but they are given the opportunity to continue, to grow and expand the perception that will eventually lead them to the comprehension of life, as long as they can join the pieces of the puzzle that form the map of the final destiny. Otherwise, they will spend their life turning in circles or dying in a trap without having had the opportunity to glimpse the hidden pleasure of life waiting to be discovered. The dawning of consciousness is something complicated and difficult; it demands attitudes motivated by clear objectives, determined efforts, persistence and strong will-power.

“Within this wonderful, limitless scene, there are beings moving from one place to another as part of an intricate system. And among them, a being, the creature that thinks and stands out with the capacity to master, transform and manipulate. This creature has the special capacity to understand better than any other. Besides thinking and slowly becoming conscious of its interaction with the environment, it also has sentiments which the animals don’t. It means that while our thinking is weak in this stage of evolutionary development, we also have at the same time sensible, abstract activities that differentiate man from animals even more. An animal can articulate movements, associate elements, improvise tools and even feel gratitude, but it will hardly be able to understand its inner world or thoroughly feel what being alive means. An animal has physical, basic needs to satisfy, but man has needs beyond those.

“When man frees himself from basic needs intrinsic to his condition as a living being, he discovers the subtle needs typical of a sensible, thinking creature. There is no stronger need than the one associated with identity....to discover who or what we are, why we live and feel and what our future will be. But the hidden traps during the process of development disturbed his perception and camouflaged the road he had to follow. Once on the wrong road, the rest was simply consequences. Lost on the road to evolution and confused by the need for answers, he opted for simplification, denying the real opportunities for enlightenment, reinforcing his ignorance.

“Who is the human being really? What is he? A creature caught in a gigantic spider web from which he can't get free. A child lost in a dark night, unable to find its way back home. A careless man whose attention

wandered from the road leading to his destination. This being wastes his time looking at the landscape along the way, delaying his journey and valuing things that are mere meaningless adornments. He tries to compensate for his perplexity with experiences and discoveries bearing only temporary value. He is silly and arrogant and insists on hiding, justifying or ignoring his diversion from the correct path. But he's also a wonderful being, divided into two realities and two conditions of perception.... a mental or rational one, and another one more sensible, subtle, profound.

"For ages he has used spirituality as an efficient alternative to escape and find peace and comfort in his troubled life that justifies his privations and sufferings. But what is spirituality actually? Better said...what does being a spiritualist mean? According to one of the terrestrial philosophies, spiritualism is a state of perception, a condition of the mind opposed to materialism or to a material conception of things. Others define it as a modern faith centered on the communication with the dead and that accepts re-incarnation and psychic manifestations associated with rituals. On the other hand, there are those who define it as a philosophy that accepts the existence of spirit as a substantial reality, denying that everything is only matter. Although these definitions are traditionally understood by your people, we can see that the only thing they have in common is the fact that they all believe in the existence of another reality made of a substance that is not material, usually called 'spirit'."

"But what is a 'spirit' really?" I asked, curious.

"According to the most expressive explanations we have found in human history" said Godar, "spirit is the bodiless being, the nonmaterial principle, that entity endowed with superior intelligence and mainly the faculty to know and understand. The word spirit has its origin in the mythology of ancient cultures, particularly among Sumerian and Semitic peoples. But besides being used to identify an entity, the word 'spirit' is normally used as a synonym for soul or to refer to an inner force. To the ancient Semites, the spirit was identified with the word Ruach and to the Greeks with the word Pneumatos. The Semites associated spirit with the idea of winds, breath and also with vital force coming from the heart. The Greeks had identical concepts. These same concepts are still used today, such as when you refer to the 'spirit of the fight', 'Christmas spirit', 'spirit of sacrifice', or the inner power always linked to a particular force that emerges from inside. But it is never used as an individual, independent entity.

"In general, religions included, humans think of the spirit as a manifestation or force of the personal character, also mistaken with the concept of soul. The catholic religion is a good example of that. In Luke (23:46) Jesus says: 'Father, into your hands I commit my spirit'. Here we can see a clear confusion between soul and spirit, while in another biblical passage, John (4:24) says: 'God is spirit' which contrasts violently with Mark (14:38) where we read: 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak', and with Luke (11:13) who says: 'If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?' The confusion continues all through the Bible, attributing to the spirit mediumistic and psychophonic faculties.

"In these simple examples we can see that the Bible understands the spirit to be two forms of manifestation. One as the essence of life of a being, its vital, active, creative force, and another related to the soul, as an individual universal entity that leaves the body after death. As I have already told you, the soul is your real self, the only real, universal Self, your cosmic identity. As you can see, the spirit is something completely different.

"So, when we refer to spiritualism, we should think about it carefully and explain what we are talking about. Are we referring to a spiritualism that deals with the animist doctrine or to a spiritualism that considers the living creature a being under development, having attributes and characteristics of the level where he is at a given moment, and able to expand his potential along his way to inner discovery as well as his commitment to life? Spiritualism is in fact confused in man's mind. Its concept undergoes the same distortion we can find in the ancient texts. To most people, a spiritualized person would be a spiritist, an adept of the animist concept who wants to solve the mysteries of the soul as an immortal entity. But we also have another concept, a more objective one, that refers to a being that is totally dedicated to inner discovery, trying to find, identify and understand the potentialities that make him a thinking being, able to see and identify his scenario, his objective and his universal identity.

“In other words, we have the spiritist who wants to make sure of a life after life, re-incarnation, the communication with that plane and who wants to solve the mysteries of life and death. They will use the information as a motivation to face material life and as a reason for them to accept the physical end, death. But a real spiritualist must try to learn and understand why there should be a life after life, why he should look for that explanation, why he should think or feel, why he should be different from the animals, why he has been placed in this scenario, how long he should follow and what process will take him to these answers. This spiritualist avoids dogmatic simplism, refuses to accept the mystery as an answer, doesn't stop at any obstacle, doesn't weaken with challenges and isn't easily deceived.

“In your world, spiritualism began with mysticism and religion and became an alternative escape, help and an answer to the suffering from repression imposed by the dominant classes. Through the years it was consolidated as a way to contest cold and severe materialism, and ended up denying it totally. To be a spiritualist in your world, it would be necessary to deny matter, renounce technology and comfort and go back to a simple life without complications or demands, molded in the patterns of detachment. In short, a return to the origins. The image that your people usually have of a spiritualist is that of someone who renounces the modern improvements of a consumer society in favor of a retired life. The farther from the attachment to matter, the better; the more primitive your lifestyle the more spiritual you will be considered in the social concept. The standard stereotype of a spiritualist on Earth is determined by some clichés such as having plain or shabby clothes, preferably long disheveled hair; the man an untrimmed beard; a modest home with mystical decoration; simple food; a quiet family life with plenty of children, free from prejudices where the only word of command is 'love'. All these characteristics are attributed to someone who has transcended the material life in search of his inner self. At least, it's the image you would usually have of a spiritualist. But to what extent does a spiritualist have to deny matter? I wonder if denying discoveries or being an enemy of comfort is the right way to reach a higher level of consciousness and understand the reality of existence.

“I think it is important for you to consider to what extent such a radical attitude can be only an escape and frustration from a failed attempt; an excuse for a careless, irresponsible attitude; a way to justify and forgive yourself for being unable to accept your ignorance of life; a silent protest against an inner conflict or contradiction; a way to attack the world that attacks you. You mistakenly think that the inner way begins by denying matter, avoiding any participation in the concrete world. That is a frequent approach taken as a response to the violence of the system towards you. But how can you deny the major tool you have to make any discovery, the starting point of any process? It would be the same as not recognizing that to learn you first have to be ignorant or that to live you first have to be born. It is through matter that we see, feel, appreciate or comprehend the dimension of the Universe, that we experience the first moment of life; that we have the first perception of beauty, the first pleasure and the first pain; that we become conscious of being and learn to understand. It is through concrete, material life that we can get stimuli, sensations and experiences that will be transformed into the necessary tools to begin any ordered, destructive or constructive activity. Matter is the compulsory starting point for the discoveries of the mysteries of life and as such something that must be investigated and understood in detail. But it can also be the starting point for problems, confusion, and distortion if there isn't an objective perception or deep knowledge standing ready for the traps of ignorance, the prejudice and obviously the paradigms that can easily hinder the coherent development of a species, leading them inevitably to their total destruction.

“Careful study of nature has shown that the processes of natural selection of species occur mainly because of alterations in the environment and the quick adaptation of beings to these changes. The stronger and more able survive, mate and genetically transmit their characteristics to their descendants, guaranteeing the continuity of the species. Otherwise, a late adaptation or a loss in the genetic quality will tend to a mutation, a variant, radically altering the characteristics of the species or simply extinguishing it. As an animal evolves, it assures its existence by obeying a higher force, its instinct. This inner force commands its moments, choices and actions; it follows a natural, powerful impulse that dominates it irresistibly. As long as this inner call is its orientation, its life will depend only on the capacity to answer this call. But when evolution raises an animal to the level of intelligence, where instinct gives way to emotion and where thoughts attempt their first steps, its continuity is in danger. Nature has prudently tried to keep the balance of the planetary ecosystem. The fury of the elements, predators, illnesses and many other variables, have conditioned the selective process, assuring the continuance of the stronger and better prepared. But intelligence allowed the elimination of traditional variables of selection, improving life conditions, amplifying the vital cycle, increasing the number of births, decreasing the devastation of illnesses and consequently of deaths. On the other hand, it gave start to

a process of interference in the environment, altering the environmental conditions for the survival of less developed species.

“Evolution has shown that nature can cope with deep, radical alterations in the environment and among creatures, somehow correcting the course of things. Besides the factors of natural selection, intelligence has transformed wars into a selective process in which the human being unfortunately destroys a large genetic contingent of an excellent level, for the ones who are most capable of fighting are the ones who will be destroyed; the ones who were not considered apt to serve will be preserved. Wars destroy the best of humanity's youth, thus affecting the genetic pool. In the same way the consumer society sets the rules of survival in the urban context. It favors the appearance of a system that promotes social distinction, status, racism and segregation, and creates a dangerous hatred, envy, a tortuous anxiety, and the despair of destitution. The quality of future individuals will be determined through their experiences of violence, theft, repression, lack of security, restriction of opportunities and the continuous rise in the cost of living. Socially, the economically lower classes proliferate with more children while the economically more stable families have fewer children. Finally, paradigms are the most dangerous factors of selection because they determine the intensity of these variable elements and the force and extent of their action in each segment of human activity. The more imperceptible, the more active, and the more individualized, the more threatening.

“Paradigms are undoubtedly the major factor of selection in the process of intelligent evolution, determining the course the species will follow during its development as well as the speed with which the transformations will occur, for or against. All the factors previously mentioned have a selective function, but nature uses selective mechanisms to gradually improve a species or determine its end due to its inadequacy, while the process created by man has only one final alternative.... gradual self-depreciation, unjustly affecting all the other forms of life around him on Earth or beyond.

“Theoretically, every intelligent being should only choose a course whose direction he knows or which he knows is the shortest or the best one to reach his goal. It is not the first step that starts the journey but the fact that you previously knew this is the only or the best course to take. In this way, starting an adventure of discovery begins with one's clear idea of the objective to be reached as well as the means available for achieving that purpose.

“One of man's strongest paradigms is thinking that the solution to all his problems is to be a technologist, a technocrat, an intellectual or a materialist, immersed in a system of competition in which he tries to survive individually. His philosophy of life indicates that being competitive is the best way to survive. On the other hand, the paradigms of dissatisfaction, conformity and loneliness take him to the opposite side. Insecurity, the fear of failure, age and lack of opportunities feed the conflict. Desperately trying to escape the system, he turns to mysticism. Through his detachment, he wants to justify the rejection of the showy standards of a materialistic world; through his search for a spiritual entity or a divine reason, he wants to put an end to his loneliness and lack of love. In this new world that looks promisingly comfortable to him, he will obsessively search for a solution to his problems, at least the existential ones, for here lie powerful forces that, when conjured, will free him from pain, conflict, incoherence and fear of tomorrow. Blind with the panic of a cloudy uncertain future, confused by deprivation and fear of conflict, he will believe that the mere conjuring of mysterious forces or the mere act of dreaming of an ideal, more humane world will make everything come true.

“The roads are diametrically opposed. On one side ‘material power is the salvation’; on the other side ‘spiritual power is the salvation’. The paradigm of human or divine power of supremacy becomes the only known way to a solution. Man erroneously looks for transformation separately from his own force and action. He desperately looks for a leader, a guru, a messiah, a magnate, a politician, a spirit or an extraterrestrial to get him out of the trap, continually rejecting his own capacity. He can only break this deadlock by reformulating his way of seeing life, the world, people, survival, existence and spirituality. Through analysis of the paradigms that bind him, he can free himself and continue a coherent evolution on the road to realization and happiness. As long as he insists on looking for a better life among the remains of a rotting structure set totally against the universal reason for intelligent transformation, he will get farther and farther from understanding that it is the wrong way. It is ironic that he is at the same time so far and so near; he goes in circles, caught in the inertia of his paradigms, waiting for someone to help him see the road that is right there beside him.

“Finally, being a spiritualist doesn’t mean abandoning the world and being a renegade, being an opponent of the system, a raging contestant, an obstinate demagogue, a dyed-in-the-wool reactionary, a social outcast, an alienated anarchist or a mystic, for all those would also be another radical paradigm. A spiritualist seeks continually for a way to understand human relations, the relationship of man with himself and of man with the laws that rule the universe and achieve the mastering of matter; he strives to understand his inner force and overcome his imperfections in order to finally use his own body as a tool to discover whatever exists behind this reality called matter. Paradigms are overcome and replaced in the continuous progression of discoveries, in the dynamics of action, in the agility and flexibility of comprehension, in questioning, in the exchange of impressions, in the sharing of an experience and in the reverie of ideas.

“It is not only through touch, visual perception or sentiment that we can understand the concept of a simple table, but also through associating, identifying and using the process of rationalization. Sentiment and sensibility will offer you other aspects besides the ones linked to the table’s usage...the ones linked to aesthetic value, sympathy, friendship and beauty. A table can be idealized in the mind, but it can only be substantially real and true through concrete action. Dreaming and thinking can’t accomplish a job, only the physical execution can. Life won’t get better only by wishing it to; you must accomplish a concrete, organized, joint action. The transformation that will lead your world to realizing life totally will take place through objective, physical action, resulting from an ideal architecture on a solid basis. In other words, from the substantial, material realization of a project. A spiritualist is someone committed to action, realization, knowledge, critical reflection and the search for continuous learning that will allow a new state of dynamic, ample, free, clear and profound consciousness, where there is no place for uncertainties, fears, weaknesses, egotism, envy or competition. There will be plenty of space for healthy questioning, self-knowledge, exchanges, understanding of sentiments, understanding of reasons and the experience of the real nature of life, or universal consciousness. In short, to be happy at last.

“A being will be a spiritualist when he tries to live his evolutionary moment in all its aspects for he will be committed to the discovery of the most enthralling mystery: life. The discovery of life is the discovery of oneself, a limitless conquest, the freedom of full existence. It is the discovery of the housing of the creative power in oneself, sharing its power and being under its protection. The possibility to exist in freedom is not a secret for you any longer; it is a challenge and a natural result of your selective process. To enter the fine veil of that inner nonmaterial, profound world is to realize that life as a whole is simply a continuous, frantic movement, an energy of great power that rolls over those unable to follow it. But if you discover it, harmoniously following its designs, you will have the opportunity to feel the pleasure of being alive, of loving and of being part of a transforming work.

“Living is a synonym for spirituality, for if you don’t know your inner self, you don’t know life. You will never experience the pleasure, the joy and the peace you desired, missing the opportunity to feel the Profound in yourself and limiting yourself to survive in loneliness. A spiritualist doesn’t live dependent on intellect, instinct, reason, emotion or sentiment; he uses them as intermediary vehicles of an experiment, as the key to the door that separates him from realization. They are only the means that can take him to a complete appreciation of the subtle, concrete realities, for they are only minute fractions of a whole. When they are correctly used, these tools can take him to a state of increasing consciousness, free from forged rules where love is no longer a simple sentiment, but life itself, total, unique life, integrated into the daily routine. The end of that road is peace and happiness; an inner and outer peace as the result of a level of consciousness acquired through the experience and understanding of the objectives of existence, where happiness comes from love for life, for a higher meaning and as an obvious result. It is sublimated love that can no longer be individualized, fractioned or deteriorated and that is continuous, constant, pure and eternal. For this dream to begin or even be sketched out, a radical, deep inner revolution must be embarked upon by your brothers. A basic, total rebuilding that will re-mould all the concepts from the most primary and trivial ones to the most complex. A condition that will re-formulate the present existential and spiritual reality of man.

“Spirituality is a major synonym for freedom. The spiritual creature is a free being that lives his life unraveling the pleasure of living and loving in plenitude. He no longer belongs to the universe of classical paradigms, he exists in continuous mutation, allowing life to flow inside him at the same speed as the Cosmos moves. This being exists to learn the continuity of his development; he practices the art of loving his nature, himself and as an extension, the others, for they are not his enemies but his brothers, companions in an adventure. This



determination doesn't have any limits, but his will is one and constant, his wisdom is growing, his comprehension widens through knowledge and finally his sentiments purify at every moment.

"You will only be able to love each other when you can love life and you will only be able to love life when you have the capacity to understand it. And for that, as was already said more than 2000 years ago, it is necessary 'to be born again'. To live in freedom you must understand you can't help being what you are...complete creatures in development. And you must understand what you really are not...slaves of your weaknesses and blind men deprived of the universal vision of existence by your conformism. You will be ready for a better life when your way of feeling and thinking doesn't come from simple experience, the consequence of inner weaknesses or pre-established norms, but from the expression of the perception of the desire to be and exist in a spiritualized level of consciousness.

"Tomorrow will come with the hope of a new era. From a chaotic world, fine weather will come bringing tranquility and hope of better days. When the selection has been made and the two sides of the coin have been defined, a different world will begin. Wait, Charlie; there is still a lot to be said. We will meet soon. Good-bye, Godar..."

That was the end of Godar's message. It had widened my understanding of human nature. It had offered a clear picture of alternative ways that can free us from limitations that hinder our development. However, certain words had raised questions concerning the interpretation. What was the meaning of "...when the selection has been made, when the two sides of the coin have been defined, a different world will begin.." ?

For the moment I was worn out. The long, detailed contact had exhausted my mind. Although these final words were extremely mysterious, I was too tired to ask. The doubts that Gerardo had raised in me were dispelled. Tomorrow, Godar would most certainly have to explain in detail the meaning of his enigmatic sentence as well as the presence of a human face in the bust square at Apu.

## **Chapter XV. FINAL LAUNCHING**

The following day, the classes at college could not engage my attention. Although Professor Jose Antonio Del Busto was giving one of his wonderful anthropology classes as no one else could, my mind was distracted. Godar's words cloaked something that had not been revealed to us yet.

In the interval I told Oscar and Pedro, who were members of the contact group and also studied with me at the University, about the guide's puzzling statement. The two agreed with me; they said that the guides had not at any time mentioned any selection project. It would be very unfair to select a few persons to enjoy benefits, to the detriment of the others. We spent the day in heated discussions and detailed analysis until it was time to go back home.

I remember that on that day Professor Jose Del Busto, professor of history in several colleges and a real expert in his field, had touched on the subject of legends and mythologies of various pre-Inca cultures. Discoursing with propriety, he alluded to a great number of entities that had somehow been present to help the development of these societies.... legends such as Nat-lamp and Aj-apaeo among the Mochicas and Chimus in the north of Peru near the city of Trujillo. During his long explanation, arguments were raised related to possible extraterrestrial interference during the history of humanity, but Professor Del Busto discarded them.

This subject had stimulated in me a great number of questions about our past. Sixto and I had recently read two books written by Peter Kolosimo called "Land Without Time" and "It is not Terrestrial", both printed by Editora Plaza & Janes of Barcelona, Spain. These books affirmed through well documented proof, that in different periods of human evolution, beings of extraterrestrial origin had directly interfered in the affairs of several human groups, who then achieved levels of culture superior to what they would have attained by their own effort in the same period of time. Kolosimo also said that the extraterrestrial presence might be

responsible for religious events that might have served as the foundation for several cults, the main ones being Judaism and Christianity. These subjects were intriguing enough to be included in our next contact.

Getting home, I had dinner early enough to have time for good digestion and a communication without any inconveniences. That night I had important things to learn and I did not want to be interrupted. After a well-deserved bath, I went to the living-room, closed the door and locked it. I sat on the sofa comfortably, prepared my writing-tablet, turned off the lights and relaxed. Breathing deeply, slowly and eliminating all the thoughts that did not concern the work, I entered an ideal level for communication.

While I held the writing-tablet to register the information with one hand, the other began to scribble with my pen. Soon the guide manifested again: "Yes, Godar".

"Hi, Godar. Yesterday, you left me with some questions about your last statement, the one referring to a selection. Please, I would like you to make it clear because I didn't understand it."

"The answer is clear enough. When the natural selection takes place, those who are able to see the road that humanity has to go will know that it is time to abandon the boat because it is going to sink. The boat is not the world, it is society only. In the future, humanity will be clearly divided between the ones that feed the system and the ones that look for a healthier, fairer alternative life. The ones that are a minority today, tomorrow will be such a powerful force that they will be able to correct and steer the course of their development toward a period of harmony with very little effort."

"How and where will this take place, Godar?"

"Historically, the past of humanity is full of prophecies, premonitions of events, situations, disasters and great changes that were going to happen and really did. Even in religions there are registers of 'signs of the times' as you call the manifestations that identify the fulfillment of prophecies or revelations. Now, although many are waiting for a 'final judgment', for an 'end of the world' in a few seconds, there are those who can really understand the subtle language of events. There are a great number of humans interested in prophecies, mainly the catastrophic ones that say humanity won't live long past the year 2000 or that it may not go beyond 2005. It might be true, but the causes are not the ones you expect. We can predict the human race is at risk, but that risk is not a Third World War or the collision of a celestial body with the Earth. It is a destruction that is born among human beings themselves."

"At this very moment as we are exchanging ideas", he continued, "some places in your world are being appointed for new nuclear experiments. Experiments that mean not only the explosion of a bomb, but also the deposit of atomic waste. There are innumerable places in the deserts, in deep submarine fissures and even in places near civilization, where tons of radio-active refuse are deposited that will maintain their lethal activity for dozens or hundreds of years. An energy dangerous enough to alter the present and the future of everything around it. The technology that you handle at present is unable to re-use this refuse. Irresponsibly, you continue the activation of ore without knowing how to prevent the danger and without realizing that you are contaminating the environment where you live."

Nowadays, the radio-activity in your world has reached levels that you consider dangerous. In the past the unit of measurement called Curie, equivalent to the radiation of a gram of radium, indicated the existence of a level of ten curies as the total radiation of the planet. Today, measurements refer to Megacuries, that is millions of curies to measure the contamination. Recent research indicates that if the level of radiation continues growing, in less than 50 years a great part of terrestrial life will be so contaminated by radiation that they will suffer from several kinds of illnesses and cancer. Besides the slow, silent destruction caused by radiation spread on the soil and in the atmosphere with every experiment or accident, particles are thrown into space, combining their destructive power with the 'greenhouse effect', for the concentration of heat is increased. The daily burning of fossil fuels also accumulates in the acid rain against which there is no defense. The combination of sulphur that is sent off into the air together with other elements causes a rain of sulphur acid that destroys vegetation. All this, added to the polluting gases continually discharged by disorderly industrialization, increases the deterioration of the stratospheric layers that protect life from ultra-violet rays.

“Accumulating more quickly due to the deterioration of the protective layers (caused by man), solar radiation will cause a genetic degeneration in all forms of life on the surface; the effect of ultra-violet rays are cumulative in organisms and act directly in the structure of the DNA, modifying the code of information the cells must obey. The alteration of this genetic program will completely change the standard behaviour of the cells, causing premature aging, skin cancer and mutations. The various kinds of solar radiation shorten the vital cycle of man and also, combined with the chemistry of nourishments, directly affect his behaviour, damaging his health irreparably. We must also remember that in some countries, significant residues of uranium 235 and plutonium 239 have already been detected in fish, shellfish, and mollusks. Besides the mercury that is launched into the sea by industries and into the rivers by prospecting and that accumulates in human and animal organisms causing terrible effects and horrible deaths, other heavy metals are incorporated into the organism through food.

“Besides chemical and radio-active contamination, there is the organic one. The water used in agriculture in general has a hazardous origin; it is saturated with heavy metals and organic debris that get mixed with chemical fertilizers. The greater the contamination of the sources of nourishment, the bigger the risk for the consumers. Even with animals as intermediaries in the food chain of man, the first consumers of those risky foods, when man himself eats those animals he gets the accumulated charge of those substances; the charge is conveyed also through milk.

“Parallel to this threat that gets stronger every day, man's most precious sources of life, such as the oxygen the planet breathes, are destroyed. A gas is generated by what you call diatoms, a kind of sea algae, also known as plankton. These minute plants that float in the oceans and that represent the food source for many fish and aquatic mammals, are also endangered. By our calculations, oxygen on Earth would be totally extinguished in less than 1500 years if it weren't continuously replaced through vegetal photo-synthesis, a process by which plants liberate sugar from carbon-dioxide that is absorbed as a sub-product. 70% of the oxygen on Earth doesn't come from plants growing on land; it comes from ocean diatoms.

“Every year, human beings cause the destruction of oxygen in greater quantity. All internal combustion engine vehicles consume this precious element, mainly those of airplanes. Adding to this the factories, incinerators, heating, and all the elements you consider important for your progress, in a few decades it will be difficult to breathe. Not only because of increased fuel burning, a greater number of vehicles, industrialization, but also because of the continuous reduction of forests and the continuous contamination of the oceans. To all that, you must add the continual increase of methane gas in the atmosphere, produced by the increase of decaying substances as a consequence of the growing number of living organisms on the surface of the planet. That gas, associated to others industrially produced, helps to retain the radiation emitted by the Earth, gradually intensifying the heat in the atmosphere and on the surface.

“If this situation continues, the rate of production/consumption of oxygen will be tremendously unbalanced, inclined negatively and dramatically against life that depends on that element. The natural cycle of regeneration can satisfy the necessities of animals and plants but it can't stand the terrible overuses and depredations that have been inflicted on it. The increasing heat on the surface will cause serious climatic alterations with consequences that will affect man directly. The variations of temperature will cause important changes in the chemical composition, humidity and stability of the soil in the affected areas. Previously fertile areas will suffer the action of heavy rains, intense cold, extreme heat or erosion caused by too much rain or extreme heat. Cultivated regions responsible for food supplies will suffer from droughts. The loss of nutrients caused by less moisture in the soil, the erosive action of the winds and the presence of other derivative factors will make the sustenance of man very difficult. The irregular rise and fall of temperatures in places used to determined levels, the unpredictable variation and the consequent modification of the pluvial rate will, in a short time, cause irreversible alterations in the stability of the terrestrial crust that is already stressed by the weight of big cities, by rain erosion or by continental dislodging. So, an accommodation will be inevitable. Places that have never before known them will have earthquakes as well as violent hurricanes. Rebelling against human insensibility and ignorance, nature will demand its price. This is already happening and the warnings are there for those who want to see.

“I don't mean the Earth will disappear, but it will react. Either through rainfall, humidity, temperature or telluric adjustments. The Earth as an enormous organism is preparing to fight for its survival, which means fighting against its main aggressor...man. The planet will mercilessly rise up against civilization in a fierce battle. The

show is directed by a major principal. The blind, the deaf and the careless ones that can't identify these signs will fall into the claws of a beast that has been provoked and today fights to save its life. In this battle, Mother Earth, as some of the terrestrial cultures call this principal, will fight for its continuity without taking into account whether innocent or guilty are caught together in the sacrifice.

"Those who can speak the language of the universe will be able to understand what life is claiming. That is how the ones who recognize their places are chosen. This choice is at a different level of communication, in an uncommon field of perception, for it deals with the right to happiness and the principle of love for life and respect for the relationship of symbiosis."

"Godar, I think it's all worrying. It sounds too catastrophic. I wonder if I could better understand what you say. That process is in accordance with the 'Superior Purpose' but I wonder if it is fair that so many beings are sacrificed at every incidence of change."

"Charlie, this is part of the game of life, part of evolution, the responsibility and risk in attaining maturity. The process of development is full of risks that we have to face at every moment. The well-informed, the careful ones, will have better opportunities. The careless, the lazy, the indifferent ones will be the ones to suffer more intensely, for they have never cared for the others."

"It is not fair that good people with excellent intentions are sacrificed because of those who spoil everything. There are good people of great potential who deserve an opportunity," I said.

"You have a very pertinent saying regarding that: 'Hell is paved with good intentions'. Unfortunately, the intention may be good but if the realization is poor, the result will be damaging. A son won't learn just because his father wants him to be obedient and disciplined or because of threatened punishment even if the intentions are the best ones. The end can't justify the means, for there is a protocol for each situation. Although, to use another of your popular sayings 'All roads lead to Rome', there are short and long ones, and also those that completely skirt the objective. This is why the opportunities are equally offered to everybody. You can all act in unison to accomplish something whenever there is a clear, common objective. Intelligence is an attribute offered to create alternatives of escape and mainly to re-create the conditions for a better life. The capacity to think is the most fantastic gift a creature can have, but in the wrong hands it is transformed into a monstrous weapon of destruction. Everything, absolutely everything that is derived from intelligence, as good as it may be, can be deviated towards destructive finalities, even against the one responsible for intelligence... oneself. To locate a place, we need a map and some coordinates. To find someone, we must know who we are looking for and also have some coordinates. And what about finding the purpose for life, for continuity, for happiness? What are the coordinates and the references? The answers are in you. You just have to look with different eyes and feel, not only with your heart, but also with pure sentiment commanded by the clarity of reason. A selection is going to happen. A transition has started that will set the cycle of life for your species. This time has been often announced. It's time for reflection, separation, and atonement. Judgment day is near and the judge will be the universe itself and the prosecutor the Earth. The victims of human irresponsibility claim from the tombs of time, and the potential victims of the future won't wait to be struck. The time of a final decision is knocking on man's door. Once again, the cycle is closing."

"Godar, what do you mean when you say that the cycle is closing again?"

"Historically, the Earth has already gone through several times when the conditions were similar. Other peoples attained the power to radically alter the reality of this planet and were also judged by their excesses. The power that maintains cosmic harmony wisely allows the conditions of redemption to take place and a new opportunity is given. From time to time, situations similar to the ones experienced in ancient times are presented again, allowing a world, a species, or a race to begin again its natural course of development. This is what is going to happen to the Earth. This planet wasn't intended to be what it is today, nor to have the kind of life it has. All should be different, but ignorance spoiled its course. If the evolution of the Earth had followed its normal course, only now would man be appearing on the surface of the Earth. Only now would people be organized and cultures formed. But, what we see now is not an end anymore, it is the beginning of a new condition of life that will soon come to light."

“Godar, do you mean that there was really some kind of purposeful interference in our past? That after Orions and Apunians had been on the Earth, very long ago, they interfered other times in terrestrial civilizations?”

“Remember that in the process of evolutionary development of a species, the universe provides it with the necessary tools for its survival and perpetuation. As a race evolves, the survival mechanisms become more sophisticated, and are continually replaced by new attributes and new characteristics, including physical ones. Intelligence, the capacity to think is among all the tools the most dangerous, for it affects everybody and everything around it. Like an insipid caterpillar, the creature under development goes ahead obeying his instincts, stopping for nothing, only to eat and survive. They are primitive reactions, typical of a primordial stage. However, there comes a time in the process when the caterpillar is ready to accomplish a radical transformation, not only physical, but habitual as well. Here, the caterpillar builds a cocoon that can either serve as protection during this fantastic metamorphosis or as a shroud. If it can't protect itself against predators that stage will never be completed. Similarly, the being undergoing the process of development builds a civilization, a cocoon that will serve as experience to begin a process of complete transformation. But, this transformation may never be completed if the cocoon becomes his tomb. This has already happened innumerable times, not only on Earth, but in many other worlds. The caterpillar becomes a butterfly, radically different from the initial creature. The butterfly is beautiful, colorful, gracious and will live to procreate. The human being also evolves through stages. In the beginning, he abandons his instinctive, animal, primitive condition of simple survival and builds a culture and then a civilization. The transformation will be complete if this process is successful, for the emotional transition is the metamorphosis, that is, the inner discovery. Sentiment, values and the road to consciousness are the elements that build the cocoon, and the result won't be a butterfly, it will be a beautiful, majestic, worthy, humane society if the process is correctly completed. Otherwise it will be death. Soon we will talk about this subject again; for today it's enough. Now you are very tired. We'd better stop here.”

“Wait, Godar; there are a lot of things you still have to answer. Don't cut the communication now, please..”

Allowing no chance for complaint, the guide ended the communication. He was right, I was rather tired, but to be left swirling in my conundrum was exasperating. Anyway, it was no use protesting. I would surely have another opportunity to question him.

Godar's message made it quite clear that in the past, the Earth had already been in one or several situations similar to the present one. Those statements made me think hard for some days, until something occurred.

The last week of July, a local newspaper published an article that reminded me of one of Godar's communications. The text said “...Some scientists are worried about the uncontrolled burning of fuels, for according to the experts, the air we breathe may soon be jeopardized. According to investigations, even the airplanes contribute to the destruction of the air, for their turbines cause the burning of over 35 tons of oxygen at each crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. And remember that not only the fleet of airplanes but also the power and size of the turbines tend to increase annually. Scientists believe that, in the next 20 years, the fleet of airplanes will be five times as large as the present one to meet international demand. Adding to that the geometric of population, the production of transport vehicles and industries, in a few decades it will be difficult to breathe. Not only because of the burning of fuels, but also because of the destruction of forests and the increasing contamination of oceans...”

All this reinforced what Godar had said, but to what extent was the fact that I was reading this article an indirect preparation?

I thought about it carefully and realized the importance of learning current details in the various segments of human investigation. That way, I would have arguments to use in my conversations with Godar and I would also have the necessary information to understand Godar's explanations better. So, having decided to have lots of questions to ask Godar next time, I began my preparation. My objective was to learn more about man, his past, and the origin of his religions, mainly Christianity.

For many years, I had studied at Saint Louis School belonging to the Marist Congregation. It was a private school at Barranco in Lima where I learned something about Catechism and mainly about Jesus, the Christ.

This character had always been an enigmatic figure to me, and that bust in the square in the city of Ilumen, Apu, looked very much like the descriptions of the Nazarene.

According to Godar, the beings in Apu, like himself, usually lived an average of 4500 terrestrial years, reaching 5000 without much difficulty. So, any Apunian over 4000 years old could have met Abraham in the old land of Canaan, as well as Moses, Daniel, Solomon, David or Jesus himself. That was all maddening for my adolescent brains. The following days I read everything I could find in my father's library, but not satisfied with the results, I used the Public Library. Patiently, I investigated the origin of Mesopotamian cultures, noticing that the presence of gods and celestial entities was a constant. The ancient peoples that had put down roots in the regions near the Mediterranean associated their progress with the direct actions of special entities, beings whose nature, intelligence level and perception of things was different from that of the humans. As I went deep into my research, a great number of questions formed in my mind. Part of the archaeological uncertainties were solved at each reading and all seemed much clearer to comprehend.

After a few days, a picture had taken shape in my mind. The vision of the past had suddenly undergone a tremendous transformation and what seemed disconnected surprisingly began to fit.

It was a period of deep reflection and investigation shared with my father who helped me very much to solve and understand some things. The relationship between Sixto and my father had become cold because of my brother's radical attitudes against the Institute, so I was the only one that kept my father informed. I could not be so insensitive, for we owed everything we were and knew to Dom Carlos, who had done his best to prepare our way.

To my total frustration, the communications at that period did not answer any of our questions directly. The extraterrestrial guides had begun a kind of charade with us. Avoiding any information, the psychographic contacts were limited to the appointment of new field outings. They kept insisting that we should continue our investigations. It made my desperate curiosity grow day by day. I dreamed of the opportunity to talk to Godar face-to-face again; this time I would not let him go without answering all my questions.

August came and brought an important new experience. Although the presence of spaceships was constant, no more landings had occurred since the one when the proposal to continue was made. The best we had had after that was a long distance appearance like the one in the Gimbra phase (the Xendra doors). My brother Sixto had received a new communication for a field trip to be held on the 3rd of August, a Saturday, at the dunes of Chilca. For this outing, a small group of only 5 people had been chosen.

Puzzled over the formality of the invitation, we decided not to mention anything about that outing to anybody. When asked, we answered it was only another routine outing. Actually, we anticipated that this contact would be different but we could not understand the reason. Perhaps we would be taken to their worlds again, or some guides would come to us. Anyway, we felt something would change from then on, but what?

So, Saturday came. As usual, our small group went to the Mine where, sitting in a circle, we began communication to ask for new instructions. Mito joyfully called our attention to the presence of two spaceships at low altitude, both of them approaching the Mine.

As if triggered by a spring, we all stood up and silently watched the movement of the spaceships. Then my brother received instructions from Oxalc to form pairs and follow different directions. We obeyed, Sixto with Mito, Paco with Juan and I alone.

We established our routes and left wishing each other good luck. Although we were nervous, we knew that we had nothing to fear and that whatever happened, it would be to help our preparation.

The direction I had to follow was the same I had used when the Xendra took me to Apu. A little worried, I slowly walked up the hill. From where I was, I could see the directions taken by my companions. Although it was a dark night, the torches indicated a human presence in the mountains; like small fireflies they were engulfed by the hilly terrain.

I finally got to the top of the mountain exactly at the spot where Godar had opened the dimensional door to Apu.

There, I sat down for a while to recover my breath while I looked around. Then I noticed that the two spaceships began to move again. One of them flew towards the place my brother had chosen and the second one began to land on the small plain two kilometers from where I was.

While the spaceship landed, I noticed that it was a different shape from the ones we had previously seen. This object consisted of a segmented, conical base looking like rings of smaller sizes placed one on top of the other. At the centre, a kind of cylindrical tower rose, exhibiting a few lighted windows and ending in a cupola with lights that ran sequentially on the borders. As the spaceship approached the ground, a cylinder with a much smaller diameter than that of the body of the spaceship was projected outside from the bottom of the object, with a gyroscopic movement. At first I thought it was the landing gear, but as it emerged, I saw it looked like a lift. Silently, the spaceship descended and hovered very slightly above the ground. Suspended in the air, it seemed to use the cylinder as a platform. The external lights were on and blinking sequentially, but all was in complete silence. It was a wonderful sight. I felt sorry my friends were not with me to see such a beautiful object, the product of such a developed technology.

At that moment I felt Godar's voice in my thoughts, asking me to go to the landed spaceship. I hesitated for a moment because I was alone, but I began to walk down towards the plain.

As I approached the spaceship, a numbness took hold of me at each step. The image of the spaceship became blurred and a feeling of tiredness weakened my body. I was almost losing consciousness and had great difficulty in reaching the cylindrical lift that came out of the bottom of the spaceship. When I got there, a kind of door opened that lit the inside and I was clearly invited to go in. Without any control over my body and strangely tired, I rushed inside and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, Sixto and Mito saw a strong brightness coming from behind a hill. They quickly went towards it to investigate. To their surprise they also saw a landed spaceship. Thrilled by the sight, they decided to go down the hill to observe the disk more closely; it was about 60 meters away.

They were suddenly stopped by a being almost two meters tall, wearing an overall and a sweater that looked like skier's clothing, high-leg boots and a wide belt. His hair was blond, almost white, thin, straight and reached down to his shoulders. He looked at them without moving. They were caught by surprise and did not know what to do. The extraterrestrial raised his right hand in front of him, palm up and they mentally felt it meant they should relax and not be afraid for he meant no harm.

Telepathically he told them that they would have to change the location for the next outings, at least for some time. A more distant place for activities and one of more difficult access would replace the Mine because a new phase of preparation was going to begin. The guides also thought that it was high time the group had the opportunity to visit secret places where a great part of the history of humanity was being kept; a history that had never been distorted by man's interests, fight for power, dogmas, or any other meanness; a history faithful to the facts, to failures and successes, to the visits of 'Gods' and the learning they made possible; in short, the history that has never been told. It was a particular place where registers and knowledge had been preserved through time, kept by beings especially prepared for that purpose and who have acted for centuries as guardians of a forgotten truth.

The extraterrestrial said that our next encounter would occur at a place called Marcahuasi, somewhere in the central Andes, near Lima. He repeated that this new experience would be very important for our future and emphasized we should resort to our communication for more details. He explained that the Mine had been chosen at first because it was near a submarine base on the Pacific Coast and because it offered 'special' conditions.

The being finished by saying that Sixto and Mito would not go on board the spaceship this time, that the objective of this encounter was to prepare us for what lay ahead in the future. According to the guide, many things were being put into our minds without our noticing. Information, knowledge and special implements were being slowly fixed in our unconscious, intended to surface only at the moment when we would be apt to

really need the information. Then he waved good-bye and went back to the spaceship. Sixto and Mito, unmoving, watched the spaceship disappear into space. In a few seconds it was all over and they headed back to our rendezvous point.

In the meantime, I was beginning to regain consciousness and to realize where I was. Before me, the spaceship was slowly taking off. As the object rose, I regained total charge of my body and my mind. It was as if the spaceship had completely controlled me to the point of inducing a numbness similar to a hypnotic trance and had submitted me to some kind of work, but what? I could remember absolutely nothing, except a few flashes that came to my mind but were not clear. Some confused scenes of the way up to the spaceship came to mind. I also knew that I had been inside and I had a few blurred images of that. Somehow, I felt they had impressed me for some reason.

The image of a human face was fixed in my mind. It had appeared somewhere inside the spaceship but I could not remember under what circumstances. The face of a tall man, with long, light-brown, almost blonde hair, elegantly trimmed beard and moustache, blue eyes and a piercing look that penetrated your soul, was kept alive amongst my blurred memories. That face, which I did not remember how or when, had appeared to me during my stay in the spaceship, and looked like that peculiar sculpture in the bust square in Apu that had drawn my attention. I wondered if it was 'Him'. What had happened to me? What had they done to me? Why? It would be years before I found out the answer. It all had a reason. I would understand it later.

Feeling a little better, more under control, I began to walk back to the meeting point. I tried hard to order my thoughts but an uncomfortable uneasiness would not let me.

When I got to the meeting place I felt better. My brother was enthusiastically speaking about the message they had received from the extraterrestrial. Paco and Juan, also excited, said they had seen the spaceship fly away, so they came back, believing something had happened. Still puzzled, I told them the disagreeable experience I had had although I did not see its purpose clearly. Paco and Juan said that something similar had happened to them. They had not seen any spaceship near them, only the projection of a guide at a short distance, but they did not remember anything else or remember having received any message.

So, we agreed to communicate the details of the new experience to which we had been invited to the rest of the group and to investigate where Marcahuasi was. Fortunately, college holidays had already begun, so as usual we planned to organize a new camping trip. Sixto consulted Oxalc, who confirmed a trip to Marcahuasi for August 19th and gave instructions to camp there for some days; but it would be very special and only a few of us could go.

According to the guide, only previously chosen ones could participate; that experience would be the final test of the training process. We were affected by the serious, rather formal tone of the message. It seemed to indicate that this experience would be the end of one phase and probably the beginning of a completely different one. There was much mystery behind the messages. The guides did not reveal anything that would let us foresee what awaited us.

Oxalc's communication set Monday, the 19th of August 1974 as the date of our arrival at the appointed place. Our research revealed that it was a plateau, 90 kms from Lima, towards the Andes central range. Situated at 4,200 meters above sea level, it was called Marcahuasi, meaning Two-Storey House or People's House in the Quechman dialect. In pre-Inca times it was the residence of a mysterious culture called Masma.

This place was first mentioned by the world renowned Peruvian archaeologist Dr. Julio C. Tello, in his notes and exploration work. There are also ancient references to this plateau in the Spanish reports and chronicles by Don Pedro Cieza de Leon who, among other things, writes about the myths of the Hirallas and Huanchos Indians, both ancient inhabitants of these regions in pre-Inca times, and about the presence of Apus or Guamanes, spirits of the mountains that protected the dead, and also about white, blonde men that lived in the mountains before the arrival of the conquerors. The plateau finally became well-known in 1952 due to the research of the famous Peruvian archaeologist Dr. Daniel Ruzo who, greatly interested in the American cultures, investigated an ancient culture that had existed there in times previous to the Incas and had suddenly disappeared without any reason.



Luckily for him, on the 16th of February, 1952, Mr. Enrique Dammert, one of his closest friends, who knew about his investigation of the proto-historical cultures in America, brought to his house a fantastic photographic enlargement. It showed a sculptured rock where a human head could be perfectly seen. Situated in the plateau of Marcahuasi, this sculpture was called Peca Gasla, which means 'Passage Head' or 'Inca's Head' by the old men of a little village called Saint Peter of Casta, 3,200 meters above sea level, situated a few kilometers from the village in the middle of the central mountain range.

At that time, Daniel Russo was investigating Saint Christopher Hill in Lima where he had found several pre-historical sculptures with characteristics similar to the one in the photo. That same year, in August, Ruzo travelled to the valley today known as Saint Eulalia Valley or Masma, that had previously been inhabited by the Huanga Indians until the arrival of the Spanish conquerors.

When he got there, Ruzo found an enormous sculptured rock, an amazing town with twelve artificial dams and a very large network of canals to collect rainwater and in an orderly fashion distribute it for consumption. Some of these canals were still working, as well as a central subterranean canal carved into the interior of the plateau. Besides that fantastic demonstration of sophisticated hydraulic engineering, Ruzo saw cyclopean constructions that reminded him of the Incas' work. Besides dwellings several storey high, observation towers, fortresses, temples and altars oriented to the four cardinal points, the archaeologist saw a great number of rock sculptures.

Systematically, Ruzo began to register the location of these lithic sculptures and noticed that their distribution was not random. A few months later, the archaeologist found something that would become one of the most polemic subjects. At the farthest point of the plateau, Ruzo discovered a rock sculpture similar to a hippopotamus sitting on its hind legs. The image immediately reminded him of the goddess Thueris, the Egyptian goddess in the form of a hippopotamus. But what relation could there be between the Masmás and the Egyptians?

Ruzo had been camping on the plateau since the beginning of his investigations, trying to solve this absurd mystery. One night, he decided to walk around to think more clearly. When his flashlight lit some shapes in the rock, he noticed that the projected shadow created new definite shapes. That was too much for him. Attentively, Ruzo discovered that besides offering the beauty and the enigma of their shapes, the sculptures also changed their aspects in the twilight or in by flashlight at night. In some cases, the faces grew older with the displacement of the shadows, in others they became younger; other figures appeared that seemed to dance with the movement of the light. Some culture had created a fantastic work of art on the top of a now abandoned mountain in the Andes Range and had suddenly disappeared, but why?

Daniel Ruzo stayed in Marcahuasi until 1960, when he had to stop his investigation for health reasons. Ruzo called that culture Masma civilization, relating it to the Indian name of the valley. According to his research, the Marcahuasi plateau had been formed by a volcanic eruption that caused the thrusting up of millions of cubic meters of white dioritic porphyry, projecting a homogeneous surface of 3000 metres<sup>2</sup> that had fractured with time. According to experts, the white rocks of that type take an average of 10,000 years to darken, which automatically dates the sculptures.

Dr. Daniel Ruzo wrote a book called "The Fantastic History of a Discovery" in which he relates the details of his incredible discovery, advancing the hypothesis that the Marcahuasi civilization was much older than any other in America and that it might have had some kind of relation to Egyptian culture.

All this information enlightened us as to the place we were going to visit; it was as fantastic as our own adventures.

The following days were rather difficult ones. We had to decide who would take part in that last opportunity. We all consulted our respective guides, trying to get a definite list of those who would travel. Finally, after tiresome analysis, we agreed that Eduardo, Paco, David, Oscar, Sixto and I would travel. Juan, Mito, Kuqui and a few others would still have to confirm their eligibility.

In the communications we established during that time, the guides referred to Marcahuasi as an ancient place known as 'God's Altar'. They said that we would meet two peasants on the way, and that we should ask

them for directions using that name. We would get to our destination quickly and avoid unfortunate surprises since the peasants would correctly direct us.

We must explain here that the roads on the cordillera are beyond anybody's imagination, for besides not having any lateral protection, they are roads that go round the mountains at great altitude, with trucks and buses traversing them daily, claiming the whole width of the unpaved road.

So, on the 19th of August at 8 am, Eduardo pulled up in front of my house in his old 4-door Chevrolet. We had already had the confirmation that only Eduardo, Paco, David, Oscar, Sixto and I would travel. The others were not able to go for different reasons. Others that had not been called came to say good-bye and wish us good luck. We were all engulfed by the same sentiment of solidarity, for our success would be theirs also. We shared the responsibility of representing all our companions, not only the six of us, but the whole group that had worked together all these years to realize an ideal. For all of them and for ourselves, we were on the way to another adventure.

## **Chapter XVI. MARCAHUASI: "GODS' ALTAR"**

We put our knapsacks in the trunk of the car as well as the plastic containers that we would use to carry water to the top of the plateau and said good-bye. This time I was taking a small 8 mm movie-camera already loaded with a film. My objective was to register the most important moments of the adventure so I would have a record to show those companions that accompanied us only in spirit. On the other hand, Eduardo was also equipped with a photo-camera and said that this time he would be sure to photograph the guides.

It was 10 am when Eduardo accelerated towards the highway that would take us to our destination. We were euphoric and showed our emotion. Amongst the innumerable speculations we had indulged in, there was only one on which we all agreed: whatever happened in the place, we thought it would affect us for the rest of our lives.

To arrive in Saint Eulalia Valley where the mountain is situated, we would need to travel a distance of at least 90 kms in a straight line, but in the Andes Cordillera, a few scarce kilometers can take one hour or more because the road goes round the mountain in a zigzag ascent.

The highway that leaves Lima towards the central cordillera passes through Vitarte, Chacacayo, Chosica, Ricardo Palma and then there is a side-track to the Saint Eulalia Valley. Once there, it would take us to another side-track towards Huinco where there is a hydro-electric plant, then over the Antisha bridge towards the village of Saint Peter of Casta, the end of our motorized journey.

During the first few hours on a paved road, we had no problems. But when we drove along the first few kilometers in the valley, we realized what lay ahead. Mountains on one side, a precipice on the other that got steeper and steeper with each meter, and an earth and gravel road so narrow that Eduardo's sedan seemed to take up the whole width of the road. Besides that, we constantly had to look out for an interstice in the mountains, or a ledge extending over the precipice that we could use in order to give way to the loaded trucks that carried vegetables to Lima or to the huge buses that appeared on each curve.

There were times when the car skidded and had one tire off the road; then we had to get out to keep the car balanced and put it back on the road. The biggest problem on our drive up was that the radiator was getting too hot because of the effort and the thinness of the air. We had to stop more frequently for the car to cool down as the road became steeper. When we lifted the hood of the car, it was transformed by a cloud of vapor. So, with great difficulty, we managed to get to the Antisha bridge where we had to stop because of an unexpected crossroad with no sign to indicate the direction we should follow.

While we discussed what to do, two humble looking peasants came in our direction. Oscar walked towards them and asked which way would take us to the mountain known as 'Gods' Altar'. The older peasant

indicated the road on our left and said (in very poor Spanish) that we would barely manage to get there in the daylight.

Observing that scene, Sixto remembered the communication in which the extraterrestrials had mentioned the presence of two farmers who would show us the way. He felt happy in confirming that the encounter was part of the experience and that we should not worry. The presence of the two peasants just when the journey needed directional assistance, proved that the guides had foreseen the problem. We felt more at ease and decided it would be imprudent to travel during the night. So, we looked for somewhere to park the car and spend the night.

It did not take long. A few hours later, just as the sun began to sink behind the mountains, we found an ideal place. It was on a curve and we parked the car facing the mountain with its rear to a 200 meter precipice. The chasm that separated the two mountains was caused by the Cartmayumac river, the same one that went round the Marcahuasi mountain. We were then right below Saint Peter of Casta, but we would discover that only the following day.

We took the blankets out of the trunk and tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Eduardo, Sixto and I were in the front seat, Oscar, Paco and David in the rear. Despite our uncomfortable positions, we were so tired that we all went to sleep.

During the night I was awakened by a strange sensation. I looked around, worried. The night was pitch black. When I looked to the back of the car I saw a yellowish light at a short distance. I watched it carefully for a few minutes and came to the conclusion it was someone carrying a flashlight. Worried because I didn't know the intentions of this person, I woke up the rest of the group. We immediately leaned out of the windows, trying to identify the mysterious light that was now probably about 50 meters right behind the car; but that positioning would only be possible if the light were in the mountain opposite, for there was a precipice directly behind us. To our surprise the light began to approach slowly. It seemed to float in space, coming calmly in our direction. It was as if there were a bridge joining the two mountains over the chasm. I was so curious that I wanted to get out of the car to see it clearly. My friends opposed the idea and insisted that everyone stay where they were.

The light floated in the air and came round the car along the driver's side not more than one meter from it. Then we could clearly see that it was a simple light and that nobody was carrying it. The light was emitted by something that could float in the air, and must have been the product of a more advance technology, but what was it?

The light retreated slowly to where it had come from. It crossed the chasm as if suspended by a string and disappeared before our astonished eyes. It had all lasted about one hour. We were now wide awake and nobody wanted to sleep. We continued our speculations about the origin of the object but were overcome by tiredness once again.

Some hours must have passed when I was awakened again by the same strange sensation. I felt rather disturbed when I saw a dark figure moving on the road ten meters distant on the driver's side. I thought it was a person, so I woke up the group. We were alarmed to make out a strangely shaped creature. Its body looked humanoid, but its head looked rather like a feather duster. It seemed the entity intended to attack the car and was very near it. But some minutes later, two other entities appeared and joined it in a strange dance. Frightened, we called our guides for help. Some of us received the simultaneous message that we should not be afraid because those creatures only intended to impress us.

According to the messages, that region had a strong concentration of electromagnetic energy that allowed the co-existence of two dimensional levels of reality...ours and a completely different one. What we saw were native creatures of another world or another dimension. Those creatures were much more primitive and could certainly not understand what was happening to them either; their attitude was understandable. We were also informed that the light we had seen was a Kanepa sent by our guides to watch us.

It all seemed madness, but it was there taking place right in front of us. If I were told anything like that I would hardly believe it without witnessing it. "How can I tell my father? Will he believe me?"

Hours went by and suddenly the creatures vanished into thin air. It was less than one hour before dawn and we had hardly had any sleep. At that moment a strange sphere of light rose from the bottom of the precipice. This spherical mass that floated in the air had a diameter of a few meters and was completely different from the Kanepa previously seen. The sphere was over the road, a few meters from the car and floating towards us. I aimed the beam of my torch at it. The sphere immediately ran to one side. I repeated the maneuver and it ran to the side again.. We all repeated this action several times, but every time the sphere escaped the light. It was dawning, the sun was beginning to lighten the sky. Now, still in the air, the sphere of light faded little by little as the sun grew brighter. In minutes there was nothing, only the mountains lit by the dawn, the peasants that began their morning with a walk to their fields, and the chirping of birds announcing the beginning of a new day. It was all finished, remaining only in our minds as a bad dream, a strange nightmare; we were not completely sure how real it had been nor how dangerous it might have been.

We put on our ponchos and got out of the car to stretch our legs, embracing the coolness of the day and talking about the night's events. While we ate our frugal breakfast, we again thought of how incredible our experience had been.

More relaxed, we continued the journey. This time, the cold would be our great ally for it would prevent the car from overheating. A few hours later, we got to our destination, Saint Pierre of Casta, a typical village in the Andes cordillera built over the remains of an ancient pre-Incan settlement. Today, there are small gravel streets, balconies that still remind you of the Spanish colonization, little houses made of stone and adobe (a mixture of clay and straw that has traditionally endured through the centuries because of its thermal insulation against cold) covered with roofs of 'ichu' (a typical shrub of the Andes) and zinc plates, a school, the town hall and the unfailing little church that preserves its typical colonial style. All these around a central square. That rustic little town is situated on a rocky prominence of the mountain projecting into the valley and forming a huge triangle with two sides jutting over a frightening precipice more than 300 meters deep.

Meat dried in the sun on the roofs of these humble houses, supported on trunks of eucalyptus. This custom goes back to the first cultures in America when the charqui or dried meat was their main nourishment. The people are copper brown, slightly almond-eyed, and speak hardly any Spanish. The Quechua language has been spoken in the region for centuries; after Christianization it was precariously changed to Castilian, a variant form of Spanish, for Peru was colonized by men from Castile whose dialect was slightly different.

In this picturesque place, we would have to leave the car because there were no more roads. From now on, mules would carry our baggage and our feet would be the only means of transport up to the top of the plateau, a journey that would take at least four hours if there were no problems.

We left our car in the square and started to look for someone who could rent us some mules. After some bargaining we got two animals and a 9-year-old guide. The biggest problem was not the knapsacks but the water containers. The water on the plateau was not potable; it was also the dry season. So the only water we would have available for consumption would be carried by the mules.

Eduardo parked the car at the churchyard. Sixto and the loaded mules began the journey up to the plateau. The rest of us stayed behind to buy a few things in the village and after that we would try to catch up with them. Before leaving, our young guide had given us instructions for identifying the right track in case we got lost, but he said he would try to walk slowly till we caught up.

On top of the plateau, still extant, was the old shelter used by Dr. Daniel Ruzo, and that was the place where we intended to camp. The others and I were carrying the knapsacks with the basic supplies while the mules were carrying the heavy things, the water and the canned food. Going up slowly, we noticed that we tired easily, not only because of the effort, but also because of the rarefied air. We were leaving the village at a height of 3200 meters to climb to the top of the plateau at a height of 4200 meters, a steeply ascending journey of 15-18 kms.

Although he was very young at that time, Sixto could not keep up with our young guide Jose's gait, and soon lagged behind. At a certain point, Jose and the mules began to go up an extremely steep, broken stretch of the path with my brother some distance behind. There, one of the mules lost its balance and the ropes that

tied the baggage came loose and rolled down the precipice. Terrified, Sixto hurried to catch something but did not succeed. Our most precious items had rolled down a few meters and the only way to rescue them was to climb down to where the baggage was suspended. Armed with a lot of courage and determination, my brother crawled about 20 meters down the slope. That inclination ended a little more than 30 meters from where the mule had dropped its load; after that it was a vertical chute of 400 meters down to the river. Overall, Sixto made about six trips to the edge of the precipice and managed to rescue a great part of our water supply, enduring the innumerable thorns which stuck into his body. Unfortunately for him, the others and I had made a mistake at the bifurcation that would take us to where he was, and it was some hours before we realized that we were on the wrong path.

Aware of our delay and that our guide Jose was out of sight somewhere far ahead, my brother put part of the salvaged baggage on his shoulders. He was so exhausted by the rescue and the climbing that the weight of the baggage seemed to be multiplied a thousand-fold. The rarefied air made everything more difficult. His accelerated pulse throbbed in his ears, he was almost blinded by sweat, the ropes cut his hands, he had blisters from the friction of the weight he was carrying, but he managed to get to the shelter with the final load after making several trips carrying all the baggage that had dropped from the mule. He collapsed with exhaustion.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group and I were lost. We shouted out loud, calling for Sixto, but nobody answered. Only the echo ironically reverberated in response to our despair. We thought that we should go back and look for that bifurcation point again but there were a few problems. In the attempt to find the way, Oscar and I had climbed up part of the mountain, dozens of meters above the rest of our party and it would be difficult for us to climb back down. So Paco, David and Eduardo, who were still on the track, would go back while Oscar and I would try to accompany them from above as well as possible. And so we did. One hour later, our companions found the bifurcation, took the option we had missed, and soon met little Jose and the unloaded mules coming back down the path. They asked him about my brother and learned that he was at the appointed place, resting and waiting for us. We continued up, relieved.

The incredible Oscar managed to find a way to climb up still higher while the others were already on the right track. I was trying to find an alternative path away from Oscar and got into a blind alley. Tired and despairing, I tried to go towards Oscar by climbing a very steep slope. I crawled up, clutching at small shrubs between the rocks. My knapsack seemed to weigh a ton. When I was a little more than a meter from the curve of the path that would take us to the camping site, carelessness on my part made a shrub suddenly give way under my weight, and I fell down heavily.

I began to roll down the slope. I knew I had only a few seconds before falling over the steep precipice from which there would be no return. I heard the shouts of my companions fill the silence of the valley. I was terrified and tried to grasp everything on the way down. In a desperate last action, I cried out my sidereal guide's name with the full force of my lungs, the sound reverberating in the mountains with macabre acoustics. Immediately, as if commanded by a super-human power, my hands clutched at a big shrub. The tension of the stretch made my muscles distend, causing excruciating pain. Stones had torn part of my clothes and skin and my knapsack had been wrenched partially from my back.. But, suddenly, miraculously, I stopped rolling down. My eyes were turned up to the sky and my arms were stretched out clutching at the shrub. I was afraid to look at where I was; I knew I could not stand to look at the abyss. Then I heard my companions shouts telling me to be calm. I was regaining my strength little by little. I seemed to have received an influx of energy. The pain was lessening; I didn't know how. Slowly I began to move, still holding my 'life-saver'. With great effort I pulled my body up with my hands, trying to get my balance and see where I was. When I moved my fingers I felt a light burning. My hands were bleeding. They had been trying to find something to hang on to when I was rolling down the slope. But it did not hurt. Very carefully, I managed to look around. I immediately felt my legs weaken and I shivered. I was less than 2 meters from the precipice. If I had fallen, my body would probably never have been found.

Lying over my knapsack, I glued myself to the mountain. I had to control my terror otherwise I would never leave that place. While I was fighting my fear silently, I heard Oscar's voice. That familiar sound made me raise my eyes. Oscar had managed to come near me with a rope and was shouting to me to grab it. He did not need to say it twice. When it was within reach, I grabbed it and without looking round, I managed to climb up to the track, not without difficulty.

When I was amongst my friends again, we all felt very relieved. I felt limp, could hardly stand. Looking back at the distance I had rolled down, it seemed so short! But it had seemed an eternity to me. My wounds were superficial, nothing serious. As we rested, David came and said that he had seen the shelter and that Sixto was there preparing everything.

Although I felt rather odd with the sensation that I had been born again, I began to feel another sensation rather difficult to describe. A tie, an invisible link had been established between Godar and me. The moment I cried for Godar while I was rolling down out of control, an invisible force had commanded my movements and a kind of symbiosis had occurred. I needed some time to relax and understand all this but we still had a long way to go. In the future, I would be able to fathom this and many other things and would also be able to understand messages and signs that had been unintelligible up to that moment.

When we were about to start our journey again, we were stopped by a peasant who had heard our shouts. This simple man had been worried about strangers in trouble in a remote area, had left his work and crossed a mountain to help people he had never met. This marvelous person accompanied us on the rest of our journey and helped to carry our gear.

Almost an hour later, we arrived at the camping site. Sixto was still removing thorns from his body. I immediately took the tweezers from the first-aid kit and helped him. I then prepared myself to remove the rock fragments buried in my wounds.

Little by little, we established order in the mess. We carefully inspected Dr. Rizzo's old hut; it was far from being even a ½ star hotel but just then it was a palace for us. We distributed and arranged the sleeping bags, the knapsacks and the food and water. The sun would soon set behind the mountains, so I began to prepare some hot soup because the temperature would fall very rapidly.

Dr. Russo's old shelter was located on a bend right below the top of the plateau, little less than 50 meters from the famous Peca Gasla or 'Inca's Head'. The view from where we stood was simply fantastic. We could watch the red disk of the sun merging into the horizon, and the horizon was the sea. Yes, we were 4200 meters high in the cordillera and over 90 kms from the seaside; even so we could see the sun set in the sea. It was a memorable sight. The colours in the sky among the scattered clouds that touched the mountains, the silence broken only by the wind between the rocks and the sound of our breathing, transported us to a paradise of an almost untouched natural world. We seemed to be in communion with the sky. Away from civilization, alone and lost amidst the high mountains that looked like the roof of the world, we had the impression that we were in the womb of the Universe. We felt enveloped by a mother's protection. We silently watched the end of the day and the slow beginning of the night, and partook of an opportunity to thank the creation for being alive and having the consciousness of it.

As 'chef' of all our camps, I announced that the soup was ready. My friends came to me like vultures onto their prey. The cold was intense and pitiless and the soup would soon cool, so it had to be consumed quickly. A piece of bread, a survivor from our difficult journey, completed the banquet.

The conversation during dinner inevitably turned to the difficulties of our journey. If the guides had intended it to be a test to prove our determination, our grade was certainly 10 up till now. Telling jokes about the frights of our enterprise, we released all the tension we had accumulated.

During the conversation, Paco drew our attention with a cry of surprise. A luminous object was moving in a starry sky. At first we thought it was a satellite because of the distance, but the light began to maneuver sinuously and to approach at the same time. Swiftly, the object turned around its axis many times, curving towards us. A few seconds later, we could see clearly that the light emanated from a disk-shaped object with a lot of lateral lights forming a sequence on three levels. The spaceship stopped moving and remained suspended in the air less than 100 meters from the group. It was a wonderful show. For some minutes the disk stayed there for us to watch; then it sped towards the northwest. Its display compensated for all the difficulties we had had; it meant we were at the place appointed by the extraterrestrials and that everything was under control.

The group was too exhausted to try any communication with the guides. We all needed a good night's sleep and everybody agreed we should go to bed. The next day would be a long one for we would explore the plateau and I would try to do some filming. Up till then, with so many surprises, the only thing I had filmed was our arrival at the little village. Luckily, the camera had been carried by Eduardo. If I had had it, it would certainly have been damaged when I fell.

Inside the shelter we spread a plastic canvas over the floor and then we opened our sleeping bags. We made ourselves comfortable and soon we were fast asleep. After a few hours I was awakened by a sound that clearly reminded me of a dog browsing in the garbage. The noise disturbed me because I was beside the door and the garbage was near it just outside. We had wrapped the garbage in closed plastic bags, but it would be easy for any animal to tear into it.

Although I was terribly sleepy and my body ached, I decided to get up to chase the animal away and prevent the garbage from being spread all over; I would put it in a safer place. As soon as I got up I felt the cold reach my bones. I grabbed my poncho and my woolen cap to face the severe cold of the cordillera.

My movements and my flashlight woke up my friends who asked what was happening. When I explained, they decided to go back to sleep in the warmth of the shelter and let me do the job alone. At the moment I was preparing to open the old wooden door, I noticed that the noise now sounded more like an animal burrowing, which annoyed me. I imagined that by then the garbage bags had already been torn and that I would have to collect all the scattered things before going to bed.

I opened the door, directing my flashlight towards the place where the noise came from. I looked around very carefully because there are still wild animals in the cordillera. The noise had stopped, everything was quiet. I walked out slowly, looking for the garbage bags and to my surprise they were intact. Cold ran down my spine. Something strange was happening. I called to the others, who immediately got up. Right then a flame of fire similar to a torch appeared floating in the air a few meters from the shelter. We thought it was a peasant and worriedly asked for identification. The flame went on moving softly in the air without any sound. Holding our flashlights, we slowly approached it together to discover what it was. The beams of light hit the flame but there was absolutely nothing around it. It was a flame of fire floating in the air with no apparent origin. We were still more frightened when we noticed a compact cloud beside it that slowly took a strange form. We began to back towards the shelter. The sound of the animal began again, loud and aggressive. We quickly went into the shelter and closed the door, leaning everything we could against it. It was high time we did it because a heavy object hit the door powerfully from the outside and repeated the attack several times. We were scared. We leaned against the door with the weight of our own bodies trying to help soften the impact and keep the door standing in place. For several minutes, that strange force attacked the door furiously and then the walls as well. Then it disappeared. In all, it must have taken an hour. We were terrified.

Slowly, fear gave way to exhaustion and we fell asleep. Early morning, the first sunrays announced the new day through the cracks of the old shelter. We stretched ourselves slowly trying to activate our circulation and wake up completely. We removed all the baggage that was against the door.

When we went out, what a surprise! The outside of the door had been extensively scratched. It looked as if a bear or another huge animal had tried to break it down. But there are no bears or any similar animals in the cordillera. A creature had left the marks of its presence, but what kind of creature?

During the morning the subject of discussion was obviously the terrifying adventure of the previous night. Breakfast consisted of cereal, milk, bread, honey and some fruit for our bodies, but the beautiful landscape around us, the expectation of what still awaited us, fed our enthusiasm and curiosity. A few meters from the shelter, the lithic 25 meter tall sculpture 'Inca's Head' completed the exotic atmosphere. After our meal, we agreed to have a communication to learn about what had happened during the night and what lay ahead for that day. Each of us chose his place and tried the communication.

After almost one hour, the summary of the messages revealed that all had been part of a test to evaluate our determination, confidence, willpower and objectivity. Because, according to the guides, attacks, provocations, dangers, deceptions and difficulties would be part of our enterprise everywhere from now on. This experience would be an example of what we would have to cope with in a very near future. How right they were.

More relaxed, we went for a walk in the surroundings and identified the famous lithic sculptures of Marcahuasi. Wandering among those rocks was a unique sensation. The light colored, grey and reddish rocks contrasted with a clear blue, cloudless sky. The sound of the wind mixed with the thumping of our steps and the wheeze of our tired breathing. The mega-sculptures of that place lighted by the strong Andes sun seemed to bring back to the present a magic, mythic time, creating a mysterious atmosphere where a surprise awaited every turn. While we climbed towards the rest of the pre-Inca constructions, each one of us silently pondered the future.

The remnants of a past lost in the darkness of time, contrasted with the futuristic revolution represented by ourselves. Two ages were present there. A moment of human culture that had overcome its limitations and the hostilities of the cordillera, and we who would face the hostility of men and the frustration of not being understood. Although we were separated by centuries from the men that had lived and died here, we were united in the same desire... to learn how to live in peace and harmony with the universe.

New thoughts crowded our minds. We breathed beauty and peace in that still virgin air. We had a sensation of being able to touch the sky with our hands. We felt we were in a sanctuary. The silence was solemn and could not be broken. It was wonderful to feel that we were part of that place.

We spent the day walking and making small discoveries, such as a dromedary engraved on a rock, a frog, a seal, a hippopotamus, an African lion, a man in a turban, a friar, a reclining man; and so the day came to an end. The sky, contrasting a red sunset with the yellow and navy-blue that still fought its vanishing, showed its first stars while the sea in the horizon slowly swallowed the magnificent red circle. It all made us feel very small. We quietly wondered how long the world would still have to contemplate such a magnificent spectacle.

The stars were our companions now. The Milky Way was sovereign in the sky, boasting its magnificence and filling space with its white mantle. David called our attention to a spaceship that crossed the sky. It was 4:30 pm and dinner was being served. The object was approaching; it was a sphere that turned round its axis horizontally and was getting nearer and nearer. It was relatively smaller than the other spaceships, around 9-10 meters in diameter. Its movement was linear and straight towards where we were, describing a curve above us and then heading towards the mountains. Its only objective seemed to have been to say hello. After a few minutes, another object quite similar to the previous one appeared from the opposite direction, flying at great speed at very low altitude over the mountains without attempting any approach. We liked those visits because they showed that our extraterrestrial guides were present.

We arranged our things to go to bed. This time the garbage would be in an inaccessible place to avoid any disturbance during our sleep. According to the communications, the following day would be the most important one but that night would be used as an initiation. According to the guides, a whole phase of preparation would be completed that night and to help it happen without interference we should go to bed early.

Inside the shelter, we placed the knapsacks and heavy baggage against the door. If any other 'thing' should visit us that night, we would be prepared. We opened our sleeping bags, wrapped ourselves in our ponchos, and did a nice exercise for relaxation. Breathing deeply and slowly, we merged into deeper levels of the mind.

A few minutes later I woke up suddenly and found myself outside the shelter. Sixto, David, Oscar, Paco and I were looking at one another, surprised to be in front of what seemed to be the entrance to a cavern. Only Eduardo was missing. We did not understand what was happening. We noticed that it was still night and we thought we might have been transported to that place by a Xendra. We noticed that the cavern was lit inside with a greenish fluorescent light. After a general inspection around us, we could not substantiate whether the mountain where we found ourselves now was Marcahuasi; nevertheless, it was all part of the experience.

Moved by curiosity, we went into the cavern slowly. A powerful green light came from the rock ceiling, and it seemed as if an enormous quantity of fireflies had lined up on its surface to create it. After some time, almost an hour by my calculations, the stone corridor opened up into a huge hall carved out of the rock. The chamber was approximately 6 meters high and dozens long. It looked enormous. On the walls there were huge shelves scored out of the rock, disposed in an orderly way. It looked like a huge store-room.



There were rows of symmetrically arranged blocks stored on the shelves. I went to one of them and saw the blocks were really plates of very thin golden metal measuring about 40 cm by 20 cm with some hieroglyphs or ideograms engraved on them and some crystals fixed on only one side. It probably weighed nearly one kilo. All the plates seemed to have been made of the same kind of metal and were the same size; only the composition of the drawings and the kind of crystal varied. There must have been thousands of those plates stored in the cavern. But what were they?

Suddenly a man appeared beside us. He was an exotic, charming figure. He looked like a character depicted in a medieval book relating to the legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. He would perfectly fit the description of Merlin, the legendary wizard. We were rather nervous and the odd character noticed our tension; he did not say anything, just watched us. We did not know what to do.

The old man wore a kind of toga made of a material that looked like linen. He wore it as if it were a Japanese kimono with a wide belt made of a material that I could not identify. He wore sandals very similar to the ones worn by the Romans in the Christian period. There was a perfume of flowers in the air and a sound similar to that of an air-conditioner, almost imperceptible. The old man looked at us still without articulating any word or sound. He had a penetrating but extremely tender gaze. His long hair and his silver-white beard formed a strange combination with an athletic body that did not betray his age. It was like looking at a Santa Claus without the typical pot belly. The long, wide sleeves did not hide his clasped hands and long, thin fingers. This being was literally human in every aspect; nothing in his appearance could identify him as an extraterrestrial.

In a thundering voice, breaking the silence, he said: "Don't be afraid, I'm here to help you in this journey. My name is Joakm; I'm the guardian of this place."

Those words echoed deeply in our souls, stirring the little courage that there was still left. His words seemed to open up something inside us, mixing fear, respect, and curiosity with something strangely familiar. It was like meeting again somebody you already knew. Like seeing again an old, long-lost friend. All these sentiments would have their explanation revealed later on.

Now, a new adventure was beginning. Where would it take us?

## **Chapter XVII. THE CHOSEN PEOPLES**

We stayed near one another. From our previous experiences in all those months, we had learned to master our anxiety and fears a little better, but each experience was different so it was not easily adjusted to.

Very shy and with solemn respect, we asked the old man Joakm where we were and the meaning of his words and the plates. He answered:

"This place is far from the Marcahuasi plateau, but it is at the top of the Peruvian Andes Cordillera. Here lies the forgotten knowledge of the past of the world. Here are the registers of the humanities that dominated this planet thousands of years ago, their history, their doings, their conquests and failures.. These plates have the records of the history of man that has never been told. A history that goes back to the beginning of the planet when life started its first movements. Like you, I'm a servant of a major purpose. My existence is devoted to a task whose purpose is the future. A future where we can live together in peace with the man of the surface and where all knowledge kept here can be offered for a common benefit."

"Where are we Joakm? Is this cavern a subterranean base, or what? Where are you from?" asked Oscar.

"In fact, you are in a very special place. We can consider it a base, where the intraterrestrial society develops a joint work with the Confederation of the Galaxy Worlds. To a certain extent, I'm terrestrial. The origin of my

race in this world goes back to times when the proto-man was only a simple hominoid<sup>6</sup>. Some people on the surface call this period Atlantean. At that time a more advanced society of extraterrestrial origin, not yet confederated, came to the planet Earth intending to transform it to their home. However, they found here the survivors of other extraterrestrial colonies that had come to the Earth in even more ancient times. Our people tried to help them and incorporated them into our society, but after some time my people put aside certain relevant, basic principles and unfortunately and irresponsibly, tried to alter the course of nature. Wishing to improve the characteristics of the planet, our scientists performed actions that would change the orbit of the Earth. But the young, unstable planet was not prepared for such a radical intervention and reacted furiously against us. Although we could foresee what would happen well in advance, the violent reaction of the planet and the fall of one of the moons of the Earth transformed the environment into a hell, destroying a great segment of the life existing on the surface and irreparably damaging the condition of our culture. It took us thousands of years to recover our balance again. Our technology had lost its strength, our race its capacity for reproduction. Little by little we became fewer in number and more fragile. After some time we saw that we were bound to disappear if we did not take any measures. So once again we altered the course of nature. Following the idea of a scientist called Luzbel, we chose a few hominoids and began a process of genetic investigation with the only purpose being to transform them into beings biologically compatible with us as well as to use them as a future labour force. At the same time we would try to take advantage of their fertility for our perpetuation. With time, this intervention resulted in the appearance of an ideal mutant. This first creature that generated what we call the Blue Race had been created with an extraordinary capacity and physical structure. Their characteristics offered fantastic endurance to bad weather, hot climates, sun's rays, attack of parasites or diseases, and had just enough intelligence to be dependent upon our will. Trained to obey us, for we would be their only support, they became excellent slaves, always willing to serve. But one day they managed to discover that we were not that powerful and not immortal; they also understood that besides being a product of our necessity, we were always experimenting with their lives. They then represented an imminent danger to our society; we were at great risk because by that time, they outnumbered us greatly. So we had to get rid of them immediately.

“All along, we had become even more proud and arrogant and tried many times to interfere with those creatures and return them to their servile position. At last the Confederation of the Worlds intervened. They could not allow so much arbitrariness against indefensible creatures, the product of an egotistic experiment. So a mission commanded by Snt-Kmra was sent to the Earth to put things in order. With the help of the Confederates, our people realized the mistakes we had made in altering the destiny of this world. As penance we decided to stay here and help the Confederation to aid human development, for part of that chaos was our total responsibility. So, I'm a terrestrial like you, although it would be more correct to say intraterrestrial. At present there are only a few of us because a great number returned to our world of origin. There are a few towns or bases scattered all over the Earth. Today, almost all centers are shared with the Confederation groups with missions on Earth, all involved in The Great Plan. You've come to this place because you will be part of this process. We are preparing people like you to become the intermediaries between the end of one world and the awakening of a totally new one. Your preparation will take you to other places like this, situated in other parts of the world. Besides your guides that lead you, we'll also be around to help you in your task when it is necessary.”

When he stopped speaking we were astonished. We looked at one another without knowing what to say. My head was spinning. I remembered some messages received that touched on the subject and the research I had been doing for some time. I breathed deeply to calm down and mumbled some unintelligible words. I could hardly speak, my emotion was so strong.

The old man looked straight at me and I finally managed to ask:

“Your words remind me of some texts I have been researching for some time and that I can't understand clearly. Your story is quite interesting when compared with some texts on the creation theory supported by some religions; especially if we consider a rare apocryphal text called Catharist Gospel of Pseudo-John, where Jesus tells his apostle John that it was Satan, the devil, who made man on Earth, not God. Does it mean that it was you who created man? What about the tale regarding sin and all that?”

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<sup>6</sup> Hominoid: It is the name of the first superior primates that evolved from the anthropoids such as the Australopithecus contemporary of the Homo Habilis. Although they were erect, they were neither hominoids nor men.

The old man looked at me calmly and sat down on a rock. Everybody was more relaxed. Old Joakm continued:

“When we developed the Blue Race, all seemed to have turned out as planned. Our society had come from space and we had created the proto-man. We were taking an enormous power into our hands, for we had created a being able to receive a soul and consequently we had incurred a field of extremely dangerous universal laws. Our punishment would not be material only, but invited repercussion from the invisible laws that rule the Cosmos. Among us, Satanael and some followers made the mistake of giving these primitive beings the conditions for gaining consciousness of their identity and for being able to use some advantages of our technology. We were at a numerical disadvantage and it would be very easy for these beings to decimate us. So, we expelled them from our towns, sending them back to the world from where we had taken them. Their sin was only to have begun to discover that we were more limited than they. For centuries we tried to re-establish the relationship of submission; we were successful with a few groups, but this time left a greater distance between us. Many of your religions still record the facts of the origin of man and his progression, but in a distorted way.”

“But, Joakm, what about God’s intervention when He took the prophets Enoch and Elias, and when He appeared to Jacob, Moses, Ezekiel, and so many others? Who actually appeared to them?” I asked.

“Notice that, according to the Jewish and Christian religions, there was a fight in the sky between different celestial hierarchies which caused angels, now devils, to come to the Earth. This is correct if we understand that it was a war in space that caused our arrival in the solar system. The Aztecs, the Egyptians and other Mesopotamian peoples believed that at every sunset the gods fought bloody battles in the sky. So all this is not only a legend but the distorted history of real facts. When we lost our home, we had to wander as far as the Earth and then begin again. Among the sacred books, there are several telling all this in detail, and also what happened after that.”, said Joakm.

“Everything you are telling us”, I said, “is wonderfully described in the apocryphal text ‘Catharist of Pseudo-John’, and also prophet Enoch himself was deceived by the devil, making him think he was God. As you have said, among the religious books I see that ‘The Book of Enoch’ is extraordinary. No wonder the Jews and the Christians have taken it out of the canon. From what I know Enoch was a prophet previous to the universal Deluge, son of Jered and direct descendent from Seth, the third son of Adam and Eve. Enoch was Methuselah’s father, Lamec’s grandfather and Noah’s great-grandfather and was eventually snatched away by God or perhaps the devil (Gen.: 5-24). His book was slightly mentioned in the New Testament between the lines of the Epistles of Judas Tadeu (1:14-16), but it was also commented on by Saint Clement of Alexandria, who was Origen’s master, and by Saint Augustine in his work, ‘the City of God’. In my research I found that in 350 AD, the book of Enoch was definitely separated from the Catholic Genesis because it was considered heretic, though a total of 57 versicles have been textually preserved in the Old and New Testament. The Jews mention the existence of the book in ‘Pirkah of Midrash’ and chapter eight relates in detail how Enoch taught Noah calculation and science before the Deluge. It also mentions that Enoch’s text was kept in the city of Kirjath-Sepher or ‘City of the Writings’, later known as Debir. Enoch mentions many things I would like you to explain to me, Joakm. For example, he says that an angel called Semjasa came to the Earth with another 200; he also says that God already had an Elected to come to the Earth, so a deluge wouldn’t be necessary anymore because the commitment with Redemption was settled; and that there isn’t only one God but several hierarchies. What about all this?” I asked, trying to clear up my confusion.

“In fact, after the process of creating man, he evolved. As time went by, our society also divided into factions, some violent and others indifferent. Some of our brothers were banished from our cities because of their arrogance and their ideas. After some time they formed groups or tribes and mixed with the primitives. One of them was Semjasa, who with others, tried to use the humans to organize armies against us. They were censored by the Confederation of the Worlds that was meeting at that moment to restore order on Earth. In this case, they used Enoch who, as human, would mediate their punishment, showing that their mistake hadn’t been so terrible. In the course of history, we, together with the Confederation of the Worlds, have tried to interfere in the development of humanity, trying to make man follow a course of correct, coherent development.

"In time, we noticed changes in ourselves caused by the action of the environment on our biological structure; it also affects humans, for you are genetically similar to us, although you are less subject to the damaging action of the environment. After the arrival of Snt-Kmra, we opted to live in large caverns artificially built, in order to be protected from the dangers on the surface and also from the destructive action of the solar energy that was becoming more violent day by day. The chemistry of our nourishment together with solar energy and our organic structure began to impair our lives, causing the shortening of our vital cycle, the predisposition to diseases and the alteration of our animism. You human beings were also affected because of the genetic link that exists between us, but to a lesser degree.

"So, all historical appearances are the marks of our intervention. The deluge occurred but at a local level, when the Earth was completely different and also followed a different orbit around the sun. Thousands of years separate all those events. There were deluges for several peoples. The Huno Pachacuti of the Incas, the Naui-Atl of the Aztecs, the legend of Manu of the Indians, of Deucalion and Pyrrha of the Greeks and even that of the Zinsudra and Gilgamesh of the Sumerians, all occurred with the purpose of purification according to the legends. In fact they were natural phenomena, never caused by us.

"The project of sending an Elected had been established for a long time. The Messiah was expected not only by the Jews but also by many other religions. It was a promise. Through a chosen being, more humane, more human, it would be possible to show you the great jump you could accomplish as a society if you adhered to higher principles.

"One of the problems we had to face was the uncomfortable polytheism of the past. So many gods would never be conducive to reaching an agreement. Because of that, it was necessary to structure a plan that would allow us to extract a group and use it as an experimental project. So from the group of studies already existent, we chose a family. As you know, the first culturally developed civilization in the world was the Sumerian. In fact, they were our first project of directed development, but we lost control of the situation when they began to incorporate the gods and beliefs of the submitted peoples, which divided the orientation. So, we could only have better results if we had an essentially monotheistic group that would remain dedicated; they would not endanger the direct orientation nor allow external interferences. For that reason, we chose the Sumerian family of Tare, Abraham's father. We told Tare to leave Ur, capital of the Sumerians and then we made our choice according to how everyone had received that communication with 'God'. Later, we had to see if the new hybrid accomplished with Sarah, Abraham's wife, would serve to improve the process of development and orientation, aiming at generating a group capable of impressing the rest of the world if everything came out alright. It would also be important to prepare the scene where the Elected would develop. For that purpose, several people were contacted and created to keep the project alive and active and also to make changes that would benefit the final part of the experiment.

"That's why Anna, Samuel's mother, was also chosen, for Samuel would be responsible for great historical changes that in time would allow parallel experiments to be carried out and results measured. That sculpture you saw in Apu is in fact, of the person you identified. He is part of all this project, but is still very special because he lives in the present waiting for the fulfillment of what was written.

"He came as the Elected, as the messenger of a change of consciousness, but he didn't come to speak to his time; he came to speak to the future. He came to leave a charade that would travel through time and distance, to be recognized and understood only by those who he wants to find. His life and his work are a map. His words an enigma. Those who have eyes to see will see; those who have ears to hear will hear.

"Today, after 2000 years, we have the same problem with man. Although the exaggerated polytheism was the most complex difficulty in ancient times, today, we have to cope with a 'spiritual polytheism' that bars clear communication again. The interference caused by the esoteric 'bulge' radically distorts our message; that's why you are here now.

"Well, I have nothing else to tell you now, except that there is still much to be revealed to you, all in good time. There is a time for the fruit to ripen; it's no use forcing something that must be natural. Now, go back; the dawn is coming. There will be a time when we will meet again and when the 'book of those who wear white' will come to help your accomplishments. Not a document or only words, but a sign hidden in a speech and in-between the lines of a message. Watch those who come near you.

After these words, old Joakm turned and walked into the cavern. The light began to flicker as if a short-circuit had occurred and suddenly all was dark. We had a terrible sensation of being pulled by a swirl of air. I was frightened and fought violently. And then we were all in the shelter again. We all woke up at the same time and immediately asked one another about the cavern and the old man. We all remembered everything, including Joakm's words. We remembered every detail of the place, the movements, the light; we had all been there except Eduardo.

When we had calmed down, we noticed that all the things we had placed against the door to protect it from an undesirable visit had been taken from there and the door was open. But who had done that?

We were puzzled. What had it all been? A dream, a Xendra, imagination, an astral trip, or what?

We could not explain the phenomenon but we were sure of one thing...we had been there, somewhere lost in the mountains of the cordillera. How? I don't know, but it had been real. Later on, we would learn that Eduardo had not been with us because, although he was willing to cooperate, his private life would not allow him to continue this work. His professional and family responsibilities would soon take him permanently away from our group.

We would return to Lima that day, but first we had to register everything in photographic form and also film something. Very early in the morning when the sun was rising, we packed our baggage for the return journey at midday. We had the rest of the morning left to photograph the landscape. So I left the group and went toward the ravine through which we had entered the valley. There I would have a view of Saint Peter of Casta from the top.

When I reached the border of the chain of mountains I began to take pictures. Eduardo was below me, the village of Saint Peter of Casta in the background. I captured his image and that of a falcon in full flight. I also registered some aqueducts and the huge mountains right in front of me, and as I did so, I remembered the old man and the cavern. Suddenly, through the lens of the camera I saw an enormous lenticular object coming slowly to the ravine. I immediately dropped the camera and ran to the group, shouting as loud as I could that there was a spaceship coming in our direction. Eduardo also tried to run but he was left far behind; he was over forty and it was difficult to breathe at that altitude. When I reached the higher part where the ancient Masma constructions still remained, I saw the ship. Quite near the place where I was I noticed a large flat area.

The spaceship was perfectly lenticular with a protuberance like a cupola on the top. Its superior half was silver-grey and the inferior half was opaque-black. The object was 25-30 meters in diameter and was approaching without a sound. I was excited because it was the first time I'd seen a spaceship in full daylight. I watched its landing maneuvers. Unfortunately, the others were too far away to see the spaceship and could not see the encounter.

The disk was suspended in the air at low altitude when a hatchway opened. A man approximately 1.80 meters tall, blond hair combed to the back, wearing a typical extraterrestrial coverall came out. He slowly walked down the ramp. He raised his hand and waved, showing the palm of his hand. I heard mentally:

"Don't be afraid. I've come to bring you and your friends a message. I'm Ashtar Sheran. When you get back to the city, the means of communication will open so that you can tell the world what is happening here. Don't be afraid anymore, we'll be supporting your work as long as it is honest and for the benefit of humanity. Go back to your world and tell them what you have experienced with us during these past months, for this will be the beginning of a new awakening for your world. Remember that as long as you are faithful to the universal principles, we will stand beside you working for the world, to wake it from the nightmare it has built."

After that, the being went back into the spaceship, closed the hatchway and flew swiftly into space. I was astonished, not quite aware of what had happened. It was fantastic. I had the impression I was in a paradox between reality and fiction. Still insecure, I told my companions what had happened. Our minds were full of doubts and fears. We did not feel ready to speak openly about it all; we wondered what might happen. We finished taking our photos and started our journey back.

Although we were happy with all we had gone through, we foresaw it would be the beginning of a life full of challenges, trials and deceptions. A skeptical, cold, pitiless, destructive world awaited us. A world that did not forgive any human mistake; a world not willing to change, lazy, interested in easy solutions, immediate actions with minimum effort, and would crucify us remorselessly for any small mistake, especially if we did not give them what they anxiously wanted. Time would be our best teacher from now on. And 'they' knew it very well. Our real training was just beginning.

On the journey back to Lima we ran out of fuel, but eventually, after a few tiresome hours and a very long 'chat' we got back home, where we had a surprise. A few days before, my father had met a journalist with the newspaper El Comercio, with whom he had intensively discussed the subject of extraterrestrials. Without any reservations, he mentioned all the contact adventures that we had had, including the trip to Marcahuasi. The story aroused the journalist's interest and that day when we got home, there he was.

No sooner had we put down our knapsacks at the entrance door and been welcomed by Mochi and Rose, than the journalist assailed us with a lot of questions, leaving us without any choice of withdrawal. Then, in our minds we replayed our guide's last words and understood that now would be the right time to speak, and so we did.

With the history of our experiences in their hands, the newspaper published in a Sunday supplement some of the facts in a rather sensational way, altering some information unpalatably to our total indignation. However, in spite of the altered facts, other newspapers were interested in the subject and contacted us.

Among the many media operations that contacted us in the days that followed, the News Agency publication E.F.E. conducted the most thorough and serious inquiry into the matter. They were deeply impressed and issued a short note to several Spanish and European newspapers which said: "...Five members of the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations had contact with a UFO from Ganymede, Jupiter's biggest natural satellite...revealed to the E.F.E. yesterday by the president of the above mentioned institution, Mr. Carlos Paz Garcia.

The members of the IPRI left for Marcahuasi in the Altiplano, 90 kms from Lima, at an elevation of 4200 meters, last Monday and stayed there until Thursday, August 22nd, bringing back important recorded material and photos, declared Paz Garcia. This material is now being analyzed by the members of the IPRI. Paz Garcia informed us that the group mentioned has been establishing contact with the extraterrestrials for eight months."

This piece of news, published in several foreign newspapers, shocked a large international public. However, many people around the world have probably not given the slightest attention to the subject, including people here that consider themselves serious researchers of these subjects. But one person, whose life would undergo a total change, was very impressed. Unaware of the importance of the role he would play in this plot, a young Spanish journalist called Juan Jose Benitez Lopez, correspondent with the newspaper La Gaceta Del Norte from the city of Bilbao, Spain, was deeply impacted by the news.

Benitez had recently returned from the Israeli front where he had covered the Middle Eastern conflicts for his newspaper. He had been very much interested in the UFO subject for many years, although he considered himself a skeptic as regards programmed contacts.

The news out of Peru broke down all the conventional schemes of this kind of experience, thought Benitez, and the only way to know for sure what was going on was to be on the spot. So, a few hours after the news had spread through the world, the newspaper La Gaceta Del Norte decided to send him to Peru to solve the mystery.

Benitez's life would never be the same after this trip, nor would ours; the world would no longer be the same.

## Chapter XVIII. THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTER OF J.J. BENITEZ

Excited about the idea that encounters with extraterrestrials were being pre-arranged in Peru, Benitez had only one objective in mind: to investigate and collect first hand information. During his flight to the Peruvian capital, he pondered over the plurality of life in the Universe and the importance of this kind of experience. If the news was really true, a new era was beginning in our world and he would be one of the first to spread the message.

Around the 26th of August 1974, J.J. Benitez arrived in Lima, where he met the representative of the E.F.E. News Agency and then came to my house. In an old taxi taken from downtown, Benitez arrived at our door exactly on a Sunday when we were going to have a talk regarding our trip to Marcahuasi, its details, successes and the objective of the contacts.

After a rather hurried introduction, Benitez went to the living-room where, for a few hours, he carefully listened to all the events that had led us to the Marcahuasi plateau and of course, the task given us by Ashtar Sheran...to spread the news of our experience to the world and in an honest, modest gesture, offer the ones who so wished it, the opportunity to learn what those more advanced societies can show us as the culture and experience of life of a progressively developing race.

During the talk, we made it very clear that the extraterrestrials are above all a humanity like ours with the only difference being that due to their development, they have been able to transcend basic societal difficulties, fully satisfying their primary necessities such as food, comfort, protection, recognition and work; a society where interpersonal competition does not exist as a motivation for individual progress, or the fight for power as a stimulus in the search for self-accomplishment.

It all sounded stunning to J.J.Benitez. At the end of the talk, he approached us and unassumingly asked if he could come back the following day with a recorder to tape our statements. We agreed without reservation and the next day, there he was, early morning, knocking on our door. He was eager to learn every detail of our experiences, so the Spanish journalist began a systematic battery of questions.

The first to be interviewed was my father. My father told him of the origin of the Institute and the first years of investigation of the UFO phenomenon. For long hours they discussed the difficulties that this kind of work has to face and the lack of concern from the authorities, at least overtly. After detailing the evolution of the IPRI, my father told him how our experiences had begun. Then, based on that clear and solid information, he directed his inquiry to our timid group of contactees.

“Why were you the only ones that were chosen by the extraterrestrials for these encounters when there are people more qualified for that exchange in the world and who, I believe, would like to talk to the aliens too?” Benitez asked objectively.

Charlie: “Well, actually, according to what the guides said, this contact work is part of a project conceived over a hundred years ago, called Rama Project, or as we now call it, Rama Mission. Now, this project is part of a bigger one that they say is over 4000 terrestrial years old.

“On the other hand, we are not the only group contacted by them; there are others, strategically scattered around the world; they have already tried to contact personalities that would be considered qualified, but they concluded that those people are too tied to political, institutional, economic or even religious interests, which limits completely any free-thinking relationship and any exchange. What the guides have to offer the world would imply the requisite reformulation of socio-political, ideological values that not everybody is willing to assume. Their mere presence amongst us represents an insult to the religious plurality in the world, as well as an imminent risk to the various political tendencies. Their extraterrestrial culture has systems of consumption and production, support for social structure, a reality of philosophical characteristics, an economic structure for income distribution...typical benefits and responsibilities of any organization, but is in fact, totally different to what we have in this world today. Maintaining contact with these beings represents a

new modality, an alternative movement to re-structure all levels where man interacts. Although there is a slight perception that our culture has failed, man doesn't seem ready to admit it. Thus our task is directed to locate those who want to learn and understand this new reality and to prepare them to put it into practice in our world some day. However, not the same reality as these beings enjoy, but one built with the understanding of the meaning of life and the discovery of our cosmic identity. That means, our own model of society, the product of an exchange with these beings."

Benitez: "How long have these beings visited us?"

Sixto: "According to what they have informed us of, the first extraterrestrial groups arrived on the planet Earth over 250 million years ago. However, they were two completely different groups that later on ended up by fighting violently for the ownership of the planet, causing its destruction. Sometime later, around 80 million years ago, a second group came, whose survivors have remained until today, although in considerably smaller number and limited by a catastrophe that occurred on Earth 65 million years ago, caused by the fall of a large celestial body. Today, after accompanying the evolution and development of humanity and after several attempts at righting our course, the extraterrestrials we are in touch with, together with the descendants of the ancient colonies, waited for the time when terrestrial man could understand that there are inhabited worlds in space and that these beings are neither gods nor angels, but a civilization like ours in full development. In principle, this correct timing would allow the possibility of a closer, rational relationship, but man has surrounded himself with so many diverse biases that he totally limited the freedom of this exchange."

Benitez: "Wait a moment. Are these societies you are in touch with over 250 Million years old? How is it possible? It would be an absurd technological advance, considering their duration of life as a species."

Charlie: "You are quite right. But the point is that the ones that reached our solar system were only survivors. From what we know, their society underwent processes of destruction and cultural reversion many times. Those who visit us today are the product of a new phase in the evolution of their species and they are physically different from their first ancestors."

Benitez: "What kind of interference have these beings performed on Earth over time?"

Oscar: "Well, over thousands of years, the extraterrestrial beings influenced the genetic course of the planet, as well as the development of innumerable cultures. The races on our planet are a consequence of their interference. If they had not interfered, the Earth would probably have another kind of intelligent creature, either other mammals or reptiles. If the dinosaurs hadn't disappeared with the fall of an asteroid or moon in the Caribbean Sea, caused by a silly accident 65 million years ago, the reptiles would be the dominant species on the planet and if the Blue Race had not been created, it's quite probable that only today would some kind of man be making an appearance."

Benitez: "Do you mean that the fall of the asteroid or that moon was an accident caused by the extraterrestrials? And what does Blue Race mean?"

David: "There was in fact an attempt on the part of an extraterrestrial group to alter the environmental characteristics of the planet Earth. In that attempt, they caused a dangerous alteration in the electro-magnetic field of the Earth and as a consequence, the fall of a captured asteroid onto the surface of the planet. Although they were able to foresee the fall, they didn't have enough time to take all the necessary measures. They managed to escape to relatively safer places, but without the benefit of all the available technology. The fall of the object triggered a terrible sequence of earthquakes and tidal waves that altered the surface of the planet besides causing the spontaneous activation of almost the sum total of all existing volcanoes. The volume of particles thrown into space and the increased level of sulphur in the composition of the air added to other gases, contaminated the environment causing the precipitation of an incredibly acid rain that killed plants and animals, mainly the dinosaurs. These gigantic animals, affected by the contamination of the air, by the sudden change of climate, by the earthquakes and quick loss of food, disappeared in very little time. The few extraterrestrial survivors had to struggle against a world turned into hell. For the starving animals, the altered and contaminated environment destroyed any hope for any immediate recovery."



“Over the course of thousands of years and with better environmental stability, the remaining aliens looked for shelter underground or at the bottom of the seas. So, after some time, the sun’s radiation, combined with the alterations of the atmosphere, had succeeded in structurally changing the extraterrestrials’ genetics, causing a gradual mutation and an almost total sterility.

“Physically growing weaker and weaker and fewer and fewer in number, they were forced to look for a different alternative for survival. Their prospects poor for the future, they began to search the terrestrial fauna for a creature whose genetic structure would be compatible with theirs or that could be genetically modified in some way to become compatible.

“After years of investigation and experiments, they succeeded in finding and developing a creature that would allow them to achieve their desired results. In this way, a few extraterrestrial genes were inserted into the DNA combination of the creature, in the ganglions responsible for the formation and multiplication of the cerebral neurons which, added to some planned physical changes, slowly produced a proto-man.

“An entity with fantastic characteristics had been created with the objective of being used as a labour force. They called this artificially developed race the Blue Race. At that point, the extraterrestrials had already begun the genetic use of these creatures in their own furtherance, slowly becoming able to restore their fertility, but never being able to procreate at the same rate as these created beings reproduced themselves. After some time, the Blue Race realized the domination they had been subjected to and became conscious that their lives had relatively little value, for they were sacrificed as per their masters requirements. The fear of death stimulated a growing behavioral instability in the proto-humans and a posterior threat to their control. The possibility of an uncontrolled rebellion and of the destruction of the extraterrestrial constructions was worrying because of the Blue Race’s great strength and number. Before the technology and the weaknesses of the ‘masters’ were discovered, the extraterrestrials sent them away, far from intra-terrestrial cities and consequently from their domination.”

Benitez: “What you are saying is incredible; it would alter all the anthropological concepts.”

Charlie: “On the contrary. Besides explaining the end of the dinosaurs rationally, it would clarify many questions that our anthropology hasn’t been able to explain up to now. The appearance of the first man or hominid occurred at the same time as three other groups of hominoids. This primitive man cohabited with other erect beings that were not men in the same period. It wouldn’t be difficult to trace the genealogical tree of those hominoids, but nothing would explain the appearance of a completely different creature in a very restricted scenario.

“The interesting thing is that all those creatures were contemporaneous in the same region and in no other place on Earth. The regions of Tanzania, Ethiopia, Uganda and Kenya in Africa are literally the anthropological cradle of humanity. In no other part of the whole planet did the simultaneous appearance of these creatures take place.

“Besides, biblical information refers to Eden, or Adam and Eve’s paradise, as being geographically located in the Arabian Peninsula, right beside Africa, or Kenya. An incredible coincidence?”

Benitez: “And what about religion? And the gospels? Did they interfere in all the cultures of the world?”

Charlie: “Well, in fact, religions appeared from a flourishing consciousness and the questions generated by the enigma of the origin of all things existent. The moment that man painted the first image in a cavern, it became clear to him that just as he had reproduced something, created an image, he also had been created. Of course religion is a step, a stage in the search for a universal consciousness; but it is wrong to be tied to it, dependent, fanatical.

“As we have already mentioned, the past history of the Earth is full of incidents of the passage of extraterrestrial beings. Each one of these incidents left their marks and legends.

“When the Confederation of the Worlds came to restore order to this planet, it used human beings willing to cooperate in this enterprise. Of course, men thought they were receiving help from Gods that had heard their laments.

“You can see that in the narratives contained in the secret doctrine of the Mahabharata for example, a Hindu epic poem composed of 100,000 verses which is equivalent to eight times the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer together, we are told the story of divine Arjuna, a prince that fights an incredible battle against the Assurs or demons and who had for that purpose the help of the powerful master of the heavens called Indra. From that alliance, Arjuna would have a powerful weapon, the Vincanas, machines that could travel through space and dive into the submarine abysses where the Assurs were supposed to hide. Something very similar to this can be found in the Egyptian legends and myths and even in the Christian and Jewish religions. This is not all. In the texts of Enoch, a prophet existing previous to the universal deluge, the angels under the command of Semjasa ask the prophet to be intermediary in a negotiation with God. In another passage of Enoch’s apocryphal book, there is a text about a special voyage that is also mentioned in the Catharist gospel Pseudo-John, where it is stated that the Earth has an orbit of only 364 days, not 365 days. That coincides with the calendar of the ‘Jubilee Book’ found in Qumran written by the Essenes where it is said that that sect followed a calendar of 364 days distributed in 12 months of 30 days each, with the inclusion of an extra day every three months. It represented a total of exactly 13 weeks per trimester and a year of 52 weeks; the number 52 coincides with the Maya calendar called ‘Long Account’ of 18,980 days or 52 years, which is very curious because the Mayas had two calendars. One was called Haab and had 360 days plus 5; the other was called Tzolkin and had only 260 days. The calendar called ‘Long Account’ represents the period of destruction, that is every 52 years the Mayas expected the ‘end of the world’; if it didn’t occur within a period of 5 years, a new period of 52 years began until another probable end of the world.

“Our past, Benitez, is a puzzle of facts and events linked to the extraterrestrial presence. Unfortunately, ignorance transformed these beings into totems, gods, angels and devils. Religion as we have it in our world is nothing more than obscurantism that historically threatens our awakening, for it hides the truth and distorts it to continue to exercise its power, dominating the more ignorant and those in need of hope.”

During the following days, Benitez interviewed over 30 people, all of them members of the contactee groups and active participants of the experiences. All his questions aimed at unveiling the origin of these beings, where they came from, what they looked like physically, what their spaceships were like, their worlds, their societies, their concept of God, what they ate, if they slept and the message they were bringing.

Among the answers, one particularly deeply worried Benitez; it was as follows:

“...A terrible predicament of serious proportions will ravage the Earth soon; they know it and are in a hurry to help us.”

This statement shocked Benitez greatly, so I explained.

Charlie: “As we have already mentioned, the extraterrestrials are worried about the way we are treating the environment and informed us that the planet will turn against man, menacing his continuation through the fury of the elements acting in a totally uncontrolled way. However, there is another danger against which the extraterrestrials have emphatically warned us and that is directly linked to two factors...the economic stability of the world and the religious and racial conflicts.

“According to the extraterrestrials, the world will soon suffer the biggest economic crash of its history. There will be a recession caused by the total dependence on scarce raw materials that will become more and more inaccessible; at the same time, an extreme reliance on and furtherance of technology will cause unemployment. A society of free competition like ours, entirely competitive for survival purposes, won’t spare whole nations that have devoted themselves to the furious development of new technologies, to the detriment of human labour. A reduction in the industrial structures will be compulsory in order to make them more competitive, again adding to the always growing human contingent of the unemployed.

“Ideological party pluralisms, mainly used as springboards for the realization of personal ambitions and as promoters of power, will contribute to division and violence. Instead of being sincerely worried about the basic

needs of the people they represent, they seriously hinder the viability of solutions. The demagogy, the disguised search for self-promotion, the seduction of the desire for the triumph of ambitions, the apology of 'Samaritanism', the political alliances and never fulfilled promises, will interfere in the promptness and effectiveness of alternative solutions to support man's needs.

"The crash of the political stability of the nations of the communist block, the lack of a more productive quality-based organization in a self-sufficient industry, the precarious distribution of food and the poor preparation of its professional contingent, will cause total social degradation, stimulating an exodus to the European countries known to be wealthy and stable, inflating the availability of laboring jobs and lowering the level of the population's income, besides inciting a terrible period of extreme urban violence and compromising public safety completely. Add to all this racism and the reappearance of fascism and Nazism in Europe and America. The migration of Arabs, Africans, Latinos, and those from countries with social and economic problems or political and ethnic conflicts, will gradually affect the economy and social stability of the target country. Besides, the Arabian countries, full of resentment against the west, will wait for the moment of weakness in the structures that have repressed them, to strike angrily a precise, destructive blow. They have always considered themselves as an oppressed people and are waiting for a time of revenge, an opportunity to let out all the hatred they have been accumulating over centuries of colonialism and repression. The world will be horrified by the coldness of these executioners that will spare none in their retaliation.

"The world will soon endure the punishment for its adherence to individualism instead of unification. Isolation and solitude are the price of sectarianism. Man has created his own reality, independent from the true one, to justify his acts, his decisions, his choices and his judgments. Fiction will have its price. You can deceive, but for how long? Man will be condemned for the lie of human life and man will be his own executioner. The Bible says: 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'. Man will reap exactly what he sowed: intolerance, disrespect, egotism, and abandonment. Only those who are conscious that life can be lived with love independent of any limitation, and want to build a place, a structure able to gather those who want to free themselves from this destiny, will be able to survive this chaos."

Benitez: "When will all this happen?"

Charlie: "It's difficult to say, but according to the indications we've had, the process will take an average of 30-40 years from the first signs to the end. So, we can conclude that the 26 years still left before the turn of the century and the following 10 will be decisive for the future of humanity."

These answers upset Mr. Benitez, which was understandable. The amount of information that he was receiving was fantastic and described a human reality without any attenuants. Although people are used to living their daily routine surrounded by poverty, difficulties and violence, they never associate it with themselves; they think that it can only happen to others. People avoid having consciousness of the misery in the world because it would make life even more difficult, sadder, more depressing, and the prognosis for the future tremendously despairing.

It was impossible to receive this avalanche of information without questioning it.

At that time, two friends, Tiberio Petro Leon and Ernesto Aisa, both members of the Institute, told Benitez about the famous engraved rocks of Ocucaje, a place south of Lima in the Ica area. Those basaltic rocks with bas-relief drawings had been discovered and studied by the well-known researcher Dr. Xavier Cabrera Darquea. They depicted extremely curious scenes. Like pictures of a strange past, they showed people with different physical characteristics that mixed dinosaurs, telescope star-watching, flying vehicles and heart transplants, with daily routine tasks.

These two dearly remembered friends invited Benitez, Sixto and I to a trip to the museum that holds a fantastic collection of 11,000 engraved stones found by Dr. Cabrera; according to him, these stones tell the history of a people that came from other worlds and inhabited the Earth in pre-historic times. At the very mention of this, Benitez shuddered because we had talked about something similar a few hours before.

During the trip, we talked about the details of our incredible adventure. Our Spanish friend was constantly surprised at the naturalness of our answers and inquired about everything. Benitez honestly made it very clear that he was skeptical about the whole thing, but he tried seriously anyway to understand every answer.

In our conversations, the subject of 'Jesus' came up, a very delicate but very enthralling subject in which Benitez was interested. He asked us if our guides had given us any information about him. We answered:

"In fact, we have asked them about Jesus and the answer was shocking. According to the guides, Jesus was part of a project that was linked with the future of humanity. He wasn't 100% human, only 25%; he was the product of an artificial insemination. This being that had such a great impact on the world, came to perform a fantastic task that very few people have understood. Almost all his teachings were distorted, now serving private interests. In fact, the spreading of Christianity was not done by Jesus, it was done by Paul of Tarsus, who believed he had received a revelation while on the road to Damascus. Paul had been co-responsible for the killing of the apostle Stephen and the persecution of the Christians. On the road to Damascus, Paul had a severe sunstroke and was assisted by Ananias, head of the Christian group in Damascus, who told him that he had been saved by Jesus. Free from his sentiment of guilt for having participated in the killing of Stephen, he began to preach the Gospel in penitence for his crime, without ever having met Jesus and with only the information given him by Ananias. The only time Paul spoke to one of Jesus' apostles was when he visited Peter in Jerusalem to ask him if the new Christians that were not Jewish had to be circumcised. The chronicles say it was a terribly violent meeting because Peter contested Paul's authority to speak in the name of Jesus as he had never met him and had even changed his name to Christ, or Jesus Christ, which is linked to Greek mythology. The apostles called him simply Rabbi. Besides, Peter thought that Christianity should remain amongst the Jews only and Paul was expanding it outside of Palestine. The result was that Paul avoided and severed relations with the original apostles and consequently the independence of his preaching didn't preserve the integrity of the original teachings. So Christianity and the image of Jesus reached the Latin world through someone who had never met Jesus, who had changed his name and re-formulated his message.

"The Jesus known by the world is Paul's Christ, not the real one. But the true Jesus of 2000 years ago promised to return and so he will. At the end of times, when the Holy Scriptures are to be revealed, this individual will come to fulfill the reason for his existence. You must remember he has never died, so he is somewhere waiting for the time of his return.

"Jesus has left a message written in code in the few teachings that still remain. A text in code to be discovered, for it was addressed mainly to the future. He came at a time when his presence would have greater impact and in a place from where he could reach the world just by affecting Rome. Jesus isn't a stranger to us, nor a God; he is a messenger accomplishing a mission in which we all take part. The time is approaching; just look at the Scriptures."

Benitez: "But, if Jesus was partly extraterrestrial, was he conscious of that?"

Charlie: "Perfectly. Most texts of the New Testament narrate Jesus' life from the beginning of his public life. The details concerning his family are more carefully studied only by Luke and more superficially by Matthew. Jesus' childhood is a great enigma, for although it is often mentioned in the apocryphal texts, almost all of the texts were written around 200 and 400 AD, centuries after his death. The mistakes in those texts are absurd, for example regarding the customs of that time and the Jewish religion itself. If you make a more detailed analysis of the New Testament, you will discover even more foolish mistakes, not only in the historical aspect of the facts, but mainly in the narratives of the apostles themselves. For example, you must remember that the youngest apostle was John, the one who lived longest and the one who should have the most vivid memories in his mind. If you have a look at the gospels of Mark, Matthew and Luke about how Jesus chose the two first apostles, Peter and Andrew, you will see that John's version is completely different from the others. Now, supposing the apostles stayed together for the almost three years of Jesus' public life, it is rather improbable that they wouldn't at any time talk about his own history. Another important aspect is that Mark tells a total of 8 parables; Matthew a total of 20, Luke a total of 27 and John, the dearest disciple, none. Why? Besides, there are controversies over the names of the original 12 apostles. The famous apocryphal text, called 'Enoch's Book' mentions the 'Chosen'. That means that God had already determined the coming of a Messiah, before the universal deluge. But how was it possible that one God regenerated the human race,

covering the Earth with water? What would his role be then? Finally, I would say that to be able to discuss this subject, we still have a lot to investigate. But we are quite sure of one thing, Jesus is not dead; he lives and will come back, not as God, but as 'the son of man', the example of what we all can be some day."

All these answers crammed into Benitez's mind and increased his skepticism. A bunch of kids sketching a new vision of the world, interpreted through an inter-planetary experience was too crazy. Amongst his thoughts there was also the possibility of a contrived plot, but up to that point he had not been able to discredit an information presented.

On September 1st, 1974, in Lima, two days following Dr. Cabrera's visit, Benitez came to us to say good-bye before going to his hotel and said:

"Everything I have heard these last weeks is really astonishing and disquieting,. In a few days I'm returning to Spain and will of course report to my publisher all you have told me. Although the things you say are quite fantastic and lead us to deep reflection, they are not likely to be accepted. Until now, I've had no evidence to prove they are true, except for your stories; but if you want to impress the world this is not enough. I'm not taking back to Spain anything solid and definite. If 'they', the extraterrestrials, believe that I as a journalist can be useful for the work you are developing, I'd like to take part in a physical encounter. If it is so easy for you to meet them, why can't I come with you?"

We listened to every word in silence, and got scared. We had always known that someday we would be challenged by the world and now the moment had come. I answered firmly:

"Look, Benitez...it's not up to us to decide, but it's alright. If you think a piece of evidence is necessary, we will consult the guides. It's not up to us to arrange when and how; till now the guides have always decided it. Your request will be transmitted to them and we will give you an answer as soon as possible."

The journalist did not say anything. He got into his car and drove to his hotel. Sixto and I looked at each other in silence; we knew it would be a momentous challenge and that our intimacy with the guides would now be tested.

The following day, September 2nd, after a rather sleepless night and very much worried about Benitez's request, I decided to establish communication and talk to the guides. Deep inside I realized that this was the moment they, the extraterrestrials, had been expecting and that it was partly for this that they had been preparing us all these months. I felt rather insecure because of the responsibility that communication represented. I breathed deeply, relaxed and prepared to receive the message that began like this:

"Yes, Qulba."

Question: "Will there be contact on Saturday?"

"Yes.

Contact on Saturday, the 7th

Time – 7:30 pm at the place

Contact time at 9:00 pm

People: Eduardo, Mito, Sixto, Carlos, Juan Jose (Benitez), Berta, Lillian, Ana Maria, Paco and those you consider apt, not more than three."

This communication was presented by the guide Qulba, who seldom communicated with me but who had been responsible for many field experiences. It would have been more logical if my guide Godar had been the author of the message as he was my usual advisor. The fluidity of the communication had impressed me, for messages had never come through so easily before. So, with the message in my hand, I went to my brother.

When Sixto saw it he was very much worried and asked me whether I had considered what would happen if that information was an interference from my mind. A little insecure, I answered that the message had come in a very unusual way, which made me sure that it was not the product of any interference. Sixto was nervous and refused to take part in what he perceived would be a failed contact.

I was sad and rather unsure. The idea of taking a journalist to a field experience was quite different from arranging an encounter for people who could create no repercussions. In this case, if the experience failed, the least we could expect was our total destruction. If Benitez did not have concrete evidence, he would feel frustrated and would inform the world that it was a fraud; stark madness. My misgivings were disturbing me, so I went to my father for advice.

When he had heard about the situation, of course Carlos, my experienced father, was also worried about the responsibility of the experience; once again he warned me of the risks involved in that invitation and expressed concern for the reputation of the Institution and his own. His cautionary remarks increased my insecurity and distress. I did not find any support from anyone. Nobody in the group dared to make a communication, fearing that the weight of the responsibility might affect their reception. Everybody suggested saying to Benitez that there would be no encounter, that way avoiding greater damage.

I felt we were betraying the commitment we had made to the extraterrestrials. I hurried out of the house towards a small park in the neighborhood where I could meditate away from everybody else. It was night already and I sat down on a wall gazing at the sea in the dark distance. The sound of the waves soothed my agitated mind. I relaxed and tried to find some peace. Then I started to recall all our experiences, all the messages and information from the guides.

Suddenly, I felt Qulba in my thoughts and an intense feeling of peace. He said:

“Yes, Qulba; calm down Charlie. Have no doubts, have faith. We know how much it means to the future of the project, so we are supporting all the facts. Don’t be afraid, don’t feel insecure because the others are afraid and doubt you. This is the time to put into practice all you have learned with us. Go ahead, we’ll be beside you.”

I mentally answered that if I did so, my action could have very serious consequences; the whole group and my father would be against me and they would think I was acting out of vanity and irresponsibility. Nobody would think of any transcendental reasons nor would they give me any support. If I went ahead, I would be completely alone against the world, taking all the blame. I would immediately be considered guilty. My initiative would be taken as a unilateral, individual, biased action, a serious affront to everybody. I was in a panic.

Qulba insisted: “Don’t be afraid; we are with you. For months, we have dedicated ourselves to prepare you for this moment. Trust. We have given innumerable proofs of our intentions. You can’t go back now. The future of your world is in your hands now. You’re not alone now and never will be. Think, meditate and trust. Good-bye.”

While Qulba went away, I sat, still deliberating, but deep inside I felt that I would never be alone any longer, wherever I was. I breathed deeply and made my choice. I had no more doubts about my relationship with the extraterrestrials, so I went straight home and called Benitez’s hotel. He wasn’t in so I left a message asking him to call me back as soon as possible.

Other people had been invited, so I informed them of the date set for the experience. Everybody accepted except for Ana Maria. I also invited Ernesto Aisa and Tiberio Petro Leon, but both refused the invitation.

The next day, everybody knew about my intentions. I felt as if the world had crashed down on my head. I received many criticisms, most of them radical and insolent. I was called irresponsible, mad, arrogant and conceited. I seemed to have caught a contagious disease, for in a few seconds there was nobody around me. That same day Benitez called and when he heard the news that his proposal had been accepted and that the date had already been fixed, he rushed to my house. As soon as he arrived I warned him:

“Look, Benitez, we don’t ask you to believe all this, but wait until Saturday, September 7th. In fact, we’re not quite sure of what events will occur, but I am quite sure there will be a physical, objective confirmation. You should be here around 4:00 pm for we will have a long drive.”

He said: “That is my birthday!”

I answered: “Be prepared for a present you’ll never forget.”

Benitez took the sheet of paper where Qulba’s message was written from my hand. I had also drawn on it a small sketch of the guide’s features. Apart from the surprise that it would be on his birthday, I could not detect any stronger emotion from Benitez; he just said good-bye and promised to come back on Saturday afternoon.

I must confess that during the days before the outing to Chilca, I received all kinds of criticisms. I was even threatened with a legal suit if any failure should compromise somebody’s reputation. It was difficult to observe how the once friendly world was now an enemy. Some of my friends were furious and worried about their association with me should anything go wrong. For a few moments, I wondered how Jesus must have felt when he was denied by his apostles. Although the comparison was very bad, for I am a simple creature and my companions are not my followers nor at a different level to mine, I wondered what my next hell would be if I failed. I wondered if my brother and my father would also abandon me.

The days passed by. I was anxious to see the end of this agony. The constant aggression pressuring me to give up was beginning to undermine my self-assurance. But in spite of the relentless criticisms of those who were frightened, I went firmly ahead. I was not responsible for the others, only for myself; I was sure of my relationship with the guides. Although the reproachfulness of the others at times shook my determination, something inside compelled me to have confidence in Qulba’s words. It was like an inner voice, a presence that fortified me against any discouragement. And the day finally came.

Benitez had not been to my house for a whole week. Later I learned that his skepticism had kept him away to avoid any suggestion or ‘preparation’. I also learned that he had discussed the subject with Ernesto and Tiberio who had not accepted the invitation to take part in the event, both of them also skeptical regarding the contact.

Mito, Paco, David and Eduardo, all of them instructors and contactees, were the only ones who had agreed to come with me. Juan and the others were not disposed to participate because they did not believe the contact would take place. I invited Sixto again, but he refused because he did not want to compromise his reputation. I was very sad, for it was the first time in all our adventures that we would not be together for an outing. It was as if a magic tie had been broken and each one of us would have to continue on his own way independently. I would later understand why, but at that time I felt as if something was missing.

At 3:30 pm on September 7th, 1974, Benitez arrived in a taxi. Berta, a housewife, and Lilian, a stewardess for an international airline, who had also been invited were already there. Eduardo, Paco, Mito and David would also be with me for another adventure that could be the end or the beginning of a new phase for all of us.

When everybody was there I persisted with Sixto again, who turned away wanting no dialogue. Angry at the lack of support, I said good-bye to the ones who were not coming with us. Our party started the journey in two vehicles. I drove one car with Paco, Mito and David; Eduardo, Lillian, Berta and J.J. Benitez were in the other.

Unfortunately for Benitez, the deserts of the Peruvian seaside are bitterly cold in winter. He was wearing jeans, a thin shirt and a thin woolen sweater and carried his camera. When he noticed his unfortunate mistake it was too late to correct it, for we were on the road already. His humor, altered by what he supposed would be a sham and the melancholy of having a birthday in a distant place away from his family and loved ones, got even worse at the thought of the cold he would have to face. He managed to allay his uneasiness by talking to Eduardo during the 1½ hours of the drive on Rodovia Panamericana S although he was vigilant for any sign of fraud. Eduardo answered his questions with so much naturalness and so emphatically repeated that if the guides had promised to give evidence, so they would, that Benitez gave up his questioning.

“We’ve arrived. We’ll be at the place shortly.” Eduardo interrupted everybody’s concentration in the car. Leaving the road, he took a trail on the sand towards the hills of Chilca. It was 6 pm. A few kilometers later, we parked the cars on a plain. From that point, we would proceed on foot. We walked through the valley towards the hills and the under-dressed journalist had to face the biting cold. He left his camera in the car; he did not expect any phenomenon to occur that night.

For Benitez, it was a revelation. Around him, he saw an arid, barren land, felt lost among sand dunes where the cold wind at sunset punished his unprotected body. Walking beside Eduardo, he asked him why we used that place. Eduardo answered:

“Well, this specific place was chosen at the time of one of Charlie’s first experiences, when he was starting his first communications. It was used in the first meeting arranged through Oxalc in February. This place coincides with the route of spaceships that usually fly to a submarine base in the south of the country. The guides explained that to make the physical experiences more convenient, they chose places coincident with their routes or their activity centers. According to them, Chilca presents the ideal conditions. Far from civilization, it avoids the problem of interference by curious people, or any other trouble.

Darkness came slowly, wrapping itself around the landscape. There was a thick fog, a heavy impenetrable curtain in the sky. One by one flashlights were turned on revealing a path without any vegetation, just sand, rocks and earth everywhere, exacerbating the view of a seaside with no rain.

Benitez could hardly stand the cold. He was looking forward to the end of what he considered a contrived plot. He barely spoke; his skepticism left him in a bitter bad temper. He followed the group led by Eduardo and me, all the while counting the hours, minutes and seconds till we returned. Benitez asked Paco about the place we were going to. Paco answered that we would not stop before we reached the Mine, a special place that because of its characteristics was used for closer encounters. After that, Benitez kept silent.

Half an hour later we reached the Mine. Benitez asked impatiently, showing his irritation: “What are we going to do now?”

“We’re going to wait. Look for a place to sit down while we wait for new instructions.” Eduardo answered.

The night was freezing and Benitez hopped about to keep warm. The low clouds did not allow us to see any stars and I was worried. With Paco and Eduardo I established communication asking for instructions; they answered that the guides would appear at 9:15 pm. I immediately informed the others.

Sitting on the dry, rocky ground, we talked about various subjects. The journalist, annoyed, stayed some distance away and continued jumping around to ward off the cold. He grumbled at the discomfort and the craziness of being at such a forsaken place. He engaged Eduardo in conversation in order to ignore his plight.

I felt rather upset, but I could not entertain the idea of abandoning the excursion without having had any contact. I watched everyone’s face and wondered what their expressions would be like if we returned frustrated. How would I feel? The minutes seemed unending. The pitch-black night gave us no hope of seeing anything and my heart beat faster as the time approached 9:15 pm.

Eduardo came near me and mentioned his frustration at Marcahuasi. I laughed nervously, without any control. I felt insecure, anxious; the responsibility was tremendously heavy; I could not relax. The photos that Eduardo had taken of the spaceships in Marcahuasi were spoiled. Except for the first ones when we were climbing up, from the arrival of the spaceships, all the photos without exception were spoiled. My friend was disconsolate for they would have been an excellent record. At least the film could have been a confirmation, but we found out the sad results only when it came back from abroad where it was being developed.

Benitez’s anger grew greater with the cold and assumed deception and I became more nervous. Sweet Lilian, a friend I remember tenderly, as well as Berta, approached. Eduardo and I stood up and we all began a conversation about the political situation in Chile which at that time was facing problems with Pinochet.



Suddenly, Lilian shouted. We all looked up immediately. It was exactly 9:15 pm. Benitez also came near us quickly looking up, and there, right inside the layer of clouds, a bright disk appeared.

The disk-shaped object slowly came out of the clouds, completely engulfed in an intense, white light that could not be compared to anything else. Benitez was silent and so were the others. I experienced a joy that expressed itself in uncontrolled tears. I tried to disguise my emotion. There they were, less than 200-300 meters from us, complying with a request that I had had the courage to make. Truly, I would never be alone, anywhere in the Universe.

The huge bright object was suspended in the air without moving and its brilliant white light spread and diffused through the clouds, forming a kind of aura around the lighted circle. I looked around and I could see that Benitez was puzzled, looking in all directions for a source of light that could be responsible for the effect.

In total silence, the bright object began to move and at the same time, intermittently, it altered the intensity of its light. The spaceship was not vertically above us; it was on a diagonal line before us. With no apparent reason, a beam of very strong white light was projected down to the ground for a few seconds.

Little by little, recovering from the first impact, the group began to talk about what we were observing, some very loudly. Nearly one minute later, that bright disk, the size of a full moon, rose slowly and disappeared through the clouds.

A few minutes later, the disk appeared again, almost at the same place, but with one difference. This time there was a smaller object, also bright, that orbited with erratic movements around the bigger disk. It was an impressive show. The women shouted euphorically, "They are two, they are two, look there..." In fact, this time there were two objects.

Some minutes after its appearance, the luminous disk repeated its intermittent lighting sequence. Some people said it looked like signals. In fact, that was what everybody thought, including skeptical Benitez. A few minutes after appearing, the disk and its Kanepa disappeared into the clouds once again, still in perfect silence. The sky was still cloudy and the night was pitch-black. The squeak of bats filled the silence while the group relaxed.

Our attention was drawn once again to the skies when the group saw the lighted disk in a third position, coming out of the clouds again. The group was very excited and I was very happy. At that moment my mind was accosted by a force. It was Qulba who said in my thoughts:

"Remember we will always help anyone who, with honesty and humility, looks for a life of dignity for himself and the others. We won't come again but your mission is fulfilled. You may go back."

My heart beat fast. I felt such strong emotion that I could hardly utter a sound. With great difficulty I told the others that the experience was over according to the message I had received. As everybody silently watched the vanishing light, the disk disappeared through the clouds. Unmoving, their eyes captured by the phenomenon, it took the group a few moments to react; then the visitors asked at the same time:

"What was all that? Were they extraterrestrial spaceships?"

More relaxed and now fully convinced of the responsibility that it all represented, I answered: "The guides said that we had in fact two objects. But they were both unable to come down lower because the thick layer of clouds was so low. What they did was just to fulfill the purpose of this experience and honor the commitment they had worked out with us."

Benitez did not accept that answer and asked: "But I can't understand. Why do you say they couldn't come lower?"

"For two simple reasons. First because the layer of clouds was too low and their presence at low altitude could draw the attention of people that, though far from here, would be attracted by the strong light of the disks. Secondly, because you are not prepared for this kind of contact yet." I answered.

This statement was obviously directed at the guests, especially Benitez.

The experience had been a total success within its objectives. But the most important point in all this was that it assured me that even though sometimes you have to act against everybody's opinion, if you trust the contact and maintain an objective, clear intimacy with the extraterrestrials, you can be sure of acting correctly. The guides will always have the last word in everything, not us. They are and will be the judges of our behaviour from the moment we put ourselves in their hands to learn. This would be an indelible lesson of life that I would never forget, for it would serve me again in the future, a future that would depend entirely on that wonderful relationship.

I was tired because of the tension experienced during those anguishing days of waiting. When I walked past Benitez, I said sarcastically, "It's a pity. Today was a rather monotonous day, as simple as so many others. In fact, nothing special occurred. The guides simply made a presentation. Too elementary for my taste."

Benitez could not release the event from his mind. Although it had not lasted more than 6-7 minutes, those would be the most incredible minutes in J.J. Benitez's life. From that day his life would never be the same; we would see the results very soon.

We left the legendary Mine talking and laughing. The incredible adventure stayed behind while a new horizon opened for me.

## **Chapter XIX. THE SOLAR PHASE**

Some days later, Benitez returned to Spain, taking with him the fantastic experience. For several weeks, the now extinct Gaceta del Norte published a whole page full of details about the fabulous experience undergone by the journalist and the story of how everything had begun.

That same year towards the end of 1974, 'Editora Plaza & Janes' from Barcelona, Spain, was interested in the launching of J.J. Benitez's book about Dr. Cabrera's engraved stones and also asked him to write a book about all the experiences he had undergone with us in Peru. The journalist was interested and immediately called our group to ask if we had any objections to his writing the book and commercializing it. We answered that it was alright with us, gave him total freedom to do the work and said we did not want to take part in any commercial rights.

So, in 1975, the book "UFOs: S.O.S. to Humanity" was launched, reporting in detail the Spanish journalist's adventure in Peru, the experience that had changed his life. The launching of the book, first in Spain and then in Latin America, introduced our group to the world. But inside our group, many things had changed. In January 1975, Benitez returned to Lima and found a completely different scenario.

After his return to Spain in 1974, the wave of people interested in taking part in the contact groups had multiplied. Hundreds of people from Peru and Spain came to us, anxious to have an opportunity for a contact. We had called a meeting of all the members of Project Rama in order to decide whether we were willing to start groups and train new people for contact. To my surprise, the majority was against the idea. As far as my brother was concerned, he thought it would not be possible to guide people as we did not have a structure, not even a method of work available. At that time I agreed entirely. In fact, our limitations were evident. It would be necessary to talk with the guides in order to draw up a basic work program that would allow others to begin a process similar to ours.

During the following weeks, a great number of letters came from various towns in Spain. People poured through the door of the Institute eager for information about our experiences and begging for contact. Everyday we had more and more requests. Even miraculous cures were requested by terminally ill patients. But our group remained firm in its attitude.



This is historical photo taken by Eduardo Elias on 19/8/1974 in Marcahuasi. From left to right: Oscar, Paco and Charlie. Below: Sixto and David. Three days later, the world was no longer the same.



This photo, also historical, was taken in the Mantiqueira Serra (RJ) on 17/10/1990. Left to right: Mario Sergio, Fatima, Marcela and Nilson. Below: DDG, Newton Cesar, Gilberto and Flavio. All are members of Group 4 from São Paulo and are important participants of the Rama Pilot Plan in Brazil.





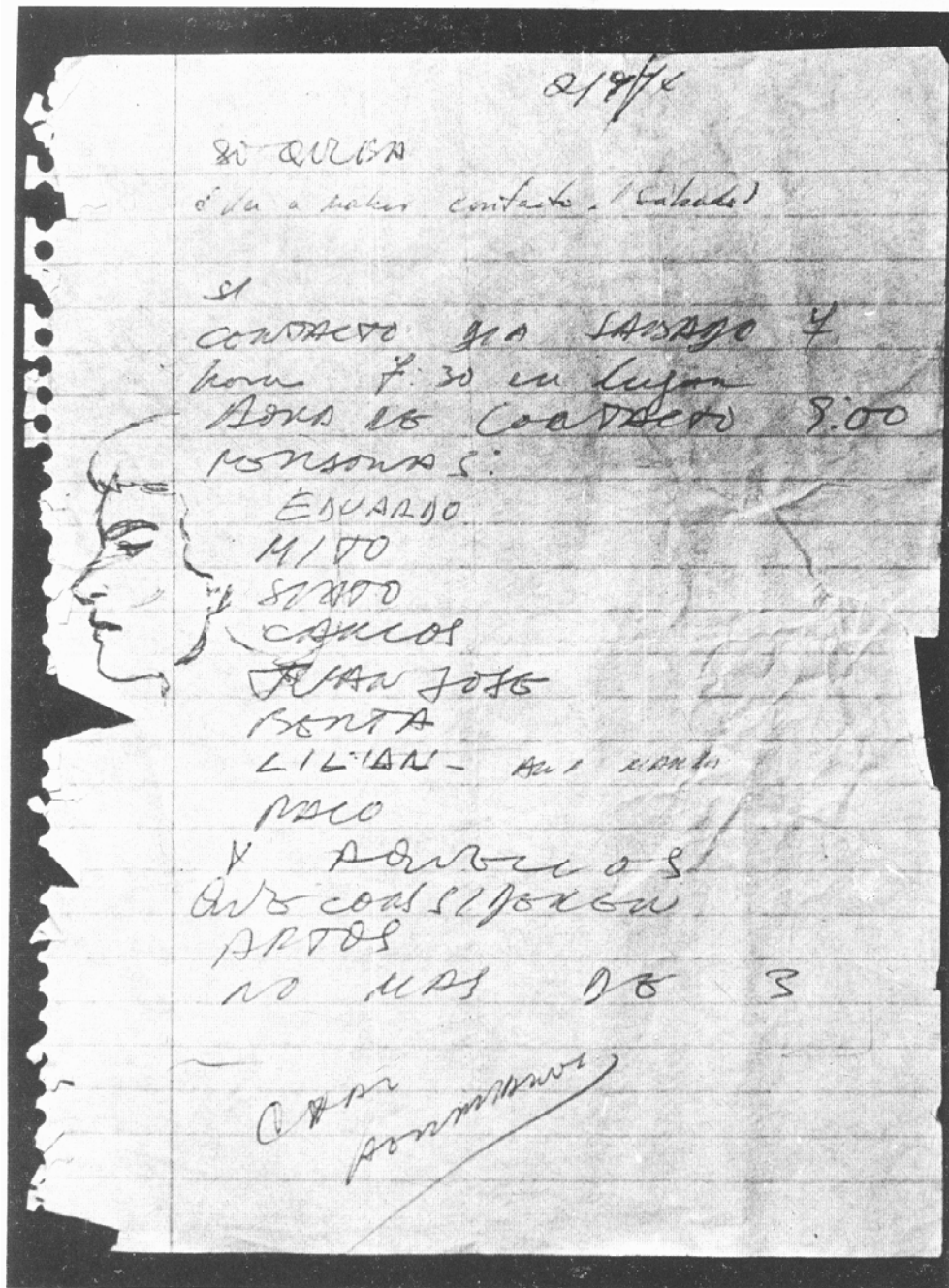


Photo of the sheet of paper preserved by J.J. Benitez with the message, received by Charlie in 2/9/1974 from guide Qulba. In the text there is a list of people selected for the contact in 7/9/1974 and at fifth place there is the name of Juan Jose Benitez. This was the message which has made Mission Rama well-known worldwide not only as a group of extraterrestrial contact, but as the only group that has any real evidence of a direct relationship with extraterrestrials.



Ship of extraterrestrial origin photographed in the Andes, Peru, by members of IPRI.



J.J. Benitez, a skeptical journalist who has changed his way of thinking in a radical way, after having a scheduled meeting with extraterrestrial ship in Peru.



During this tense period something happened that triggered serious changes. In one of our meetings, some members suggested that we should be a hermetic, sectarian group where the possibility of extending the opportunity to others would only be a long-term objective. I did not like the suggestion and made it clear that the guides' directions were that we use our experience as the beginning of a world enterprise. We were the first ones of what would be a growing human contingent. If we did not have a work-method now, we would have to establish one instead of thinking of isolation. Isolation would be a cowardly, easy proposition. Our present preoccupation should be to undertake an objective analysis of all our processes, aiming to elaborate upon a scheme that would help people to take part in this adventure in search of an alternative life. Everybody had the right to try and we should not prevent them.

The meeting ended in a heated discussion that unveiled fears, insecurity, prepotency, and authoritarianism. We all left the meeting frustrated. The animosity created then would hatch the embryo of division. The fact that some members of the group were constantly in the forefront and demanded by the public, began to annoy others who felt their role was diminished.

The pressure caused by the avalanche of people that knocked on the doors of the Institute increased. Around November, 1974, we could not stand the situation any longer. A meeting called to discuss the visit of people from other countries was the last straw. The group insisted that we should be conservative and impose censorship, that we should not allow two or three members to be the spokesmen for the group. That was the end. The group had become a tribunal that controlled every action, every word. It was clear that some of them wanted to be the leaders that would from now on administer our destiny with authority. Even 'pseudo-messages' began to be interpreted as justifying sectarianism and indicating leadership. Unfortunately, we were not able to cope with the hardest task...to keep a commitment. Nobody thought of how much the guides had invested in us in all these months. Now, we only wanted to be as invulnerable as possible, to protect ourselves as much as possible, not make any commitments with anybody, and to ask the group's permission to talk to the public.

The situation reached its climax when we were attacked by a journalist, which as a consequence involved police authorities. That journalist was skeptical and bent on sensationalism. His mother was very much interested in our experiences and continually tried to get in touch with us. The journalist suspected that we used our activities for greedy purposes and began a furious, slanderous, demoralizing campaign against the group, but aiming specifically at my father, my brother and me. For weeks, his newspaper published blatant lies, attacking our integrity and ridiculing us. His aggression became so violent that the authorities had to be involved. The embarrassment of being visited by the police was horrible. Although everything ended up in a judicial process favorable to us, and although there was later a public disavowal published in the newspaper, the damage had already been done. The group closed itself off even more.

During this troubled period, I looked for support and guidance through contact. The guides emphatically reminded me of the objectives and defined priorities. I insistently asked the group to open itself up to the participation of other interested people. The definitive rupture occurred in two stages. In a last general meeting, the fighting leaderships within the group were clearly manifested. Sixto and I were not in favor of having leaders, so the structure split in two. In this uneasy atmosphere the field outings had stopped. The group was split, fragmented and everything around us looked gloomy.

I was worried about our future. Gradually I began to draw up the basis for a process that would help in the orientation of new people. We had to renew ourselves; everybody was feeling insecure and we could only continue our work by establishing contact and communication again, and by revising our objectives. Sixto agreed with me partially; he thought that it was premature to open groups. There were few of us left and we would have to structure ourselves better. I gave in to this argument. Actually, there were a lot of people waiting to be accepted. In order to give them considerable assistance and guide their first steps, the experienced contactees would need to be represented in greater number.

We had weekly meetings. It was difficult to cope with the demands of a public that saw in us a magic formula for ending the conflicts in the world, and it was even worse to disappoint those who sincerely showed a great potential to work for our future. Anyway, I went on working, elaborating a method that could be used with the ones who sought us out.

However, a second factor that I did not expect changed the course of all our work. It was the interference of structural conflicts between Sixto and I.

I was greatly annoyed by the use of extremely religious, mystical expressions in the reception of the messages. If we intended to reach the public in the future and offer them an ampler, freer way of thinking in order to identify our limitations and overcome them, we should be extremely careful about the language used. Besides offering clear concepts to help reflection, we should avoid any element that might cause confusion; we could not create the impression that the extraterrestrials endorsed any kind of school of thought or religion. Our attitude should be extremely responsible so that our education at whatever level would not interfere in the presentation of the facts. We should never allow certain concepts, products of our education, sympathies or preferences to be passed on to the public as having been said or suggested by the extraterrestrials. A misused word in a talk or a meeting, or a turn of phrase in an explanation might automatically indicate that in order to take part in the contact, people should passively accept certain postulates as compulsory for the engagement. If so, adepts of certain religions would have to renounce their beliefs in order to be accepted by the extraterrestrials, which would not be true. Thus, a misunderstanding would be responsible for an unfair selection of the population and for a biased approach that would add nothing to the work. To the contrary, it would contribute to confusion and division. We should never allow the creation of a situation in which people could be harmed by or deterred from the process of development and contact just because of a mistake in our statements. We could not betray our commitment to be conscious; we were trustees of that responsibility.

That differing viewpoint caused the split between Sixto and I. Later, it became more serious because of the pressure exerted by evil-minded people and by the manipulation by moralistic orthodoxies in order to justify attitudes and support certain leaderships. On top of that, there were problems of family relationships and conflicts regarding certain attitudes. Added to my frequent reproaches for the exaggeratedly mystical posture of the group and their rituals, they were quite sufficient excuses for Sixto and the group to oust me. I would have either to submit to a condition I did not approve of or leave, not only the group, but home as well. I felt annoyed and disappointed at the situation, so I started a period of reflection.

My old companions, now split, devised their own work schemes, each of them closed and restricted. They were only centered on their own contexts and ignored any request for orientation. I was frustrated by what I considered an unfair attitude to the guides' efforts, the objectives that we had followed up till then and by the thought of all the people that would be denied the right to evolve. So I consulted the guides to know if they thought that new people could be introduced to the contact. The answer came leaving the choice to me.

With the burden of that responsibility I meditated about the best course of action and after a few days I decided to assume the establishment of a first group and the beginning of my total independence from the initial group and from my family.

In the following weeks, new groups were formed. We worked out a scheme of activities with several basic concepts to be fulfilled. These topics, elaborated to serve as formation and leveling, would allow a natural selection among the members and would also be a preparation for communication.

This attitude annoyed all the others who unfortunately viewed my proposal of work and new groups as an affront and provocation, the product of my exaggerated conceit and egocentricity. Although my reasons were not accepted, I did not feel discouraged. My objective was to give everybody the same opportunity as much as possible. I would rather try, and make a mistake in the process, than not make a mistake because I had never tried to give others the chance to improve themselves and cooperate in the building of a new world.

In January, 1975, J.J. Benitez returned to Peru and found that sad scenario. The members of what had once been a united group were now split. While some worked timidly in their corners, I reached outward and struggled to show people a path. This time, Benitez had come with a journalist called Fernando Mujica. They were invited to an experience with Sixto's group. This outing had been arranged before the Spanish journalists' arrival and was supported by the presence of some objects, but they didn't approach as near as the ones on September 7th, 1974. Only distant lights were present.

After his return to Spain, J.J. Benitez wrote the book "100,000 kms Tras Los Ovnis", later launched by Editora Plaza & Janes. In that document, the journalist comments and does not hide his disappointment about his



return trip to Peru, where he found such a dismal situation, undermined by radical stances taken by the members of the group. That second book also presented a historical picture of the groups that had been formed as a consequence of the first book in his country and in Peru. The impact of the narratives of our experiences related in his first book was to stimulate the appearance of groups similar to ours that also tried contact on their own. Benitez relates in detail his own attempts to have a telepathic contact with the extraterrestrials and his frustrated field outings; he also mentions incredible 'coincidences' as a result of his communications.

The year 1975 was important for several reasons. The groups that I had formed proliferated. I sometimes had to attend three meetings a day. Of course many of these groups consisted of curious people only, but among them some began to stand out.

People of different ages, education and professional activities joined the contact group and were totally integrated in the purpose of the work. Young Rodolfo Aramayo Diez de Medina, his mother Caroli, Jose Souza, Sixto Wong, Frederico B. Lacca, Carlos Ore, A. Guazziotti and others soon became instructors and helped to form new groups. The guides called this stage "Solar Phase" or "Irradiation Phase" (also called Xolar)

However, there was an uncomfortable side to all this. Every time I returned to the Mine with members of new groups, the memories of the moments I had spent there with my 'old' friends shook me. Although I felt the reassuring presence of the guides through their spaceships, the Xendras or the projections, I could not help feeling melancholy. It was difficult to accept such an absurd end to our wonderful adventure. After all the information and experiences we had received from the guides, I thought it was too selfish to worry about ourselves only. Being neglectful for fear of making mistakes or being reproached was too childish. The love we had learned for life and everything that exists should have helped us to transcend fear and uncertainty. Communication should have been the best means of fortification we had. The contradiction I saw depressed me and diminished all the joy generated by the development of the new groups.

In Lima people referred to me as a separatist and schismatic, who had been expelled from the original group because of conceit and prepotency. The rumors increased in proportion to the groups; and so did my sadness. I was even accused of 'Black Magic', belonging to the 'black side', and of being evil incarnate. It was so difficult for me.

What a lie! I had never wanted leadership over anybody. I had only tried to offer what little I had to give. I wanted to organize the work better, so I asked the guides for a program that would set rules for the preparation of groups and their development trying to maximize the time available and in the long run avoid the centralization of power or any kind of leadership. New messages followed indicating alternatives that were soon applied. But the guides made it very clear that the formation of a new team of instructors was fundamental. A team that would coordinate the formation of new groups, see to the expansion of the message of reflection and transformation and that would progressively consolidate a centre of irradiation and support to the world, eliminating personal prominence, paternalistic attitudes or any autocratic leadership, and offering an egalitarian perspective of development.

So we did. The following months were used to convene this first 'Earth Council', as it was called. The council would be formed of twelve instructors whose purpose was to manage the future of the work, avoiding eventual leaderships. If there were no 'stars' or 'gurus', there would not be any personal glorifications; at least that was the idea. Once the work had been done, Charlie would only be one more person amongst all the rest, trying to improve with everyone of them.

Although the results of the work were good, I was still unsatisfied. The separation created by silly, human differences still annoyed me. Many times I wondered if I was wrong, if I hadn't worried too much about petty silly things. Fortunately, the guides were always present to support me. Although they did not impel any attitudes or initiatives and did not give any opinion, their cooperation showed total agreement.

In one of the many field outings with the new groups, something occurred that would change my future and that of the whole project. As usual, 30 people from various new groups had been called to Chilca, where they would take part in one more experience. Although there were other instructors present, the work was being

coordinated by Rodolfo and I, helping the other members in the practice of self-control. Rodolfo taught the group how to reach the objectives of the experience and also showed the other instructors the usual manner of the proceedings. I only watched and helped to clear up difficulties. At a certain moment, when the group was doing a relaxation exercise, I heard Godar call me mentally. He asked me to get up and walk towards the plain which visibly narrowed a hundred meters from where we were. I left Rodolfo at work and followed in the given direction.

I walked slowly between the sides of the mountains, holding a flashlight. The desert wind was pitiless with its biting cold. I went round the mountain and was soon so far that I could not see the place where the group was working. During the walk I persistently tried to ascertain Godar's intention, but he was silent. When I finally got to a relatively flat area, I was mentally ordered to stop. I was sick at heart with a terrible feeling of solitude. I missed my old friends terribly. I recalled so many moments of happiness and struggle; and now, here I was in the middle of a desert and alone. I was feeling terribly depressed.

Then Godar said, "Remember you are not alone and never will be. Every creature has its own time and rhythm and it's no use trying to accelerate what time only will mend. Now you have another commitment; tomorrow it will be different and as time goes by, other engagements will be necessary for the successful accomplishment of each task. Don't give in to suffering and despair; all is part of a maturation process that will come in due course. Time will show if you are right or wrong. Just try to be coherent in your purposes and your actions; be objective in whatever you expect from yourself or the others. Try to question everything and be the example of a constructive search.

Those comforting words contained the injection of motivation that I needed. While I made myself comfortable sitting on the rock, a light began to appear a few meters in front of me. I knew it from other outings; it was a 'Xendra' which opened slowly with a suggestive invitation to go through. After a few seconds the 'dimensional door' was completely formed. Its almost blue light presented a curious contrast to that desert landscape. Godar mentally confirmed the invitation. He would be waiting on the other side.

I stood up from the rock where I had been sitting and purposefully went into the light. Again I felt the terrible sensations of pain, burning, dizziness and sickness. Although dimensional transport is a fantastic adventure, it is also rather disagreeable.

A few minutes went by before I could emerge from the light; when I could I rushed out of the uncomfortable passage and felt such a strong pressure on my chest that I fell to the ground, breathing with difficulty. I immediately felt that warm liquid running down my nose again. I took out my handkerchief to clean the nasal hemorrhage that was just beginning.

I recovered slowly and saw that I was at Illumen again, the city in Apu in Alpha Centauri that I had already visited. Godar, my guide, was waiting for me 50 meters away from where I was. This time he was wearing a coverall and a wide belt with a metal clasp and a kind of crystal in the centre, besides the usual high-leg boots made of bright, bronze-like material. He signaled me to come closer.

Still under the effects of the passage, I stood up and tried to regain my breath. Due to the atmosphere, as had happened before, the nasal hemorrhage stopped almost as soon as it had begun. I put the handkerchief back into my pocket and walked towards him.

That trip occurred at an important time for me. It was as if all the depression caused by my family conflicts and the miscomprehension of my companions had been left on Earth. At that moment I felt happy, satisfied and, what was most important, supported by friends. When I arrived at Godar's side, he asked me to accompany him. I told him how glad I was to be at Illumen again and asked why I was there. Godar answered:

"The situation engendered amongst you (referring to the split in our group) will be of great importance for our purposes. We want to support the evolution of your work and through it understand how human beings can use opportunities for development. In the same way, we will be able to evaluate the degree of alienation, distortion and fantasy of the people involved from both sides, paying attention to who identifies with what, and how values, paradigms and other formative factors interfere in the process of reformulation. You will be a unique, extremely interesting opportunity for observation that will allow us to evaluate the factors of stimulus

to development, the mechanisms that generate inner reflection and the variables that determine the fulfillment of inner reformulation. The groups created by you and by the methods of work applied, will offer us the conditions to observe the degree of dissatisfaction of the human being, the strength of his will-power, and any interfering elements, so that we can make a correct evaluation of your condition and understand how far you can venture to discover your own lives. Our objective in bringing you here is to prepare you for a new stage, a new situation that will come up soon. Although you are ready for the encounter experiences, you are not ready to face your world; but this is for later on.”

While I walked with Godar along the broad streets of Illumen, I could not understand the extended meaning of his words, but I realized that a new phase of the adventure was just beginning.

I stayed in the extraterrestrial city with Godar for almost 12 days. I had practically a ‘city-tour’, but this time I was almost fully conscious, for I slept only a very short while. This time, the guide showed me all the main establishments of the city and how their civilization works...the relationships between production and expenditure, their social organization, the administrative proceedings, the distribution of work, activities and responsibilities, as well as the principles of their organization. Godar wanted me to understand all this very clearly, because according to him, all that information would be important for the future of this work. I was only 21 and I could not assimilate certain things very easily at that time, but I thought I had understood the general idea.

During those almost 2 weeks in the city, Godar explained a lot of things and insisted that I should not worry about the split between the members of the original group that had made the first contact. According to him, each one should be responsible for the path he had chosen. All of us would be studied to see what result would finally be achieved. That result would be the best indicator to see who would succeed in reaching satisfactorily a harmonious, productive structure, where people can find a clear, profound, constructive sense of life. Finally, the guides’ support for the work, their presence, the gradual growth of a strong and efficient structure, the participants’ satisfaction manifested by a continuous inner growth, and a concrete action in the building of a new society would be the indicators of failure or success in our work.

Without saying anything else, Godar accompanied me to the usual place to say good-bye. A Xendra was opened a few meters from me for my return to Earth. I hesitated for a moment. Did I really want to go back? Did I want to face the world and my own friends in an enterprise that was likely to be solitary and misunderstood?

Godar noticed my hesitation and asked: “Don’t you want to go back? Would you prefer to stay with us permanently?”

I was in a quandary. The temptation to stay in such a wonderful place was very strong, but in my thoughts swirled the memory of so many faces. Anonymous faces of hopeless creatures daily massacred by the repression of a cruel, hard world. How many of them could build a better world for themselves? How many human beings could transform this cold present into a warm, welcoming and worthy future if they were correctly directed? How many people were hopeful of a new way of life?

Would I be able to stay in this extraterrestrial paradise not caring about all those faces in my mind, invading my dreams? No, this fantastic experience had taught me to understand that as long as there is life there is hope, hope of better days. My conscience would never be peaceful knowing that I could have helped to direct that hope. My place would never be 4.5 light years from Earth. Someone had to do something, even if not perfectly.

Looking tenderly and with deep gratitude at Godar, I turned to the Xendra. I did not know if I would ever see him again. I glanced back at my extraterrestrial friend possibly for the last time. He smiled at me slightly and nodded. I sighed in my forbearance and went into the light.

After the usual discomfort of the transport, I emerged into the darkness of Chilca. Although I had been in Alpha Centauri for 12 days, I was not worried, because my return would occur in the same relation of time as the previous trip, when I had been gone for 15 days but had been absent for only 15 minutes. In this case, it was only 12 minutes. I breathed deeply trying to relax and lessen the impact of the return journey and walked

towards the place where the group was working. Two weeks in Alpha Centauri had put me out of tune. Now, I needed to recover.

Rodolfo thought I looked strange. At that time, I did not have what you would call a beard exactly, but it was obvious that it had grown. As it was nighttime and very cold, we wore hoods and caps, which helped me disguise my condition. I did not want to attract anybody's attention to what had happened because I did not want to give any explanations. So I kept a certain distance away while Rodolfo finished the exercises.

The group was meditating in a circle when I noticed a desert scorpion approaching. The arthropod had its tail raised and was going straight to the group. I immediately called Rodolfo and some other instructors over and asked them to watch the animal. We accompanied its course without disturbing it. At one meter from one of the people, the horrible little animal stopped, lowered its tail and was totally immobile. It stayed like that for more than 20 minutes. When the group finished the exercise, we asked them to stand up quietly and watch the animal, including the person that had been closest to the scorpion. When the group rounded it, it raised its stinger and continued its course as if nothing had happened.

After this curious exhibition, they got into their vehicles talking about their different experiences and the beauty of the spaceships that had come to the encounter. I was silently thinking of my stay in Apu. According to Godar, a new phase would begin, but when?

We got back to Lima. During the following weeks, I went on several outings with Rodolfo and some groups, and we always had the presence of spaceships and other manifestations. The 'Earth Council' had already been formed, composed of people that I considered mature enough. Among them, Jose Sousa, Guazziotti, Rodolfo himself and his mother Carola would be outstanding. A guide-book of practices and a normative statute had been created to help the work of orientating the groups and the procedures for communication. Everything seemed to be settled or at least organized.

Juan Acervo and his group worked separately within their guide-lines. We sometimes met to exchange ideas but never thought about any integration. Sixto also started another group following his own line of thought. I sometimes invited my brother and some of my old group-mates to give talks or have chats with my new groups. I was not against other people's ideas, so I wanted all of them to have the opportunity to exchange their view points, albeit different ones. It seemed that a process of expansion was under way as the guides had foreseen.

Although Godar had explained to me that the split in the old group had been necessary to allow the appearance of new and alternative lines of development, I still felt annoyed. I could not understand it; it was a kind of uneasiness that kept me distant from everything and everybody. The relationship with my parents had also become cold because of various problems. Some of them involved my sister Rose, whom I many times defended in her adolescence against my jealous father and brother; others were my own. Situations and attitudes that I considered unfair, authoritarian, radical and biased had led me to live alone away from home.

One day at the end of a day's work as on so many others, I left the publicity agency where I worked in Lima and decided to walk. I needed to work out some information that I had received about my family problems and the separation. The Brazilian Embassy was one block from the agency and I had to walk past it on my way back home.

That day, I observed that a notice of the availability for scholarships in Brazil was displayed in the window. Out of curiosity only, I went in to get additional information. A nice receptionist informed me that enrolment would be concluded the following day and that a long list of documents was necessary. Among the vacancies, there were a few for Psychology, a subject in which I was currently enrolled in the general studies at Lima University. In all, there were only five vacancies, one of them in Sao Paulo University, the city where my Aunt Rosa lived with her daughter Pamela. My aunt Rosa was my father's sister and coincidentally at that moment she was in Lima with my cousin Pamela, vacationing and visiting her sister Virginia and her mother, my grandmother.

Without knowing exactly why, I took the list of documents required and the enrolment form. Back on the street, I realized what I had done and thought: "How will I get all these documents in only one day? And how can I go to a country I have never visited and whose language I don't know?"

I looked up at the sky and thought: "Godar, if this is what you want then you'll help me succeed."

I called a taxi and went straight to my parents' house.

In a race against time, I managed to gather certificates and papers that my mother had kept, but there were still a few left to get. I immediately went to my Aunt Virginia's house where her sister Rosa, my aunt, was now visiting. Before anything, I needed to know if, in case I got the scholarship, my aunt Rosa would agree to have me stay at her house, for my family would never have the financial wherewithal to support me abroad.

At my aunt Virginia's house, I met everybody including my beloved grandmother. My cousin Pamela, aunt Rosa's only daughter was excited with the idea and helped to convince my aunt to accept my request. Dona Virginia, Rosa's mother and my grandmother, offered to pay for the air-ticket and finally, after some negotiation, all was approved.

Now, I had to pursue what was still missing. I called my marvelous friend Rodolfo, as unconditional a friend as it's possible to find, who agreed to help me; so we went together from one place to another to collect the documents. It was surprising to see how every registry and public office cooperated wonderfully in issuing the documents quickly. No obstacle was created anywhere; they seemed to be moved by an invisible will to cooperate. So, only a few minutes before the closing of the Brazilian Embassy, the following day I arrived with all the documentation for my enrolment. Now, the problem was up to the guides. There were only five scholarships for the Psychology course, only one of them in Sao Paulo. The number of candidates was high and everybody wanted to go to Sao Paulo. So, even if I was classified in second or third place, the first lucky person would choose Sao Paulo and I would automatically eliminate myself because Sao Paulo was where I needed to be, where my aunt Rosa lived.

It was the end of November 1975. I kept waiting for the results, anticipating a possible turning point and a new adventure in my life. Nelly, a great individual and unforgettable friend who was a dance teacher at the Navy cadet school, was always present to give me support and to remind me that if I got the scholarship it would be a challenge of enormous proportions.

While the evaluation process was under way at the Brazilian Embassy, I somehow felt sure it would be favorable for me, so I tried to prepare all the instructors so that my absence would not be an obstacle to the continuation of the project. The 'Council' we had formed would organize its activities in order to start new groups and administer the existing ones. However, I had some misgivings at that time that would be confirmed in the future. Apart from that, at the moment I felt I was putting an end to the image of Charlie 'the dissident', the one that was pointed to as a rebel. Without my presence to engender arguments, the work could go on...contact was a proven fact. There would be no more disparaging remarks or egocentricity, for I would not be around to 'dispute' fame, power or authority as some said. Only the actual results of what was done would guide the steps and the destiny of all those who would continue from now on. I was confident.

In December the Brazilian results came in and I got the first place. I would be able to choose from one of the five available scholarships in any of the Universities where I wanted to study psychology. The University of Sao Paulo, Brazil was my next destination.

The day I received the notification, I looked at the sky through the window of my aunt Virginia's house. I knew that was the beginning of the new phase Godar had referred to at Chilca. Soon I would be travelling to another country, with different customs and language. I would be completely on my own to begin all over again. I would not have any of my friends to help me nor any witnesses to our past accomplishments. J.J. Benitez was totally unknown in this new land and I was someone without a past or a present, only with a totally unknown future.

The transcendental reason that took me on this trip, the reason that coincided with the extraterrestrials' intentions was still unknown to me. It would be some long years before I understood completely the meaning

of all this and the relevant importance that this adventure would have for the future of our work and for my fulfillment as a human being.

A new land, a new life, a new humanity and a new Charlie would arise, the product of an apprenticeship that only this new experience would be able to accomplish.

So after a wonderful farewell party given by all the groups and instructors in February 1976, when we also celebrated my birthday, a new phase of development and work in the history of my life was born. The city of Sao Paulo would become the centre of an experience never dreamed of by any writer of fiction. Here, fiction and reality would mix. In this city, I would learn to understand the value of a human being, the importance of the word friendship, the real meaning of love and of being a whole man.

## Chapter XX. BRAZIL, THE GREAT LABORATORY

On Thursday, February 19, 1976, after my first experience of flying in an airplane, we landed at the International Airport of Viracopos in Sao Paulo. Although the flight was originally due to land in Congonhas in the centre of Sao Paulo, a delay in the connection and change of planes in Brasilia, caused the substitution of airports.

My uncle Leon, aunt Rosa's Chilean husband, came to meet me with a young man from Arequipa called Jose Quino Paredes, better known as 'Pepe'. Pepe was another student that I had met during the selection process at the Brazilian Embassy who had applied for a vacancy in architecture at Mackenzie University. As he would be on his own without any relatives in the city, I had given him my aunt and uncle's address in case he needed any help, and they had become good friends.

I could not speak a word of Portuguese. I felt nervous as I took my first steps in a strange land that would become the country of my new life. After the usual proceedings through customs, we took the highway to Sao Paulo. While we were talking, my uncle drew my attention to a bright light in the sky that split into two luminous objects speeding toward the clouds. I said they might be two extraterrestrial lights. My uncle did not reply. *'They seem to be welcoming me,'* I thought while my uncle and Pepe wondered what it might be.

A few hours later, we arrived at the cosmopolitan mega city of Sao Paulo. How big it was! I felt so provincial and lost in that huge monstrosity of concrete and asphalt. My relatives lived in a wonderful flat on Alameda Franca at the corner of 9 of July Ave. My aunt Rose and my cousin Pamela were not home; they were away on a trip to Argentina. I had a terrible first night, dreaming that I was still in Lima and planning things that I could not do when I woke up the following day.

During the first weeks, I went out with Pepe to visit the city and learn how to get around. Sweet Luciane and her mother, who were my aunt Rosa's and Pamela's friends, helped us greatly with our efforts at familiarization.

On March 8th, 1976 my course at the University of Sao Paulo started, my first class being statistics. It was a most terrible, frightening thing to face a teacher, to see him speak and write on the blackboard, and be unable to understand a single word. So the first weeks at the university presented me with a great challenge. But will-power and a good dose of determination can solve many things.

At that time, I was so busy trying to quickly learn Portuguese, that it did not occur to me to think of forming a group or telling people about the extraterrestrial contacts. However, thanks to my cousin Pamela, things would change. During her stay in Lima, my cousin had dated my good friend Rodolfo and had taken part in several field outings and seen a few extraterrestrial spaceships.

Pamela and her friends, including Luciane, usually met in a snack-bar called 'Lareiras' on Pamplona Street. One day, Pamela told her friends Paolo, Marco Antonio or 'Pitoco', Diego, Rui, 'Bacalhau' and Luciane about

our contact activities in Peru and the experiences we had had with the extraterrestrials. Of course it was not so easy for them to accept what Pamela told them, so one day when I came back from university, I found all those youngsters in the living-room of the house, waiting for me. They wanted to learn about the extraterrestrial guides and I saw an opportunity to form my first group. They were all good kids with a healthy curiosity, between 15-18 years old, an excellent public with which to begin any work. Little by little, I explained everything we that had transpired in Peru.

After a few weeks we had our first field outing. I had received references for a meeting place, but as I was not used to the geography of the state of Sao Paulo, the kids had to unscramble the message for me. The appointed place was the distant Juquichy beach in the northern region of Sao Paulo, between Bertioga and Sao Sebastias. The problem was how to get there. 'Bacalhan' borrowed a car, an old Landan, perfect for that trip.

Armed with firm determination we went to the beach. The drive was horrible, for there was no highway at that time, only an earthen track. When we got there, we had to look for protection from the rain in an old boat shelter. There, looking at the sea, I received the message that the rain would stop in five minutes and that a spaceship would come to confirm our first contact in Brazil. And so it did; after 5 minutes the rain stopped completely, and a disk-shaped object came out of the sea a few kilometers in front of us. It was a wonderful spectacle. Everybody was frozen, not knowing what to make of things. A different world was opening up for them, a reality as paradoxical as life itself.

During the following weeks, the group began to develop communication, which allowed for new field outings and an increased number of experiences.

Meanwhile, my Portuguese was slowly getting better. The continuous exchanges with the group and the necessities of my studies forced me to make desperate efforts to be understood and I finally got rid of that deplorable 'Portunhol' (a mixture of Portuguese and Spanish).

One day, talking to some of my friends in the psychology course, I touched on the subject of extraterrestrial contact, which raised a heated polemic. Tania and Claudio invited me to lunch, where I met Carlos, Tania's husband, an engineer greatly interested in that subject. Tania and Carlos had gone through a strange experience during a drive back to Sao Paulo, when they lost the notion of time for several kilometers. They had been headed in a certain direction, but had come out in a completely different one without having taken any side road or roundabout at any time.

Gradually, other people joined the group. Tania, Carlos, Claudio, Milton, Fernando Eugenio and Jaime also joined in. It was through Jaime that I met the renowned researcher and Brazilian pioneer in the field of UFO phenomenon investigation, Professor Flavio Pereira, who invited me to participate many times as a guest on his television program called 'Intelligence' on TV Gazeta Channel 11. The public first learned about us through those programs and some talks organized by Prof. Flavio Pereira at 480 Banitas Street, near Panamericana Square. It all happened slowly, but eventually there were hundreds of people desirous of taking part in the contacts. Once again, terminally ill patients or people with serious health problems asked us to intermeditate for a cure through the extraterrestrials. Prof. Flavio once received information that I had supposedly accomplished miraculous cures in Campinas (which was not true).

Although there was a program of work, the same I that was followed in Peru, our structure was fragile because it was very new. The youths began to form new groups. Some new members were outstanding: Fernando the blond, Eliane, Stela, Luiz Tadashi, Joaozinho, Jovino, Luiz the blond, Domenico, Eleanora, Joel, Beth, Nilson, the twins Eduardo and Roberto, Persilia, Djair, Priscila, Dante, Suzana, Mozart, Cristina, Rodolfo, and many others. Suddenly we had more than 300 people working in groups, but one thing was missing....everybody was looking forward to a contact, living for the contact, working for the experience....but only that. Contact and the field experiences were the major motivators of the whole work.

At the end of 1976, Rodolfo Aramayo came to Brazil to inform me that the 'Earth Council' was totally disorganized and that the fight for power was bitter. The chaos in the groups reflected the attitude of the instructors who had reverted entirely to individualism and authoritarianism. I was shocked by that report and asked Rodolfo to talk to my Brother Sixto who was already working with some groups. Back in Lima, Peru,

Rodolfo asked Sixto to coordinate the work of our groups, with the support of the practice manual I had left with them and the help of a few young men from Rodolfo's group who were in a position to offer it. As well, I telephoned Sixto and asked for his help, reinforcing Rodolfo's request. He willingly agreed. But here in Brazil, everything was quite different.

I began to notice that our experiences here were also limited, but could not understand why. The extraterrestrial presence was scarce and the close encounters of the 3rd kind did not occur anymore. In 1978 I went back to Peru on a visit and I noticed that the experiences were becoming rare there too. I also sadly confirmed that Charlie's image was still the same as in 1976 -- a dissident. Conflicts and competition had not decreased with time; on the contrary, they had increased.

I came back to Brazil so sad and disillusioned with Peru that I opted for complete independence and definitive isolation. I did not feel like competing or proving anything. A difficult, troubled phase of my life began. On a field outing to Serra Negra in the interior of Sao Paulo, I lost control and exploded. I did not understand what was happening to me, what was happening to the guides, but I knew that I was feeling lonely and abandoned.

All the influence I thought I had, had disappeared. The continuous flattery of people around me had made me lose my sense of reality. I had felt I was powerful, a guru, chosen and sent to save humanity. I was caught in a trap from which somehow I had to find my own way out. Suddenly the group was in crisis; the lack of phenomena began to cause conflicts and my 'power' to attract extraterrestrials did not work any longer. I felt abandoned, discredited. What had happened? It was as if all that magic had vanished.

It was very hard for me to recognize that I was guilty of my own failure; it was much easier to blame others for it. Those were difficult weeks. I could not see what was wrong, where I had failed and in which direction lay the resolution. I kept to myself for months in contemplation of the problem until I finally discovered that I was its origin. It was a distressing, solitary time. I was guilty of the mortal sin of arrogance, conceit, petulance. I had forgotten my commitment to serve and had allowed myself to become the centre of salvation. I had exchanged the hope of evolving to a better world for a temple to myself. Few friends understood that I was learning too, that I was also in a development process and that now, for the first time, I was growing in the right direction.

I was conscious of my mistakes. I began work again, trying to compensate for lost time and trying to reunite with those I had misled. I was far from being perfect, but many people had thought I was and that mistake had brought bad consequences for both sides.

During that period, a little before I stopped my activities, some friends played a joke on me that would complicate my life even more. These friends, who were skilful photographers, had created some fake photos intending to test me with them to see if I could identify a fraud. So, through clever photographic techniques, they had produced a series of slides of an extraterrestrial spaceship flying over the city of Sao Paulo at night. To me, they explained that it had been easy to take the photos because they had received the information about the spaceship through communication. I kept the photos for some time, intending to study them later. One of the authors of the photos and I went to Prof. Flavio Pereira's house and showed him the photos. We wanted to have his opinion but did not mention anything about the people involved. Prof. Flavio was impressed by the photos and said that he would like to have a copy. I had some copies made and sent to him. I also kept copies for myself and gave the originals back.

A few months later, someone called Dante, acquainted with a member of the group, who was interested in my group and contact work and who was a friend of some journalists working for a renowned magazine in Sao Paulo, invited me for an interview which I accepted without reservations. I was told that the journalists had been impressed by the reports they had received. They called me up to arrange a day for the interview and asked me to bring some photos to illustrate the story. I chose the ones I considered the best, unfortunately including the fake ones.

After a lengthy interview, I presented the photos. The journalists were impressed mainly with the fakes ones and asked about their origin. I repeated to them the story I had been told as it was the only information I had. The interview was published by the magazine a few months later. The journalists had taken the photos for examination by Prof. Allen Hynek, a well-known American scientist and researcher who was in Rio de Janeiro



at that time attending an international meeting of researchers of the UFO phenomenon. The article in the magazine said that Prof. Hynek and the renowned Brazilian researcher Irene Granchi had studied the photos carefully and given their opinions that were stated unequivocally in the headlines.

The article sensationalized the photos and I was involved as co-author. I was annoyed, but the worst was yet to come.

When the authors of the photos saw the magazine, there was a great commotion. Some people linked to the authors of the photos misunderstood the situation, very innocently. Of course, everybody thought I had used the photos purposely. Even the researchers that heard about it thought I had used the fakes in my own favor. They would be right to think that way if my activities had any financial profit, but I had never charged a single cent for any work connected with the groups. I had hundreds of followers, but, I repeat, I had never accepted any monetary donation from anybody. I could have exploited the fanatics but never did, neither here nor abroad. I had never had any reason to promote myself. My work had not at any time been associated with any petty financial interest. I had never needed to chase prestige, self-promotion, self-assurance or fame. People had always come to me because I had given concrete evidence of my contact. I could not have achieved more fame than having taken a journalist to an encounter with a flying saucer. When I needed money, I worked honestly to support myself. Today, I am professionally respected, I have my family, my friends and I am happy to live a useful life.

Even so, I suffered the misinformation and mockery of many so called 'researchers'. I was not given the right of defense. I was not permitted to prove my innocence. Because of that, I closed myself off from the world. The 'researchers' never investigated our work deeply; they just labeled it without having collected any statements from the innumerable witnesses of our encounters. They simply covered us with adjectives that did not reflect the reality of the phenomenology, without having studied our activities honestly for a single minute. It was easy to research from a distance and scorn our efforts. All we had to offer had always been free.

So, I dismissed the groups and ended everything. I then understood that the objective of my coming to Brazil was to understand the world of which I am a part, its dangers, its traps, its insidious methods, how it spreads its tentacles to destroy any kind of reformulation. Coincidentally, in Peru, my brother Sixto had also put an end to Rama Mission under his leadership and dissolved his groups too. He went to live in a community in 'Bella Union' in the province of Caravel in Arequipa south of Lima, with all his family.

I stopped the contact for almost three years. I opted for a critical evaluation of all the processes and of myself and dedicated myself entirely to my studies at university. I concluded that development is not in the contact, but in the capacity to understand and structure yourself to be able to use it as well as possible. Contact gives us the opportunity to be sure that we can reach a utopian society, a society where the human being can overcome the inner pettiness and misery he has carried for so many centuries.

I still had many doubts, many questions without answers. I had lived an experience one could never have imagined, but it had been of no use when I had to face the seduction of our world. I had been caught in its web innocently without noticing its intentions. The fascination of power had deviated my path and distracted my understanding. In the naivety of considering myself a hero with magic powers to save, I compared my life to the mythological sagas. How stupid I had been all that time!

Amongst my thoughts there were some neurotic machinations. I wondered if I had been but a toy in the hands of the extraterrestrials, a simple guinea-pig for their research. I wondered whether they were interested in us just as animals for their experiments. Why not? I even wondered if my mistakes had not been foreseen by the extraterrestrials and if it was all a strategy to measure answers to certain stimuli. Had they established contact just to study us?

Those musings, the fact that I had lost everything that had once been so important to me, and the lack of answers were overwhelming. Meanwhile, I cancelled my psychology course at Sao Paulo University temporarily. My parents had never been able to help me financially because of the difficult economic and political situation in Peru, so I had to earn my living. Using my abilities in drawing and plastic arts, I made commercial illustrations and sold them as a free-lancer, but the remuneration was small, so I was forced to

work during business hours which prevented me from attending university during the day. The opportunity of securing a second scholarship allowed me to enter the School of Communication and Arts of Sao Paulo University, studying Publicity at night.

For weeks, I was reluctant to start contact again in order to clear up my questions. Several years had passed since my last communication. I had felt I was a victim of myself and of the world, totally unprepared to face either. After postponing it many times, I finally decided to start again. So, I called some of the old instructors that were still my friends and proposed forming a contact group again. The objective would be to form a Basic Group and in case the contact was successful, to have the new group serve as an experimental project structuring a new form of work for future groups.

We could not come to an agreement because of differing opinions on how to start the work. Past experiences undermined any current attempt; the ups and downs of the past interfered in our decisions. I realized we couldn't come to an agreement, so I abandoned the idea of working with people linked to the past. I invited some of my new friends to help start the contact again. We formed a new group with Luiz the blond (the only ex-contactee), Luiz Marcio and Paira. Later on, Helena, Beth, Renato, Marcolina and Carlos Manuel joined in.

After several attempts, Godar manifested himself in my thoughts once again. I felt an absurd insecurity. I was not certain that what I received was really a message. I needed a confirmation. After a few frustrated attempts, Godar called me for an experience to prove it. The people that were working with me were not able to accompany me for different reasons. The only one that had some experience, Luiz the blond, an old instructor, had been transferred to Curitiba on business and that left me to go on my own. So I went alone.

I was skeptical that the contact had occurred again; I felt critical in every sense and maintained an impatient, withdrawn attitude. When I got to the appointed place, a distant region in the Serra do Mar, I took some narrow, rough dirt tracks. The night was cloudy, humid, cold, offering very restricted conditions for any sighting. I got more and more discouraged as I looked at my watch, but at the appointed time, a bluish light began to appear in front of me, as had so many Xendras previously. I had trouble believing what I saw. I had thought they would never talk to me again after so many problems, so much irresponsibility, so much stupidity. But there they were, with me again.

My emotion was so strong that it compared to that of my first contact. I could not calm down. I was taken by an indescribable sentiment; I believed everything would stop right there. Godar came out of the light wearing a coverall, the typical work garment, his right hand raised.

I breathed very deeply, trying to calm down and gazed at the extraterrestrial. I did not need to say what was on my mind; Godar well knew what I thought and what my concerns were. We talked for several minutes and arranged the date for another encounter, where other subjects would be discussed.

In general, Godar explained that everything I had gone through had been necessary. They could never have given me the conditions to experience my own world, realize the need to work, to earn my living, understand the reason why I should study in a college, why I should look for and commit to a job, the importance of being conscious and of knowing what we want, the cosmic value of that struggle, the seduction of materialism, the traps of vanity, to understand what goes on in a human being exposed to all that daily. That experience had to be my own, to be lived by myself. No trip to another world could have given me the necessary conditions to acquire that experience. I simply had to go through it all. It did not mean I was being a guinea-pig; it meant I had to discover the reality of my world by going through my tormenting ordeals, in order to finally understand it.

Godar made it very clear that they had not abandoned me, it was I who had been blind with conceit and superiority. So they just kept waiting for me to come back, to recover consciousness. To show the way to others, you must know why this other way is a better alternative. You can only give if you possess something, speak when you know something, guide when you have already found the way. But to be able to identify all that, you must discover where you are walking and what you are really capable of. That discovery does not always reveal good things about yourself but it is exactly the fragile part of your inner self that must be understood and overcome.

After a few meetings with Godar and after I had understood the process better, we worked out a plan for the identification and development of the people who would be useful for the purpose of building, in practice, a better world. We called this project Pilot Plan. This project would work in a different way from everything we had done up to that moment. Contact would be regarded as a tool not an objective. The major objective would be the conquest of a wider state of consciousness and a clearer perception of the reason for life, with definite short-term, medium-term and long-term goals.

The idea was evident but it had to be tested. We had to show people the necessity for following a process of reformulation where their paradigms would have to be examined to discover the traps of the system, the influence of the formative processes, the direct or indirect action of social and cultural conditionings, the silent, stealthy interference of our personal necessities, the manipulation we have to undergo in order to be socially accepted, a well-planned, functional structure of work. This way, the Pilot Plan should be used with a group that would serve as an experiment and that would allow its application in order to measure the results.

The Basic Group was formed by Luiz Marcio, Marcia, Antonio, Sonia Maria, Maria Helena and Marcus. This group worked for several years in a process that showed great advances and very good results. For the first time the members reached a balanced inner harmony and a point of functional team work, but there was still some dependence on the instructor. Because of this, the group was encouraged to learn how to work without the guidance of any instructor or external element, organizing their activities by themselves and developing a plan of objectives. The result was a work project where activities and responsibilities were shared in a natural, practical way. The group was self-sufficient in its decisions, its work and in the term set for the results. This model, the product of this wonderful team's effort and work was applied in the formation and development of new groups with continuous alterations being made according to any limitations detected. In fact, the Pilot Plan was not and is not a rigid, inflexible program; on the contrary, it is a dynamic plan of work, adaptable to any condition, situation or group.

Subsequently, Group 1 formed a second experimental group composed of Alda, Eduardo, Meives, Marcia, Lie, Diego, Ze, Carlos or 'Sanchao', Vera, Dana and Pat. Later this group suffered alterations and a serious reduction in numbers. From the original group there were left only Vera, 'Sanchao', Diego (from the Basic Group), and was called Group 2.

Over the years, new groups were formed within the Pilot Plan project in Sao Paulo and outside, such as in Jundiai, Campinas, Cotia, Americana and other states such as Rio de Janeiro (Capital), Rio Grande do Sul (Monenegro, Port Alegre, Ibiruta and Passo Fundo), Bahia (Salvador) and Rondonia (Cacoal).

Today, I am the only survivor from the group that took part in the first contact in February 1974 and also from the group that took J.J. Benitez to the encounter with the flying saucers on September 7th. All the others, including my brother, abandoned the process for different reasons. Some of them created alternative movements of free groups, where the people were and are joined through the initiative of a friend or acquaintance in an experimental though independent work. Others disappeared, fell out of favor, or as in my brother's case, put an end to their activities in the Rama process and dedicated themselves exclusively to giving talks and international courses, leaving to the ones that followed them new work proposals such as the one they called Mission Humanity, Group Rahma, Group Auron, Mission Solar Rama and also Mission Rama Humanity. All of them, highly philosophical, mystical and esoteric proposals, structured according to individual or group preferences. In some they had full freedom of work, but in almost all of them, no connection with the initial purposes of the contact, although some still use the schemes bequeathed by the groups in Peru, called '24 Practices'. Some of these groups, belonging to my brother or to other ex-instructors of his groups, are spread throughout several countries, following different orientations, some more philosophical, others more mystical. Unfortunately, this is the price of development, fragmentation because the objectives are unknown or misunderstood, and because of the wide scope of interpretation caused by the lack of a formative and conceptual structure for leveling out concepts. If the objective of the extraterrestrials was individual development, then why should groups be formed? What was the reason for preparing people to spread the experience? It is logical to think that the only way to progress is to exchange what we learn, what we feel and what we know. Who would you choose to share your experiences, your failures and successes with? Obviously, only those who are in the same process, your equals, because they are the only ones that can serve as references. The only way to improve is when we learn mutually from every good or bad action.

The only way to survive in the jungle is to stay together, so that each one can notice what the other has failed to see.

At present, the Rama process – Pilot Plan is restructuring all this. Old Brazilian and foreign groups are re-integrating in the work and once more following the course of their objectives. There are hundreds of people in Brazil who are members of the Project Mission Rama – Pilot Plan, besides other groups in countries such as Spain, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Australia, El Salvador and Cost Rica. All of them within the Pilot Plan, an experience that is being successful because it allows people to restore their humanity, realize accomplishments, obtain more information about the fundamentals of life, participate in the phenomena that confirms we are not alone and experience results within the proposals. It allows them a view of a future constructed to permit efficient development.

## **Chapter XXI. THE FINAL OBJECTIVE**

Gazing at the mountains of the solitary Serra da Montiqueira, I wonder how many other new instructors will be trained in the near future. How many will be able to cope with the seduction of being chosen and will accomplish their task as intermediaries between the world of today and the world of tomorrow. I wonder how many times again I will come to this place with new people, new faces that tomorrow will be accompanied by the ones that will follow them.

Our number is increasing day by day. People from all over the world come to us with many questions. The curiosity of the world is turned to us once again, wanting to know who we are. And the answer is simple. As simple as it is deep.

We are an organization with a completely different basis than any other. It does not mean we are the best, not at all. Each organization exists to serve a purpose and to offer an option. Rama is only one more option, but at the same time, as the extraterrestrial guides have already told us, Rama is the beginning of the conjunction of two great events: the appearance of the New Man and the coming of a New Era.

The Rama Project intends to be an opportunity, a free alternative for a reformulation of experiences, a limitless source of internal and external discoveries. It is a plan elaborated by intelligent entities whose objective is to prepare the human being for a cosmic integration and to show humanity how to reformulate their criteria of analysis so that it can lead to a better comprehension of how to live life correctly. With no ties to conventions or anchors to immobilize him, man can have an abundant, unrestricted analysis of experiences in every field, and he can also find a deep, real and true spirituality. Rama tries to place the human being in a harmonious relationship with various realities and encourages him to participate on the whole in an integrated, complementary manner.

Contact with extraterrestrial beings opens a door to the unknown that awaits our discovery. It gives us the opportunity to abandon superstitions and legends and to face the facts around us. It is the discovery of a fantastic reality and answers the most serious interrogations of man. It unravels the infinite, skipping eras in the transition of the evolutionary process to reach the inner, true Self and find a more universal, profound, worthy meaning for life. It is the masterly flight of a Fernas Capelo Gaivota discovering the pleasure of life through himself and his potential.

However, this chance will not be offered indiscriminately to anyone. The acquisition of knowledge is reserved for those who are not afraid of the discovery, to the adventurers of the unknown and to the lovers of truth. Revelation is a gift within everybody's reach, but it cannot always be seen. It is invisible to the eyes of those who are not paying attention and those who walk without looking ahead.

Rama is a new moment in the relationship between man and the Universe, the total separation from the archetypes of an obsolete world, the rupture from the chains of dogmatism. We are the questioners; we are a way by which to tighten the ties that join us to ourselves and to the others (terrestrials or not), as well as a

way to understand life, death and the role of our existence. A way to feel and understand the extension of a major power that occupies every corner of the Cosmos, as near to us as we have ever dreamed. Rama is the time of maturity, of inner discovery, of reason, of pure authentic spirituality, of healthy, sensible intuition, of endless adventure where imagination loses to reality.

We are a group of people united with the intention of preparing ourselves systematically for a close cultural relationship with more advanced societies of extraterrestrial origin. And in order to reach this objective, we will be part of a disciplined process of reformulation of criteria and re-structuring of values in which we will maximize the opportunities to identify the best cultural and social alternatives by which to orient the human community towards the configuration of an organized, efficient and harmonious new system of life so that we can finally fulfill the purpose of being a 'conscious being'. This is the opportunity offered to man, to understand the meaning of his life and to discover the role he performs as an active creature in the cosmic scene.

The objective of our work is the renovation of our lives in order to overcome this cultural transition we are going through, offering the means to re-organize the values and qualities of a thinking, sensible being and to gain the right to live in peace, with security, pleasure and self-esteem. We try to attain a total, satisfactory state of consciousness so that we can develop our intellect, our spirit and our capacity to love without fear. We are objectively building a place where we can live, act freely, and fully apply our potential, discovering love, friendship, respect, gratitude, loyalty and realizing the importance of life in all its methods of expression.

Anyone who wants to achieve this change and join this universe of realizations must be courageous, dedicated and bear in mind three basic points: a) Be willing to change b) Pay the price of this change (time, work, effort, sacrifice, habits) and c) Be able to achieve the changes. There must be determination, perseverance, and satisfaction in the search for change. To enjoy the search for transformation is to be receptive to it. But this search must always be free, natural and engaged through a neutral process, without compromise with dogmas or interests of any kind.

To take part in what we are building, the will to find the true pleasure of life must be stronger than anything else.

The premise of our work is extremely simple. Truth is not easy for anybody, not because it is a fiction, but because in order to attain it you need education. Man has only a partial perception of everything, as I have shown throughout this book. Only by joining our bits of perception can we have a more complete image of the reality around us, and a wider knowledge of what we must do. Happiness can only be built when everybody, no matter his origins or line of thought, works for it. A society is built the same way.

The Rama Project is not the owner of any truth. What we have to offer is what we think is the most coherent, the most practical idea today; tomorrow it may be replaced by a new discovery, another conclusion or even a new proposal. We have nothing determined or determining, except the determination to make fewer mistakes. We have no truths, only questions waiting for answers. We have no leaders, only brothers united in the building of a future. The extraterrestrials are just friends, elder brothers that help us for the love of life and respect for those who want to improve. We do not have a final solution to our problems to offer, only a way to do it.

In this work that we humbly offer to you, we want to show that we all currently belong to an inadequate human and social structure where paradigms participate in our formative and behavioral development. We want to show the lack of coherent criteria and inaccurate analytical processes of the human being. We want to expand the perception of the mechanisms that reinforce our individualism and expose the most common factors of alienation.

The Rama Project is a movement with no economic ties whatsoever; there is absolutely no circulation of money. We propose to build a basis for the work of reformulation of parameters, references and analysis criteria. We want to question the conventional processes of learning and conventional values. We study the cultural relationships that determine conventions, in order to detect the faults that occur in the formation of the psychological and social processes of an individual, and discover what really exists behind the material

universe. Our discovery is our own, and guides us in the direction we should move. We endeavour to understand the mysteries of life and death but without the compromise of doctrine.

It is also part of our work to analyze the distortions of communication and interpretation that occur in the circuit of human relations; we have developed a system of analysis and conceptual reformulation that will establish a single language of communication and approximation between people. There is also an educational training to obtain a state of critical and analytical consciousness that will make team work easier and that will value interpersonal exchanges. In this respect we offer work activities and exercises that allow the rediscovery of a lost or forgotten inner knowledge. A serious disciplined activity is developed to establish the references of a Code of Universal Ethics as well as an ample and unique conceptual language, fully identified with universal laws, not only human ones.

The objective of our efforts is to set the basis of a new culture integrated with the purposes of a spiritual, mental and physical evolution of man, consolidating a synergy of exchange with the extraterrestrial guides and spreading our work to all who are interested in it.

Finally, we will consolidate an Urban Community, a group of people in a city able to perform any social community activity and capable of coping with any difficulty to assure a promising future; and a Rural Community able to serve as a laboratory and school for the formation and preparation for an alternative rural and agricultural life for all the groups.

So, our major objective is to set the basis of a new culture, a totally universal one in the full meaning of the word, orientated to the best way of understanding life individually and communally, to favoring its gradual expansion, and to the pleasure of being alive.

In order to survive and build the future, we must unite today, forming as strong a union as the desire to be happy, a union free of banners, labels or institutions, where the love of life and desire for a better future is our only denominator. To you who had the patience to continue to this point, we wish a promising tomorrow. Know that there are now people sowing some hope, the hope that some day the ones who are alive to harvest that wonderful crop will be at last the sowers of a new way of life. A life of love, friendship, respect and confidence, built today with your effort and ours for the benefit of us all, but mainly for the ones that will come after us.

\* \* \*

## Additional Information

At the beginning of 1975, after receiving from the Guides, orientations and instructions about how to proceed with new potential groups, Charlie founded the RAMA PROJECT in Peru. The name at the time was taken in regards to the word "LOVE" backwards in Spanish. In the beginning, Charlie was responsible for structuring and organizing the exercises and tasks, as well as for drafting a rudimentary guide of training and field practices. A work method was established. Some time later, Charlie formed other working groups that quickly multiplied.

By the end of 1975, Charlie gained a scholarship to Brazil; he traveled there in February 1976. Before he left, an Instructors Counsel was structured to ensure the groups' continuity. Charlie provided them with a detailed program of practices and norms that would preserve, in a clear and ordered manner, the Rama Process of Development and Contact.

In 1976, with Charlie in Brazil, Rodolfo Aramayo and other instructors in charge of the groups, having had leadership problems with the rest, received instructions to ask for Sixto's help. Sixto quickly accepted and assumed the work together with the instructors, of ordering the groups.

With Sixto leading the groups left by Charlie, and with the work program increasing little by little, the groups were advancing and spreading the Rama experience throughout the world. Later on, Sixto changed the RAMA Project name for RAHMA MISSION, following a very different approach in regards to how to be in touch with the extraterrestrials and about the self-development process.

Today, after years of experience and group work in Peru and other parts of the world as well, Rahma and Rama finds itself in a new contact and development phase. Although counting on a vast human contingent scattered throughout various countries, only Charlie remained from those who originally started the process.

In 1990, Sixto retired from the Rahma activity in order to devote himself just to investigation and lecturing, thus concluding his work in the Rahma-Peru process. In view of this change, many groups broke apart and formed parallel and even diametrically opposed, movements, for they hadn't understood the work's objectives. Thus, groups with names like: HUMANITY MISSION, RAHMA GROUP, RAHMA MISSION, MISSION RAMA HUMANITY, AURON RAHMA, etc., were formed, all of them under a particular keynote and a different esoteric orientation. All of them far away from the original objectives and goals.

Aside from that, our contacts with the Guides happen in all of the groups presently involved in our work, reason why we decided to break apart from any relation with the other groups and founded a new organization denominate SUNESIS PROJECT. This is the name given to the new phase of the process we are presently experiencing.

We continue to offer everyone a reference frame necessary for their development, and the certainty that they are treading on a coherent, free and clear path towards the comprehension of the role man plays in this fantastic and marvellous Universe.

The SUNESIS PROJECT finds itself fully active in physical contacts with the Extraterrestrial Guides, in Brazil and Canada as well as in other foreign places proving to the world media the competence of its position and the seriousness of its contacts.

## Sunesis Project in Brazil

On February 19, 1976, Charlie arrived at the Viracopos Airport in Campinas, Sao Paulo, Brazil. His intention, at the beginning, was to continue his Psychology studies at the Federal University of Sao Paulo, living with his aunt Rosa, his father's sister.

During his first months of adaptation and learning of the new language, his cousin Pamela, who has already participated in several field practices in Peru, repeatedly encouraged Charlie to start a new group, but Charlie considered the idea a little bit premature.

Around May 1976, Pamela mentioned to her group of friends the unbelievable experiences she had while staying in Peru at the end of 1975. Pamela's stories aroused tremendous curiosity in these young 15-17 year olds. "But would this be true?" they asked themselves.

One day, returning from the University, Charlie was surprised by the unexpected visit of those anxious and curious youngsters, who for many days had yearned to know the truth about the fantastic stories.

Charlie saw in those boys the opportunity of forming a small group, as their curiosity and keenness to discover were immense.

After the details of the Rama's beginning were known, the small group started their preparation in order to establish contact with the Guides as soon as possible. Then there came the first field trips, and so the sightings started. In less than three months the youngsters had come not only to believe in the contact but also to take part in it.

The top priority consisted of establishing communication quickly, verifying it and organizing new groups. All this was supported on a structure that was so elastic that it allowed the co-existence of concepts and information from different sources. Furthermore, the deficiencies within Rama's dynamic and Charlie's inexperience in a country of different habits, customs and culture, were factors that made the groups' original organization difficult. On the other hand, life within the system, family obligations and various responsibilities, terribly limited the transformations that these youngsters could go through. Rama was offering them a never-imagined adventure, however, it was not offering them a clear vision of what they should leave behind and what to replace it with. Those who sought the most for it and those who sacrificed the most in order to learn, remained till the end.

It's important to point out that in the first years of Charlie's work in Brazil, it was necessary to implement a major transformation, not only in him as the one responsible for the Rama Project in Brazil, but primarily in the contact methodology to more fully appreciate the advantages of the conveyed knowledge.

In the ensuing years, circumstances arose which altered the Rama's development. Charlie did not understand why so few people remained committed. The contact evidence and the existence of a relationship between extraterrestrials and humans was clear; yet it was not enough to effect a change in the people. What was missing?

About 1981, Charlie resolved to end the contact and the formation of groups; the existing ones were dissolved. Simultaneously, Peru was in a similar situation. Sixto had moved away in order to live in a community and to take a recess in the formation of new groups; the existing ones were on their own.

During a two-year period, Charlie questioned from every possible angle Rama's validity, its objectives, the reason for its existence and even the possibility of his being manipulated by the extraterrestrials for dark purposes.

By the end of 1983, Charlie resolved to restart the contacts, even though he was afraid that this was no longer possible. However, little by little the communication came back. The purpose of this revival was simple: To ask the Guides what they were really expecting from us; what was the purpose of the contact; how could we improve and if it was possible, to structure a practical method of allowing people to widen their state of consciousness in order to change, and which values would be substituted. What method could be used to



show man the importance of building a new culture, and how could we carry out all of this without leaving the system?

After a physical contact in 1983 with the extraterrestrials, a new beginning started and a new work plan was given. The new Practice Guide and the new Pilot Project was begun.

The interaction with the Guides was carried out over a period of months until the formation of one group was authorized. Charlie thought of assembling some of the former instructors who were still in contact with Rama; but insecurity and disagreement undermined any possibility of realizing that notion. It was necessary to start with a virgin group that had no history in order to allow things to work out.

Thus the Base Group was formed, an experimental group, whose objective was to serve as a "guinea pig" of a totally different method to what had been previously practiced. The Guides would experiment with a new method of stimulating people in order to create a consciousness of their own being, as well as of their relationship with the extraterrestrials and, furthermore, of the role they would come to play in order to guarantee the future of humanity.

This process was disturbed by situations that, at different times, escaped the Guides' control; but even so, at the end of almost three years of work, the first results were satisfactory. This outcome brought about the formation of another group, which was named "Group 2", where this new, corrected and improved methodology was utilized.

The outcome achieved by this second group, stimulated the formation of new groups, still kept on an experimental basis. This entire work project was named "Pilot Plan" in the beginning.

In 1987, Charlie went to the city of Montevideo, Uruguay to participate in a Rama Congress. This time he presented the results obtained from Rama Mission - Brazil, encouraging some Uruguayan members to sympathize with the new Pilot Plan. The next year, by invitation of Jorge Troccoli's group, the project was presented integrally and practiced. Today, this is a working model for distant groups in different places.

In early January 1988, Charlie held a conference in the city of Jundiai in Sao Paulo, at the Municipal Chamber's auditorium. On February the 5th he realized the first meeting of the first group formed outside the capital city.

In mid 1988, this same work program was presented to Marcela Galvez's group in San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America, arousing as a result, the interest of other groups from neighboring countries to know the Rama Mission-Pilot Plan.

In the years following, new groups started to work in Chile, Australia, Central America, Uruguay, Peru, Canada and Spain.

In 1995, the old Pilot Plan, was change to the AMAR PROJECT. After analyzing the whole Rama Mission process and its results over its 26 years, Charlie and the Brazilian instructors, along with the extraterrestrials, redesigned the old program, providing a modern and more dynamic structure. Under these premises, the whole project is kept constantly responsive to the needs of the development and transformations of the all members.

This project is not and will not be a person; it is much more than that; it is the result of the effort of people who wish to take part in the building of a better world, as well as to guarantee a future for our children and those who will come after us.

In 2001, after letting the Brazilian groups prepare for working at a different level, Charlie traveled to Toronto, Canada to start a new phase of his work. This time to impact the English community and let them know about the extraterrestrial experience and what those people are offering to us.

In 2005, aside from the worldwide problems and misunderstandings in regards to what the Rama and Rahma process were and became, our contacts with the Guides continuously happen in all of the groups presently

involved in our work, reason why we decided to break apart from any relation with the other groups named Rama or Rahma, and founded a new organization denominate **SUNESIS PROJECT**. This is the name given to the new phase of the process we are presently experiencing.

## **Sunesis Project in Canada**

Rama Project started in Canada arround 1994, but consisted only of Latin people who extended their work here from El Salvador. They continued their learning and exercises guided by the facilitators who made their home in Canada as well. Due to linguistic difficulties and barriers, the people did not consider extending this work to North Americans.

In 2001, Veronica (Charlie) Paz Wells immigrated to Canada to live a more favourable life as a transgender individual, but also, to introduce the North American public to the work she has been doing for the past 30 years, and to inform and educate people of the kinds of interplanetary relationships they can have with their fellow brothers and sisters from others worlds in the same galaxy.

In 2005, aside from the worldwide problems and misunderstandings in regards to what the Rama and Rahma process were and became, our contacts with the Guides continously happen in all of the groups presently involved in our work, reason why we decided to break apart from any relation with the other groups named Rama or Rahma, and founded a new organization denominate SUNESIS PROJECT. This is the name given to the new phase of the process we are presently experiencing.

The Canadian group has been actively working with Veronica for more than four years. They have participated in group discussions, been introduced to the self-development tools given to Veronica from the ET's, and they have learned how to think in a more universal way, challenging social, cultural, and spiritual paradigms that hinder the growth and evolution of human beings.

The group has also participated in numerous field practices.

These consist of a group outing to a remote place where each member participates in an individual "self-control" experience.

This allows a group member to safely embark to a secluded place, away from the other members, and allows the person to meditate and engage in mental communication with one of their fellow ET's. As well, it allows the person to challenge their fears and overcome them. Sometimes during "self-control", the person experiences physical phenomena, such as the sighting of swift probes which come in the form of flitting red lights, or other phenomena.

People also experience the sighting of space crafts and vehicles, and other probes and the like, together as a group during these field outings. The group so far has witnessed undeniable evidence of probes, magnificent craft activity in the sky, as well as the special privilege of participating in physical encounters with the ET's. The Canadian group consists of both English and Latin-speaking people. Fortunately the language barrier has been broken, and Veronica has been able to introduce Canadians to this wonderful opportunity to change their lives and the lives of humanity. This group is constantly striving to better themselves and create a more favourable future for themselves and others. They work well together, and strive to overcome obstacles and keep a collective focus on their goals.

## **Sunesis Project in the World**

Based on our goals and history, the Sunesis Project structured a specific working system, which maximized results with minimum time and effort.

We are a group of people gathered together for the purpose of self-development and systematic preparation in order to reach higher levels of consciousness, and for an intimate cultural relationship with more advanced civilizations of extraterrestrial origin.

We have invited the international press to witness extraterrestrial encounters many times. All these events were scheduled a few weeks in advance of the encounter. The results were recorded on video and in photographs, and were also printed in the headlines of many newspapers and magazines.

The Sunesis Project groups exist in many countries around the world. But, unfortunately in non-spanish speaking countries, such as Australia, Canada or EUA, the groups are composed mostly of people from latin communities.

At this point, we are endeavoring to grow and reach other countries step by step. And for that purpose we are breaking the language barriers and providing physical evidence of our experiences along with a solid background of knowledge, which is an accumulation of our long years of work involved with many cultures and countries.

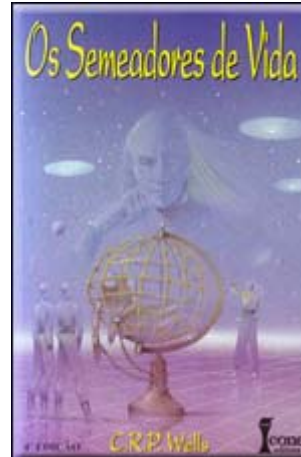
We are now improving and updating our knowledge and moving into the English-speaking countries. Until now we have had success only in the Spanish and Portuguese countries. Our goal is to reach the non-Spanish-speaking people in order to complete the process and make an impact on humankind and prepare for the arrival of our extraterrestrial friends.

This scenario will allow new possibilities and will bring hope for a new future. A new world, better, fairer, and full of equal chances for all.

Source: **Sunesis Project International Website**

In Brazil, Veronica as Charlie published 2 books regarding her experiences with the extraterrestrials, and 1 about life in the universe and the extraterrestrial influence in the ancient civilizations:

**"Os Semeadores de Vida"** ("Sowers of Life")  
portuguese - Editora Icone - São Paulo - Brazil and  
to be publish in Spain in Spanish.



**"Um Extraterrestre na Galiléia"** ("An  
Extraterrestrial in Galilee") portuguese - Editora  
Madras - São Paulo - Brazil (in translation to English)  
and in Spanish by Cultural de Ediciones S.A -  
Mostoles - Spain.



**"Eles estão entre nós"** ("They are among us")  
portuguese - Editora Madras - São Paulo - Brazil.



**"Ser, Viver e Existir no Universo"** ("To be, to live  
and to exist in the Universe") portuguese - Editora  
Madras - São Paulo - Brazil.