

**BEYOND**  
*MY*  
**SPACE**  
*ODYSSEY*  
*IN*  
**UFOs**

**By Oscar Magocsi**

Cover design and illustrations  
courtesy of Gene Duplantier

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# Part One

## Batten down in Manhattan town

The following event occurred before 9 p.m. on July 15, 1980, in the East 30s of Manhattan near 5th Avenue, New York City.

As I left the place of a prominent UFO researcher with whom I had a meeting by prior phone arrangement, crossing the quiet street, a man fell in step and motioned me to the curb side of a Winnebago mobile home parked there between a silvery sports car and an empty yellow taxi cab.

A shock of recognition hit me. The man was Argus, my alien space friend I had met years earlier in the course of UFO encounters. He looked unchanged, a bit shabbily dressed like some cab driver, addressing me with a huge grin.

"Surprised, eh? Sorry for this manner of contact but there was no other way, and we haven't much time. Even now, the whole works is crawling with the opposition."

My eyes followed the sweeping gesture of his hand. I knew he meant the presence of MIBs, the MEN IN BLACK. I wasn't sure though, if his gesture was a vague generalization, or pointing to the highly suspicious activities going on at both ends of the short block.

Half turned into our street, a big black car was coasting at the 5th Ave. intersection. In the other direction at the Madison Ave. intersection, there was a Bell Telephone van near an open manhole with service-type figures scurrying about. It seemed an ill-disguised MIB set-up.

"No need to worry," Argus said, "we are fully protected, even shielded from possible eavesdropping at the side of this innocent looking mobile. This is my converted Ground Command Center, a virtual fortress, the next best thing to a flying saucer. Besides, I act as rear guard by driving this yellow cab, while ahead our lady friend showing her back for anonymity is riding "shotgun" in that fancy



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sports car. Not to mention our fearless "Buzz" Andrews in his silly disguise, presently the captain of this Winnebago ground ship."

Argus pointed to the driver in the mobile home who rather looked like a wild hillbilly Santa Claus with an oversized hat and bushy white beard.

"As you know," Argus continued, "we have wanted him to meet you to tell his UFO adventures for publication. However, the opposition has foiled our attempts for a safe meeting so far, besides we have been too busy with other matters of top priority. But soon you'll get to meet him."

"Until then," Argus explained, "he still has to hide his identity, being the most wanted man by the opposition and by agents of many countries alike. We've been working on this problem though, through some highly placed contacts in government circles with a hope for an amnesty for him, besides pushing for general support of the UFO cause and a sort of half-official recognition of our presence here."

"Trouble is that the opposition has many highly-placed associates and supporters. Now we are in town trying to talk to some foreign representatives at the United Nations. So it seemed a good idea to contact you in the meantime," Argus said.

"How did you find me?" I asked.

"You made it easy for us, and for the opposition," Argus replied. "Weeks earlier you phoned your Missauga associate about planning to meet this New York researcher. Monitoring the incoming calls here for the last while, we learned about the exact time and place..."

I felt pretty stupid. I should have expected the phone monitoring of UFO-linked persons by friend and foe alike! I shifted my gaze to the medallion on Argus's chest. He caught my look and said, "We knew you were still being intrigued by this Psychean medallion."

Argus reached inside the mobile for a rolled up newspaper that he handed over to me. "Don't open

this until you are alone at a safe place. Polled up inside you'll find five Xerox copies of an illustrated description of the medallion. You'll also find five Xerox copies of a Great Lakes area map showing subsurface UFO base locations to confirm the long-existing beliefs about such bases held by the North-eastern, the Stratford and other group associates."

"They are doing well with tracking down clues and giving out information. We are also pleased with your SPACE ODYSSEY book and recent developments in your joint publishing venture."

"Now, about the subsurface bases...they are at points of natural transit areas into other dimensions. The large bodies of the Great Lakes water acts like a protective screen against psychic pollution of excessive restlessness, aggressiveness, violent attitudes."

"Well, we want to keep it that way for not only ourselves inside those bases, but for the whole Southern Ontario area within the embrace of all that fresh water, geographically unique on Earth."

"Best probable area sightings would be around the time between the Canadian and American Thanksgiving weekends, also in next March and April, '81. We'll try to give somewhat more specific information when the time is near via telepathic means to the ones involved in the area vigils."

"What about personal contacts and encounters for those area researcher friends?" I couldn't help cutting in.

"Oh, we all know about the wishes of those well deserving friends," Argus replied. "We'll find a way and the time, although it's not so simple. There are one million other such friends around this world worthy considering for contacts. In the meantime we have to deal with thousands of military, political, news media, opposition activities and issues on a global scale as they come up, not even mentioning interdimensional logistics and various other factors."

Yet, there are only a handful of us assigned here, while the going is getting more and more hectic. But we'll try to do our best for all those researcher friends."

Even though I was intently listening, my eyes kept roving for all kinds of things, including licence plates on the vehicles. The sports car had a red Mexico plate, the Winnebago...a green one of Washington State.

Argus noticed my look and said, "Forget about those plates. They are all phony. Besides, you wouldn't want to give us away by publicizing the numbers."

"Which reminds me, please...not a word to anyone about what I told you, not even about the event of this contact. Not until mid-August, till the official closing of the DEMOCRATIC PARTY CONVENTION. There is far too much at stake, so we can't afford a leak at this time on our political lobbying or sometimes a little arm-twisting. Some of our highly-placed supporters are already under suspicion by our opposition and by theirs as well."

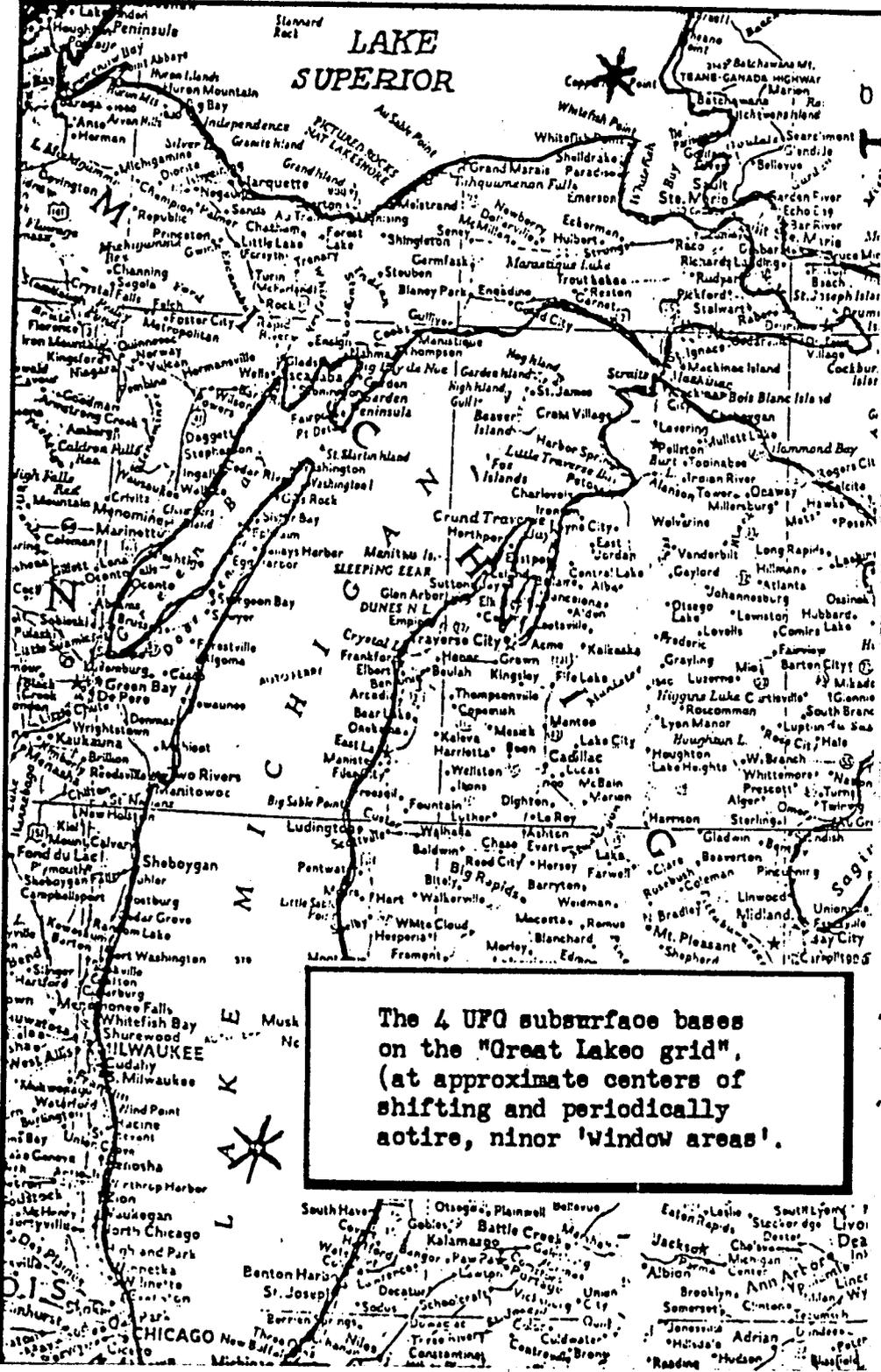
"O.K., not a word until after the convention. Then I am free to pass the word and the Xerox copies, right?" I queried.

"Precisely," Argus replied. "Matter of fact I was going to ask you to do so. Until then, low profile, black-out. Yet we keep active on other grounds. We'll be off to Washington, D.C. to meet a friendly congressman in a few days after we finish our U.N. business here. Then after Washington we've got to rush down to Texas to help out with some coming disaster."

"Just like you must have rushed in from the State of Washington, I presume. How's Mount St. Helens doing?" I asked.

"Pretty fair now," Argus said, "But the worst still may be to come. The big trouble is that many other volcanoes are getting activated too, in the meantime. No wonder that we are so busy these days."

# LAKE SUPERIOR



The 4 UFO subsurface bases on the "Great Lakes grid", (at approximate centers of shifting and periodically active, minor 'window areas'.



The increasing magnitude and acceleration of events is getting out of hand. The world is definitely running out of time. We are already into the cosmic cycle change for your planet. It's hard to tell how close to the finals, but better be prepared, just in case..."

"What about Quentin? Isn't he back to help out?" I asked.

"Yes," Argus responded, "he was recalled too. He's been back since last December, working mainly in the Persian Gulf area and those parts. But he is not much help with the mundane strategic details, for he is more like a Council representative worrying about overall policies...well, time is up, we better split the scene. Take care, till we meet again."

Argus shook my hand warmly, then added:

"For your protection against possible opposition harrassment, we'll trail you in convoy to the Madison Avenue intersection, near your parked car. We'll wait till you can jockey in behind the Winnebago, then we all drive off. After a few blocks and if it's clear, just peel off on your own and shake any potential tails. I'll watch out for you until you are safely out of sight."

We all did it the way he proposed. The purported telephone service men at the intersection seemed as if moving to block our way, then must have changed their minds, for they just stood there in an undecided manner glaring at us. They looked like dummies with their waxlike oriental faces...which was a fact I found most remarkable. If they were not MIBs, they sure were the closest thing. Coincidence? A big black car tried to pass our convoy, but Argus kept him back with the yellow cab. After about four or five blocks I made a screeching turn into a side street, then kept winding all over to confuse everybody, including myself.

Then it was over. The whole episode from bumping into Argus to the moment I slowed down and stopped shaking imaginary tails took about 15 minutes.

But it sure will keep me wondering for the next 15 months at least!!!

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## The Psychean Medallion

The Psychean medallion is shown here in true-to-life size. It hangs on a golden neck chain. The 'lettering', circle and triangle outlines are with raised gold on a background of copper oxide (the color of planet Argona's sky after her twin suns set.)



Worn by some friendly aliens on Earth missions and by their associates here, its origin going back quite some time in past Earth-connected usage, this design represents the transmutational "Psychean mode" of operating and functioning -- wherein organic, technological, paranormal ways and means are interchangeable for achieving a desired end result, through applied science and applied metaphysics, by the will of an advanced Consciousness.

Applied metaphysics (represented here by  $\text{ॐ} = \text{AUM}$ , the ancient Eastern symbol of spirituality) when reversed to mirror image becomes synonymous with rearranged matter and energy (symbolized here by a semblance of  $E=mc^2$ , with reshuffled components).

For matter, energy, paranormal phenomena, transcendent hidden forces and processes are really just different facets -- in whatever form or dimension -- of the all-inclusive basic oneness of the whole fabric called Cosmos (symbolized here as the circle.)

These different facets or means are used in combinations or interchangeably by an entity with an advanced Consciousness (this is symbolized here by the encompassing triangle.)

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NOTE: In the Feb. 1, 1982 issue of The Hollow Hassle, a newsletter devoted to finding an entrance to the Inner Earth, there appeared a symbol of the Hopi Indians. (See illustration below)



In the center of the circle is a design which is almost the reverse of the Psychean symbol. The Feb. 1, 1983 issue of the same publication contains a letter from New Zealand by Phyllis Dixon Hall. She states the following:

"On October 1973 in the dream state, I was shown part of the symbols mentioned (I had never seen

it in this life before) but in the dream I was looking down on what appeared to be a monk judging from his tonsure and gown, who was standing near some old stone building and was apparently feeding something to some birds and there on the grass beside him was carved this symbol--



This intrigued me and I hunted around in different books to find the meaning and eventually found it was part of a glyph appearing in the Holy of Holies in ancient Mu or Lemurian temples.

It was said to be UIGHUR or a northern form of writing and reads: "A Temple of Truth dedicated to the Sun and under the jurisdiction of the Motherland" (Mu or Muror as it was called).

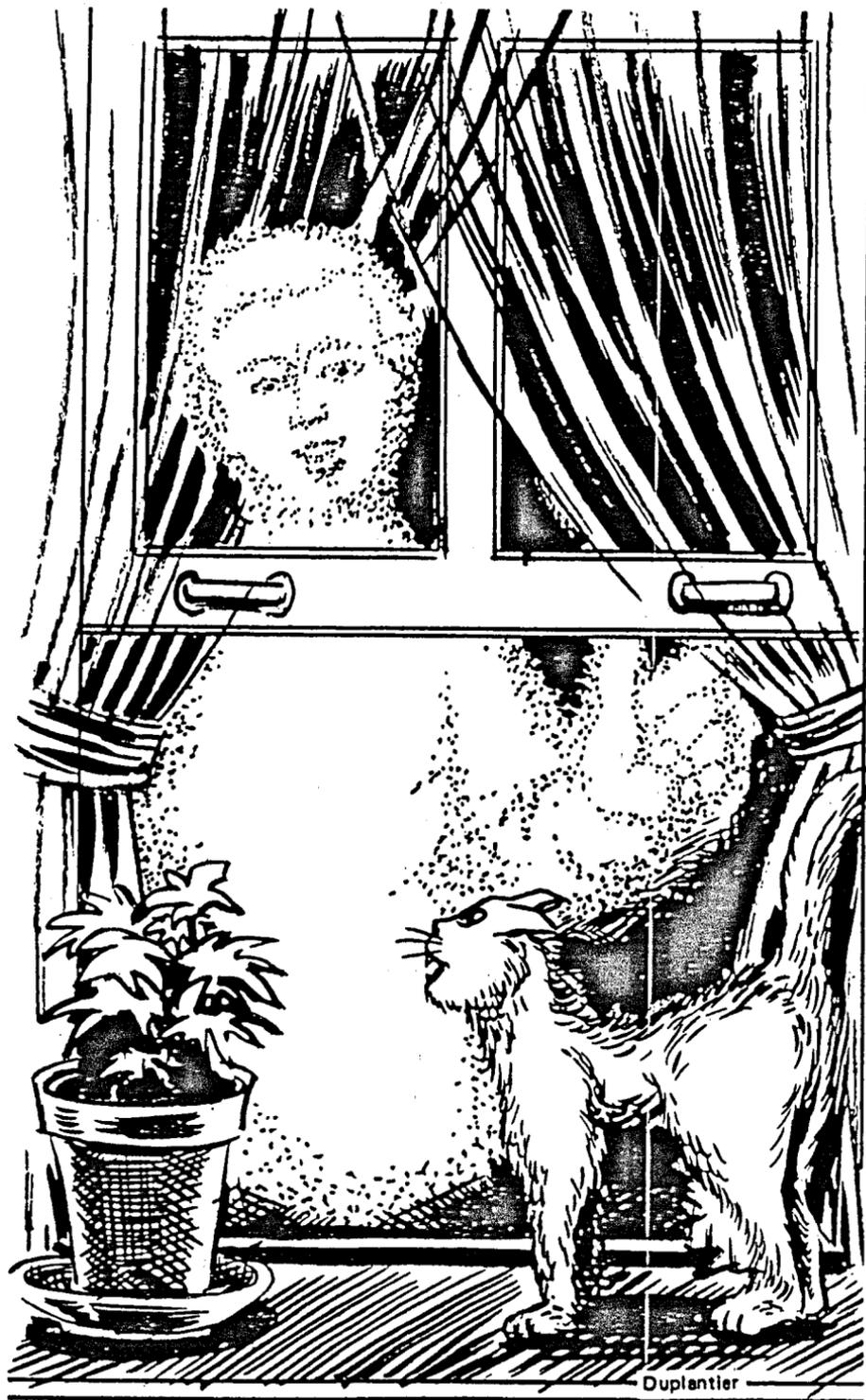
The complete symbol is this --



This information came from the book "Understanding Mu" by Hans Stefan Santesson. So it seems quite possible that the Hopi Indians may have retained in their history part of the symbol and added other parts to correspond with their legends. Tibet, of course, would also have records of this symbol from Mu and the fact that some space entities use a somewhat similar one could mean that what they have told us that they were originally from this Earth could be true."

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NOTE: There is a TV program at 7 a.m. weekdays called Lilies, Yoga and You. The exercisae instructress wears a medallion with the Psychean symbol reversed, explaining that the design stands for AUM, already defined earlier in this section. The program is seen locally in the Toronto area on the PBS network, WNSD-TV, CH. 17, Buffalo, N.Y., originating in Cincinnati, Ohio.



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# Part Two

## I AM and me

In Toronto, the last nights of August, 1980, were uncomfortably hot and muggy, on the verge of thunderstorms and with distant lightning. Not very conducive to restful sleep.

The night of Aug. 31 - Sept. 1 was particularly bad. Some time before 3 a.m., my wife woke me with words as if coming from a bad dream of hers. "Do you see all that light coming through the ceiling? Must be UFOs trying to tell us something. What do they want?" she inquired.

Even though I didn't see anything unusual, I still felt that there was a strange presence around. I was wide awake, while my wife drifted back into deep sleep. I got up, and in the darkness I groped my way through the living room to the kitchen of our ground-floor apartment for a cold drink.

Our cat was up too, sitting on the sill of the wide open kitchen window. Ready for either fight or flight, he was hissing at something or someone out there, then jumped back to the floor in a terrified manner and ran to hide.

As I peered through the window's dark opening, I noticed that the air shimmered, getting gradually formed into a ghostlike apparition of a human figure facing me.

It looked like the ghost of Quentin, my alien space-being friend I met years earlier in the course of my UFO encounters. Startled, I dropped the glass and spilled most of the cold soda water on myself, as Quentin's apparition spoke to me.

"Take it easy. You are not seeing a ghost. This is a live transmission in a holographic-mode from the southern hemisphere of the world. Meeting in person would have been better, but circumstances are not favorable. Before your visit to the Madoc I AM\* Campus a few weeks ago, our attempts to reach you tele-

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\*Institute of Applied Metaphysics



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pathically with this message were not quite successful. Now, as we enter the last quarter of the moon, it was decided to use this more appropriate 'holographic-mode' instead. Apart from atmospheric and psionic considerations of the moon phase, there is a symbolic significance, too. Soon we shall be entering the last quarter of Earth's preparatory time period before the onset of the really turbulent vibrational changes."

"Soon the people of I AM will celebrate an anniversary and enter the 8th and final year of their preparatory cycle, after which year their real work and radically higher-octave functioning will begin. Before that though, this coming year for them will bring much stepped-up awareness, speeded up happenings, some new ways and ideas, internal and external pressures, testing situations both collectively and individually."

"Pointers and details regarding this prediction will be forthcoming from the higher realms during their late September 'birthday celebrations'. For this forthcoming, the probable best period will be approximately between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. on the night of Sept. 26-27. Every effort should be made to be receptive for the various manifestations and messages coming from the higher vibrational realms at that time. (These may start coming as early as the 24th on, from the time of the full moon)."

"In this late September period there will be many entities around, some even in UFOs. Just like seven years earlier, when these entities were witnessing and aiding the I AM 'birthlings'. It's relatively easy to zero in and get phased to the I AM localities, due to the abundance of crystal-rich mineral deposits in the area. Choosing those communal sites was not accidental. Those mineral-rich rocks generate a protective and nurturing etheric shield, also act as 'storage batteries' and 'feedback condensers' for higher vibrational energies."

"Crystals are important in other respects as well, which the ancient Atlanteans were well aware of, too

Today many extraterrestrial and other-dimensional large type crafts are extensively using crystals for transits, anti-gravitrons, various forms of PK and psionic communication."

"We want your friends at I AM to get into the researching the esoteric properties of crystals. A crystal can act as amplifier for focussed energies generated by people, as transmitter-receiver in communicating with other realms, as transformer-converter for the higher vibrations."

"The research work should start in a modest way, with the use of a large (grapefruit size and up) crude chunk of crystalline mineral, propped up approximately three feet above floor level in the center when sitting in a "circle."

"Keep searching for such a large chunk in specialty shops, quarries, your own sites. Then, through experimenting a while (e.g. perceiving, meditating, concentrating, applying different modes of lighting and sounds, varying octaves on the tonal scale, even perhaps using electronic feedback for resonance) the group will be able to settle for a suitable piece or pieces of crystalline mineral eventually -- by added guidance through regular channels, if need be."

"This is all for now, Happy anniversary. End of transmission..."

Then Quentin's apparition faded away. Nothing remained but the darkness outside the window, and turmoil inside my chest. Yet I had a strong urge to crawl back into bed, which I did, wondering if I could sleep in such agitated condition. But a creeping, heavy drowsiness made me fall asleep surprisingly fast.

Next morning the empty glass on the kitchen floor remained as the only tangible sign for me that anything ever happened there.

A few days later when trying to write Quentin's words down, I had no difficulty to recall the message -- or at least its essence.

Shortly after 11 p.m. on Sept. 18, 1980, I received the following phone call at my place of work, from the man's voice I recognized the intermediary for my alien space friends -- The Psycheans:

"We want you to deliver a letter for us tonight, after you finish work. It would mean about a 45-minute detour for you. We regret the imposition but that's the best way to do it this time, under the circumstances."

"You'll get the letter on your way home. It is unclassified material and can be publicized. To keep it secret any longer is of no great importance to us, only to the opposition. However, we do not anticipate interference from them, for they don't know about this move. But make sure you are not being followed, just to be on the safe side. This phone line is not monitored by them now, so don't worry."

I found a letter on the driver's seat of my locked car. The words 'Northeastern UFO Research' were typed on the sealed envelope. Since the only person connected with Northeastern I know is Tom Grey, I drove out to Mississauga and dropped the letter into his mailbox sometime after midnight.

The following is the content of that letter:

"Your group guessed right. There is a minor 'window area' in Lake Erie, near its treacherous west end but sometimes lashing out as far as Dunkirk. Called the "Devil's Mood" by many since ancient times, it activates unpredictably and in the most erratic manner, causing freaky plane and ship disasters plus disappearances. There have always been plenty of UFO comings and goings through this window, but mostly of unknown kinds and some hostile. Due to its danger-

ous and haphazard nature, this area is not used by the Psycheans for transit or base, but merely as an occasional beat on the Great Lakes grid."

# Part Three

## Flight from Pikes Peak

The next events occurred between August 14 (Friday) and August 18, 1981, in the open fields of Pikes Peak, near the town of Muncie, Indiana. .

For a long time, my alien UFO-naut friends the Psycheans had wanted to get together with me for a safe meeting with 'Buzz' Andrews, so he could recount his UFO adventures to me for publication.

Buzz Andrews was a fellow pilgrim on my 1975 UFO Odyssey, about which I wrote a book. Despite the basic modes of our travel we had in common, his adventures were quite dissimilar to mine, especially upon returning to Earth.

His saucer then got knocked out 'cold' while going through the Bermuda Triangle window area, so he was compelled to take over control of the craft (much earlier on our return trip, he too was trained to pilot various spacecraft, which sealed knowledge reserved for special future contingencies and now got triggered open to his conscious recall by the sudden emergency.)

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

After his final disembarking from the saucer, Buzz was soon figured out for an impostor, and consequently hunted for years after by NATO Intelligence, American CIA, Soviet GRU and KGB, and the MIBs alike.

As a last resort he had to be lifted out by the Psycheans, whose ranks he then joined as an adopted

operative assisting Argus, the resident director in the multiple functionings of the Psychean's Earth mission.

Several months before this Indiana contact I already had strong indications (phone messages from an intermediary, telepathic impressions, then fleeting images of a whitewashed wooden church in the open fields somewhere) of the impending meeting for mid-August, but not the actual location.

Various places to all points of the compass kept popping into my mind, but nothing firm and definite. Nothing until August 14 early morning, that is, when I actually hit the road and left Toronto for about a week to make the meeting in the 'somewhere'.

Then came the urge to start driving south and to head for a point 500 miles away in the state of Indiana. I felt a strong pull to the locale where the first half of the UFO movie called "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" was filmed (partially based on true occurrences in the area).

I reached the general area by late afternoon on the same day. I turned off Interstate 69 to Highway #32 toward Muncie. I drove as if guided, turning unhesitatingly onto a concession road marked 400S, then about two miles to an intersecting road marked 700W.

A whitewashed wooden frame church named 'Pikes Peak Christian Church' stood alone near the intersection, amid the empty vastness of grasslands and cornfields. I instantly recognized the church of which I earlier received those fleeting images. I knew with full certainty that this was the place -- this time I even had a flash of myself heading for the church in the dark of the night, with my watch showing 10 o'clock. Precognition? Telepathy? I didn't know.

Since I still had about five hours until then, I drove 10 miles back to a little town called Chesterfield. There I checked into a hotel at Camp Chesterfield (dubbed as a 'Spiritual Center of Light') to

stay for the Camp's seminary week to start in two days. The idea was to sneak out nightly to Pikes Peak in hope of contact with my alien UFO-naut friends, yet regularly attending seminary classes in the daytime.

Perfect cover, perfect base for evading the skillful MIB hunters. This package 'deal' in the Chesterfield area had been one of the original possibilities for an inconspicuous contact set-up. Aside from that, I had a genuine interest to attend the seminary for its own sake.

That Friday night, August 14, I drove out to Pikes Peak, almost dead certain of an encounter. It was an unseasonably cold night, with a full moon already up in the cloudless sky. The time was about 10 p.m. when I arrived at the white church near the deserted intersection.

There was a big recreational vehicle parked by the church. It was identical to the one I encountered a year earlier in New York City, which was used then as a Ground Control Center by my alien space friends.

The mobile here at Pikes Peak was also a Winnebago, this time with a Kansas plate and a very bright 'Welcome to Grand Teton, Wyoming' sticker on its rear.

As I left my car, a uniformed figure with a strange metal rod emerged from the dark perimeter and addressed me.

"Yep, you came to the right place. I am Captain Schmuck S. Heel of the U.S. Air Force, at your service." He threw a casual salute, then gave me a wide grin and a warm handshake. It was none other than my Psychean friend, Argus!

"Why the Air Force antics?" I asked.

"Good cover, nice uniform. The MIBs love to use it too. Of course I couldn't fool a MIB close up, that's why my shotgun-riding act with this laser-rod device."

A silvery sports car whizzed by, stopping at some



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distance down the road, with its lights going out. A dark figure walked away from it.

"It's all right," Argus assured me. "Just another one of us, Angela taking the guard-watch while I am inside for a coffee with you guys."

He motioned me to follow after him into the mobile. The interior was laid out like a military communications center, jam-packed with consoles, TV monitors, radar-like scopes, racks full of fancy electronic gear that all took up at least half the interior's room. I assumed they had the 'living quarters' in the rear half. Kind of crowded but adequate, and certainly impressive.

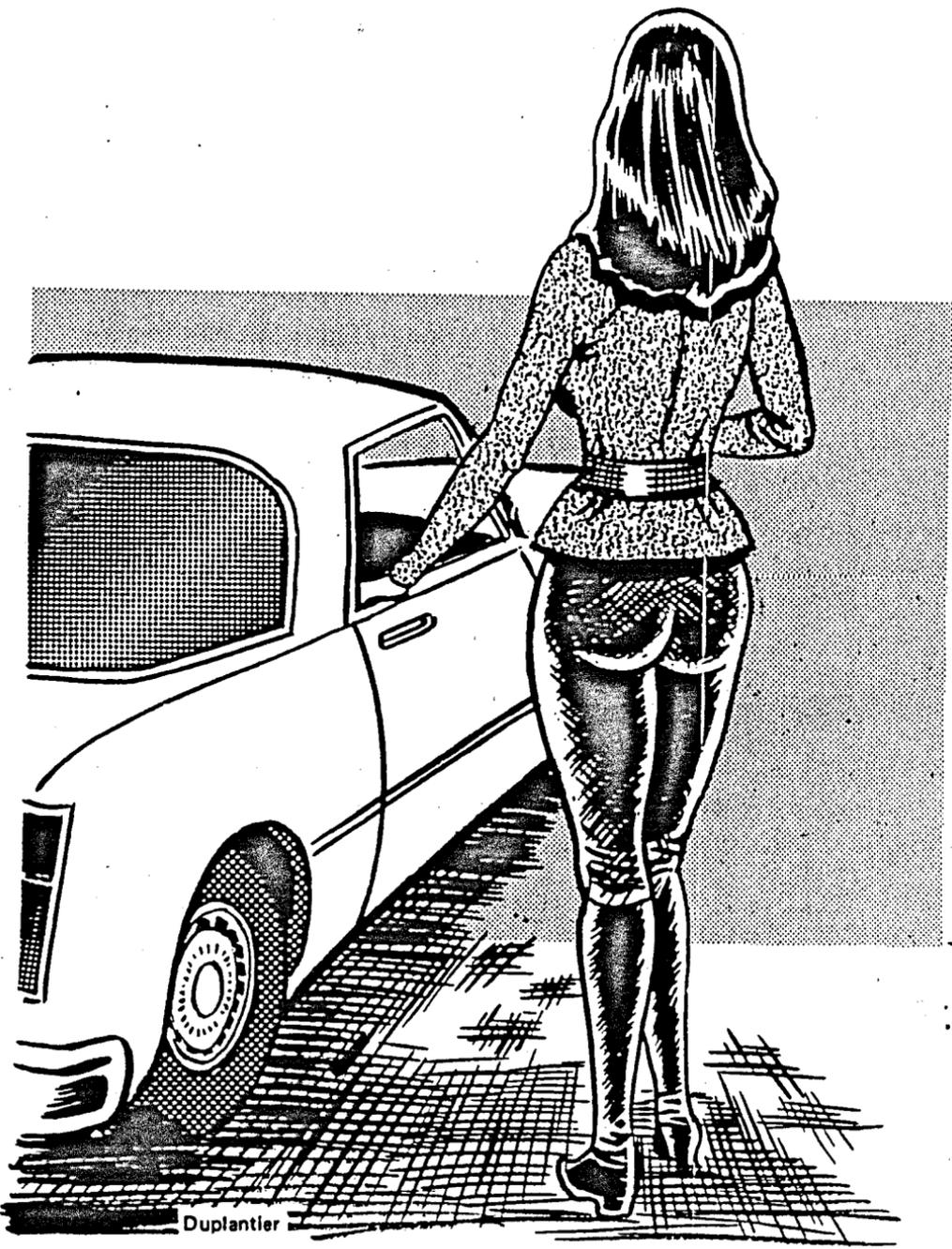
A voice came from a sitting figure in the darkened portion of the control center area.

"Hi, General. And hello Oscar, here you are at last! Excuse my staying in the shadow. I am still allergic to exposure, kind of publicity-shy. Really, it's better for you not to see me, for what you don't know, you cannot tell. By the way, I just brewed some fresh coffee. It's on top of the mini fridge."

"Oscar, this gent with the bad manners is the one and only Buzz Andrews, whose story you came to hear," Argus said. "Taking four hours a session, the story's recounting could be wrapped up in about three nights. Feel free to take plenty of notes, for there are far too many details and references to remember."

"In addition, we'll arrange a future follow-up meeting for general rounding out and possible gap-filling in regards with the story. This'll happen a few months from now, when hopefully you will have the first draft of the proposed book finished. We'll know when it's time, then we'll contact you."

"So relax for now, and get on with it. This time we have a near foolproof security. To take care of such mundane stuff, most of the time I'll be outside patrolling with Angela's help." Then Argus fastened lids on two cups of coffee and slipped out into the Indiana night.



"My real name is not Buzz Andrews. It was coined by the military for a code name, whenever referring to my buzzing annoyances," Buzz spoke up.

"I am a male, white, in my early forties, American from the Northeastern parts originally -- now an adopted full-time Psychean operative, assisting Argus the Resident Director here. This much the opposition already knows. I just hope they don't know anything more, and my true identity can still be kept secret, thus keeping my future options open."

Then Buzz launched into relating his adventures right from the beginning. I found his 'Star Wars'-like story utterly fascinating, drastically different than my own adventures on that very same 1975 Space Odyssey.

He started to talk hesitatingly, but warmed up pretty fast. When it came to Earthside geographical references, somehow he made map-stills to flash onto one of the TV monitor screens. He did likewise with his own sketches, and with newspaper clippings that had some relevance to parts of his story.

Until about 2 a.m. for four hours he kept talking without let-up, except for a few short breaks. Still, it took three more nights to recount his story in full. As a consequence, I didn't get much sleep those nights. Normally, that would have washed me out, had it not been for the helmet and waist-belt boosting devices I was asked to wear during the sessions for the replenishing of my energies. And they certainly did a good replenishing job. Matter of fact, the boosters must have even overcompensated for I was literally glowing with excess magnetism and energy during those days, quite noticeable to many people around me at the Camp Chesterfield seminary.

The second night's meeting was held at the same time and place, inside the mobile. But the third night I found the mobile gone! I left my car and started to walk around in the cold moonlit night, wondering what had happened.

I didn't have to worry very long. Within a few



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minutes an orange point of light became visible in the sky, growing larger and larger as it approached. By golly! It was a UFO, landing in the grassy field near the road, about 200 yards from the church.

I hurried to the familiar looking saucer, which was perhaps a bit larger (30 feet in diameter, I guess) with a bigger and fancier dome on top than the one I travelled in 6 years earlier. This time Argus in his USAF officer uniform was already waiting for me on the ramp. Then, just as I boarded, I noticed a silvery sports car slowly cruising by. It must have been Angela patrolling the area, I figured.

As the door closed behind us, the saucer lifted off. I found the interior vastly modified from that of the one I travelled inside in 1975.

This one had control panels, TV monitor screens, computer terminal read-out screens, racks full of instruments, vast arrays of switches and indicator lights -- the whole thing looked rather like the cockpit of some jumbo jet, in a semi-circular arrangement built into the opposite wall section's curvature.

A dark figure with his back to me was sitting at some controls in the center of this dimly lit 'cockpit'. It was Buzz Andrews.

As the saucer was fast shooting upwards, the clusters of city lights from the 40 miles distant Indianapolis came into sight then receded to nearly nothing. We must have risen up to at least 40 thousand feet altitude, probably to stay out of the traffic pattern of the commercial flights in the area.

As we levelled off, Buzz moved into deeper shadow and let Argus take over the manual piloting. Then Buzz continued with the recounting of his story where he left it off the night before. It was about 2 a.m. when the saucer took me back to the same spot near Pikes Peak Church where it picked me up four hours earlier.

Next night, on the fourth successive one and the



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last one as well of our meeting, we went through the same procedure. The saucer came and picked me up on the same grassy patch between a row of trees and a cornfield, about 20 yards from the edge of the road 700W. The mobile wasn't at the church. It had to be removed. Argus and Buzz thought that the opposition had been very close to zeroing in, and that the MIBs getting on my track pretty soon could not be prevented under the circumstances.

Small price to pay, really -- for heavy harrasement seemed rather unlikely, since the entire opposition camp knew that they could gain many fresh clues if the story came out in the open, even if somewhat damaging for the cause of the Dark Forces.

Of course they would try to silence me for a short while, provided they would manage to get near me and corner me. But I knew I could easily evade them for quite a while.

Then Argus and Buzz asked me again about writing up and publishing the story, possibly within one year. I was also asked about voice recording the whole story when I got home, making two separate tapes, and these to be sent to two maildrops for safe keeping.

It wouldn't matter how crude my narration turned out, but at least something recorded would be left behind for insurance. This was just in case something untoward happened to prevent my writing up the full story for publication.

The saucer brought me back to Pikes Peak around 2:30 a.m. on that fourth and last night. Then it shot up skywards and away in an arc, while I started to walk back to my car.

Suddenly, a police cruiser popped up from the turn-off and came to a screeching halt near me. I think the cruiser was of the Indiana State Police, but I am not sure. The sudden dramatics kind of rattled me.

A lone cop got out to look me over, wanting to

know what the hell I was doing out in the middle of nowhere in the dead of the night, and what was that coming-and-going intense orange light that he rushed here to check out. I told him I enjoyed night-time nature walks, and that the orange light was a UFO that just brought me back to Earth. For a minute he looked very dumbfounded, then without a word he just jumped into his cruiser and drove off in a drag-racer style, pretty nearly running me over in his hurry.

I had a feeling I must have made him a bit uneasy. Or else he just wouldn't want to get mixed up in reporting some wacky UFO caper. I don't know if he ever leaked out anything about his encounter, but two days later I noticed a slowly cruising black car near my hotel and all over the Camp Chesterfield grounds, as if searching for something or someone.

It was a shiny Cadillac with strangely smeared California plates, with three guys behind tinted windows. Then a couple of grave looking gents in dark business suits showed up on foot, plus one Air Force officer turned up later separately.

I saw them from too far a distance for details and didn't feel like getting closer. Anyway, I breathed much easier when I packed up and left for home on the next day as planned earlier.

Nothing dramatically strange has happened to me since. I already made the voice recordings of the full story which I forwarded to the designated safekeeping places. All is well, and I hope to wrest time enough from my crowded daily routine to write up and publish this most remarkable story -- this almost 'Star Wars'-like Space Odyssey in UFOs, as it happened to my fellow pilgrim Buzz Andrews, one time Earth man, now an adopted Psychean alien space friend.

# Part Four

## Encounter in Key West

The meeting described below occurred on the night of March 11, 1982, between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. approximately, at and near Key West, Florida.

I spent one night at a Miami Beach hotel with fitful sleep due to a rather wild 'End of the World' party above my room. Then the next morning, on March 11, 1982 -- since the world was still there -- I drove away in my rented car to Key West, the last intended stop-off on my two-weeks-long Florida holiday.

So far during the holiday, the vaguely hoped for contact with my alien space friends had not materialised.

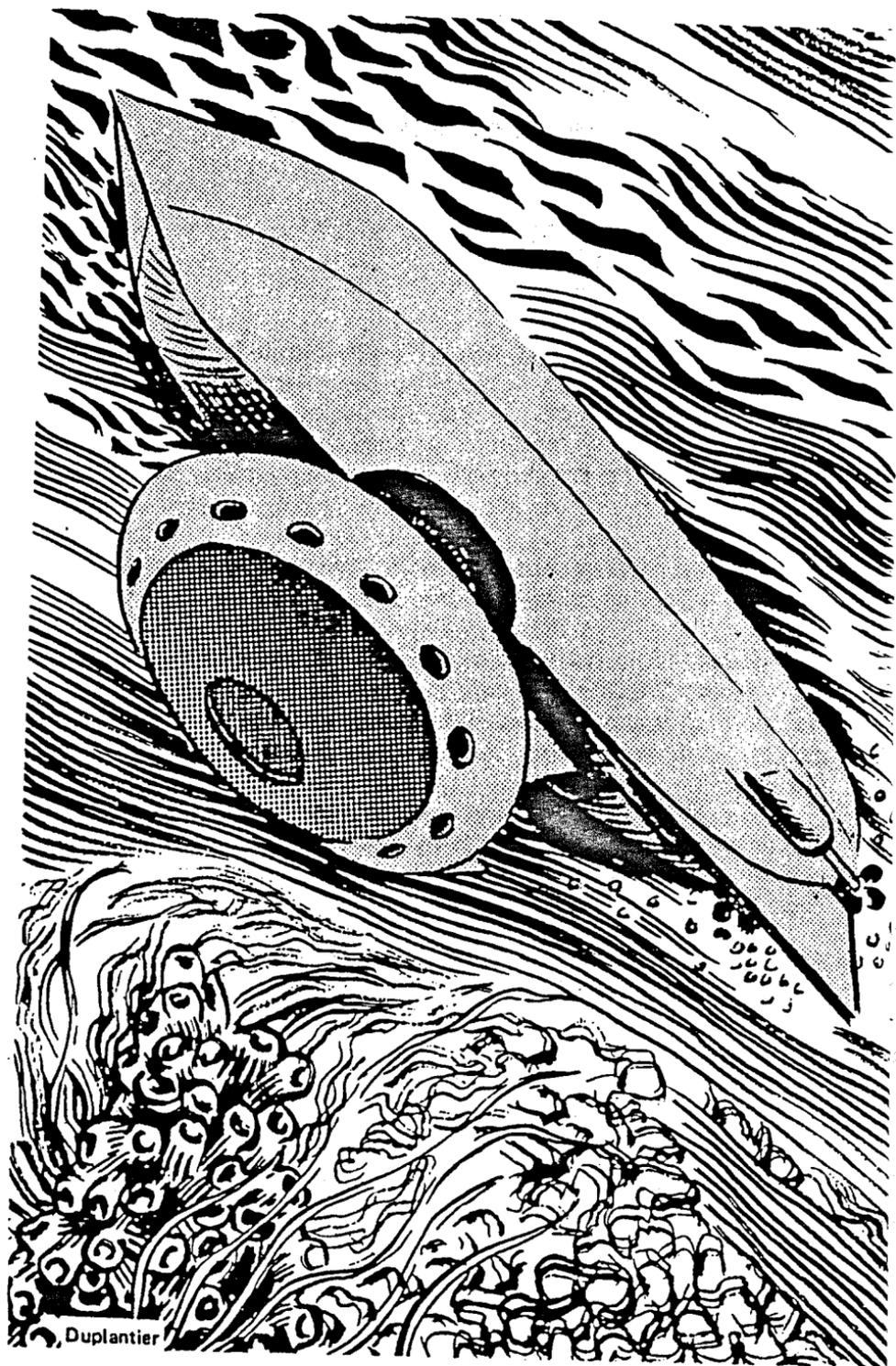
About 10 p.m. that night, as I roamed the romantic waterfront streets of Key West with their carnival midway atmosphere, I happened to bump into a group of seamen upon their leaving a rooftop restaurant.

Led by a bearded and green-eyed officer, the group consisted of five men and two women in starchy white sailor outfits, healthy and very good looking people, mostly mid-thirtyish.

"How've you been doing?" The smiling officer clasped my shoulder warmly, inviting me to join 'the party'. The shock of recognition hit me...he was my alien space friend, Argus!

As I found out, the sailors in tow were aliens too, at superficial looks perfectly passable for Earth people. They were just returning to their ship from a brief shore leave. My 'accidental' bumping into them with such precision timing was quite remarkable -- but no coincidence by a long shot, I felt.

Their jet launch that we piled into was waiting at the foot of Simonton Street, just past the Pler-



house Restaurant. I wondered if this alarmingly exposed spot for alien UFO-nauts was perhaps a cleverly chosen one to hide in plain sight? For there was a U.S. Navy submarine base only a few hundred yards to one side, and a Naval Air Station Annex to the other side.

We sped out a mile or so to an elegantly sleek 60-foot yacht at anchor in the harbor.

"This is Bermuda Triangle country of the old wives' tales, where anything can happen," said Argus grinning mischievously as the yacht headed out with us in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean. "Perhaps it'll make you happy to know, that we are off to a rendezvous near an occasionally activating 'minor window' in the Florida Straits."

With most of the crew out of sight, there were a few of us only in the yacht's wheelhouse. The place was jam-packed with all kinds of instruments and electronic gear -- some familiar like the big radar-scope -- and also some utterly unfamiliar.

"We are being tailed," said the man at the helm, pointing to the well spaced-apart blips on the radar screen. "That nosy U.S. Navy again. And it's not Soviet subs from Cuba they are after, but us."

"Those babies are the U.S. Navy's newest pride, the 'Pegasus' Hydrofoil Boats, capable of 100 mph we cannot shake," Argus responded, "but let's give them a good run for their money...once past the international limit, just open up to our 60 knots top speed."

I was quite impressed by the yacht's performance, wondering what kind of engines were in use. One could not tell by the quiet throb that sounded like conventional twin diesels. We seemed to be flying over the dark waters with a shiny moon looking on us.

The Navy hydrofoils discreetly kept their distance. We were pretty well on an easterly heading, according to the compass. From time to time a low flying hydroplane -- launched from a nearby destroyer most likely -- kept buzzing us diligently, livening up our full-moon night run.

I was so much absorbed by looking at the instruments and the things happening around me, that I hardly noticed the passage of about an hour's time when we came to a dead stop. Then we were bumped from below as if by a surfacing submarine -- which was close to the truth.

"Let's get down for the transfer through the bottom hatch," Argus signalled me to follow him. We squeezed through the linked-up hatches in the yacht's bottom, one by one, along with the crew we came in with earlier from Key West.

Instead of a submarine, I found myself inside a submerged flying saucer (of about 50 feet in diameter, filled with 35 people including our party from the yacht, as I later found out.)

I could hardly see anything in the very subdued lighting, as someone pulled me down to sit. I could make out some crescent-shaped console glowing against the curved wall, with a couple of seated pilots working manual controls.

"Let's dive a bit deeper, then use our underwater top speed. We may lose the hydrofoils that way," I heard Argus giving the instruction.

I felt the craft sinking, then moving in a horizontal mode. One of the pilots gave a loud read-out and running commentary -- very likely for everybody's benefit... "Thirty knots... forty... levelling off near fifty. Can't fool those PHBs, they are right behind us. Luckily though, we are headed straight for the 'Window' which is rapidly stabilizing. But it's still a long way in this crawling mode... at least 20 more minutes."

The saucer's P.A. system must have been tuned in on the Navy's open communication channel, for a lot of background talk could be heard, mixed with terse commands and juicy swearing: "...never mind all the bullshit, Ensign, just keep us glued to that Russkie bastard's tail in the drink... Lieutenant, you are bloody mad... UFOs don't exist! ...Hey, you whatever out there! ...Identify yourself... or else!" This last part was apparently aimed at us.

"Or else what, sir?" Our pilot pushed the transmit button, inquiring politely. There was momentary silence from the other end, followed by the Navy crew's snickering mixed with some gurgling and choking noises from the frustrated C.O.

"Don't give the poor man a heart attack," Argus told the pilot. "Just let's get the hell out of here."

We started to lift and broke surface in a minute, rising majestically out of the waves which reflected the saucer's strong orange glow. We must have made quite a sensational sight.

My all around view through the three large port-holes was excellent. I saw two jet interceptors taking turns to buzz us. An agitated voice was coming on our P.A. system from the Navy channel, "Get that....!!! I order you to get on top of that UFO!"

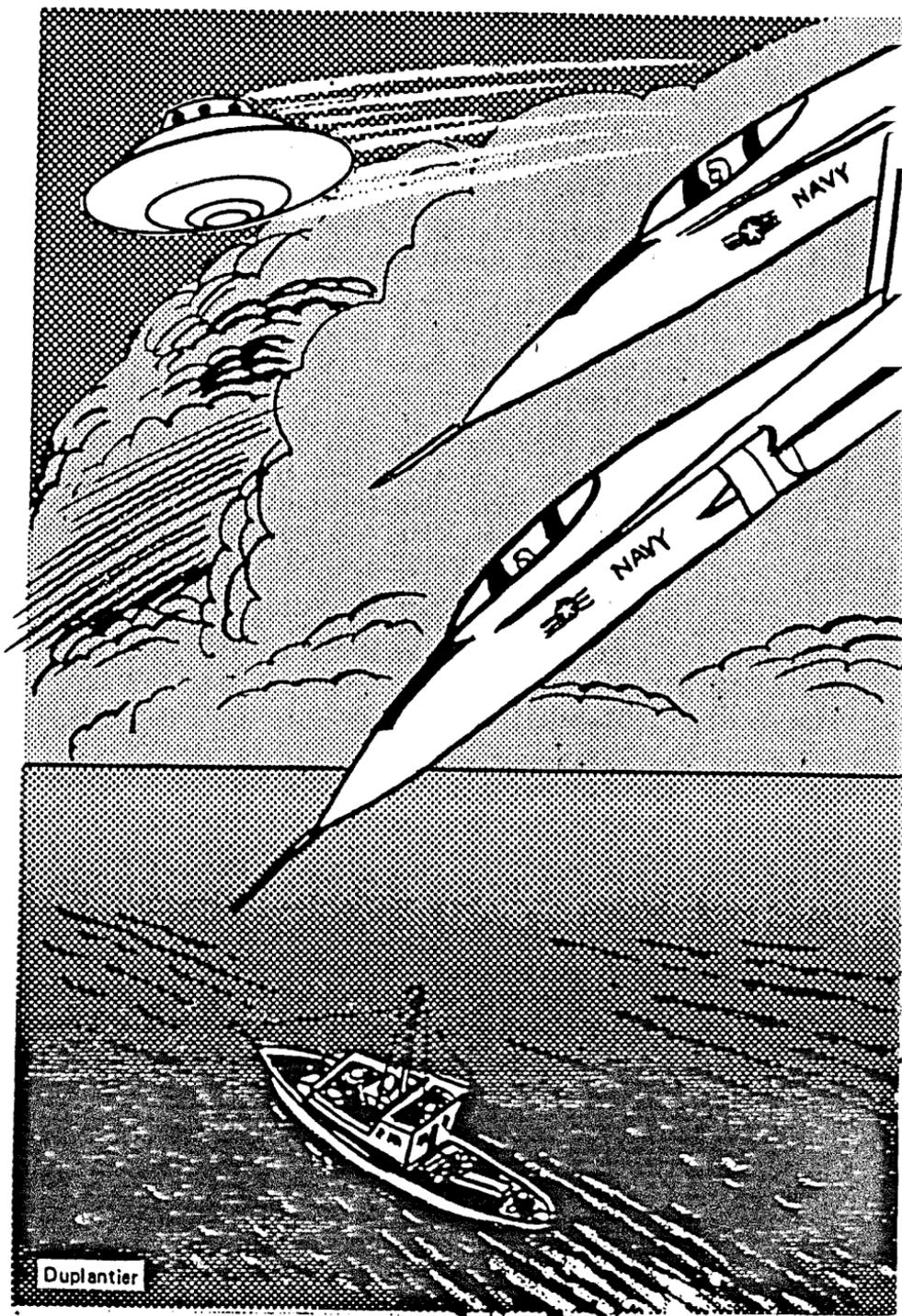
A cool voice replied, very likely one interceptor pilot, "What UFO, sir? You said UFOs don't exist!" Again the C.O. screamed, "I'll get your ass for that wisecrack, Lieutenant!"

Well, the jets were valiantly trying to get on top of us, but they were no match for our fast rate of climb. Then there came a dramatic, instant change in conditions that scared away the jets for good. A portion of the black velvet sky near us suddenly became a menacing whirlpool of orange luminosity.

We flew (or got sucked up) straight into the eye of that horrifying vortex of orange-blue mists. Evidently we encountered the minor 'window' which was already stabilized enough to hurl us through its buffeting funnel into outer space (at least 60,000 miles away from Earth, as I learned later), in a matter of a few minutes.

Fortunately, the saucer could take all the colossal strain and compensate for it, while still staying solidly 'locked' inside one dimension -- my familiar Earth dimension.

There were loud cheers from the people on board



Duplantier

as we levelled off to 'motionless' floating in starlit space between Earth's night side and an unusually large full moon. The saucer's interior lighting went up, and an open bar with a cold buffet was uncovered in the center of the craft.

People started to help themselves and I joined in for a glass of good French red wine. It was the real stuff all right, including the label on the bottle, along with all the food on the tables.

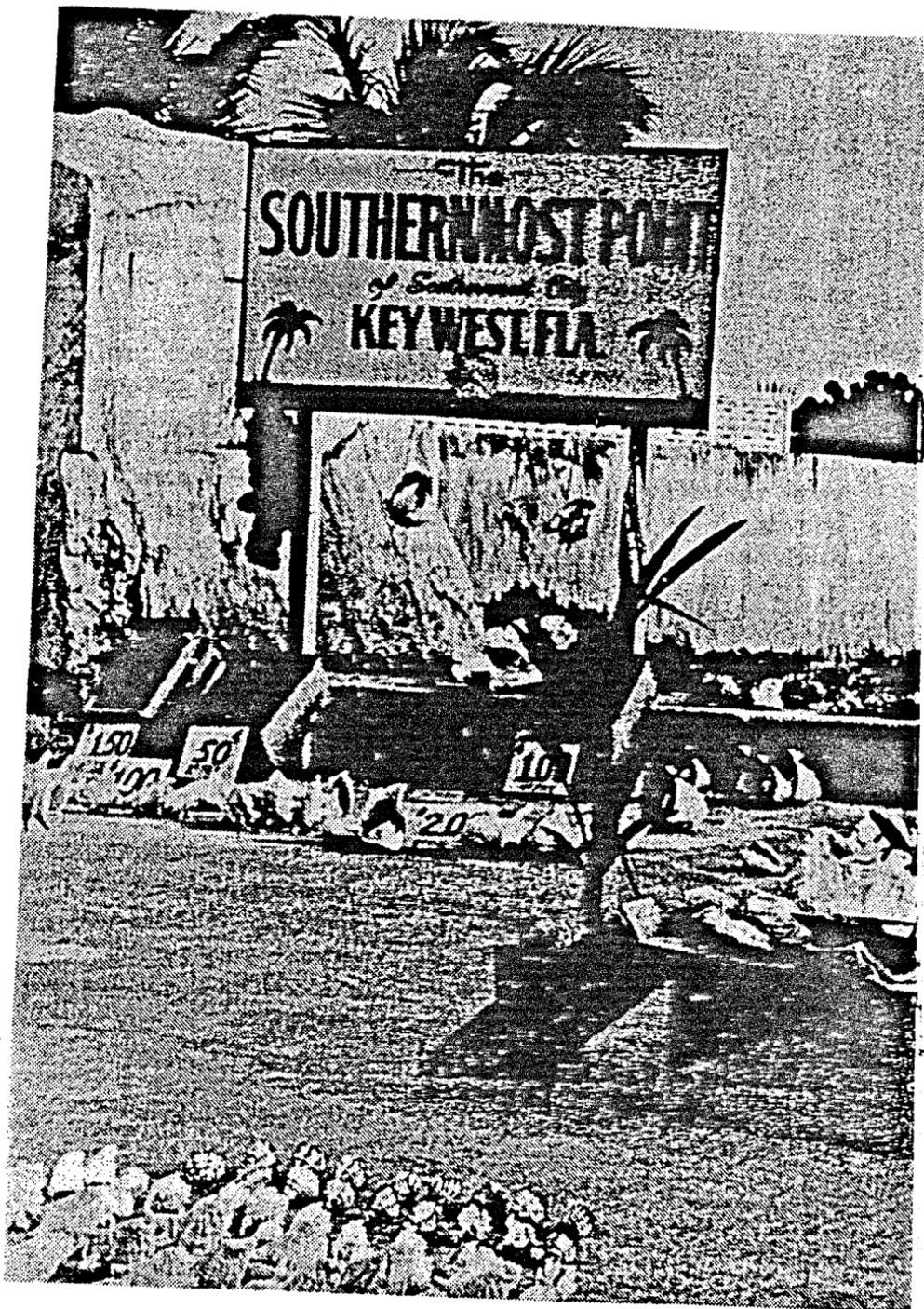
"A little celebration is due, also more shore leave for some, before we sort out all the personnel and send them back to their respective homebound ships." Argus 'buttonholed' me, so to speak. There were no buttons on me, though, for I was actually wearing a boat-neck shirt with horizontal stripes that made me look like a Soviet sailor -- or rather a Venetian gondolier.

The people inside the saucer wore either assorted naval outfits, or just casual clothes. It was hard to tell who was what and where from. And it didn't even matter, for we were all one big family, after all.

"Operation 'World's End - Phase One' is completed," Argus went on. "They'll all soon go home, just to be back in September this year for 'Phase Two'. I am referring to the most massive space fleet ever assembled near planet Earth. The purpose was to counteract the brunt of the planetary alignment's cumulative gravitational pull called the 'Jupiter Effect'."

"Coordinated by Quentin, the Guardian's unofficial representative to the Federation -- this countering operation was a joint Federation project, with the participation of many hundred spacecraft complete with operating personnel of specialists from far flung worlds."

"I mean the Interdimensional Federation of Free Worlds, in which the 'Psychean Worlds' is just one member. Well, the intense work of the last few days is over. We succeeded to ward off only the heaviest



portion of the destructive effects -- but not all of it. Unfortunately, some hairline crack formations in the planet's crust, the tension increase in the fault lines, and restlessness increase in the social fabric could not be helped. These will soon produce assorted natural and man-made calamities in the next months to come."

"Besides, the 'Jupiter Effect' crisis will last until mid 1984. Luckily for you guys, the Council of the Guardians decided to buy some more time for planet Earth, that's why the Federation Fleet's presence for partial countering. Yet, the end is inevitably coming -- not the world's end but an era's end -- meaning any time from the mid 1980s on, but the very latest before this century is out."

"The only question is that how turbulent and destructive the transition into the new era is going to be, both individually and collectively for you Earth people."

"Merry tribulations and happy axis-flipping to us Earthlings," I muttered.

"Yes, happy flipping to you. Just make sure you clean up your act in the meantime, to earn your ticket into the New Era. Over and out." Argus finished his briefing me on the general situation. Before drifting away to speak to others, he asked me to convey his greetings to friends and associates.

As Argus stopped off at a nearby group, I could not help overhearing their comparing notes about places of interest on their planetside 'shore leaves'. I understood that the main focal points of shore leaves this time in North America were Mexico City, Banff in Alberta, Key West, San Francisco, Colorado Springs, Niagara Falls and wide vicinities. They and other groups were also down to just about every major tourist sight in Florida, with Disney World rating as the most fascinating. I caught a fleeting mention of St. Augustine with its 'Fountain of Youth' that Ponce de Leon was searching for nearly 500 years earlier. They were talking about that erstwhile Spanish explorer as if a personal acquaintance.

"Right," Argus spoke to me somberly, seeing the excited curiosity in my face, perhaps even reading my thoughts. "Inside this ship there are some people who actually met Ponce de Leon in person around 1513. We gave him and his cousin several saucer rides. The cousin begged to stay with us, so we adopted him. But it's not the time yet for you to learn about our lifespans or matters of longevity. Remember, we inform you according to the 'need to know' rule."

And that pretty well concluded Argus's filling me in on matters of importance. Afterwards I had some small talk with others in the gathering -- which was rather uninformative, since they all stuck to playing the roles of genuine Earthlings. Yet I was convinced that most of them were aliens, and only a few might have been true Earthmen like me.

Then the party broke up and the saucer returned us through the window's funnel mists to Earth, under the water in the Florida Straits. We linked up with the nearby yacht still being shadowed by other boats, and I transferred along with Argus through the aligned hatches. All others stayed behind in the saucer 'shuttle', apparently bound for other destinations.

Argus and another spaceman escorted me in the jet launch to Key West, near the point we started from earlier. It was close to 2 a.m., but the beach was far from being deserted. There were some dark figures about, who seemed to be moving in on us. The same time, some uniforms were emerging from a rubber raft. Argus and the other spaceman shoved me into a waiting van with engine running, at the water's edge.

We instantly took off with wheels spinning and sand flying. This was followed by a few minutes of random driving around the streets of Key West, as if shaking off tailing cars. I wondered who were we running from -- the Navy, the MIBs, or both? Argus elected to stay silent on the subject, muttering about 'mere routine precautions', but I felt there was much more to the situation. Then the van deposited me half a block away from my hotel. There was a last farewell grin and handshake from Argus, and they drove off into the night. The meeting was over.

## Part Five

### Grim night in Grimsby Beach

These events occurred between 2330 and 0130 hours on the night of Jan. 17, and approximately the same hours on the Sunday night of Jan. 23, 1983, near Grimsby Beach, Ontario, Canada, on the southwestern shore of Lake Ontario.

For several days before the actual meeting, especially over the preceding weekend, I had a growing hunch about an impending contact with my Space Friends.

Some nights I even had an urge to drive out to some distant point by Lake Ontario hoping to see the mysterious dance of recurring nocturnal lights over the water. Then, Monday night, Jan. 17, when my TV set went suddenly dead amid some smoke, I jumped into my car on a strong premonition and drove out of Toronto.

Following my nose, I wound up on the southwestern shore of Lake Ontario at the end of a concession road, about 5 miles east of Grimsby Beach. There, I sat for a while inside the car in the wind gusts of the damp night.

About 2330 hours, some potato chip company's white truck pulled in alongside me. Then a guy from the truck came over and rapped on my window, motioning me to go with him. I instantly recognized him even in the dim light. It was Argus, my alien space friend. I also noticed a light-toned car hanging back, its engine running but lights off.

I followed Argus' right into the truck's inside, through the rear platform. The interior was laid out like a mobile communications center, packed with TV monitors, consoles, recorders and scopes of all kinds. The set-up reminded me of another converted Ground Command Center, a Winnebago mobile the Psycheans used a few years earlier.

"Periodically, we have to switch vehicles to maintain our cover," Argus explained, after greeting



me warmly. "By the way, that blue car you spotted out there is run by Angela, presently on guard duty."

I took a mug of hot coffee offered by another man sitting in the shade of a partitioned front seat -- Buzz Andrews himself -- while Argus kept up the talking.

"Well, Oscar, it took quite a few days of psychic nudging to make you come out here. Even though you came later, perhaps it's better this way, in the unmolested privacy of a quiet Monday night. Weekends are usually rather hectic out here, with plenty of snoopers and 'baddies' sniffing even at UFO watchers."

"Of course, there are always some friendly types around too, at several places. At times even personal friends of yours -- or friends of friends -- keep popping up, some of whom sense quite a lot of the comings and goings. Incidentally, we acknowledge the several requests and questions that came in from near and far to us the past months. We shall try our best responding to each appropriately, circumstances and other obligations permitting."

"Incidentally, most of these friends and associates seem to have their intuitive faculties remarkably well developed. Many of their hunches are dead on, with batting average on the increase. We can tell just through the occasional monitoring of their conversations," Argus informed me.

Then we spent about two hours discussing the progress of my writing the book on Buzz Andrews' space odyssey -- the discussion was the main purpose of our meeting. For me this was most fruitful and timely, since I had just happened to finish the first full draft a few days earlier.

I was summoned on a moment's notice to our second meeting, which occurred six nights later at the same place and under much the same circumstances in damp and uninviting weather. This time we managed to wrap up the discussions on the book's writing,

then spent some time on general talk.

"We noticed the brisk activities of researchers and watchers over the weekend along the Niagara Peninsula and elsewhere in the region. Alert, not missing a thing, some even looking frequently over their shoulders," Argus remarked, without mentioning names.

Afterwards, at the closing of the meeting, Argus gave me the following timely message of some importance to be passed on to friends, associates and sympathizers.

"Many a time in the past 3-4 years, we of the friendly space powers knew about the intimidating harassments and psychic attacks by the Dark Forces on our friends, Light workers, UFO researchers, associates and sympathizers. We were often on top of the situations, yet we chose not to interfere (except in cases of grave danger) -- but rather draw the dark agents out into the open and let them lead us to their connections. In this fashion, we managed to expose and neutralize vast segments of their operational network."

"We apologize for such utilization of friends as bait, but the cleanup job had to be done. Also, some of you wished to help fighting cosmic evil. So all was not in vain. Many of you became much stronger and/or underwent much needed (and unavoidable) purification through these past trials and tribulations. And all this helps the global balance shifting towards the Light. Unfortunately, evil in its many forms and ways is still with us, in spite of rumors to the contrary. Some might say this notion about evil is just paranoia, but is it really? Take a look at happenings in the world. Do you seriously believe that all the senseless malevolence and violence, all the global or personal 'disasters' are just random or coincidental stuff?"

"These are times of trials and tribulations. The end of the era is nigh -- the only question is the 'when' and the 'how'. The 'end' (or the new beginning) could come any time between 1984 and 1996, but

by 1999 the very latest. Beyond 1984, our Space Federation will no longer make major efforts to avert global disasters -- we will rather shift the emphasis to immediate mass evacuation of Earth's decent folks in concert with other allied Space Powers, to be ready whenever the final hour strikes."

"The next two years (1983 and 1984) or so will bring much cosmic acceleration to your world. This will manifest in individual lives, as well as in global affairs. There will be many more dramatic happenings and strange encounters, sightings and insights, profound changes, social upheavals and natural calamities. This period will also bring long awaited answers and solutions, relief and up-swings for most of our friends and sympathizers."

"Your personal job, the job we expect from you is to get your act together. shine your light, help others."

"In case of any specific assignment, you will be informed in due course -- telepathically, or through your own intuition, even through small clues and pointers in your daily life and routines. For most of the time we cannot notify everyone concerned by overt or personal contact. Deep inside, you have your own personal guidance -- use it! Be a self starter!"

In Light and Harmony

Argus,

Resident Director

Earth-assigned

Psychean Mission.

# Part Six

## Questions and Answers

The questions in this section were submitted by some active UFO investigators in Ontario who are seeking answers to puzzling events. They were sent to me, and through an intermediary for the Psycheans, were given to them for evaluation. Their replies were mailed to the individuals involved and what you read here is a representative sampling which should be of general interest to those tracking down the enigmatical UFO.

Q - How can a saucer ride or encounter be arranged?

A - Re requests for personal rides, encounters, closer shows. We must do informing, showing, contacting on a priority and 'need to' basis. Obviously, we can't make any promises, but will keep your wishes in mind in case...

Q - Where do the Pleiades fit in the UFO scene?

A - Re some history -- Pleiades and Orion are the cosmic links to mankind's past -- and present as well. Also, Egyptians are definitely Atlantean descendants (amply substantiated by Edgar Cayce and others). After the break up of Atlantis, the multiracial remnants were scattered (Celts, Sumerians, Incas, Mayans) to Egypt where emerging priest-class usurped ancient know-how for their power play.

Q - How many 'visitors' are there?

A - The number of Earth-mission staff for both the Psycheans and Opposition Forces are relatively small, with roles limited mostly to 'observing and peace-keeping' in compliance with statutes in the old Cease-Fire Agreement between our

Federation (Psycheans and associated systems) and opponents' political front organizations called Imperial Alliance (known as the hostile Dark Forces). Rule bending is quite frequent but hard to prove, especially with the ruthless Opposition.

Q - What are all those orange lights over L. Ontario?

A - Lots of UFO traffic over Lake Ontario are either courier runs, support ships -- or mostly manned saucer patrols to protect and keep this most vital access route open from interference.

Q - What do you know about the 'Kinross case?'

A - The Lake Superior 'window area' is somewhat unstable. Due to 'freaky' conditions on the evening of Nov. 23, 1953, in spite of Psychean vigilance, a hostile spacecraft succeeded to break through to visibility and lured an unfortunate USAF F89 interceptor to the edge of the drifting 'window' where both crafts just simply 'dematerialized'. We have no idea about the fate of the USAF pilot.

Q - Are sightings over Lake Simcoe connected to those of the Great Lakes?

A - Yes. There will be sightings on Lake Simcoe's western shore -- if none over Lake Ontario. No fast rule though. These occurrences are due to shifting conditions in the 'landing circuit and final approach' pattern of the Ontario and Huron 'windows' which may cause some traffic spilling over towards the navigational marker Lake Simcoe.

Q - What is interdimensional transit?

A - Generalities of transiting were already described in Oscar's book (MY SPACE ODYSSEY IN UFOs), and elsewhere. Tom Bearden came very close to the very abstract principles behind the phenomenon.

- Q - Where does Zeta Reticuli fit into the UFO scene?
- A - Zeta Reticuli is loosely associated with the Federation, thus with us the Psycheans.
- Q - What happened to Frederick Valentich, the Australian pilot?
- A - Valentich was indeed picked up by a Zeta Reticulan craft. He elected to stay with them for good, but was back since for several covert visits.
- Q - A UFO was seen over Waterdown, Ontario on Nov. 3, 1981. Was it a Psychean craft or someone elses?
- A - The UFO you witnessed was an unmanned hostile probe. Later that day, this same UFO got exploded north of Toronto. Actually it just ran out of luck and was hit by a searching Psychean energy beam that made the probe implode (inward explosion, back into another dimension) -- that's why no fragments fell to the ground.
- Q - Are phones tapped, and by whom?
- A - Every researcher's phone is intended to be monitored in a cursory way by both the 'good' and the 'bad' guys. However, monitoring reception is erratic, and the beam 'lock-on' may get lost sometimes even for hours -- (causing irritating clicks and buzzes at 'lock-on' resumption). The monitoring process is done by automatic devices that signal for special attention only on talks of UFO related topics -- in which event, recording may start and a live operator may plug in for listening. Any researcher's phone can be monitored anywhere. Tighter or looser monitoring depends on importance of a call or on a priority basis.
- Q - What type of aliens are hostile?
- A - They may come in various forms, many guises. General pointer: You will know them by their fruit. Before approach: Trust your own hunch -- but proceed with utmost caution. When in doubt: Run like hell!

Q - Photos were taken by an American researcher of UFOs over Lake Ontario's western end. Whose craft were they?

A - The photos taken were of Psychean craft.

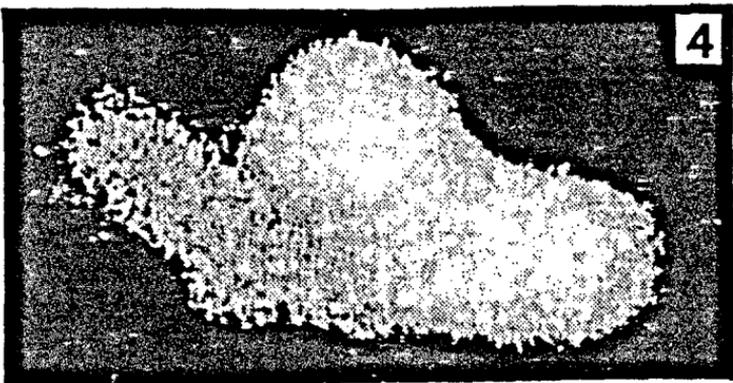
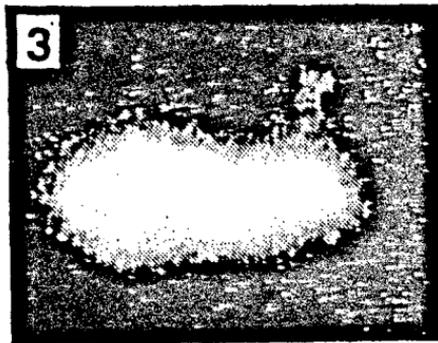
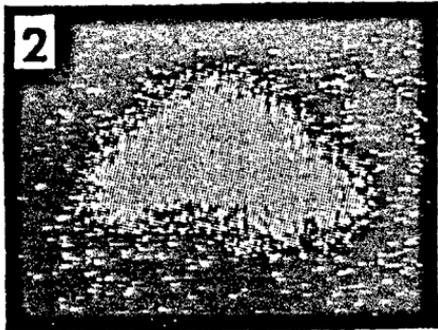
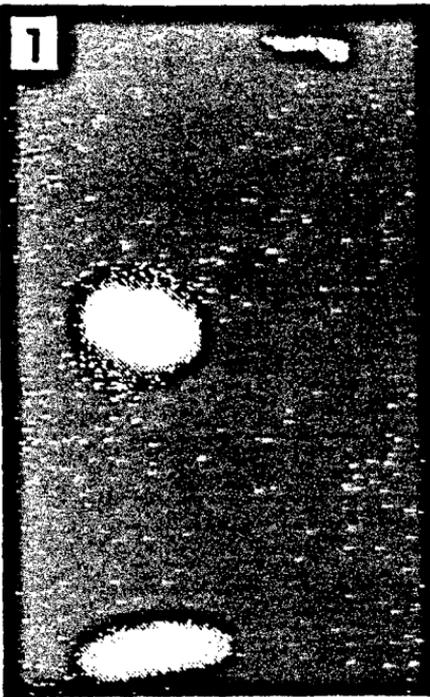
Photo 1 - (3 crafts 'stacked') shows top craft in process of materialization.

Photo 2 - Shows a craft similar (yet vastly modified and updated) to 'Adamski-type' craft.

Photo 3 - Size of craft is 50 feet in diameter.

Photo 4 - 'Tip' is both part of craft and of materialization process as well, creating peculiar optical distortions.

Photographs courtesy of Neil Palumbo



**BEYOND**  
*MY*  
**SPACE**  
**ODYSSEY**  
*IN*  
**UFOs**

**By Oscar Magocsi**

In 1975, Oscar Magocsi revealed details of his excursions in UFOs and his contact with intelligent beings calling themselves The Psycheans. The full story was published in his book titled **MY SPACE ODYSSEY IN UFOs**.

Now, after eight years of further contacts in Canada and the United States, his latest meetings with space beings are recounted here in **BEYOND MY SPACE ODYSSEY IN UFOs**.

The author's confrontation with a Psychean apparition in his home; a chilling scene with MIBs on a Manhattan street; an underwater ride in a UFO off the coast of Key West, Florida; dark-of-night UFO rides near Muncie, Indiana and a chilly night-time rendezvous with Argus, his longtime space friend make fascinating reading.

If you read his first book and wanted to know what has happened since, then **BEYOND MY SPACE ODYSSEY IN UFOs** is what you have been waiting for!