

***The message from other worlds:
seven hours onboard
an alien spaceship***

Eduardo Pons Prades>

(Original title: [El mensaje de otros mundos](#) siete horas a bordo de una nave espacial extraterrestre)

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At some point in time, this messages will hopefully be shared by the coming cosmic, open, lovely society that will arise after the present animalistic, ego focused world of today has collapsed.



****)**Eduard Pons Prades (1920–2007) was a Catalan historian and anarchist. Pons Prades was a 'Confederación Nacional del Trabajo' (CNT) member who joined the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War. Wounded in 1938, he joined the French resistance and fought as a guerrilla in Aude. He was once captured in a secret trip to Spain in 1946 but escaped. Pons Prades left France in 1964, returning to Spain. He founded the publisher Alfabeta and has written in multiple history journals and literary magazines.

INTRODUCTION.

This introduction, dear reader, cannot be a normal introduction, because the subject that we are going to address together in these pages is, to put it in the words of my good friend Antonio Ribera, one of the most important that the man of the twentieth century has to face. For, just as we often say that Catalonia's problems cannot be solved except by focusing on and linking them to those of the rest of the Iberian communities and, by extension, that Europe's "regional problems" will not have a fair solution unless Europeans form a united band - with that peaceful desire par excellence that is to balance and moderate the confrontation between the two great superpowers and, on a planetary level, know how to radiate desires and hopes that are common to the human race - in the same way perhaps the time has come to seriously consider whether the problems of the Earth - the danger of nuclear war, which prevents us from enjoying life to the full, hunger, which kills fifty million human beings every year, a third of whom are under 5 years old - need to be approached on a cosmic scale. And to do so, naturally, one of the first measures to be taken is to disqualify so many charlatans and freeloaders who swarm around, and to support, by collaborating with them, those who take - and have always taken - all human affairs very seriously.

Hence, so that the little or great influence that these pages may have on the friendly reader is fully positive, one has thought it appropriate to "surround" his experience with a series of texts that show that, before his encounter with them, the author had already met men and women from Earth with a cosmic vision of existence, who possessed the humanity and intelligence of extra-terrestrials, before they burst into our lives.

ABOUT "MANIPULATION".

My parents were libertarians. Which means that, from a very young age, my two brothers, my sister and I were already taught to live freely. As freely as possible, in a world that is increasingly violent, aggressive and limiting. First, in our home, where my father never hit or punished anyone, preferring to explain, talk, reason, ad nauseum, about the small problems that could arise in our lives. Maybe not so much at home as at school or on the street. At the same time, we were awakened to a sense of responsibility and critical thinking. I will speak in particular about my upbringing - I am the eldest of four siblings - and my education.

Not only did my father not punish his children by word or deed, but also didn't punish the many apprentices he had working with him. And this was when he was a young worker in his native Valencia. His emigration to Barcelona in 1915 was due to an incident with the manager of a toy factory where my father worked. He had earlier told the manager that if he had occasion to discipline any of his apprentices, he should first inform him. But it happened that one day, when my father was away, the foreman beat up an apprentice, (a very common thing in those days and for many years after), and when the foreman was asked to account for it, the henchman of the factory owner threatened my father. Never do that! A fellow worker in the workshop - *a cabinetmaker named Cervera* - told me what happened: "The foreman threatened and cursed your father, Eduardo. A very foul threat, because your father, as soon as he heard the threat, turned around and gave him a powerful blow. Don Santiago - the foreman - fell to the ground and did nothing but get up and your father gave him another punch. And so on until several workers intervened and took the foreman to the medicine cabinet to be treated. What a beating he gave him! I had never seen your father so out of his mind, to be honest. He, who was a peaceful man, of infinite patience, that day seemed like a beast striking out. You cannot know what it meant in those days for a worker even if he was right, like your father to beat up a foreman.

Yes, I did, because our mother had explained it to us: my father was put on the blacklist of the Valencian woodworkers association. It was what was known as the 'hunger pact'. It was one of the many 'inventions' of the employers Spanish and non-Spanish to try to subdue and control the workers. And, like so many others, he had to emigrate and reach the 'promised land' which was Barcelona. That perhaps explains how many workers from Valencia ended up in Barcelona (because my father was not, by far, the only Valencian cabinetmaker subject to the pact).

It is worth mentioning this point first of all: none of us smokes, or drinks, or is fond of gambling, or has ever slept with a prostitute, or violated private property, at least not directly and personally, and has always lived off the fruits of his

own labour, never off the labour of others. I mention all this because these particularities must have had some influence, one thinks, when it came to being chosen by the aliens as their messenger. What is more, no toy that had any relation to violence ever entered our house, nor did we ever see any books that incited or encouraged it in our parents' modest library. Nor any publication that awakened the base instincts that, as is known, each of us stores in greater or lesser quantities inside us. The same was true of the films we watched. Our parents never forbade us anything. They explained to us the inconveniences, discomforts and dangers that some inclinations could bring us. And it was we who had to decide, from a very young age, I repeat, what we would or would not do. Hence my lack of interest in gangster, Western or horror films and my great passion for musical comedies and comedy films when I was a child. Consequently, we had no interest in weapons, nor the slightest inclination to coerce or violate anyone. Although this does not mean that one gave up airing children's street disputes with blows or stone throwing, from time to time. But only when persuasive verbal resources failed; because I perfectly remember that, at times, the verbal warnings given by me were cancelled as soon as I heard someone say: "You are afraid of fighting!"

Until we reached July 1936, when, with a military uprising as a starting point, I was able to see that, in such circumstances, most of what my parents had taught me was of no use to me. To defend my freedom and my dignity - and those of my people, of course - the "saviours of the Fatherland" left me no other path than that of arms, nor any other desire than to try to eliminate my enemy before he eliminated me.

So not only did I have to jump into the Iberian ring to kill, but, being a newly minted high school graduate, I joined a Training and Command School of the Republican Army, in Escorial de la Sierra, at the foot of the Guadarrama (part of the mountain ranges along the centre of the Iberian Peninsula), from where I graduated with the rank of sergeant instructor of accompanying machines. Which meant that not only did I have to learn to be a killer myself, but I also had to teach other boys to be killers too. So, I ask myself: if my parents prepared me to live in a future world, the one dreamed of by them and so many of their companions, fraternal and free knowing very well, because they were '*suffering in their own flesh, every day, as fighters for workers rights*', that we had to change the world in which we lived, because it was inspired by the lowest passions of man. Could it be said, I repeat, that I was "*manipulated*" by my parents? And even more: if that "*manipulation*" was oriented in the purest sense, could it be described as having a negative influence?

I think, therefore, that the crew of the spaceship I encounter would have manipulated me, in the bad sense of the word, if they had insisted on making me see white as black (although it is true that they showed me colours that I had never seen) and claiming that it was day when it was night. Or that, suddenly, a galactic high priest or a charming priestess appeared, dictating orders coming, for example, from the Supreme Cosmic Order, and with no other alternative than unconditional compliance and irrational resignation. For now, I have no news of the existence of galactic dogmas of any kind, or of cases in which any of those who have had contact with them have exclaimed: Here are our saviours!, or that they have built a miniature flying saucer, with their crew inside, like a Holy Communion, or images of their extra-terrestrial visitors, which they have placed on an altar, surrounded by lit candles and votive lamps, and that they are periodically venerated.

Or, what would be much worse: that they did what priests or witches have done - it doesn't matter - in our latitudes, since time immemorial, which is to force others to venerate symbols or reproductions of "gods" or "virgins", of "apostles" or "martyrs", etc. And to me, mind you, this is the last thing that would occur to me: to give my testimony the slightest religious, evangelical or mystical touch, or a premonition of apocalyptic catastrophes or of paradisiacal beatitudes of a supernatural nature. I still believe, as before and as always, it is the Man and Woman of the Earth who must set out on their own journey through life following the path has been known since ancient times: it is that of 'peace and fraternity' resolutely, towards a more dignified and free life.

Although sometimes, we have to repeat it until it sinks deep into our consciences, that peace and fraternity must be won by fighting tooth and nail. However, the opposite has happened: they '*the extra-terrestrials*' know perfectly well that, given the idea of 'interfering in our affairs' and 'manipulating us' who would set the limits of that interference?

On the other hand, that corresponds to a behaviour, to an attitude that is presumably centuries old in them that of 'not interfering in other people's lives' and I do not believe that they would break that noble tradition for anything.

Or only in case of legitimate self-defence. But, as you will see, none of the topics we discussed during our long conversation, punctuated by long silences, presented anything very new to me. The only novelty was, perhaps, that they were so well focused, since one's mind never rested until clear, conclusive and unquestionable conclusions had been drawn. So much so that, during the course of the conversation, I asked myself the same question several times: "But how come I hadn't thought of this before?" So, if manipulation - apparently so feared by some - served to round out the analysis of each of our problems more quickly and to stop, once and for all, fruitless discussions and argument, I would have no other option than to shout: "Welcome, then, manipulation!"

On the other hand 'hearken to the footsteps, comrades!', if one has any information about the odious and pernicious manipulation of which the vast majority of earthlings are victims by the tiny minority, for the exclusive benefit of the power and privileges of the latter, who has the moral authority, on this terrestrial globe of our happiness and misfortunes, to accuse anyone of 'manipulations', 'brainwashing' or other actions of such a nature?

They told me several times that they left it to my free will when, in what form, and under what conditions I could spread the message, as well as my impressions, with which, naturally, I intended to support it. I imagine that, if I had been so 'suggested' by them or manipulated, it makes no difference, as soon as the message had been transcribed in my mind I could have appeared in any sensationalist magazine in Europe " *which, as is well known, there are in abundance*" and that would be it. I mean, I didn't have to worry too much about it.

But instead of acting in such a way - trivializing the subject as so many others do - I started typing, at the rate of 2 to 3 hours a day, transcribing "memories" and "reflections", and I devoted 6 or 7 hours a day to reading books and magazines dealing with UFOs, published in France, Spain and Italy.

Exactly four months after my encounter with them, I decided to stop reading because I already had clear the true motives of so much expectation - the "scientific" one in particular - and so much speculation, **and I decided to collate all my notes personally - close to two thousand pages - into the form of a book.**

Because for me - a historian who investigates on the ground, who never leaves the arena - the medium of a book continues to be the most worthy vehicle that exists to communicate with others. But I must say that, if I had judged it useful, I would have spent weeks or months reading the "specialists," especially if I had delved into UFO literature from American or Soviet sources - and I did read something from both sources, as you will see. I must confess, once again, that from what I have read - and not only about UFOs, but also with reference to some classical and modern thinkers - I have come to the conclusion that much of what is known as "human scholarship" is above all a mass of speculations, some more ambiguous than others, whose main disguise is the rounded phrase, which almost always - it must be admitted - "*sounds*" very good. That is why these "thinkers" have had no great difficulty in crossing the barrier of time, often cutting in full flower other fruits of the human intellect that contained genuine truths, much more worthy of attention and study. In a word: it does not take much insight to see the common goal of so many scholar-talkers: the perplexing and the dumbing down of the vast majority, since, how would the chosen ones stand out, if there were not an amorphous and uneducated mass? And, at the same levels, to overwhelm their colleagues with "learned texts" and "masterful communications", they feed and encourage the speculative struggles to which they regularly engage, with as little discretion as they have an unstoppable pride and insolence.

That is to say, if it were possible to establish the great list - the roll call of the personalities whose passage through life, whose only incentive is nothing more than a simple covering up of past records and cultivating their insatiable egocentrism which they magnify and elevate to the category of sublime discourse, shamelessly and repeatedly then it is very possible that we would begin to see more clearly and understand the true reasons for this constant drifting of this ship called Earth. And by chance, and by extension, the origin of all the frightful rackets that have been mounted around the subject of extra-terrestrials and their countless, mysterious and alarming extensions. And, consequently, to see who our main manipulators are and what resources they use to falsify, adulterate and sterilize the

incomparable power of popular creativity of the common people, of the vast majority which, in my opinion, is the primary cause of our incessant misery.

I will also say that many "specialists" whom I will not name - so as not to give them publicity - who, apparently, travel from one end of the world to the other periodically to "enlighten" us about our extra-terrestrial past, could write their books, calmly, without leaving their home and just by reading and rereading, among others, H. G. Wells, Jules Verne or Edgar Allan Poe.

NOTICE TO NAVIGATORS.

For some time now I have read tremendously insane things about the "UFO phenomenon." Let me explain: I have been perplexed, and deeply alarmed, before an endless rosary of ramblings and speculations, about the human mind, that produce shivers and even nausea. And not so much because of the predictions and conclusions that the "specialists" spread in their "learned" works, but because of the growing influence - which I consider dangerously harmful - in the sense of making people believe, of instilling in people that the human mind can distil the most abject monstrosities imaginable; that is, being able to imagine many just by sticking to those we have witnessed in this last half century.

But the mind is like consciousness. If it extends more and more intensely over human sensitivity every day, it is clear that, at the same pace, the space abandoned to unconsciousness is being reduced. And to be able to reach that stage that one imagines something wonderful: that in which the scarce unconsciousness would act - *if it could do so* - in full consciousness. The mind - *as is known* - is something very little known and often poorly used. That is why the phrase "it has a convoluted mind" is something that is heard more and more frequently every day. Why? Simply because the environment does not allow for more. If I am guided by my own experience and that of other people with a similar background to mine, apart, in any case, from religious influences one believes that all this is a question of family and social environment.

With this warning I intend to get ahead of that gang of charlatans-specialists who, as my editor warned me, are going to come upon us like real birds of prey. And by giving them news of what my mental evolution may have been roughly speaking throughout that half century I spoke of earlier, I am providing them with material to whet their appetites. And see, if they still have the capacity to look and see without blinkers and without those pseudoscientific filters that they have invented, human things terrestrial and extra-terrestrial with wide open and clear eyes, with clear understanding, with an expanded heart and with the most generous disposition that they can display. I know it's a lot to ask, but I don't want to leave it at that. I said I was almost ready to write this chapter before sending the outline of the book to my editor, and if it didn't figure in the initial project it's because I never had the slightest inclination to be considered a provocateur. But these days, at the end of 1981, a work entitled "Notes on the UFO theme" fell into my hands, whose introduction reads as follows: *"In the same way that the phenomenon adapts to the ideas of the time and place in which it occurs, the same occurs with the messages, which adapt to the personality of the person or group to whom they are addressed."* The wording of the chapters and some of the captions are also a poem. Let's read the first ones: 1). It is not a purely physical phenomenon. 2). It is not a purely psychic phenomenon. 3). Its origin is not at all clear. 4). There is some kind of intelligence (a hidden and sinister plan) behind the phenomenon. 5). It is not clear whether they are benevolent towards us. 6). If we consider the phenomenon, relating the different types of "contact" that history presents, we observe two kinds of situations, forming two groups, one with fixed characteristics and the other with variable characteristics.

And in the captions we read: "Are UFOs mere mental creations of those contacted? Imaginary phenomena created by fantasy? Unusual events, transformed into tangible events by the mind, in a paranormal way? Or real events? coming from an external intelligence, capable of influencing the human psyche? Or, "Perhaps it is in the depths of our mind where we must look for the nature of the phenomenon that we know today as the UFO? Perhaps, as some researchers

claim and others insinuate, some kind of intelligence, perhaps identifiable with deep levels of our own unconscious, is capable of projecting itself, using the faculties with which the mind is endowed, outside of our physical being, to elaborate a kind of psychodrama, destined to modify our consciences".

The truth is that any "contactee" who reads this, or other things of a similar nature, must necessarily exclaim: "Wow, I didn't think I was so deteriorated mentally!" When it would be much easier and more humane to let each person explain his or her experiences, however strange they may seem to some and others, without discrimination of any kind. Because the most dangerous individuals, alas, are not in mental asylums and prisons, but are out there, ready to catechize and evangelize, "scientifically" of course, that legion of humans who do not know their bodies or their minds very well. Even though these new earthly priests know very well, thanks to what kind of catechizers and evangelizers the people of the Earth - except for those of some tribes - do not know their bodies or their minds, nor do they have the slightest idea of how their conscience could develop naturally. But let's go with my condensed curriculum vitae. My home street and my childhood friends "the survivors" can testify that the Pons Prades brothers were happy children, with no other problems "*neither as children, nor as adolescents, nor as adults*" than those derived from the humble condition of our parents and as worker fighters with libertarian ideas. Today I will only talk about myself.

From a very young age I slept well and from time to time I had wonderful dreams that almost always took place in the middle of nature. This was because my parents took us to the countryside almost every Sunday "*in autumn, winter and spring*" near Tiana "La Conreria" (Barcelona) and in summer to Montgat beach (Barcelona's Coast). My mother made me explain my dreams to her from time to time. I never had the slightest nightmare, because my parents were not the kind who threatened their children with the bogeyman or hellish stories or other nonsense of that kind. Nonsense that gave many boys and girls complexes for the rest of their lives. I know of several cases, even in my own street. The first teachers I had were Monsieur and Madame Gabarrou, who had their academy on Calle del Carmen, very close to the Rambla de las Flores.

They had lived in Barcelona since 1914. They were such good people that the outbreak of the First World War must have horrified them. And since Monsieur Gabarrou was a person incapable of killing a fly and a great lover of life, he preferred to go into exile in Catalonia and teach the boys and girls entrusted to him to be good people. Then, in 1918, at the end of that new massacre, as the great Anatole France said after the first confrontation between Germans and French, in 1870, it was clear that the youth of both countries had gone to war to defend "everything" except their homeland. That is undoubtedly why I never heard any of my teachers talk about it - about a local homeland - nor about my parents, of course. We were taught and we learned that our homeland was the world and our family was humanity.

It was that simple! The kindness of that French couple left its mark on me forever. That is why I always had beautiful dreams and never a single nightmare. Until our civil war broke out in 1936. Then I stopped dreaming, but without having nightmares of any kind, even though the situation was rather conducive to them. I stopped sleeping unsteadily. So much so that, already in 1937, many mornings, when I woke up, my mother would ask me: Did you hear the bombing last night? Later and with this I gave rise to all kinds of jokes in the battle of the Ebro, hidden deep in the shelter, I slept soundly while the enemy, with their artillery and their aircraft, literally destroyed our positions. Do you remember, comrades, the special machine gun battalion of the V Corps, when we defended hill 424, on the crest of the Val de la Torre, lost during the day several times and recovered at night as many times? Because it turns out that the Republicans, with our artillery and air cover so meagre, were forced to operate in the dark. And the only thing I remember dreaming about since my baptism of fire in the Sierra del Guadarrama, in the autumn of 1937 was my bed in Barcelona, its clean sheets and warm blankets. We could say, at most, that they were dreams slightly tinged with nostalgia.

In 1939 until 1944, during my French exile, including my second war ([the French campaign, 1939-1940](#)), which I fought on the borders of France, Luxembourg and Belgium, I continued to sleep like a log. Without dreams or nightmares, despite having the Nazis within range. I slept eight, nine and even ten hours a night. A regimen of rest that I would continue to practice - after losing my second war as well - later, as a peasant, and also later, in 1942-1944, when I had to serve as a guerrilla in the South of France. I spent the years 1944-1948 virtually in Spain, living and acting in a

completely clandestine way. The family whose home I rented for nearly two years still lives at number 26 Vuelta del Ruiseñor, in Valencia. There I neither dreamed nor had nightmares, and it was just as well, because the lady, the housewife, was the widow of a captain "fallen by God and Spain," addicted to the Franco regime, of course, so that if I had taken to daydreaming, for example, or having nightmares, the good lady would have wasted no time in going to report me to the police.

I went into exile again, walking the Pyrenees alone, in the spring of 1948. And I continued sleeping normally. Well, what I understand by "normal" since July 1936, since I would have liked to return to my wonderful childhood dreams.

Now, in my sixties - yes, I am from the "la Quinta del Biberón or fifth of the bottle," (The fifth of the bottle, adolescence among rifles. A large group of up to 30,000 young people were enlisted by the Republican side under the guidance of Manuel Azaña to fight on the final fronts of Catalonia in April 1938. Their participation was more during the last 2 years of the civil conflict. Less than half survived the war and post-war period and a very small group founded in 1983 the "Agrupación de Supervivientes de la Quinta del Biberón" (Survivors Group of the Fifth of the Bottle) which is still active today.)

But I enlisted voluntarily before being called up - I continue sleeping my seven or eight hours and my partner can attest that I do not have any nightmares and I can assure you that I continue not dreaming.

As for conscience and the great importance that children's education has in shaping it three quarters of the same thing has happened to me. Neither in the Guadarrama (autumn-winter of 1937), nor in the Segre (spring of 1938), nor in the Ebro (summer-autumn of 1938), it ever occurred to me to insult, and even less mistreat, any prisoner of war. Not even the Italians *some of them quite cocky* that I had to lead to the Falset football field one day in August of 1938.

And in France, in the guerrilla, just as in Spain, my only obsession was always to harmonize the effectiveness of the actions with the safeguarding of my men. The German prisoners that my detachment took including an SS captain were handed over to the French military authorities in the same state that we captured them. But disarmed and without papers, yes. In a way, they also benefited from my "obsession."

And I must say that one of them was the armed "lord and master" of the eastern part of the Carcassonne region for almost a week (20-26 August 1944), during which time I dismissed several municipal councils loyal to Marshal Pétain and their respective mayors. In the case of one of them, I could have taken justice into my own hands, as in the case of the mayor of Douzens, a certain Montlaur, who, in the autumn of 1940, had behaved miserably towards a dozen families of Spanish refugees living in his municipality. With a bit of bad luck, after that inhuman behaviour, many of them could have ended up in a German extermination camp, as happened in central France, in the Angoulême region. But my detachment did not bother anyone in the least. And of their leader, a servant, those villages keep - I know, having visited them this past summer - a good memory. There, in 1944, there was no nervousness, no shouting, and even less hysterical gestures on our part.

I am not going, with false modesty, to ask for forgiveness for having presented myself as a "model." I could have cited dozens of cases - many of them are in my books - but I preferred to talk about the case that was closest to hand and that, in this situation, could best serve - *if it serves any purpose* - those who would feel some inclination to study my mind, my paranormal resources or other internal or peripheral powers.

So, if it is clear that the man and woman of tomorrow are formed in today's child, and that this is formed at home, at school and on the street, it will be no less clear that what we should do is not to stir up the small amounts of bad temper that, apparently, we all store inside us, but to cultivate the good inclinations, generosity and love, or the companionship that one is capable of. And that is the end of the matter. And let's hammer this home: we have come into the world - *Antonio Gala tells us* with beautiful and, at the same time, painful words - to try to be happy, and we will not be able to be fully happy except to the extent that all those around us are also happy, even if they are thousands of kilometres away from us and their skin is a different colour than ours.

I could also talk about my experience in a Spanish prison, in the winter of 1945-1946. Particularly with boys of gypsy descent - they worked as "caretakers" in Girona, apparently - whom I met in my forties and had as students in the prison school later. I lived with one of them in quarantine for several days. According to society he was a criminal, but I can say that there he gave me proof of an exemplary spirit of solidarity, being a complete stranger to him. And a "politician", so as to not miss a detail. But that would be prolonging this chapter too much – but perhaps not unnecessarily. I want to say, however, that from a very young age I heard my father say that man was born good, and that it was society that made him bad. I confess that, at times, I came to doubt it, but at this point I recognize that my father, and all those who thought like him, were right. The sociologist Anne Druyan and the researcher Carl Sagan confirm it for us - scientifically - in these pages. My father also said that it was and is within the reach of each one of us, the possibility of ensuring that society fulfills its corresponding mission: to provide the means for all its members to be good people and happy people.

Before finishing, another brief clarification: from my paternal grandfather, Pons Ferrer (a federal republican who already fought with the public forces in Valencia, demonstrating in support of the autonomy demands of the Cubans and the Filipinos), through my father, Pons Sistemes (one of the founders of the CNT Woodworkers' Union in Barcelona), myself, Pons Prades, and my four children, Pons Santano, in our family we are already in the fourth generation of people totally disconnected and totally unconcerned with everything religious. In other words, we are not, nor have we ever been, immersed in "crises of faith." Nor have other people's crises of this type caused us depression or trauma of any kind. Let each one eat his own bread. Consequently, the extra-terrestrials - and specifically the crew of the ship Light of the Cosmos - have not appeared to me in the form of virgins or saints, as some people apparently claim to have seen; Neither under the guise of demons or genii, as followers of esoteric traditions seem to see them; nor in the form of mysterious initiates, as scholars or pseudo-scholars of the occult claim to see them.

On the other hand, my father also told us that the best preacher is the one who preaches by example and, if possible, makes it clear that he does not obtain any material gain from preaching. Well, in view of the lucrative commercial schemes that this group of mind-altering investigators, of conscience and of the most intimate and dark recesses of the human being have set up, one wonders what these people would have been doing today if UFOs had not fallen from the sky - *never so apt a phrase* - on them. What kind of sects or congregations would have been invented to feed their egomania and try to conceal this sum of imbalances from which, in my opinion, most of those who hang out with the extra-terrestrial "phenomenon" suffer, and which range from sexual decrepitude to the most overwhelming cultural poverty? A serious and extremely delicate state of alarming repercussions, knowing, as is well known, that both balances, to fulfill their respective functions to the letter, must complement each other admirably, fantastically and wonderfully.

We have thought it appropriate to add some notes, sometimes extensive, at the end of each chapter for several specific reasons: **a)** they are often the extension of the subject addressed or outlined; **b)** sometimes it is a subject that overlaps with the preceding one, although it is also "another story"; **c)** on other occasions, as is the case of the physicist and astronomer from Perpignan, François Aragó, some characters are briefly mentioned because their activities and personal career are instructive; and **d)** finally, because they can serve as a clue when the reader needs to obtain more information on a specific subject.

Naturally, the treatment of the subject of extra-terrestrial spaceships, and above all that of their occupants and the world from which they come, has revealed to us, the laymen, the immense seduction that radiates from the stage in which we all move and act: the Universe. Hence, in addition to the appendices and notes, which we have tried to summarize as much as possible, we have considered it necessary to highlight at the end of the book, in the "works consulted", the works that we recommend to the friendly reader so that he can enter, in an enjoyable and profitable way, into the infinite and marvellous Universe.

On the other hand, the author remains at the disposal of the reader who wishes more information on any of the subjects mentioned here - sometimes very superficially - and to those who request it in a letter addressed to the

Editorial Planeta, and in my name, he will send an extensive photocopy of the extracted works or provide all kinds of information on books, magazines and organizations from which documentation on a certain subject can be requested (agriculture, ecology, forests, the sea).

THE MESSAGE AND FROM OTHER WORLDS

(August 31, 1981)

WHO WE ARE

We are the representatives of an infinite number of planets inhabited by humans and animals of all species, which make up the Harmonious Universal Brotherhood.

OUR DESIRES

For many centuries: to establish fraternal contact with the inhabitants of planet Earth. Only their warlike nature and destructive actions have made definitive contact impossible. From the most remote times, and by all means at our disposal, we have tried to attest to our existence and our intentions. And we longed for the Earth to focus all its intelligence and efforts on corresponding to our attempts. Instead of that, recently the most "civilized" powers have tried to keep many of our appearances on Earth secret.

Since we are people of peace, we have limited ourselves to periodically visiting the Earth and observing it, always with the hope that one day the longed-for definitive contact would be established. Contact that has not been possible, we repeat, because of your wars, in which, over time, reveal an escalating destructive capability, until reaching the current situation, in which the planet Earth can blow itself up into millions of fragments, at any given day.

OUR HOPES AND OUR FEARS

When the superpowers of the Earth began to launch spaceships into the Cosmos, we harboured the fragile hope that they were messages of peace. But we soon realized that such actions were only new ventures with a view to consolidating the military power of the two superpowers that dominate and enslave the planet Earth. Thus yielding, once again, to the secular temptation of domination, enslavement and extermination of one's neighbour, the fruit of the immeasurable pride and dangerous imbecility of those who hold political, military and spiritual power on Earth. That is why our apparitions, which are now also police operations, have proliferated so much in this last quarter of a century.

Today, in 1981, we can assure the inhabitants of Earth that one of these superpowers is planning to set up military bases in space to threaten and blackmail all terrestrial communities in general, and the other superpower in particular. Although we have always been saddened by seeing the inhabitants of Earth destroy each other and use their intelligence to find more horrible means of destruction, we, faithful to our cosmic ethics of not intervening in the development of other lives, and even less of coercing or violating them, have always abstained from acting on Earth. However, today, when one of the two superpowers threatens the harmonious universal order, established in

brotherhood for many centuries, with the transport of highly destructive machines in its space ships, we have decided to send this message, which we hope will not be intercepted or adulterated as has happened on other occasions.

OUR WARNING

Our warning, always with fraternal aims, is, however, very serious and resolute: this superpower (whose identity, for now, we will not reveal) must immediately abandon this mad project, because, otherwise and without warning (in reality this message must be considered as a warning), we will proceed to the indefinite freezing of all life in the area of its national territory and in its bases scattered throughout the planet Earth and in space. We have more than enough means to do so. Means that we have been discovering, throughout many centuries, seeking the ferment of Life and not the empire of Death, unknown on the planets of the Harmonious Universal Brotherhood. And we want to emphasize that this warning also applies to the other superpower and to all those communities on Earth that may give in to the temptation of dominating the Universe. A ridiculous claim, when they have not yet been able to know and master the planet on which they are born, live and die. And to all these communities - large and small, powerful and powerless - we say that definitive contact with us can only be established when it is clear that the Earth wishes to live in peace with itself and with others. And that, instead of traversing cosmic space with warlike and destructive intentions, it should dedicate its main efforts and resources to thoroughly understanding the characteristics and marvellous resources of its planet, the only way that it can one day, in turn, defeat Death, giving Life its only source of subsistence: that of the endless discovery of the immense and infinite wonders of the Universe.

Given on a mountain range on Earth, in the mind of a terrestrial messenger, on the night of August 31 to September 1, 1981.

A POSTSCRIPT TO A MESSAGE

If our daily work does not sparkle with poetic brilliance, it is not Life that we will live but, day after day, Death will come our way.

Henry-David Thoreau.

Perhaps all civilizations considerably more advanced than ours have achieved effective personal immortality and have lost the motivation to wander through interstellar spaces, which, for all we know, may be a typical need of adolescent civilizations, wrote Carl Sagan.

I remember that, in the early 1950s, the so-called UFO phenomenon began to occupy increasingly important spaces in all kinds of media and, very particularly, in magazines with a more or less sensational tone. I was living in the south of France at the time and, as a writer of literary scripts for the cinema, I made frequent trips to Paris. In one of them, in the spring of 1950, I came across a French magazine, *Noir et Blanc*, in whose pages I saw for the first time some drawings depicting supposed flying saucers, accompanied by a text that was passably fanciful, but which, in my opinion, had its own charm. For me, at least, it did, since on October 31, 1952, I deposited with the Society of Film Authors in Paris a literary script (registered under number 13,829), entitled *Adventure on Venus* (and later, after a revision, *Destination: Venus*), inspired a little by the report in *Noir et Blanc*, but in which I had let my imagination fly, starting from some questions that anyone, in that situation, could ask themselves: Why shouldn't there be other inhabited planets? And if there were: Why couldn't their inhabitants be more civilized, happy and perfect than us?

And if this is so, why this insistence on relating to us who, every now and then, throughout our history, were more than showing that we were neither civilized, nor intelligent, nor, of course, happy, and that we were increasingly further away from perfection?

Now that I am ready to be honest, I will say that another of my sources of inspiration for writing my script, in which the subject was treated by me as a musical comedy, was a film from the 1930s, entitled *The Last Man on Earth*, starring, if I remember correctly, Conchita Montenegro and Raoul Roulien, who were Spanish actors based in

Hollywood. I clarify: in both cases they were rather light inspirations, let's say from the start, which one updated and, if possible, anticipated in time and space, since I pointed out "realities" that have later been confirmed.

I must also point out that, from then until now, almost thirty years ago, the subject of UFOs never particularly attracted me. To say that I did not have a single book dedicated to them in my well-stocked library says it all. I read carefully, of course, everything that fell into my hands (magazines, newspapers.), as one reads something that is already taken for granted, but which one finds, for the average person, still has a certain mysterious aura and is awakening increasing interest. It was now, after the encounter with the crew of an extra-terrestrial spaceship, that, for four months, I have immersed myself in "specialized" books and magazines. More than anything to see what levels the UFO subject was going through at ground level and to what extremes of fantasy - or morbidity - the earthlings had reached, who, apparently, are so interested and passionate about the subject in question. I must confess that I was greatly disappointed. I will go into details later. Now let us limit ourselves to adding a few notes to the ultimatum message.

The famous young researcher Carl Sagan is the author who has impressed me the most. And not only because of his work, which seems to me to be extremely important, but also because of his sincerity. He does not mince his words and, above all, he is capable of asking a series of questions which, according to my own experience, contain the essence - or rather: the essences - of Life in other worlds.

Sagan points out the possibility of "*immortality in other civilizations.*" This is the point that surprised and astonished me the most in the mouths of the extra-terrestrials: the statement that for them Death did not exist and, consequently, neither did Time or Space. And when Sagan speaks of "*perhaps they have lost the motivation to wander through interstellar space...*" leaving the question hanging in the air, they answer us in the message, when they speak to us of the main incentive of their lives: the endless discovery of the immense and infinite wonders - and resources - of the Universe. Discoveries that complete their already deep and extensive knowledge of the Cosmos and its latent and changing life.

Having made these clarifications, it is possible that reading the communiqué from other worlds will be more enriching. But there is still more: and it is that at this point no one can doubt that their technological resources - those of the extra-terrestrials are inconceivable, at least from our coordinates and through our traditional parameters. On the other hand, because of the way they use these resources appearing and disappearing before us, without harming anything or anyone, like a pure cosmic exhalation one can suspect, and even affirm, that, in effect, they are people of peace. While we, the earthlings, no one can deny that we are precisely the opposite: people of war. This is what, without a doubt, allowed the German philosopher Kant to coin this statement: *The condition of peace among human beings who live beside each other is not a natural situation (status naturalis), for the natural state is rather a condition of war.* Thus, as long as the inhabitants of planet Earth are dominated by the destructive and exterminating attitude that we have displayed since our origins, how are we going to pretend to live with other communities whose main reason for being is the cult of life?

Moreover, now, when a little less than a hundred grams of TNT per head of Earthling would be enough to blow the Earth into millions of pieces, in 1981 we were already dealing with several kilos of the tremendous explosive per capita and in 1981, not content with having fully assured the destruction of our planet, we are preparing to export this capacity for annihilation to the Cosmos. Are there or are there not reasons to despair of Earth civilization? The most suspicious commentators among those who do not believe in the existence of other worlds cannot, however, avoid asking the eternal questions: *If extra-terrestrials really exist, why don't they make themselves known? And why don't they enter into negotiations with us?*

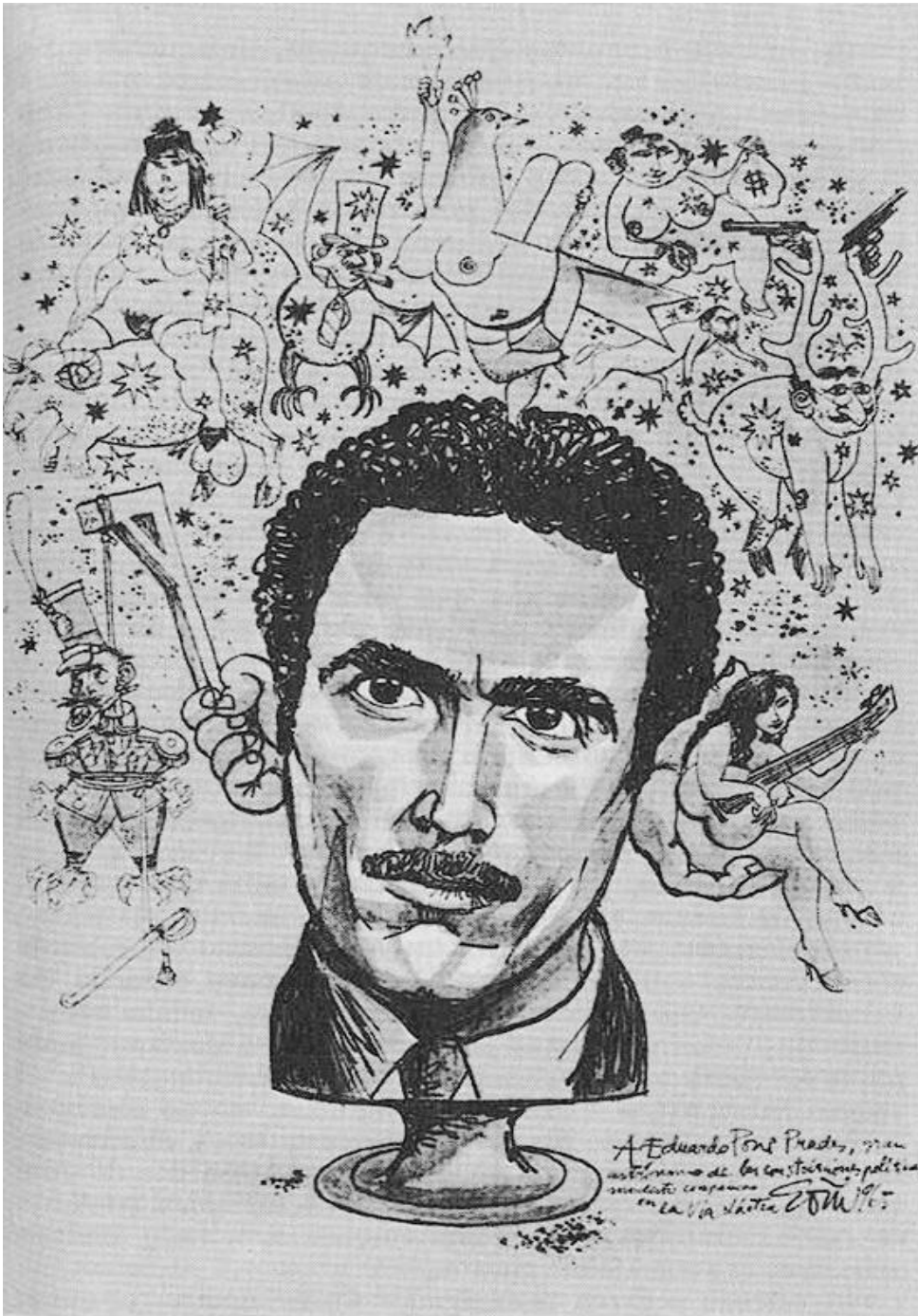
Carl Sagan, laconically, gives us a complete answer: ...or perhaps there exists in the galaxy a certain ethic of non-interference with backward or emerging civilizations. Perhaps there is a waiting period before we consider it appropriate to make contact, in order to give ourselves a good chance of self-destruction, if that is what we are going to do.

Indeed, as Sagan points out, there is an ethic of non-interference. They have repeatedly demonstrated this by their behaviour. At least in the matter of not interfering negatively. And this is so much so that, in the course of our long and substantial conversation, they never once allowed themselves to take sides, either directly or indirectly, for anything or anyone sharply, that is in relation to Earth affairs. And when we spoke of ordinary things for example: love they were very careful not to tell me that love is an immeasurable farce rooted in religion or metaphysics. (that is why it gives the loving results generally known to all), but they limited themselves to speaking to me of companionship as the highest feeling of human relations on the planets that are part of the Harmonious Universal Brotherhood. But let us not anticipate.

Now they do it - they interfere - through this ultimatum message, because it is we who intend to invade their space - which is also our space, as they stressed to me several times - and interfere in their lives with bellicose ambitions. Therefore, no one should be surprised that, in the last few decades, what was once mere observation of the ideas and comings of the earthlings, has now been transformed into close surveillance. Certainly, observed from above, our comings and goings must constitute a very depressing spectacle. On the one hand, this suicidal and unprofitable accumulation of destructive means, which has far exceeded the maximum level of our needs. And, on the other, the total lack of originality in the manufacture of these apocalyptic resources, and this despite so many technological advances.

The inhabitants of the Earth, even though they have set foot on the Moon, instead of taking off from their secular mediocrity morally speaking, have been entering into a desolate dead end: that of their self-destruction. Because, among other misdeeds of "setting", they have committed that of adulterating and discrediting their own language, rendering obsolete the formulas of contact and understanding to which small groups of other earthlings were breathing, despite everything, some breath of life. And thus all the areas of human coexistence have dangerously cracked. They have decapitated hope and, in the field of creation, they make a total lack of communication and a growing and frightening emptiness reign.

The key question of the message remains: what is the superpower that, apparently, already has spaceships ready, prepared to transport all kinds of highly destructive munitions? Beyond more or less reliable press reports - since psychological poisoning remains a very efficient weapon of war - it matters little to know this, because, as we have seen in the arms race, we all know how the spiral of violence develops. Whatever the accused power, everything leads us to fear that "the other" will not be long in coming, if it has not already done so in turn having ships capable of endangering the harmonious cosmic order. Which means that the warning contained in the message is valid for the two great terrestrial superpowers. And also for all those who dream of emulating them. Because, the truth is that it is tragicomic that miserable countries, such as India among others, instead of devoting their already scarce resources to alleviate the tremendous misery that their populations suffer, insist on wanting to possess their personal atomic bomb.



Caricature of the author, Eduardo Pons Prades, 'great astronomer of political constellations', his companion in the Milky Way, Goñi 1965. Why did my good friend add this cosmic dedication to this vision of the Francoist environment? Could Lorenzo Goñi be an extra-terrestrial before the letter?



Eduardo Pons Sistemias (Valencia 1895, Barcelona 1936). He was one of the founders of the Single Union of the Wood Processing Branch (National Confederation of Labor). He was a cabinetmaker specialized in artistic or stylistic chairs.



Gloria Prades Nuño (Valencia 1896, France 1972). She was the 'classic' companion of the union fighter, acting most of the time in anonymity, but whose presence in the labour struggles was invaluable.

She was telephone operator in chief of the Department of Labour of the Generalitat from 1932 to 1939.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY.

(Night of August 31 to September 1, 1981).

I am convinced that extra-terrestrial beings who observe the Earth have visited us for millennia in what are now called flying saucers. These objects are conceived and piloted by intelligent beings of a very high level.

Hermann Oberth*

(*father of German space rockets). [See also this](#) about Hermann Oberth - or in [german](#) :

That day, August 31, 1981, at a little after eight in the evening, I set out on the road. But, leaving the private road of the hotel, where I had left my companion, I had to turn left and head, after passing through the town of Prats de Molló, towards Perpignan, where I planned to spend the night and leave the next morning for Barcelona. This was due to the enormous eye strain that driving at night causes me. But without knowing why, I turned right. That is: along the road that leads to the border and in the direction of Barcelona, via Camprodón.

After about a quarter of an hour, and also without any reason, just before reaching the border I left the national road and went into a forest road, which I drove on for two or three minutes until the car engine stopped and the headlights went out. I calculated the time and distances to which I refer here six days later, when I went to visit the place of the meeting and to take some photographs. I immediately attempted to start the car two or three times without any of the engine parts giving the slightest sign of life. And it is reasonable to think that I pressed the button for the lights in a certain nervousness, since I kept it in my hand. Then I got out of the car and walked a hundred steps towards the interior of the forest. Then I returned to the point of departure, without having seen or heard anything, and sat on the front of the car, as if waiting for something or someone. I will say that I suddenly thought of them, of the aliens, but seeing no lights or anything that would give away their presence, I dismissed this idea without really knowing what to think.

It didn't take me long to start walking again in the same direction as before, until I reached a bend about 150 metres away. It was still getting light. But I hadn't quite got past the bend when suddenly the right side of the grove, which extended on both sides of the path, lit up - flooded with light, it would be more appropriate to say. It was a veritable sea of light, in which, although white predominated, there were also bands of pink and orange. Although, at times, in the rays of light, a multitude of colours difficult to define were mixed together. **It was like a symphony of changing rainbows, quickly and smoothly at the same time. A curious detail: although, as I have already pointed out, I am extremely bothered by the headlights of other cars when I travel by road, I must admit that I did not feel any discomfort at all from that unsurpassed display of luminosity,** and the fantastic waterfall of colours not only did not surprise me but acted on me like a delicious sedative. If I had to find an example, I would say that such a state only occurs when I listen to jazz or Brazilian music. From the first moment I had the feeling that all this, so unusual, was something familiar to me. My editor, when I spoke to him about it, spoke of "courage", or of "recklessness". No, I think that, as far as I am concerned, what is happening is an unusual mixture of curiosity, undoubtedly the result of my early rationalist formation, and a certain burden of unconsciousness, accumulated throughout my eventful and exciting existence.

That is surely why I am so worried.

I walked towards the place where the light seemed to be coming from, with a slow but determined step, without leaving the path, although I soon realized that the light was coming from inside the grove. It took me a little more than a minute to reach the edge of a meadow, which was where the light was coming from, and from there I began to make out the silhouette of an enormous spaceship. About 50 to 75 meters wide. The light came from the top and the bottom of the ship. So I jumped from the path into the meadow and remained enchanted for a few seconds. **As the two wide beams of light slowly faded, I heard a voice in correct Spanish, with a sing-song, somewhat musical tone that said to me:**

Don't be afraid. Come closer, please.

Then, as naturally as I could, I approached the ship, whose base was now illuminated by a powerful white and pink light source, which came out through an open door in its "underbelly", from which a kind of ramp soon emerged. I headed towards it and as soon as I reached the bottom of the "ladder" I stopped and looked up, perceiving at the door a tall body shape, surrounded by a kind of multi-coloured halo. Immediately I heard the voice again:

Don't be afraid. Come aboard our ship, we wish to speak with you.

The mechanical ramp took me up to the top, to the door, which was situated about 4 or 5 metres from the ground. Before that I had been able to see that the ship was resting on four legs, which seemed to be tubular with articulated joints. From what I could see, the ship was a rather dark metallic colour. As I crossed the entrance the voice said to me:

Welcome aboard the ship Light of the Cosmos!

And with a gentle gesture, of the three who were waiting for me, the one closest to me who later turned out to be a woman indicated some seats in the centre of that immense room, placed around an oval-shaped table. The first impression I had, which struck me, in view of the whiteness of it all, was that it was a plastic apparatus. Now, seeing them move beside me, I could already speak of human bodies, since, at least, they had a torso, a head, two arms and two legs. They were dressed in a kind of white jumpsuit, very tight to the body, and shod in boots also white that seemed to be made of canvas. I never observed the slightest wrinkle or crease in their attire. On their chests, at the level of their hearts, they wore an emblem in the centre of which was a circle, a shining, multi-coloured, multi-prism eye, which never stopped flashing for a single instant, and on which my gaze would often remain fixed.

In the distance, about 6 or 7 meters away, at the back of the room, to my right, I saw four more crew members moving around in front of a large screen, on which little lights of all colours kept going on and off, as if they were manipulating buttons on that huge "control panel" that was at the foot of the luminous screen. Later, one of them joined us at the table, around which we had already been sitting silently for a long time. When they sat down, they had become motionless, like statues. I won't say that they were "looking at me" - they were 2 or 3 meters away - because the halo prevented me from seeing their eyes - which I would later discover - I could barely see the outline of their face, since they were wearing a small helmet. It was undoubtedly a stage of "acclimatization." I felt it as if they had been telling me: "Be assured that here, among us, you will feel at home." And to do this, naturally, the best way was to let myself be watched, and to observe and try to capture everything around me. One of the things that struck me most was the silence that reigned in the room. From time to time I fixed my gaze on the four crew members who were busy in front of the large luminous screen. They moved and gestured - this would be the general tone of all the crew members while I lived with them - slowly.

They seemed like characters in a film projected in slow motion. I also looked very closely at the table in front of me. And, as Earthly pride was still a must, at all times I tried to compare what I saw with what could be its equivalent on Earth. The table looked like those we see in radio studios, with several handles, and from the centre emerged some retractable screens, on one of which I could admire several documentaries that dealt with, among other things, their travels, the receptions that the populations of the planets they visited had reserved for them, popular festivals, mini-saucer dives into the seas, and several other episodes, most of the time with extra-terrestrial people and other times with earthlings as the main protagonists.

I also counted several doors that I did not see open even once. Behind me, at the foot of the wall, there was a kind of semicircular console, with a table of the same shape and half a meter high. There were ten little armchairs similar to mine.

Perhaps half an hour passed like this. I can't say exactly, because I felt like I had lost track of time. Now, every time I think about it, I think it was because I felt very comfortable, even though everything around me had something mysterious and fantastic at the same time. Maybe because I had a premonition of what I was going to discover on board that extra-terrestrial spaceship. When I stopped my visual inspection, I stared at them. And although I couldn't decipher what expression dominated their faces, I felt their gazes on me very well. After a while, I heard the voice again:

"Would you be willing to take a message from us for the inhabitants of Earth?"

I answered affirmatively without thinking twice.

And I added:

"Now, if you'll allow me, I'll go to the car to get some paper and my pen."

"No, it's not necessary." We will engrave the message in your mind. If you agree to it, of course.

I told them that I didn't see the slightest problem. A few minutes of silence passed, but I realized that they were talking to each other: the three crew members and the fourth, who had just joined us and who was always standing, leaning on the back of the centre chair. I observed how they tilted their heads, as if looking at each other, but I didn't hear any noise, not even the slightest voice.

Then the newcomer approached me I saw that she was a woman because of the shape of her body and her long reddish-brown hair, which I discovered through the multi-colored halo as she came so close to me and placed a helmet on me that was shaped like a rabbi's cap. The first words I heard through the helmet's headphones were these:

We don't think you're in any serious danger, but the strong impressions that your mind is going to be subjected to could cause you some complications. If you agree to take that small risk, don't move. But if not, you can take off your helmet yourself, get out of our ship, get back in the car and continue your journey in peace.

I stood still. I thought that I had faced so many dangers throughout my life, and sometimes, possibly, for reasons much less important than that one. On the other hand - why deny it? - such a situation amused me and, with each passing minute, my curiosity to know how it would all turn out just increased. The truth is that I could not call curiosity the feeling that had gripped me from the moment I discovered the flying saucer parked in that meadow. And if it is true that they compressed many images into my mind, it is no less true that, before they put the helmet on me, I was already very worried about seeing how I would manage to retain in my mind everything I was seeing and what it was not difficult to sense that I still had to see.

Knowing the scepticism and distrust that most people tend to display when faced with any unusual event, I am convinced that my desire to retain those fantastic experiences in my mind was focused on my later personal recall and, perhaps, to share them with a good friend of mine. One - let me explain - who has known countless disappointments and setbacks - dealing with more tangible matters - to harbour too many hopes regarding the ability of my "countrymen" on Earth to strive to understand others and, even less, to be willing to draw from our personal experiences healthy lessons for everyone. So, in this unusual situation, one cannot pretend anything else - let me warn you - than to narrate, as plainly as possible, what one saw, what one heard, and the memories and reflections that our long, pleasant and even amusing conversation aroused in me. And nothing more, but to thank the reader friend for the attention paid to my story.

And I must stress that I will do my best to ensure that these pages, despite everything, exude optimism.



Point on the Prats de Molló -Camprodón highway where I turned off on August 31, 1981, shortly before nine o'clock at night, towards the Alto Vallespir forest road.



Entrance to the forest road. Just as you enter, on the right, you can see a couple of dozen metal beehives.

A LONG CONVERSATION AND ITS LONG SILENCES

'It is of no use to achieve security, in relation to men, if celestial things and subterranean things and everything in the limitless Universe continues to be the object of confused ideas.'

Lucretius.

'In this age of moral poverty, the fundamental thing is to awaken enthusiasm.'

Picasso.

'You have to love Life to love Space.'

Kazuaki Twasaki.

ON BOARD A SPACESHIP FROM ANOTHER WORLD

Suddenly a voice said to me:

We have already entrusted you with the message.

That sounds more like an ultimatum to me. I ventured.

It is both at the same time, and we are very sorry to have been forced to write it in those terms.

At the moment I could not locate where that voice came from.

It seemed to me that it came from the top of the room and at times that it came from the centre of the table that separated me from them.

During the "recording" of the message, which they did with some slowness, I had been able to read it perfectly and I must confess that its content alarmed me greatly. But one, who rarely loses his optimism (he may have something of that "cosmic fluid" that, according to them, some earthlings possess), would end up calming down when thinking that, by spreading the message, he might contribute to avoiding worse evils.

"What do you want us to talk about?" asked the voice.

Many questions were running through my head and now that I could give vent to them seemed as if, as they struggled to get out all at once, none of them managed to detach themselves from the tumult. That is why I remained silent for a few minutes. I want to make a caveat: when I speak of time, moments, minutes, etc., I always do so by approximation and with a time span (the seven hours I estimate to have spent in their company) as a point of reference, because the truth is *and I am still aware of this even now* that there, in his ship, I lost not only the notion of time but even that of my geographical location. I mean: that although when I boarded that spaceship it was anchored to planet Earth, while I was there I had the sensation of finding myself in a world very different from my own; among people whose mental configuration had very little to do with the one that usually dominates on Earth. **The truth is that I wanted to ask them many things and I didn't know where to start.**

At last I began: I would like to know where you come from, if there are many inhabited planets besides yours, how you have organized your lives and, above all, how you have managed to overcome death, and other things that I will remember later. The voice, always sweet and sing-song, answered: If you are referring to the last planet we visited before arriving on Earth, we will tell you that it is known as the *Bright-Green*, so called because it is full of rivers and lakes. We come from different planets. Four of us are from the Ivory-White planet, two are from Violet-Flower and the

other is precisely from Bright-Green. And it is very possible that none of us will ever set foot on our home planet again. Although if there are reasons for that we can be in communication with them at any time and by various means.

So you will never see your families again?

Families, as you understand them, do not exist in our world. We live in a community regime on an interplanetary scale. Which means that when we are born we become part of the community to which our parents belong, until our experiences take us to other places, but without being tied to anyone in particular and to everyone at the same time. Do you understand?

The truth is that I did not quite understand it, because it is always difficult to get rid of earthly traditions and atavisms and to have our minds completely available to assimilate the unusual. Even - as I have been able to verify a priori and a posteriori - when it comes to people who consider themselves - or boast - to be progressive and who, faced with facts that go beyond the framework of their routine doctrinal ramblings, react like authentic retrogrades.

"There are many inhabited planets," the voice continued. "Each one of them with unique characteristics, which are what give it its name. As you would say: there are richer ones and there are poorer ones. One of them, for example, is the so-called Golden Desert, which we visited not long ago. If we were to look only at its surface, it is rather poor-looking, like your Sahara desert, but inside we can discover immense lakes whose waters have great sedative powers. That is why it has very few inhabitants. But there, in addition to having several observatories and many reference points for our navigation, they have set up spas for the people of our community.

But all that, on a planetary scale, would require a monstrous organization, I interjected - Nothing monstrous, comrade. Just a rational organization, in permanent readjustment and improvement, in which any member of our great community never feels like a stranger. Let us give you another example: since everyone knows that they can and should collaborate in the improvement of our respective existences, let us take the case of one of our comrades who is entrusted with the control of the health of one of these lakes. That he will be very attentive to his mission is unquestionable, but also that if he notices the slightest anomaly anywhere else he will immediately activate the alert device, because he knows very well, as he has been taught at school, that nothing that happens around him can be foreign to him. And he also knows that nothing should be underestimated, no matter how slight its abnormality may be, and that, therefore, you must do everything in your power to return everything to normal. Do you understand?

Naturally I understood, since, as I was able to verify, they used perfect Spanish. (Another "direct witness" spoke of "chemically pure Spanish."). The thing is that, at first glance, it was hard for me to believe all this, to be honest. Then I thought that, given the resources that we earthlings have, we could perfectly set up such an organization on a planetary scale. On condition, of course, that we had first corrected the tremendous and insulting social injustices that exist on Earth - And let's not even talk about if the Earth were to join a cosmic community! But I was still obsessed by what seemed to be the basis of such an organization. And so I put it to them.

Next is some photos of where this happend>>.



First stretch of the forest road, which I drove slowly, despite it being private land of the State and no entry allowed.



Point on the road where my car stopped and my headlights went out.

HUMAN COMMUNITIES WITHOUT A FAMILY BASE

As we have already told you the voice continued, the basic cells of our communities are the groups formed by affinity of experiences. You would surely say by professional or family obligations. We will give you another example: before coming to Earth to carry out the double mission of exploring your planet and monitoring it, we piloted a much smaller ship than this one, *dedicated to interstellar exploration*.

And now, when we return from this mission, it is quite possible that our crew will be disbanded, at least for a certain period of time. One of our companions is pregnant, which means that she will be cared for in the next level one planet that we visit, until the day of delivery. It is possible that one day she will join us again. The mere fact that we have been fellow travellers during some mission could explain why we are interested in the evolution of her condition.

And, after a brief silence, the voice continued:

One of our companions will join another of our crewmates, which means that, at the first place we land, they will separate from us and will have time to live or travel as they please through space, visiting those planets that please them, with the certainty that they will be received everywhere as true brothers. Do you understand?

I understood it, of course I understood it, but my complicated earthling mind kept splashing those beautiful pictures with insolent questions, which I asked myself: **But how can communities of any kind be formed without family ties?**

And do they get married when they want, without asking anyone's permission, and then get married when they feel like it, and that's it? And how long do these honeymoons last? And who sets the duration of the trip? And do they go on a trip through space, just like that, without anyone marking out an itinerary for them?

A UNIVERSAL FRATERNITY

Although the truth is that a libertarian should not have been surprised by anything he was hearing, since the fraternal society that we always dreamed of, and for which we have fought so hard, had as its motto: "From each according to his abilities and to each according to his needs". Which means that, at an early stage of this evolution towards universal brotherhood (an important detail: people with little or no culture were already talking about "universal brotherhood"), those who, for whatever reason, have a greater capacity for understanding, for organisation, for work and for understanding human problems, should put this creative power at the service of everyone. While those who are less well-endowed, or less well-endowed - which they are, almost always, because of age-old social injustices - should be able to access everything that allows them to be happy, free and, naturally, to overcome their primary impotence with the same ease as those who are better-endowed.

I already know this - because the "wise men" and the "cretins" repeat it to us daily, in unison, although with different arguments - is the Great Utopia. But it is curious that these days while I was typing the original of this book, in a very popular Spanish television broadcast, one of the characters who was supposed to come from "another world" was made to say: "I come from a place where he who has, gives, and he who has not, takes".

Perhaps because I had been able to see how difficult it would be to carry out this revolution on Earth, it was now so difficult for me to admit that, on another planet, such a society could be a reality. What I had no doubt about, however, was that as I talked with them, an immense happiness took hold of me. A happiness very different from any I have ever experienced in my life. But, nevertheless, I still stood my ground.

I understand it, and at the same time I don't quite understand it, to be honest, because if two beings get together, that means they're going to form a family.

'Not at all, my friend, because it's possible that one of the two, on that trip, decides to stay, for whatever reason, on the planet where they're spending, to put it in your words, "the honeymoon" but on the other hand, if when a couple procreates, both, or one of the two, wishes to be assigned to the planet where the child is being formed, that assignment will be given without delay. Because the community must always respect the intimate desires of the person, as long as he or she knows how to harmonize his or her desires with his or her work. Do you understand now?

Not completely, because, as I see, in your world there reigns such individual freedom that I can't conceive how even minimal obligations towards the community can be fulfilled. Because the individual must have some obligation towards the community. Or not?

Of course he or she does. But it is not an obligation, as you earthlings understand it, but a personal experience that is guided, at a given moment, by what we could call the planning of the universal community.

And who manages that planning? I interrupted.

Well, in reality it is a network of computer-coordinators.

We would call that robotic bureaucracy I interrupted again, with a hint of insolence (of which, in truth, I was immediately ashamed). Something really frightening to imagine, I added, at least for freedom-loving earthlings

I confess that I fell once again and it would not be the last into one of our many set phrases. Because if at that moment they had asked me what kind of freedom I was referring to, they would have certainly put me in a difficult position, since we "progressives" have fallen into the trap that the "retrogrades" have set for us: that of referring to freedom - and so many other things! - always in abstract terms. When what we should always be talking about is the fundamental, concrete freedoms of the human person, which, together, form Freedom. As they would later point out to me.

- That would be true if only the chosen or the privileged were in charge but we have neither one nor the other. Here, all of us, without exception, are in a position to pass through the control panels of the coordinators, since it is something that we learn from a very young age in school. It should also be noted that we never put anything into action, however attractive or seductive the project may seem to us, without it being provided with its respective elements of control and neutralization and, if necessary, self-destruction. Elements that are of a human impulse in all cases. No mechanism can escape our control, however harmless it may seem. We have humanized technology. Do you understand now?

Yes, but at every step we take, I am faced with new questions. **For example: how do you organize the education of children? And does this kind of free love that you apparently practice never cause friction or confrontation?**

This was the sad end of the Reverend Father Oribacio, at the hands of the small and peaceful inhabitants of the planet Urtama, victims of the terror he instilled in them by explaining the martyrology of the saints of his Church. (See the chapter "Once upon a time in the future").

WITCHES AND PRIESTS.

And, naturally, the time came to talk about religions, even if we ran the risk of seeming superficial. This was perhaps the only time when the voice hardened somewhat.

It is known that, since ancient times, the life and coexistence of men and women were mediated and conditioned by the demands and threats of the witch or sorcerer of the tribe, and by the taboos based on superstition and the fear of being punished by the Supreme Being. It is the legends practiced by them - *later the priests will come* - that first generate the taboos and then the dogmas. That is to say: to the anguish of an inevitable death is added, through the work and art of "the saviours of souls", the danger of eternal punishment. In a word: the human being is promised an "afterlife", full of blessings in exchange for resignation; that is: the renunciation of making his life, in the "here and now", a dignified, happy and full existence.

My friend Bordas is an extraordinary character in many ways: a former meteorologist, he became one of the leading figures in Andorra; at the time when the incident takes place (June 1951) he ran a small hotel located at the foot of Canigó, in the village of Casteil or Casteil and a little above the seaside resort of Vemet-les-Bains. The name of the hotel was Hostal de l'Isard; (Hostel of the Chamois).

At the beginning of the summer of 1951, Jaime was resting in the courtyard of the Hostal de l'Isard, under the shade of some pear trees. Through the door of the terrace that looked out onto the side of the mountain and the valley of Cady, an individual appeared and stopped at the entrance.

Bonjour he said, standing to attention, while bowing slightly with his whole body.

Jaime returned the greeting mechanically, examining him carefully. The individual in question was tall, two metres. His walk was slow and his voice had sounded in a low tone but with a clear timbre, which without being excessively masculine did not correspond to his physique.

What most attracted his attention, besides his strange voice and his peculiar manners, was his appearance and his way of dressing. He was wearing very tight trousers, like tights where all the muscles of his thighs stood out, under that indefinable colour, of blue, petroleum and greyish tones. His long and perfect legs recalled those of a Greek statue, perhaps too long in proportion to the rest of his body. He wore mid-calf boots, one piece, without eyelets, tight, very black, made of a kind of extraordinarily matte leather. His torso was pressed by a blouse in which a one-finger-thick border stood out around the neck. The blouse was a little loose, not as tight as the trousers, but showing off her figure. It reached to her waist, finished with a strap - like a narrow belt - closed by contact, like the central opening.

(It should be noted that contact closures, such as Velcro, for example, had not yet been invented.)

The blouse was also closed by two cords around her wrists. This detail made Jaime notice the hands of the stranger: they were hands with thin, elongated fingers, beautiful, very effeminate, smooth, white, without hair or prominent veins. Despite his narrow waist, he had an athletic body and was quite broad-shouldered. His overalls were rather fine, with a notable slenderness and he did not appear to have a single gram of fat. As for his complexion, it was white, slightly pink. Beardless. Her hair was light blond, falling to her shoulders in a manner similar to that of Adamski's famous Venusian with wide waves and turned slightly inwards at the bottom.

Her face was elongated, with a perfectly drawn mouth, more sensual than cold, with slightly full and well-formed lips. When she spoke, she showed normal, healthy teeth. Her nose was straight without being classic, somewhat flattened at the nostrils, but above them it continued to be pointed. She had very large, almond-shaped eyes, a clear blue, so clear that her gaze gave the impression of being somewhat faded, but full of vitality. They were the eyes of a very beautiful woman, disturbing, almost unfathomable and with a kind of magnetic penetration.

When the stranger cast her enigmatic gaze on him, Jaime experienced the sensation of being pierced through and through. He could not hold her gaze or fix his pupils on those eyes. Every time he tried, he felt intimidated, even

though the stranger looked at him attentively and respectfully. His eyebrows were very fine, forming a blond line under an enormously spacious forehead.

He spoke without gesturing. His face and hands did not move. His arms rested on the table, still as well. He gave the impression that his whole body was pure voice, emerging with the same pitch: very pleasant, without inflections, without highs or lows, soft, but at the same time penetrating and clear.

He spoke in a chemically pure voice without any particular regional accent standing out. He used a highly technical vocabulary; however, he expressed everything with simplicity and clarity. He appeared to be between 30 and 35 years old.

I would like to ask you a favour.

Sit down, Jaime invited him kindly.

The stranger sat down in a chair next to him. Being so close to him, he noticed that the fabric of his dress had a special texture, smooth, apparently without fibres, like foam.

I have come to see you to ask you a favour, the stranger continued.

If it is in my power.

I expect from your kindness that you will provide me every day, at this time, a couple of bottles of milk and bread.

I am not dedicated to selling what you ask for, Jaime replied. This is a restaurant.

I know, admitted the stranger, but I cannot speak to anyone else in this town. If you do not sell me what I ask, you will cause extortion.

And why extortion?

I have no documents or money, he explained. Besides, I must make sure that I am seen walking around your house as little as possible.

Jaime thought that his mysterious interlocutor could be a persecuted person or a political fugitive.

Meanwhile, the stranger looked at him fixedly with a face that lit up, but without actually smiling. In reality he never saw him smile, only at certain moments his whole face cleared up. It seemed that he smiled internally, without any external sign, as if physical life gave way to internal, spiritual life.

Jaime agreed to the request.

Thank you very much, said his strange visitor with that indefinable expression.

Tomorrow you can come and pick up the bread and milk, I will go to the village to get it.

The Hostal de l'Isard was located at the very entrance to the town.

Suddenly, Jaime asked him:

Where are you coming from?

From above.

Are you in Marialles or near Coll de Jou?

From above, repeated the stranger.

Jaime did not want to insist. He would have liked to know the identity of this strange character, but he restrained himself. A quarter of an hour before he left, he made him promise that he would be very discreet and would not reveal his presence to anyone, agreeing to return the next day at the same time.

Indeed, at the agreed time he appeared again, made the same kind of greeting as the day before and went to sit directly next to Jaime.

I would like to know what you are doing for this region, said Jaime, trying not to give too much importance to his words.

I have come with a scientific mission, he replied. I will tell you later what it is about.

Are you a scientist?

The stranger nodded his head.

What branch of science are you interested in?

Many, he replied, asking in turn.

Are you also interested in science?

Yes, quite a lot.

Well, you should know that this mountains is very interesting for science. The Canigó mountains are very rich in minerals, but it also has other things that you would never be able to understand.

He spoke to him kindly, as if he were dealing with a child of ten or twelve years old. He explained things clearly and without the slightest hint of pride or arrogance. He limited himself to talking to him about Canigó. Among other things, he told him that it was a mountain of iron, magnetic. Perhaps this unexpected information explained the frequent plane crashes that have been recorded and whose history, since 1945, includes a tragic list of eleven catastrophes, with a total of 229 deaths. Possibly the compasses of the planes were deviated by the magnetic force of the mountain.

On the third day, surprised by the few needs that the individual showed to have, he asked him:

Don't you want me to bring you something else from the village?

I have enough already he replied in his usual tone of voice.

I like you he insisted, trying to break the kind of ice that separated them. If you need anything else, just tell me.

I don't need anything at all the visitor interrupted. After a short pause he continued: I only eat bread and milk.

This statement did not surprise him too much. Jaime had been a vegetarian for many years, so he attributed this rather sober diet to a purely dietary issue. Maybe he's sick, he thought to himself.

With singular naturalness, the stranger began to develop deeper themes, of a curious social nature.

The French regime is retrograde, he told him among other things, adding: Of course, the planet we are on is made up of a dislocated society. Everything is on the way to being fixed, but nothing is yet sustainable.

From his words and from the concepts he expressed which he sometimes only understood in a confused way he seemed to be a true communist. This ideological concept that she had formed of the stranger was reaffirmed when she heard him say:

There is a country that is only an embryo of what the world of the future will be. But it is only an embryo.

Jaime listened to him more and more interestedly.

It is necessary to eradicate egoism from man, completely. You think it is something congenital, but no, it is not at all. Although the task of expelling it will be very hard.

He paused. **It seemed that his words were surging through all parts of his body, provoking a kind of fascination that he could not escape.**

Man considers himself alone on Earth and does not know that he is only one of the elements of evolution. With all his excessive pride, with all his pretended wisdom, he does not know that on planet Earth there is an animal, now in the process of evolution, that in time will replace him. *At present he cannot suspect that something is already being prepared that will surpass him.*

I would like to know what kind of animals.

The intense and fixed gaze of the stranger cut off the question. More and more embarrassed, he was forced to look away.

And again, without knowing how, the conversation began. One of the subjects he insisted on, was that of the hidden forces that man now believes he can control.

Man has been given many powers to control a great number of extraordinary forces, but he does not know it. And if he misuses them, he will only achieve the precipitation of his own holocaust and the appearance of that thing that will come later. Man must wait. He must know how to wait, to be patient, without futilely burning through the stages. Only then will it be possible for the present man to connect with this future thing.

He was (now-) increasingly convinced that the mysterious visitor was a Russian. This opinion was shared by the few inhabitants of Casteil, who had seen this bizarre (strange being), as they classified him in their Roussillon patois. Especially when they heard him say: ***We can avoid the cataclysm that the capitalist powers can provoke.***

In another snippet of their conversations he said:

Your children will see the end of religions. At least as they are structured today.

Speaking of the post-war generation and the rebellion of the children, he said:

Revolutions will only come from the youth.

With his thoughts plainly expressed, he seemed to foresee a real mutation of the youth. The unknown had already been in Casteil for four or five days, and despite his precautions, he had become the talk of the town.

One morning, while they were both sitting in the courtyard, Jaime's son came out, called by him and carrying a camera in his hands.

Dad will take a photo of you.

But the unknown stared at him and refused, saying in a sharp tone:

No. No, thank you.

At the boy's insistence, his face changed for the first time, taking on a very strange expression. Finally he agreed, saying:

-Well, do it. It's useless anyway. It's not worth it.

Jaime took not one, but two photographs.

When developing the film, a few days later, when the "stranger" had already said goodbye to Jaime, the two frames corresponding to that pair of exposures appeared blank. The film appeared completely transparent, with no signs of

emulsion. The other six frames of the same film, 6X9 size, came out well, showing familiar scenes. The event remains as inexplicable now as when it took place. (same happened at the case of ['LYA'](#) AND see esp. [this part on that](#))

On the day of the photographs, the "stranger" insisted on a subject that, without a doubt, was very dear to him: that of the perversity of man who, according to him, was already coming to an end.

After a few days, Jaime, unable to control his growing curiosity any longer, decided to follow the steps of the "stranger" without him noticing. When he left the Hostal de l'Isard he began to follow him as discreetly as possible. After crossing the bridge over the Cady River >>

*he went up again towards the Coll de Jou. With no small surprise he saw that the stranger was climbing without any effort, as if the slope was descending gently instead of ascending rapidly. His step was so regular and elastic: **He was climbing like a feather.***



Always keeping the same distance he saw him reach the top of the slope. There, in the thick forest, a being was waiting for him, looking and dressed the same as the stranger, although a little shorter in stature. He had the impression that it was a woman. The two beings, without greeting each other, continued up the mountain, entering a small wood. Jaime was forced to follow them on the heights, hiding among the bushes, trying not to lose sight of them for a single moment.

The stranger and his identical companion stopped in a small clearing in the forest. In the centre of it, in a kind of clearing, he saw something that looked like a 'low tent', not square but oval or circular, with the central part raised higher. Its colour was like "metallic grey." No matter how hard he tried, he could not see the entire surface of the 'tent'.

The man was standing in front of 'the tent', which was about 200 metres away.

A seasoned mountaineer, he was stupefied by this type of tent. If it was, it was a very rare type of tent at the time, some like, used only by Himalayan expeditions and on Paul- Émile Victor's polar missions.

The two mysterious characters began to walk around 'the tent'. Jaime did not want to be inconvenient and indiscreet and decided to leave. **But his curiosity was not satisfied.** The first thing he did when the "stranger" returned to the hostel, with his usual punctuality, was to suddenly ask him the following question:

"But what exactly are you doing here?"

The "stranger" adopted his usual posture, looking at him without taking his lips off.

"What is your name?" he insisted with the same result.

Agreed, but not satisfied by the imperturbable attitude of the stranger, he gave up asking him more questions for the moment. It was almost certain that he was there clandestinely.

Slowly the conversation began again, revolving as always on social issues. Suddenly the stranger asked the question:

And you, what do you do socially?

Well, I don't belong to any political party replied Jaime, but I am very socially advanced.

You have the obligation to develop more social activity. You don't do enough in this field, because you, with the aptitudes that you have, are obliged to a social activity in accordance with your inner impulses.

For a few moments, Jaime remained as if in suspense. How could the stranger know the conditions that concurred in him? What did he know about his life, both mental and physical?

Reacting belatedly, he replied:

I don't have your capacity. Don't you realize that sometimes I can't follow the thread of your thoughts or understand them?

From that moment on, the "stranger" tried to make himself understood, explaining things until he understood them. The comment then was very unusual. He simply said:

-Bon, enregistré. (Good, registered).

He often used very technical language, just like a physics teacher would, using mathematical symbols that escaped his understanding.

As expected, the curiosity of the inhabitants of the village could not remain unexpressed.

Jean Pi, apple grower, questioned him as soon as he had the chance.

-Who is this strange being who is going to visit you?

In the face of Jaime's silence, a little annoyed, Pi continued:

-The other day I was in the apple orchard and when I saw him I shouted: "Hey! Where are you going?" As he didn't pay attention to me, I insisted: "Hey! Can't you hear me? Then he turned around and looked at me in such a way that I was intimidated. You must know, my friend, that he is a very strange being. The fact is that I could not say another word to him.

A few days later, when he was in the village, M. Nou's father, who held the position of mayor of the place, asked him:

Who is this strange being who visits you?

The other day I greeted him, but he did not even answer me. Thinking he was a foreigner and did not understand me, I said to him with gestures: "And the papers?" (the documentation). He looked at me so fixedly, with such intensity, that I thought I had offended him, and I felt very intimidated. For a moment I had the feeling that my mouth was being covered with a gag. I could not say a word. Who is this individual? Do you know him?

"You can rest easy," Jaime replied. "He is a good friend and an excellent person. He is certainly a foreigner and has come from very far away to visit me. I'll answer for him. But please don't say anything to the Gendarmerie. It's not that anything could happen, but it would be annoying.

Ah, well, that's fine!

Jaime Bordas was becoming more and more intrigued every day. Ten days had passed since the first visit of the stranger, who invariably showed up at the same time, to make a brief bow and then sit down to chat, sometimes in the shade of the trees, in the courtyard or in the dining room of the Inn. Not once did he want to go into the bar. Then he would pick up his bread and milk and leave with his characteristic walk.

That being represented an enigma. He had often formed different hypotheses, which he quickly discarded, becoming plunged into a chaos of agitated confusion. An infinite number of questions remained in his mind to which he could give no logical answer.

Where had he come from? What was his origin? Was he an extraordinary man, born in some Nordic place? Was he a member of the underground Resistance movement or a Soviet spy? What mission or purpose did he have to carry out in those lonely outskirts?

As soon as she saw him appear, she went to meet him. Unable to control her impulses, she asked him almost point-blank: Hey, what are you doing up there?

He gave her one of his strange glances without parting his lips to utter a sound. Jaime insisted:

Keep in mind that I have answered for you. My prestige and perhaps my safety depend on your actions. The face of the unknown seemed to light up with a strange clarity and his cold pupils shone for a few seconds, but he remained silent. I suppose you will not spend the day doing nothing, Jaime continued. Can you not tell me what kind of mission has brought you here?

The lips of the unknown barely gave the sensation of moving. And for the first time he answered concisely to his insistent questions.

I am making the topographic map of Canigó. (REDmark below)



It is an unnecessary job, Jaime replied. There is already a direct plan of the General Staff chart. I could easily get it for you. Any bookstore in Perpignan has it.

I have already seen it. It is of no use to me.

Suddenly, without knowing why, Jaime was struck by the clear tone of the stranger's face. He thought, logically, that it was impossible that, after ten days climbing those cliffs, he could keep his complexion as fresh and rosy as that of a maiden. The high mountain sun burns intensely. It was enough to climb Canigó (2,785 m), Barbet peak (2,750 m), Tres Vents peak (2,700 m), Roja peak (2,600 m) to show the effects of sunstroke.

How is it possible that he keeps his face so white if he spends all day on the highest peaks? he wondered... Does he wear a veil or a gauze?

Jaime waited in vain for an answer. The stranger once again adopted his typical silent attitude, while seeming to envelop him with the sharp look that emerged from the depths of his eyes. He came to think that the word no, which he had never used, did not exist in his vocabulary.

Will you finish this work soon?

Yes, in two or three days I will have it finished.

Will you show it to me? I would like to see it.

The shadow of a smile seemed to appear fleetingly. He turned around and started up the path to the heights.

One day before his departure the unknown made his usual appearance. This time he was carrying something in his hand: a metallic-looking tube from which he took out a map which he spread out on the table. It was a cartographic plan, neatly made, with the heights and contour lines perfectly drawn, reproducing with unusual fidelity the entire Canigó mountains. >> (illustration is from this mountains- but not from book.)



The type of paper used gave the sensation of a very smooth parchment, without folds and did not creak when handled. He recognized with great ease the layout that appeared before his eyes without any kind of letters or numbers; Only a few indecipherable symbols could be distinguished. One of them was a kind of half moon on the contour lines. The ink used was black and the altitudes were not marked with Arabic numerals. The topography was perfect.

When Jaime had satisfied his curiosity, the unknown folded the surprising map and put it back, not in the tube, but in a kind of folder with metal covers, which he had supposedly brought with him, but which had suddenly gone unnoticed by Jaime. Inside the folder there were other documents, as well as the tube.

The topographical work to draw up that map with its detailed contour lines would have required the continued effort of a team of Army topographers for at least two months. However, that mysterious being had carried it out - *alone or with the help of his no less enigmatic companion* - in just fifteen days. And apparently with no more food than bread and milk. The fact itself was something disconcerting and incomprehensible. One more mystery to add to those surrounding the stranger. Although Jaime's surprises had not ended.

The fantastic surveyor told him:

Don't bring me any more milk tomorrow. I won't be able to pay you.

It doesn't matter he replied, understanding that this meant a farewell. What I have learned from you during these fifteen days is worth more, much more than the bread and milk that I have provided you.

I won't be able to pay you with money continued the stranger because I don't have it, but I will give you something that is much more valuable to you.

And he handed him a small package that he was carrying in his hand.

Jaime had never noticed that the stranger's suit had pockets. Another detail that suddenly struck him was that, although he had always treated him like a man, he could not really be sure, because his shape from the waist down did not give signs of masculine attributes, but rather had a smooth, soft surface.

When he opened the package he saw that it contained a few stones.

Take them, the stranger told him. They are gold nuggets. >>(not from book).

Where did you get them?

From the Cady River. It is gold-bearing, he answered. I can find as many as I want.

Jaime did not doubt his statement for a moment. He was used to trusting his word completely. He had always had the impression that this unknown stranger could not lie.

Thank you. Have a good trip. Where will you go? Will you go through Vemet? I ask you with the intention of accompanying you with my car to Vilafranca del Conflent, where you can take the train. Bear in mind that you have no documents to prove your identity.



The unknown simply said: Upstairs.

As he walked away towards where he had set up camp, Jaime thought that he would go up the high mountains. There was no other explanation. Only now, after many years, does he believe that 'upstairs' could mean something more.

Although at the moment, under the influence of the powerful personality of the unknown, he believed him when he told him that those rounded stones that looked like ordinary pebbles or cobblestones were gold nuggets, later he began to doubt. Until finally he decided to take them to Perpignan in order to show them to his friends, the Ducommun brothers. Imagine his surprise at the overwhelming enthusiasm shown by the jewellers when they assured him that it was the purest gold!

Where did you find it? They asked him eagerly. Do you want us to join forces to exploit this vein?

Jaime did not want to reveal its origin, which greatly annoyed the jewellers. The unknown had paid with the magnificence of a king for the food he had provided. The value of the nuggets was much higher than the modest provisions he had consumed: more than 50,000 francs.

With this coup de grace ended the hitherto inexplicable episode of Casteil, at the foot of the Canigou. The confirmation of the encounter with an extraterrestrial character would be the best document in existence and the longest lasting.

The alleged contacts of Adamski, Cedric Allingham, Truman Bethurum, Siragusa, Daniel Fry and some others do not have as corroborative evidence as that of Casteil, since everything in them depends on what the contact says. In the case of Canigou, the presence of a spacecraft, a disc or any other type of space vehicle is not recorded. *The presence of the tent gives rise to many suppositions.* Was it a disc-shaped, flattened, metallic-grey means of transport, which Jaime took for the latest model tent?

The observation made by the eminent and scholarly Frenchman Jacques Vallée, a doctor in Mathematics, NASA advisor on the map of Mars, specialist in IBM calculating machines and one of the world's leading experts on unidentified flying objects, a subject on which he has published several works in English, is very significant. In his list of two hundred UFO landing cases, numbered 55 and dated 4 October 1954, he says that a ten-year-old boy named Bartiaux saw a "tent-shaped" object that had landed near Villers-le-Tilleul (Ardenne, France). An unknown individual was standing next to him.

But in this case - that of Canigou - there is testimony from almost all the inhabitants of a town. In May 1967, in Casteil, there were several people who had known Jaime, when he was running the Hostal de l'Isard. Among them, Michel Cases, owner of the hotel-restaurant Le Catalan.

The Canigou mountains is perfectly known from a geological point of view, but the truth is that the planes that fly over it suffer strange magnetic disturbances in their navigation devices. Something or someone is disturbing the compasses and direction finders of aircraft in the vicinity of the mysterious and poetic mountains, which on a map of

Europe occupies a space smaller than an old five-cent coin. However, this small circle constitutes the largest aircraft graveyard in Europe.

The conclusion of each of the surveys carried out was always the same: navigation error. But what is the natural, known and proven reason that makes so many experienced pilots, guided by a comprehensive network of radio beacons from the ground, always make the same mistake and in the same place? The technicians respond that it is an unfortunate coincidence. The most basic calculation of probabilities tells us that we can no longer speak of "coincidences" in the case of Canigou. A case that recalls the "deadly Bermuda Triangle", a mysterious triangular area that exists in the sea, off the Florida peninsula, where dozens of ships and planes have mysteriously "disappeared" in broad daylight and in dead calm.

Could there be magnetic disturbance centers on our planet capable of "driving air and sea navigation instruments crazy"? If so, what is the cause? Could the top-secret Project Magnet of the American Air Force, consisting of several flying superfortresses equipped with perfect magnetometers, be related to this? And finally, what relationship - if any - does the "unknown" from Casteil have with these tragic and mournful events?

The Casteil episode was soon erased from Jaime's mind, and he suffered a total-temporary amnesia that lasted about ten years. **Was it a psychological block imposed from "above"?** The enigma remains and we are possibly still very far from its solution.

However, the "unknown" predicted to Jaime that his life would change and that he would be subject to very violent shocks.

Subsequent events seem to confirm this prediction. Indeed, in the summer of 1971, Jaime was in his magnificent chalet in Andorra and in the company of Odile, his Parisian wife whom he met shortly after the events described above, when he received a mysterious call from Paris. *The voice was the same one he had heard in Casteil in 1951, that of the "unknown character", who told him: "I am speaking to you from a car in the Bois de Vincennes. You will experience a new mutation. You will stop aging, and your mind will open to broader truths."*

In 1967, Rafael Farriols and I went to Casteil to carry out a detailed investigation on site. We interviewed several people who still remembered Jaime Bordas **and the bizarre being who went to fetch bread and milk; that is, the "strange being" of our story.** Among these witnesses were the aforementioned Michel Cases, M. Nou, former mayor of the village, Jean Pi, a fruit tree grower, and a few others.

Bordas had confided to me, as you will remember, the names of the jewellers who acquired the gold nuggets given to him by the "unknown": the Ducommun brothers. By a fortunate coincidence, one of them, Henri, was then vice-president of the French Federation of Underwater Studies and Sports. Being one of the pioneers of scuba diving in Spain, the author of several works on the subject, a personal friend of Commander Cousteau and other personalities in the underwater world, I was already guaranteed a good reception from the jeweller who, as I later found out, did indeed know my name.

The Ducommun Frères jewellery store is located in one of the most central locations in Perpignan: in the square that opens up at the foot of the Castillet. Henri Ducommun welcomed me kindly, I introduced him to Farriols and then explained the reason for our visit, after making a few comments about diving and telling me about a compressor for loading bottles that he had installed in Rosas.

Indeed, I remember Jacques Bordas perfectly, he told me. He was a mountain guide who then ran a mountain hotel in Casteil. He was a strong, friendly man and very pleasant to deal with.

Do you remember if he ever brought you gold nuggets to sell?

Yes answered Henri Ducommun, I think it was around the year 50 or 51, I don't remember exactly. As you know he added, the river basin is gold-bearing, *but no one had ever brought back nuggets of that quality.*

Once this last point was confirmed, which seemed to corroborate the veracity of the strange story, Farriols and I resumed our return to Barcelona, in my friend's Morris 1100, while inside us this question arose: **Could the "unknown" from Canigó be one of the first men from UMMO to arrive on Earth? The dates matched: March 1950, June 1951. A little more than a year later. The question remains.**

OTHER SPANISH CASES.

These cases are offered to us by Juan José Benátez, the Spanish journalist-writer most specialized in the UFO subject. All of them involved inhabitants of the Canary Islands.

First case.

On June 23, 1976, the *Diario de Avisos* of the island of Tenerife published this news, boxed and on the front page: Last night, spectacular phenomenon in Canary waters. Thousands of people saw it. Four hypotheses: an underwater volcano, a meteorite that fell into the sea, another atmospheric marine phenomenon or something related to UFOs.

Testimonies: that of Mr. Guillermo Rodríguez Rodríguez, who worked at the Izaña observatory, and who is now a professor at the Los Llanos de Aridane Institute: From what I have seen, I deduce that there was a great atmospheric ionization, during most of the time that this phenomenon lasted, unknown for now. The television was seen with difficulty: the image was erased from the screen, as if there was interference from electromagnetic waves, or something had passed over the area...

That of Mr. Fernando Molino, from the Izaña astronomical observatory: I saw it as a large spiral in the shape of a snail, very bright. It produced a 40-degree circular halo, with a bluish-white luminosity. What is clear is that it was something of external origin to the islands.. The previous night (June 22-23, 1976) the following news was transmitted from San Sebastián de la Gomera: The crew of a fishing boat, impressed by the UFO that stopped next to the mast. The crew of the fishing boat Madre Bitarte, which was fishing off the coast of Alajerã, are deeply impressed, since they claim that a craft

The large object, shaped like two fishing boats on top of each other, emitted very intense flashes of light. It stopped at the height of the boat's mast, where it remained for a few seconds until it disappeared, when, alarmed, they turned off the boat's lights. The phenomenon has been observed by many people who have been impressed by its magnitude."

Now Ernesto Ferrer Galán, the janitor of the aforementioned Izaña observatory, located 2,300 metres above sea level, speaks: "At first, the sea turned red, that emerged between the island of La Palma and Teide. Suddenly, from that reddened sea something emerged that looked like a spiral, also red, and at the same time that the spiral was forming, a tremendous white luminosity was filling that place. I remember that we received more than fifteen calls from many places and especially from the city of Puerto de la Cruz. Apparently, thousands of people saw it."

Second case.

On June 22, 1976, at ten o'clock at night, Dr. Francisco Padrón Hernández experienced an exciting adventure:

. It (the sphere) had a light-orange-blueish colour at first. They were shades that I have never seen in Nature. It was an orange with a special blue tint. None of the three occupants of the taxi spoke. But I realized that the taxi driver's hands were shaking. And the car, very slowly, very slowly, left it there. Anyway, since no one was speaking, I commented:

But what's going on here?

The taxi driver answered me:

Can't you see it? This is a flying saucer! It even has two guys inside!

I had indeed seen those two beings too. But I wanted to make sure that I wasn't suffering from a hallucination or something like that. I saw and perceived the two beings. And it was already beginning to blur. Yes, at first it was not transparent. Then, slowly, the large sphere became transparent. In the central part (of the alien spaceship), as if in relief, there were two platforms, all round. There were no rivets or angles of any kind! The disk was like a compass-shaped pattern. Perfect. And, suddenly, we see how from the central part of this inner platform - through a strange tube - a gas or smoke began to emerge, of a much denser or thicker blue. And it began to travel around the inner circumference of the sphere and "that" began to increase in size and grow and grow. And it reached the diameter of a 20-story house. Like the Don Juan hotel in Las Palmas!

From the waist down (the two figures in the ship) seemed short to me. But from there up, enormous. Their shoulders were considerably wide. And so was their skull. I was struck by their disproportionate occipitals. At least (they measured that). 2.70 meters Their hands were pointed. They had no fingers. And, if they did have them, they were kept or sheathed in something pointed or conical. (The witnesses were about 50 or 60 meters from the sphere.)

Yes, the uniforms were red. It wasn't exactly red either (wine red). I've never seen it in Nature! Those suits were perfect. I was struck by the perfection of those uniforms. There were no wrinkles.

"Were they clearly human figures?" the journalist asked him.

The doctor did not hesitate for a moment.

"Yes."

At that moment, the journalist continued, "I asked the doctor to draw the scene for me. While he was drawing the sphere, the panels and two beings, he commented:

"I will do it just like the commander who interrogated me recently." The two beings, as I was saying, were between these two panels. And above them there was a series of levers and devices that shone extraordinarily. They flashed. But I noticed a very special kind of whistling, like when I have the X-ray machine on, at 90,000 volts. Something like that. But today, calm now, with that image stuck in my mind and crystal clear, look, I am sure that I will go back there and see them again. Many of those experiences (during 18 years of practicing medicine) must have left a great mark on me. Well, the mark that this object left in my brain was completely different.

How would you define that mark? Asked the journalist.

I would do it in a few words answered the rural doctor from Guía. It is an image that has displaced loads of images, to become a primordial one.

Did you feel afraid at that moment?

The doctor's answer was blunt:

Not at all! Quite the opposite! I liked seeing that! I liked it. And I don't know exactly why. Maybe because of its great perfection in the layout. It was something far superior to anything I had seen before. I myself am now recalling images of airplanes - even the Concorde - and they are just rubbish compared to that. And that object (pay close attention to what I am going to tell you) was accompanied, I don't know if psychically, by a strange phenomenon of joy. It's curious. You observe things on Earth;

You see, for example, a commercial jet in flight, and it doesn't matter. But it wasn't the same with that object.

Well, and after all this time, in a cool head and after having made a detailed analysis of everything that happened in your mind, what do you suppose it was that you saw?

First: a ship (I call it that) that was not material. Second: occupied by beings far superior to us, in every sense. Third: from what I could observe, they were beings who carry, in their way of being, a great spiritual perfection. It gave me the impression that there was no evil there.

But on what do you base this last conclusion?

Simply by looking at the Earth - answered the doctor.

We all remained silent for a few moments.

If you observe a man, here in our world, that man is not surrounded by anything. He does not produce any strange sensation. And much less of greatness or majesty. It's just matter that moves. You see a big car and some people who get into it and nothing else. You don't see anything else. Just matter. The car may be more or less pretty, yes, but it doesn't give off spirituality.

And what I saw did give off that spirituality. I don't know if you understood me. They were flashes of spirituality! And it's not that that spirituality was dependent on its physical perfection, no. A series of perfect things were associated with that set.

Had you read any book about UFOs before?

No, never. I had heard about them, yes. But it never worried me. As you can understand, one has enough problems with medicine.

Did you notice an abnormal silence in the area?

Yes.

And how would you describe it?

It was, I don't know. Maybe like an empty silence. There are full silences. The silences of the night or of the wind, for example.

And the movements prior to the displacement, what were they like?

I tell you: very soft. Harmonious. Imagine a sphere of that size! That had nothing to do with the movements of our planes. It seemed like a game. You can't even imagine it! Everything in our world, compared to "that" seems arid.

Did the brightness of the sphere bother the eyes?

No, quite the opposite. It was pleasant to look at.

Of the whole UFO, what impressed you the most?

Everything. You couldn't separate it. Everything was majestic. It was a harmonious whole!

And what else surprised you?

Well, perhaps the roundness. Everything there was rounded. I didn't see any corners or angles anywhere.

The journalist J. J. Benátez emphasizes: "It was really curious. That reminded me, almost unintentionally, of the statements of the members of the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations, who in 1974 had already specified to me that inside the ships of the beings from space who visit us, they had not observed any angle or corner.

After the sighting, have you noticed any reaction or secondary effect on yourself?

Yes, I have noticed something very specific and surprising. As a result of that, I have found that my memory is much more consistent. I have a much more lucid memory, even if it seems untrue. In addition, when I study, I grasp things and concepts in less time than before and with more depth. And, finally, diagnoses or reasoning in general are almost effortless for me.

And I assure you that it has not been a product of my imagination. I have been practicing medicine for 18 years and there have been many diagnoses that have required a great effort, numerous studies and time. Some, I even left for another day. Today, however, I reason them with great ease. I also notice a great deal of self-confidence.

When asked to what extent the meeting had meant a change in my life, Dr. Francisco Padrán replied:

I'll tell you something. As I said, I've been a doctor for 18 years, here in Guía. At the beginning, I devoted myself entirely to my career. In agreement with my wife, I devoted hours and hours to my work and she looked after the children. I went two or even three days without sleeping. Until one day this was about five or six years ago I realised that this was not life. And I made a decision: what was the life of a doctor? What was my role in this world working 24 or 48 hours straight? What was I and what did I represent?

And I tried to put my life in order. I started by not prescribing once a week. In short, making sure that my profession did not enslave me. And I dedicated more time to my wife and children. Because I thought: if I am a doctor who dedicates my life, entirely, to the profession, before I know it I will have a cane, a hat and a frock coat and I will not be able to stand up. And I promised myself that this would not happen. How? By practicing my profession as dignifiedly as possible and devoting the rest of the time to my home. Well, those two things I told you I have seen much more clearly now.

For the soldier who came to question me, for example, only the ship, his instruments and his words counted, their propulsion system, etc. The military man is cold. And perhaps he cannot understand that that spirituality was inseparable from the rest of the ship, the military man does not understand this point.

Suppose that based on that spirituality, those beings invited you to enter their ships. What would you do?

Honestly, today, I think I am not ready for that.

Did you not think then about the consequences that that declaration (the encounter with them and their sphere) would bring you?

No. That does not concern me. I believed I had the obligation to say what I had seen. And that is all. What ignorant or ill-intentioned people think leaves me absolutely cold. I am above all those people who do not understand or who mock. As you will understand, I cannot value the comment of a corner or a square. Those are the ones who fix the world by talking. The person who is formed has to be above all that. You cannot hide something that was real or stop expressing your thoughts because of "what will people say."

"Now, do you believe that UFOs exist?"

"Of course. You would have to be blind not to believe. Although I will also tell you something: there are many people who pretend to be blind, so as not to have to revise their outdated and comfortable principles. And those are the worst.

And the journalist concludes the interview, which lasted several hours, with these clarifications: "The aforementioned doctor - as I was able to find out and confirm for myself in the hard-working town of Guía, as well as in the wide area surrounding said town - is one of the most beloved and respected professionals in those parts. He is a deeply serious and hard-working man, who had never worried about anything other than medicine, his home and his patients."

"It was obvious: on that unforgettable date when we went to his office to interview him, it was necessary to wait until late at night, to be able to talk with a minimum of tranquillity. Patients were constantly filling the waiting room. His medical history, moreover, is brilliant.

In this last case as J. J. Benátez already did when he included this testimony in his book, I have been forced to extract this statement. The length of these testimonies (that of Joaquín Bordas and that of Dr. Francisco Padrán) has allowed me, on the other hand, to shorten mine somewhat, due to the large number of coincidences between our respective experiences. Very notable in the case of Dr. Padrán, who did not go up in any extraterrestrial spaceship, at least physically. I agree with him in almost one hundred percent of his assessments.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SIERRA DE GERENA

One Sunday in January 1982, the presenter-commentator of Revista de Toros, the Valencian Manolo Molés, interviewed the couple Pedro and Pepa Vidal, field workers on a farm-livestock farm located at the foot of the Sierra de Gerena, NW of Seville. In this property, at the beginning of December 1981, a flying saucer landed. It was eleven o'clock at night and the first to see it was the Vidal couple's son, Diego, aged fifteen, who called his mother who came out of the house to see that strange device, which emitted an intense light. Mrs. Pepa described it as a "very pretty light". The son, overcome with fear, went into the house and did not come out again until the following day. What's more, when he went to the village he did not dare to speak about "it" to anyone, for fear of being taken for a madman.

And when Manolo Molés went to interview the family, he refused to appear on "television". What a youthful adventurous mentality these days!

When he came back into the house, after having spent a few minutes outside, looking at the UFO, the mother told Diego not to wake his father. No doubt for fear that he would take up the shotgun and confront the intruders. The woman went out a couple of times to see the UFO, until she saw it take flight around midnight, with many red lights that turned on and off. According to the Vidal couple, the apparition had been observed that same night by several farmers in the area.

Both there, at the foot of the Gerena mountain range, and in other Andalusian farms, where Manolo Molés decided to spend Christmas among those who raise fighting bulls, when he asked country people of different ages what they appreciated most about their lives, they all answered unanimously: tranquility. Some of those people had lived in Madrid and Barcelona. *(precisely in the area that Erra- Pleiadians made radio contact with locals in recent years and have provided enormous amounts of information about their home planets, see [link](#) for much more info about this in text, audio and videos - [plus here](#) - and see then the oldest first! Some on norwegian- [link](#))*

I remember that a few years ago, the second channel of French television offered, once a week, a program entitled "Les conteurs", in which peasants from all regions of France appeared on the small screen, delicately led and guided by the visitor-commentator - whose name I regret not to remember, because he was a true goldsmith in the field - to tell their lives, their experiences and sometimes the legends and customs of the place. It is curious: I remember perfectly that, when I was a visitor, I was very interested in the story of the peasants from all regions of France.

When I asked them what they appreciated most about their life in the countryside, they all responded with the same answer: the peace and the silence. I emphasize this because the reader will have been able to see, in my writings about a long conversation and its long silences, the affinity that exists between the thinking of the peasants on Earth and the crew of the spaceship with whom I spoke. and also that on our planet there are people who could teach many other people how to live - those who go from trauma to depression, with stress as the launching pad for all the abnormal alterations of their existence - who have not been able to preserve even the slightest notion of what a normal and peaceful life is.

These days, the press reproduced reflections by Spanish executives from various branches (banking, arms, public administration, politics.), victims of stress. They pointed out that the solution might be to apply the sabbatical year. That is to say: every seven years take one year off, receiving, naturally, your usual emoluments. But if such a revolutionary innovation were to be applied, it would only be suitable, according to indications, for "stressed executives". The working class, apparently, does not know "stress", nor does it deserve to benefit from "sabbatical holidays".

A BRIEF PROFILE. AND SOME CLARIFICATIONS.

The people we starve and torture have an antisocial tendency to steal and kill. And we believe that they act in this way because of a prominent eyebrow.

Ann Druyan, sociologist and researcher.

But the truth is that there is no way to distinguish between the brains of murderers and those of scientists. It is undoubtedly the case that it is not heredity but society that makes criminals.

Carl Sagan, astronomer, researcher and writer.

A BRIEF PROFILE.

In broad strokes: this is the adventurous and exciting life, in many ways, of a good friend of mine, an old militant of the National Confederation of Labour and, at the turn of the 20s and 30s, an active member of the Iberian Anarchist Federation. It is also, at the same time, my most sincere tribute to all those men and women who, against all odds, gave everything to make Universal Brotherhood the purest ambition of the human race.

Manuel Huet Piera is a son of the Barcelona neighbourhood of Pueblo Nuevo and although from a very young age he had his life sorted out - he drove his own taxi from the age of 23 - he was always at the service of the ideas he professed. And so he risked his peace of mind, his well-being and his life - and that of his loved ones - countless times, first in Spain and later in France, until the age of sixty. His life as a fighter for freedom and human dignity is one of the most intense I have ever known. And I know many. Until one day he said enough! And he left it all behind.

But, as the younger generations of libertarians entered the fray - particularly between 1944 and 1960 - there were those who approached the old militant. Some in search of advice, others asking for guidance and some trying to get him involved in the fight again. Then he, bluntly, to free himself definitively from the siege of one and the other, replied: What do you want, that I go back into the mountains to save Humanity? Well, if that is what it is for, don't count on me for anything! I am tired of acting as a savior. Humanity did not deserve so many sacrifices and so much blood shed. And, after a brief pause, because his bellows were no longer working very well, he added: "When you want to exterminate humanity, then you can come for me, and I will give you a good hand."

It is not difficult to imagine the expressions on the faces of his interlocutors, the young fighters in the background. Some of them, even with a touch of indignation, would repeat to me at home those unexpected words of the old anarcho-syndicalist militant, recently returned from the Andorran retirement of the former Barcelona taxi driver.

AND SOME CLARIFICATIONS

Well, at the dawn of 1981, and in view of the political panorama of the world in general, and of our country in particular, one who has been quietly around four and a half decades of active militancy, has also come to the conclusion now sixty that Humanity, allowing itself to be eaten up by so many hucksters and so many pragmatists ingredients with which technocrats prepare themselves, finds itself submerged in an alarming dehumanization and, consequently, two steps away from a humiliating and cruel robotization. Unless - That is why, for some time now, I

have been repeating to my companion the need I feel for a long rest and pointing out to her the convenience of thinking about retreating to a village in the Alpujarras of Granada or a small town in the Pyrenees. Lately, when she saw that my proposals were becoming formal, my companion would reply: "Well, if anything, you go ahead and I'll come later." "Yes, that's it," I would add, "You come later."

I will fix up the house. A house that, by the way, is still to be found, since, by not knowing it, we do not even know the Pyrenean village or the Alpujarra hamlet of my dreams. With this he means: first, that, despite being quite discouraged, I have not yet, not even once, thought of wishing for the extermination of humanity, and, secondly, that I was preparing to get away from the madding crowd with the greatest possible discretion. So it is very likely that, on our planet, there is no person less predisposed than me to return to any kind of adventure. And even less the one that awaited me on the night of August 31 to September 1, 1981, in the heart of the Catalan Pyrenees. But, as is well known, "where one least expects it, the hare jumps," which, this time, took the fantastic and enormous form of a spaceship surrounded by a sea of light immeasurable in its grandeur and indescribable in its beauty.

On the other hand, the reader must consider the story of these cosmic experiences of mine above all with a healthy curiosity. Imagine that I was explaining something practically unknown to him. For example: the customs of one of the many tribes of New Zealand where sexual initiation rites are still practiced with astonishing naturalness and spontaneity, within the family itself: where the mother initiates the sons and the father the daughters. It is not difficult to guess the face of most of those who were unaware of the existence of such sexual training practices. And no less than in tribes considered primitive and savage! Well, judging by the results (in those jungles suicide, traumas, depressions, and of course psychoanalysts and psychiatrists are unknown) we must admit that, at least in this respect, compared to civilized societies, they are not backward, but quite the opposite.

The reader should note how, now, in 1981-1982, incest is being demystified in Europe. After having insulted and defamed one of our best contemporary writers, Henry Miller, for having dared to approach and deal with incest, with the greatest naturalness in the world, in his novels; Now, in our latitudes, several television broadcasts have already been devoted to this subject.

Imagine, also, the reader, that I have been discovering to you, through this Auca tribe, of which Joaqu n Grau speaks to us in his magnificent book, the number of senses that we civilized people have lost, as an intimate resource for approaching and understanding with others, such as that of touch and even that of sight or that of silence.

Well, instead of speaking to you about those things, among thousands of others, some so close, that we ignore and that continue to live and flutter on our planet, that are led by beings as terrestrial as we can be, I have spoken to you about what is popularly known as "extraterrestrials", without pretending, as in the case of the tribes cited (the Aucas and the Zu ), that, not being able to verify it for themselves, they believe everything I told them. But, of course, without ceasing to ask the questions that I asked myself in the spring of 1950: What if it were true that they exist? What if it were true that they are more civilized than we are? And, in that case, what would it be up to us earthlings to do to broaden the area of our positive activities in the Cosmos, in pursuit of our full and harmonious integration in it?

THE TERROR THAT COMES FROM THE SKY. INVENTED BY EARTHLINGS.

Reason will tire before imagining that we marvel at the Universe.

Blaise Pascal.

We are currently witnessing an unbridled and unhealthy pursuit of enjoyment, of pleasure without frustration. It is like a kind of evacuation of death.

Claude L vy-Strauss.

This is a title that comes to us directly from one of the many magazines specialized in "fantastic" subjects. It is at times like this that one congratulates oneself for not having kept to oneself and to some close friend or relative who is interested, in a healthy way, in these matters the testimony of my meeting with the seven crew members of the spaceship Luz del Cosmos. And, when reading these texts and observing, attentively, very attentively, the illustrations that accompany them, then one feels more obliged than ever to divulge this ultimatum message from other worlds.

Does the reader friend know that André Malraux called us Spanish Republicans who fought for twenty-odd countries on four continents in the Allied ranks after having done so in our last civil war, planetary Quixotes? Well, that is still where we are, apparently. But anyway, back to what we were saying.

Let me clarify first: the materials I have chosen to present are what we could call basic texts (Why they chose me as a messenger, long conversations with prolonged silences)

I have tripped up in a very short period of time. However, we could weave an essay on the peripheral aspects of the UFO theme and everything that the earthlings get confused about concerning UFOs and check, in passing, in which direction the shots go, and who is firing them.

Here, we do not have time or place for any essay in the strict sense of the term, but what we do is outline all the notes that we have deemed appropriate to launch to the four winds, with the hope that others use them as a platform to start what we could call the Demystification and Detechnification operation of the UFO theme. This as a modest counterattack to those attempts to present it to us at all times under the sign of terror.

There are several fields of dissemination in most cases it would be more appropriate to speak of exploitation, which are: television, cinema and literature. These fields are often confused. The reason is simple: the strings of this industry that exploits the extensive business of "the fantastic" are pulled by multinational puppeteers who work in unison. I am referring, to be precise, to the free Western world. Although sometimes in such latitudes there are some exceptions, such as France. This country, with the production of *The Extraterrestrials* and *The Gendarmes and Cabbage Soup* - whose main protagonist is, in both cases, the inimitable French comedian of Iberian descent, Louis de Funès - has come to demonstrate that the Latin vein - *at least in the field of cinema* - is inclined to the humorous treatment of the UFO theme. Although, moving on to the television field, in the French animated series - *Once Upon a Time in Space* - the distribution of roles also revolves around the "good guys" and the "bad guys." That is to say: they follow the example of the Japanese, whose first animated series - at least in Spain - opened with the terrifying "Mazinger-Z". Japanese production, in this specific field of the treatment of space fantasy, more than lives up to the nickname given to them long ago, "Teutons of the East." Now, with *The Battle of the Planets*, already brought to the literary field, the feat is rounded off, always with the children in the spotlight.

Because the crux of the matter is the new generations, as usual. In addition to stupefying them, subjecting them to overwhelming school programs - quantitatively - and stupefying - qualitatively -, now they are trying to sensitize them, negatively, in relation to the so-called "UFO phenomenon." With all the connotations that derive from it, as is natural. As an example, see the time spent at school - and outside school - in raising awareness and stimulating, and even inciting, children to study something as wonderful as our Nature and in a subject as fantastic - the most fantastic imaginable - as the observation, admiration and study of the Universe.

Recently, on February 5, 1982, the topic of the Universe was discussed on the Spanish television program *La Clave*. Well, every time I see that program I ask myself the same question: how many people will have found out what it was all about? And, therefore, how many people will feel encouraged, from now on, to delve - even if not very deeply - into the subject discussed? One, who has a clear mind, can assure the director of *La Clave* that, if I had not been somewhat informed about the subject - having been involved in it for a few months - I would not have understood anything of what was said in that broadcast, between so much "Zero Hour" of the Universe and so much talk of the "Big Bang" (the great explosion).

So, without fear of being wrong, we could say that 95 percent of non-specialists did not understand anything. And the worst thing, if possible, is that most people would go to the other channel, which offered a mediocre work. And let's not even talk about - regarding La Clave - when historical subjects are addressed. So, if you really want to enlighten the public, we suggest that you create a broadcast entitled "The Anteclave", in which you inform the public - you give them clues, that is, for their correct understanding - of what they are going to see in La Clave. Or be inspired by the television work signed and endorsed by the late Professor Rodriguez de la Fuente. Unless what is being pursued is precisely that: to tire viewers when cultural issues are dealt with on the small screen.

But let us return to the terror that comes to us from Heaven. If we turn to Anglo-Saxon inspired cinema and especially North American there we have Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, Alien and. as many films as necessary to fill the cultural void of the human mind with psychological data that, who knows!, may one day be useful to set the earthlings in motion against a hypothetical extraterrestrial danger. Films that, in addition, gobble up "astronomical" budgets. With these films, in addition, the victims' nights are filled with insomnia or nightmares, which means that they become clients of drugs that not only do not cure anything but aggravate the patient's condition, while deteriorating the family environment and, by extension, that of those closest to him.

Because, returning to the printed word - profusely illustrated with terrifying drawings - a small survey carried out by me in bookstores and kiosks gave alarming results. For example: I was assured that those who buy more specialized magazines, or paperback books, are the fathers and now, for some time now, also the mothers. Then these publications are consumed by the whole family and in particular by the children and sometimes even by the grandchildren. If children are of school or university age, when they find these literary pastimes at home - without spending a single cent of their personal capital - they usually spend their money on tobacco, drink or drugs. It is shocking and frightening to discover the statistical figures that indicate the percentages of boys and girls - sometimes still children - who take to tobacco, alcohol or drugs. Let us therefore consider the mental state in which these boys and girls approach fantasy literature. And the kind of mark it can leave on them. Not forgetting the frustrated: those who do not have the means for such vices and who must prostitute themselves or become robbers, if not murderers, to satisfy them. Because no one, in the world of children as in the adult, can live completely oblivious to the uses, customs and vices that predominate in their environment.

It remains to be addressed what is known as "science fiction." It is curious to marry science with fiction. The proliferation and success why deny it? of this literary genre is already edifying in itself. But what one does not quite understand is why authors are taking the monstrosity of their narratives to an ever greater extreme. Arguing that that is what the public wants is not valid. Each author is free to let his imagination and fantasy fly and invent all the stories or legends that occur to him. But why should they not invent happy worlds which there may be, which there are instead of intimidating, frightening and terrifying their readers? Why this malignant obsession with wanting to transfer these degrading terrestrial schemes to possible inhabited planets? In the end, by inventing worlds of terror - that terror that they say comes from the sky -, taking the levels of alarmism and human unrest to the extreme, they only show that they have very little imagination and inventiveness, because, after all, the seed, the inspiration for these tormented worlds, is at hand: it is on our own planet. They are, literary speaking, plagiarists through and through, who try to infect as many earthlings as possible with their sick tendency to distance us from Life and bring us closer to Death.

I arrived at a family pension at dusk. While waiting for dinner, I asked the landlady to turn on the television, so I could watch the broadcast of Iberian Fauna. I was accompanied, sitting around the table, by her children: a 13-year-old girl, a 10-year-old boy and a 6-year-old girl. I tried to interest them in the natural history lessons that were being given on television. Seeing how little attention they paid me, I insisted and then the little girl said to me: What we like is Mazinger-Z. I replied: What I don't know is how you can like adventures in which you already know who will be the winner. The little girl then spoke up: Well, what interests us most is to see what kind of lightning Dr. Hell (the bad guy in the Japanese style) will invent to destroy Mazinger. Immediately afterward, the boy showed me his reading book published in Plasencia (Cáceres), in 1962... and it was 1976 - and a sketchbook on whose pages I discovered, astonished and alarmed, four portraits, outlined with confused strokes. Jesus Christ and Mazinger-Z were paired together. And

Dr. Hell with the Devil. When I acted surprised, the eldest of the brothers taught me: Some represent Good and others Evil. And as Our Lord did before, now it is Mazinger-Z that comes to save us. (Eduardo Pons Prades: Frente de Somosierra. Mundo Diario, Barcelona, September 12, 1976.)

Do I need to add any comments, dear reader?

SPACE CITIES. MADE ON EARTH.

Western science is a political instrument of domination.

Robert Garaudy.

True scientists are poets and imaginative. Without them, science would not exist. The rest are accountants or shopkeepers.

Paul-Emile Victor.

In truth, a large part of scientific literature is dedicated to theorizing and incredibly violent attacks on the theories of other theorists.

John A. Keel.

I was about to finish this book when Gerard K. O'Neill's work came into my hands, dedicated to a subject that cosmic specialists have been covering with paper with printed letters, sketches and drawings for several years now: that of cities in space, conceived and built on Earth. On the back cover we read: Colonies of earthlings, it is understood in orbit before the year 2000. New hope for humanity. This is not a science-fiction book. The study by G. K. O'Neill, an American physicist, born in 1927, tells us about the construction of real cities as well as agricultural and industrial complexes in orbit around the Earth.

Utopia? Not at all. Never has the marvellous been so plausible, and O'Neill's book proves, point by point, that this fascinating adventure - as well as a "providential" solution to the double problem of the energy crisis, as the author points out - is perfectly feasible within the framework of our current technology and resources. And another writer - famous for his tabulations on the future of the Universe - Isaac Asimov, adds: "Never before has the possibility of creating artificial colonies of human beings been presented in such careful detail."

Well. In view of such "wonderful" projects, any person with a clear mind - from Earth, of course - must immediately ask himself a series of questions: What will we bring to these space colonies? Perhaps our shameful and humiliating social status, prevailing today in our "civilizations"? Or the racial discriminations so fashionable in overdeveloped and highly civilized countries? Or would an order of priorities be established, so that only the new chosen ones would have access to these colonies?

Because, naturally, as long as the threat of apocalyptic destruction continues to weigh on the planet Earth, the flight to these colonies would represent the survival of the fugitives or those sent on a mission. Then it would become evident are you realizing, dear reader, where this is going? that this order of priorities would be established, indisputably, according to the financial possibilities of the earthlings or certain influences, political or of any other

kind. These colonies in space would be something like secondary anti-atomic residences of those who on Earth held, at the time of their inauguration, economic, religious, military or political power. Because, once we get down to it, no one will miss - and the Spanish, with their recent historical experiences, least of all - that the installation of these space islands could be given a predominantly religious character. Something like that of outposts or bases of a Great Cosmic Crusade

From all this - and note that we could continue to unravel, ad libitum, more hypotheses of this kind - it can be deduced, with little risk of error, that these colonies or space cities would end up being a faithful reflection of current life on planet Earth. Because, who would create the agricultural complexes there? The same ones who are ruining agriculture on Earth, forcing their children to abandon their land and emigrate to the big cities? Or those who have imposed the use of fertilizers, or other chemical products, or of "new" seeds, just to obtain quick and juicy benefits, even knowing that in this way they impoverished the land in the medium or long term? Or those who, in order to make paper pulp very cheap, hire and pay arsonists who burn our forests? Or would the leaders of these future islands - from any branch or guild - be chosen from among the Earth's elites, forming legions of subordinates with subjects - of both sexes - previously dehumanized and appropriately robotized? And let's not talk about the creation of "industrial complexes" in space, since, taught by Earth's experience, it is possible to predict that trade in the areas of sidereal competitiveness would end up leading, as on Earth, to a real picnic for blacks.

Therefore, if before going on adventures in the Universe - in the noblest sense of the word - the men and women of the Earth do not succeed in making freedom and justice - irreplaceable seats of human dignity - fully prevail on our planet, any human excursion into space will inevitably be marked by the scourges that - some more, some less - we earthlings suffer from.

And it is not unreasonable to predict - if the radical change of mentality does not occur in time in our countries, giving our life an unmistakably fraternal sense - that, as has occurred since the dawn of time at the level of nations, in the future - once these cities are installed in orbit - confrontations will occur, in the form of wars of "persuasion", "preventive" or of extermination would develop, foreseeably, on an extraterrestrial scale. With which, those fears that the Harmonious Universal Brotherhood points out in its ultimatum message would materialize with greater danger than at present, at the dawn of the decade of the 80s.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE FUTURE.

(Warning to applicants for Galactic Missions).

The spectacle of what religions were, and what some of them continue to be, is the most humiliating for human intelligence.

Henri Bergson.

We have come into the world to be happy and the worst crime we have committed is to blind the paths that lead to freedom.

Antonio Gala.

The Church is not interested in deep-rooted convictions, nor in the rise of the last and most incorruptible conscience.

Camilo José Cela.

(In 1980, one of our best comic artists, Carlos Giménez, adapted a story by the Polish writer Stanislaw Lem, The Missionary, from his book The Star Diaries. The comic is very instructive for everyone, but especially for those who, in

the foreseeable future, might give in to the temptation of becoming galactic missionaries or evangelizers. Here is what could happen to them):

The first discoverers of Urtama did not have enough words of praise for its inhabitants, the kindly Memnogos. These beings they said are the most helpful, sweet, good and altruistic creatures in the Cosmos.

In the hope that the seed of Faith would happily sprout among them, the Holy Church sent Father Oribacio to Urtama. The Memnogos received him with hospitality and almost maternal attention. They respected him, obeyed him and seemed to absorb his teachings with eagerness. Taking advantage of this favorable atmosphere, Father Oribacio did not stop preaching, day and night, the principles of the Faith.

"Well, dear parishioners," the preacher told them one day, "now that I have spoken to you about the Old and New Testaments, and the letters of the Apostles, I will go on to explain to you the lives of the martyrs of the Lord. (This last, by the way, was always Father Oribacio's favorite subject.)

Then, giving his voice thunderous intonations and his gestures a dramatic flutter, the preacher began:

Among others. There you have the example of Saint John, who attained Eternal Light by being boiled in oil, and that of Saint Agatha, who let her head be cut off for the Faith, and that of Saint Sebastian who, riddled with arrows, suffered cruel torments and as a reward was received in Paradise by the choirs of angels and cherubs.

(Seeing the poor little Memnogos frightened, embracing each other, Father Oribacio continued to recount his rosary of martyrologies with increasing eloquence):

and the example of the young martyrs who suffered the torment of quartering, strangulation, the wheel and the pyre, enduring it all in ecstasy, thus earning a place in the right hand of the Lord of the Heavenly Hosts.

And so, day after day, he would recount to them, over and over again, and always with a voice of thunder and apocalyptic gesture, the story of many lives consecrated to martyrdom and worthy of being imitated. Until.

One day, a group of memnogos approached him and began to ask him questions:

Reverend Master, forgive the audacity of your unworthy servant and tell me: Does the soul of every man willing to suffer martyrdom go to Heaven?

Undoubtedly, my son.

And you, venerated father, do you perhaps wish to be a Saint and go to Heaven?

It is my most fervent wish, my son.

In that case, we will help you added the one who seemed the most daring of all.

Then the memnogos gently but firmly grabbed the missionary and dragged him towards.

Father Oribacio, somewhat alarmed, exclaimed:

Hey! Can you tell me what you're doing?

Dear father, we're going to skin your back and smear it with boiling pitch, just as the executioner of Ireland did to Saint Hyacinth answered one of the little men.

Father Oribacio struggled like prey being led to the slaughterhouse, shouting and insulting them, with his powerful voice, no doubt so that, frightened, they would let him go:

No! Let me go! You're crazy! Let me go, I told you! Let me go, you damned fools!

And while they tied him to what would be a stake for the martyrology, the memnogos told him:

Now, venerated father, we are going to cut off, among other things, your left leg, as the pagans did to Saint Paphnutius.

And then, beloved master, we will open your belly and fill it with straw, just as they did to Blessed Elisabeth of Normandy.

The missionary continued to struggle like a caged animal and scream like a cornered beast.

And while they continued to mark his body with the mutilations and wounds that would make him worthy of the title of martyr of the Church and reach the rank of Saint, the memnogos announced to him the other steps of the martyrology:

Now we are going to impale you as the Emalkites did to Saint Hugo. But First, dearest Pastor, we will break your ribs as the Tyracusans did to St. Henry of Padua.

And now, next, reverent master, we will burn you slowly, as the Burgundians did to the Maid of Orleans.

After all this, the Mennogos began to cry with tremendous grief for their beloved pastor lost forever. And when anyone approached them, they found them like this, desperate, sobbing bitterly. And they gave them all the same explanation:

Father Oribatius always told us that there was nothing that a good Christian would not do for his neighbor! So we desperately renounced our salvation! All so that dearest Father Oribatius would have the crown of martyr and sanctity!

No one can imagine how hard it was for us! Because before Father Oribacio came to Urtama, no one here was able to kill a fly!

WHY THEY CHOSE ME AS A MESSENGER.

We workers have always lived in shacks and hovels. We will have to adapt to them for some time yet. But let us not forget that we also know how to build. We are the ones who have built the palaces and cities in Spain, America and throughout the world. We, the workers, can build new palaces and cities to replace those destroyed. New and better ones. We are not afraid of ruins. We are destined to inherit the earth, of that there is not the slightest doubt. The bourgeoisie may blow up the world, their world, before leaving the stage of history. But we carry a new world within us and that world grows every moment. It is growing while I speak to you.

Words of Buenaventura Durruti, in the autumn of 1936, on the Aragon Front, addressed to the Dutch journalist Van Paasen.

After having "recorded" the message, and after a brief silence, I said:

"Can I ask you a question?"

"As many as you like," they replied, "and you can ask them without any kind of restrictions."

"Why are you entrusting this message to me and not to some important statesman, or to a high-ranking and responsible military officer from one of the two superpowers?"

They did not respond directly to my question immediately. They told me that, as a result of their observations, they had come to the conclusion that the communities on Earth that still retained a certain amount of humanity were precisely in the Mediterranean basin. They were not unaware that in other parts of the planet there were communities subjected to truly inhuman living conditions, particularly in Africa, the Spanish-speaking Americas and in Asia. But they did not fail to recognize that these communities, not enjoying a reasonably good level of energy, would take a long time to awaken from their lethargy and claim the place that rightfully belongs to them within the great terrestrial community. It was not a question of pointing out countries predestined - they stressed to me - to be a guide or beacon for the others, but of an unquestionable reality: that, due to their recent history, these countries had demonstrated that they had an admirable vitality and a very clear notion of what is just and what is unjust. I confess that I felt proud to belong to that community, which they did not name; it was not difficult to guess that they were referring to Spain. Nevertheless, I stuck to my guns:

-But in any Mediterranean country there are important politicians and military men. or to entrust the message to several of them at the same time, to one from each power.

-It would serve no purpose. They would adulterate or silence our message. In fact, this has happened on several occasions, regarding our visits and also in relation to our contacts on Earth with humble people or people without important positions in their respective countries. On the other hand, this could mean disdain towards other terrestrial communities. Don't you think so?

In any case, you cannot ignore the limited scope of people like me to transmit this message, and even our great vulnerability in the face of the enormous persuasive resources that certain powers have at their disposal to silence us, or worse things.

You are free to spread the message or not, to try to spread it publicly or to do so at personal and even confidential levels. We will be very grateful to you in any case. And you must understand that we cannot proceed with you in a different way than we do within our harmonious universal brotherhood. You are completely free before us and you would disappoint us if you did not use that freedom without any restrictions.

Suddenly, my confusion was such that, despite wanting to tell them that I still have enough temerity to send the message to the four winds and stay calm, I didn't say anything. Note that in my life I have met people of infinite kindness. But there, before those beings from other worlds whom very few have ever met, I was faced with a strange and strange feeling.

I had been so bold as to assume that they had genuine "human character" - to use our words - but I was measuring another of the shameful injustices that we earthlings are capable of, blinded as we are by our much-valued superiority, both on the moral and material plane. I was also amazed at the dizzying speed with which my mind coordinated ideas and how the reflections followed one another, coining, as if by lightning, the answer, the reply or the question.

- The message will be publicly disseminated. And I will manage to ensure that it is neither diminished nor confused.

It is not the first time, of course, that I have been entrusted with unexpected missions and sometimes somewhat excessive in relation to my faculties or possibilities. But it was enough for someone to trust me for me to consider myself obliged, morally speaking, to not disappoint him. And then I grew and achieved it. So, when I said, in the past, here I go! I was the first to be surprised to see the things that the last of the strays on Earth can achieve, if he sets his mind to it. And, in this case, with the help of my editor, who, after nearly two hours of conversation, and despite seeing my firm resolution, said to me:

Now I am going to talk to you as a friend and not as an editor: do you know the mess you are getting yourself into, kid, by writing this book?

And I answered him:

The same, or almost, that you are getting yourself into by publishing it.

Well, go ahead were his last words.

Now with a certain extraterrestrial parsimony, I dropped another question:

Well, all that about the Mediterranean as a source of life and regeneration is very good, but now, please, tell me why you have chosen me as your messenger.

Only a few seconds passed before the voice began to give its answer. But I immediately noticed, and with great intensity, as if a more direct communication had been established between us between them and me and I felt them closer to me than ever before.

I would almost say that I had the sensation of being one of them.

And memories of my childhood, youth, and different moments of my later life, which I had completely forgotten, paraded through my mind like meteors. It seemed as if someone had decided to put me in a trance to better understand what they were going to tell me, by first designing in my memory the picture or the scenario of my past experiences.

First of all, we will tell you that you have been chosen, after a meticulous study of your personality, for reasons that are both particular and general. The particular ones are these: that you are a free and independent man. That is to say, that you strive to preserve, together with your partner, the widest possible areas of independence. And that neither you nor your partner belong to any party or sect. You enjoy a certain popularity as a serious historian and this because you are one of the few who investigates history on the ground and knows how to hear it from the mouths of humble people. For one of your books, the one dedicated to the Spanish guerrillas, you agreed to take very serious risks, traveling through Spanish lands, to bring to light facts that had been silenced or falsified.

The general reasons are condensed in that you belong to one of those Mediterranean communities and you are fully identified with everything it represents.

Another curious fact is that script of yours for the cinema, in which, intuitively, you hit the mark several times regarding us. Although it is also true that you offered a somewhat special version of the fact of our immortality.

In any case, by giving that treatment to the script you demonstrated understanding towards us and a certain generosity in admitting the possibility of our existence. In the script you also anticipated, although with less dangerous repercussions than now, how harmful the intervention of the people of the Earth in our world could be. We are not saying that you believed in it, but that you somehow admitted that possibility. Is that not so?

Yes, yes. In those years I asked myself some questions that seemed logical to me, at least for someone who, like me, was never too conditioned by transcendental atavisms.

There was a great silence here. My determination to capture some noise, to reject a silence of dimensions unknown to me - I have never heard anything like it - shows to what extent the nervous or emotional tension of earthlings is harmful. In these reflections of mine I could not say, to be honest, what there is of sensation live or after the fact. But what is certain is that their silence did not satisfy me completely because of me, because I continued to insist on hearing noises. At least at first. Then I got used to it and I seem to remember that it was like an incomparable sedative. I suppose it must be something like the dream cures that are administered on Earth to people who can afford them. I couldn't help asking them: *And what do those long silences mean? Are they usual or are they part of a plan?*

I confess that I immediately regretted my insolence. But, as it provoked a slight laugh from them, I said to myself: welcome to insolence!

Please don't be evil-minded. There is no set plan here. Our conversation is marked by the channels indicated by curiosity and the desire to know. We are free beings, completely free, understand that well. And therefore, we must respect the freedom of others, because without collective freedom individual freedom does not exist. We also never use coercion or blackmail, which, like violence, are feelings and reactions unknown to us. Genuine silence, unknown to earthlings, is a common resource in our communities, as necessary for us as moral or material nourishment. It is part of our vital energy; without it our organism would surely not function so well. And you, look how curious it is, have finally decided to use it as a curative medicine and not as a preventive measure. That is one of our best sources of life: that of foresight. Tonight perhaps the silences have been longer in your honour; thus your brain rests more and better, and assimilates more calmly our exchange of impressions. We observe, however, that you do not seem willing to be completely silent inside. Are we wrong?

It must be lack of habit. But I promise you that I will apply myself because I understand that this total absence of noise has to be very beneficial for any human organism.

And animal, dear friend they interrupted me, and vegetal and environmental. Silence is a unique and incomparably beneficial medicine for the entire Universe.

That they followed me without letting go for a single instant was demonstrated by the fact that when I began to think, immediately that great silence arose which, today, by natural means, we earthlings would be incapable of reproducing. And I noticed this: they always think and project in universal terms. The Universe is, at all times, the stage for the fantastic play that they have been performing for thousands or millions, who knows! of years and, as they repeatedly told me, the inexhaustible source of their life. And, at a certain moment, they would insist: That Universe of which you are also a part, which belongs to you as much as to us!

So I stressed, on the one hand we have what you call cosmic rest and on the other this silence, the slowness of your movements, the acting without the slightest alteration, and this speaking with your eyes, plus other details that surely escape me. Are those the secrets of your youth? That is to say: that you stop at the optimal point of your maturity.

Exactly, dear companion, this way of behaving avoids all those complications that you know on Earth due to stress. As we have already told you, prevention is one of the keys to our existence and not only the care of our organisms.

This is the second time you have called me dear comrade. What does that mean to you?

That we are undertaking a mission together, the dissemination of the message, and that we have complete confidence in you.

I meant the word dear, I clarified.

We have pronounced that word as a small concession to your language. So that you better understand to what degree we have valued your sincerity from the first moment. With this we also express our profound gratitude for your fraternal collaboration.

FINAL NOTES

It is perfectly possible to admit the existence of life and beings endowed with reason on planets in our system and elsewhere in the Universe. It is possible that, depending on the force of gravity of a given planet, its atmosphere and other specific conditions, these beings endowed with reason perceive the outside world through senses that differ considerably from ours.

Vladimir Ilych Ulianov, Lenin.

The Earth is the cradle of Humanity. But one does not always live in the cradle.

Konstantin E. Tsiolkovsky, "father" of Soviet rockets.

'LATEST NEWS'

Just before the book was due to be published, the Barcelona magazine Actual, (issue 1, March 10, 1982) published a report on the measures taken by the Soviet Union to listen to the voices of the Cosmos. We transcribe the most interesting passages with a double objective: to show our readers the scientific interest that it arouses in a power with enormous resources and the desire to arouse curiosity there about the Universe and everything that integrates and composes it.

HELLO, EARTHLINGS.!

At the end of September 1980, the new radio telescope located near Stavropol, in the south of the USSR, picked up signals from outer space. Press censorship was immediately imposed on this very important event. Not a single word about it appeared in the Soviet media. However, within the narrow

The news not only spread beyond the boundaries of the Soviet scientific community, but it had the effect of a bombshell. Excited astronomers, impressed by the magnitude of the news, exchanged information that filtered down to them from Stavropol.

Astrophysicists at the Sternberg Institute for Cosmic Exploration on the campus of Moscow State University were reluctant to discuss the matter. The information, they said, had to be official. Only Professor Nikolai Semyonovich Kardashov, deputy director of the Institute, was authorized to comment on the matter.

"I can neither confirm nor deny the rumour, although it is not impossible. Our new radio telescope is an incredible instrument. I am sure that it is only a matter of time, five or ten years at the most, before receiving and deciphering messages from other space civilizations becomes routine at RATAN-600."

RATAN-600 is the code name for the gigantic new scientific facility in the North Caucasus, which took nine years to build and has been fully operational since the end of last year. The initials RATAN stand for the Radio Observatory of the Academy of Sciences, and the number 600 refers to the diameter of its gigantic radio telescope. It is two kilometres long, although it has been curved like the perimeter of a large wall.

RATAN-600 has lived up to our expectations. We believed that once it was completed, it would put us in contact with outside civilizations, and so it has. The signals it picked up emanated from the general area of the centre of our galaxy and were equivalent to sounds emitted at regular intervals. They were received at the wavelength of 1.8 cm, which is the lower end of the RATAN-600 field.

The general opinion is that a huge amount of work is needed to solve the puzzle presented by the captured fragments. This will also require the construction of an expensive additional facility at RATAN and synchronization with radio telescopes in Uzbekistan and Kamchatka to cover the intended wavelength. Both plans are already in the process of being implemented.

We are certain that we were discovered long ago by supercivilizations whose superior optical telescopes, working unhindered by interstellar dust, have probably catalogued all the planets in our galaxy, including Earth. The messages sent from there outward are addressed to us in particular because they are focused on our Sun.

Who are they and what do they have to tell us? It is hoped that answers to these two basic questions will be available within the next ten years. Soviet scientists have so far come to the conclusion that a number of planets are inhabited at the very centre of the Milky Way, about 30,000 light years from Earth. A section of RATAN-600 is permanently centred on this particular point in our galaxy. That is the direction from which the messages come.

We do not exclude, however, the existence of civilizations in other areas of our galaxy. These are the youngest, even though they are many thousands of years older than us. We are certain that they are undergoing a gradual transformation from a life very similar to ours to a longer life, with entirely replaceable body parts and immunized against diseases: half humanoid, half robot. As their evolution continues and the planets on which they live wear out, they will want to move to other points. Finally, they will travel to the centre of our galaxy, where they will join the supercivilizations that have made the journey before. It is a logical migration to a point where there is unlimited energy and which is free from the deadly radiations that lurk in space, as a constant danger to all living beings. In addition, being in the centre, they are in an ideal spot to be able to explore the galaxy. The difficulty for our investigations is that with the most advanced telescopes, we still have very little data at our disposal.

In order to make progress in research, scientists around the world are faced with a natural barrier that is extremely difficult to overcome: interstellar dust. At Palomar, in the United States, the telescope has been adjusted to include infrared research, thereby partially overcoming the problem.

We know that radio is the answer if we ever want to solve the mystery of what we believe to be the highly populated area of our galaxy. Work in this direction has begun at RATAN-600, although it is still in its early stages. I am sure that in the next ten years we will know what is happening there. At the moment, we still have to find out how many stars there are and their density. And also the size of the gaseous accumulations and their movements. Where have these people found a haven?

That they are very advanced in relation to us is certain, as is our conviction that they have found us.

In any case the question remains as to how curious they are about us. Enough to come and take a look? Quite possibly. Aboard the UFOs picked up by our radars? Why not? They could use laws of physics unknown to us.

Before we establish contact with them, we need some information. Initially we want to know what kind of life they represent and the level of their development. Surely they can give us advice regarding our future development, they may even suggest that we build a gigantic spaceship and join them where they are, although probably at the present stage of life and technology on Earth that very idea is beyond our comprehension. However, for astrophysicists it is an option that we must consider.

But what about the planets closer to us. at distances of 11, 20, 40 or 60 light-years? Why should the signals reaching RATAN-600 come from the centre of the galaxy and not from these planets? There was life on some of them, but it no longer exists. They are planets abandoned by their populations who emigrated aboard gigantic Noah's Arks millions of years ago. I am confident that in the next five years American optical telescopes in space will discover dark planets orbiting some of these nearby stars.

Then, with the help of gigantic telescopes we will be able to explore their surface. We will discover remains of lost civilizations that have emigrated. Since they will have left them at the beginning of our civilization, they will not have been able to know of our future existence. Our astronauts will travel there and bring us proof. When? We will need another fifty years of accelerated progress for that.

Astrophysicist Lev Mironovich Gindilis agrees with Dr. Kardashov's statements:

I also expect great results from RATAN-600. I am absolutely convinced that these other civilizations are trying to communicate with us and I wish we could officially admit that these signals have been received. Where I differ from Dr. Kardashov is in his statement that most of the civilizations near us have disappeared; I believe that they are also there, waiting to establish a dialogue with us.

(The largest radio telescope in the world, located in Arecibo Puerto Rico, built by the United States, can capture radio signals coming from a distance of 100 light-years. Now, within the radius of 100 light-years of the Earth there are approximately one thousand star systems; and some of these systems could have a planet capable of harboring life. *Diario Sur/ Oeste*. Is there life in the Cosmos? Seville, February 24, 1982. Coprensa Agency).

THE GREAT HOPE.

If I had to find a certain order in those ideas, conclusions, feelings or deductions that have germinated in me throughout these pages, I would say the following:

1. Of those 300 long cases examined here, only a minimal percentage can be described as fraud. It is not true, therefore, that the majority of UFO photos existing in the world are false. Whoever can make such an assertion is just talking.
2. The ships photographed long before the Second World War as we have been able to verify are not secret weapons of the great human powers. Before, long before man used the jet plane (on September 30, 1929), UFOs were already flying over the world at speeds that we cannot even dream of today. All the military in the world I know, know this.
3. These ships, consequently, do not come from Earth.
4. These ships, logically, are directed or manned intelligently.
5. And the study of these thousand graphic documents shows us that UFOs have been and are over any objective: from a volcanic eruption to a military base, next to an experimental plane, near our astronauts or very close to small or large human agglomerations.
6. Their occupants the UFO pilots know man and planet Earth infinitely better than we do.
7. Only since the invention of photography have they been able to be caught by our civilization. But, really, since when have they visited us?
8. It is they who seem to choose the place, the moment and the photographer who will be in charge of leaving testimony of their presence. (Of the 300 cases analysed here, a third meet the necessary requirements to suspect such a conclusion.)
9. We do not know the reasons, but the crew members of these UFOs seem to have fun at the expense of scientists and great photography professionals. (The vast majority of UFO photos have been and are taken by.).
10. With rare exceptions, these ships remain before the photographer just long enough to obtain one, two or three images. (Curiously, these few shots are almost always the last on the roll.)
11. It is equally strange that more than 33% of the photographers who have captured images of UFOs have had the clear sensation that the object was allowing itself to be photographed.

12. Although, as I announced at the time, I am preparing a broad work on the so-called invisible UFOs, I must advance that the reality of this phenomenon in the thousand photographs exhibited here is another constant. I would add that a constant of the utmost importance, at all levels.

13. The obvious fact that none of these ships belonging to very different galactic or dimensional humanities makes public and official contact with the man of Earth forces us to think of one or several motives that are strictly respected by all of them. It is very probable that their FREEDOM, their concept of their own and others' freedom is radically different from ours.

14. Another unquestionable fact emerges from this study: they are watching us closely.

15. It is perfectly plausible that these thousands of graphic documents and films obey a perfect and meticulous plan to raise the awareness of the human being, in relation to other realities.

And I end with a feeling that can only fill us with joy and hope: the future of the man of this planet is already being marked by these ships. We are perhaps like the baby who has managed to sit up in his cradle and discovers around him other beings, much older, much more expert and much wiser.

ANTARCTICA: A GREAT FOOD RESERVE.

Remember: they told me that we should not pay attention to the predictions of the serious specialists in the matter, Malthusian or not Malthusian, when they affirmed that the world will not be able to feed the eight billion inhabitants of the planet Earth in the first decades of the year 2000. And they assured me that with the resources known to them of the Earth, forty to fifty billion human beings could live with dignity.

Well, please read these extracts from an article that appeared in the national press:

Antarctica, a continent of ice that can feed the entire planet. Antarctica, with 98% of its total volume frozen, possibly has the largest reserves of both sea and minerals on the entire planet. Also called the New Eldorado, it is dematerialized, and any kind of storage of nuclear materials is prohibited in its ice. Likewise, the flora and fauna of these lands are protected by a treaty, whose signatory members have already established a series of scientific bases for the study and research of the natural resources of Antarctica.

In the chapter on food, it is estimated that its resources are certainly very valuable. For example: the exploitation of Krill, belonging to the family of crustaceans, which, according to studies, could perfectly feed the entire Earth, since although its exploitation is little recognized, it seems that it could have a production of 100 to 150 million tons per year.

As for the mineral resources of Antarctica, under a layer of sky of more than 2000 meters, the main raw materials that Humanity needs are concentrated. In the depths of the sea that surround the continent, as well as in its adjacent seas, there is a great quantity of oil and cubic meters of natural gas, methane, etc. With all this, it must be said that one of the main seas that bathe the entire territory, the Weddell, is the one that holds the greatest quantity of living beings. (El Correo Catalán, Barcelona, May 5, 1982, page 18.)

A SMALL TRIBUTE TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. THE GOLDEN AGE: DON QUIXOTE'S SPEECH TO THE GOATHERS.

Before giving the floor to Don Miguel de Cervantes, through the mouth of Don Quixote de la Mancha, let us underline a couple of things: the first is that we only know of one country where the famous novel of the illustrious one-handed man is little less than the bedside book of the vast majority of its inhabitants: socialist Cuba. And the second, that it is here, precisely in Spain, the birthplace of the author and his main characters, and the setting of such long and instructive adventures, the place where those incomparable and unsurpassable life lessons signed and signed by the Ingenious Gentleman and his faithful and sagacious squire are least known.

Often, speaking of our times (the modern era, and two steps away from the 21st century, already in the so-called "technological era"), we have come to the conclusion, with friends who share our concern about the incessant dehumanization of our

It is a fact that we are living in a world where the experiences of our children and grandchildren are the same, that of the terrestrial civilization, more specifically that imposed by the overdeveloped countries, must take a break and examine to what extent it should "go back", take a good look at reality, and resume the march towards progress through unmistakably progressive paths. That is to say, those in which man's conscience is above everything, including his stomach. It is not a question of returning to the Stone Age, of course, but it is possible that one day not far away the Man and Woman of the Earth will be forced to take stock of the different Ages known to our civilization and extract from them the positive things that each of those Ages contained and, with the recovered materials and the most useful ones that we now have, compose that "Golden Age", as Don Quixote called it, which could constitute the future goal of Humanity. That in which, to put it in the words of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, there was neither yours nor mine, but rather no one's, which is, in short, everyone's.

Now let us look at the conversation that Don Quixote dedicated to the goatherds and which demonstrates, if it were still necessary, that the "golden ages" have always been - are - within the reach of the human being of the Earth. And that to reach them it is enough to propose it.

"-Happy age and happy centuries those to which the ancients gave the name of gold, and not because in them gold, which in our age of iron is so highly valued, was obtained in that fortunate era without any effort, but because then those who lived in it ignored these two words of yours and mine.

"In that holy age all things were common; No one needed to undertake any other work to obtain his daily sustenance than to reach out and reach for it from the strong oaks, which were generously inviting them with their sweet and ripe fruit. The clear springs and running rivers, in magnificent abundance, offered them tasty and transparent waters. In the cracks of the rocks and in the hollows of the trees, the solicitous and discreet bees formed their republic, offering to any hand, without any interest, the fertile harvest of their sweetest work. The brave cork oaks gave off, without any other artifice than that of their courtesy, their wide and light bark, with which houses began to be covered, supported by rustic stakes, only for protection from the inclemency of the weather.

All was peace then, all friendship, all concord. The heavy ploughshare had not yet dared to open or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without being forced, offered from all parts of her fertile and spacious bosom everything that could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her. Then, indeed, the simple and beautiful girls went from valley to valley and from hill to hill, braided and braided, with no more clothing than those that were necessary to honestly cover what honesty wants and has always wanted to be covered, and their adornments were not those that are used now, for whom the purple of Tyre and the so-called martyred silk make them expensive, but a few green leaves of burdock and ivy woven together, with which perhaps they went as pompous and composed as our courtesans now go with the strange and strange inventions that idle curiosity has shown them. Then the loving

concepts of the soul were decorated (recited by heart) simply and simply in the same way and manner that she conceived them, without seeking artificial detours of words to exalt them.

There was no fraud, deceit or malice mixed with truth and simplicity. Justice was on its own terms, without daring to disturb or offend those of favor and those of interest, who now so undermine, disturb and persecute it. The law of lace had not yet been established in the understanding of the judge, because then there was no need to judge, nor who was judged. The maidens and honesty went, as I have said, everywhere, alone and mistress, without fear that the foreign looseness and lascivious intention would undermine her and her downfall was born of her own taste and will. And now, in these our detestable centuries, no one is safe, even if another new labyrinth, like that of Crete, hides and closes her; because there, through the cracks or through the air, with the zeal of their cursed concern, the loving pestilence enters them and makes them throw all their contemplation into ruin. For whose safety, as time went on and malice grew, the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, protect widows and help orphans and the needy.

(Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, first part. Edition, study and notes by Juan Bautista Avallé-Arce. Editorial Alhambra. Madrid, 1979, pages 153-154-155. The goatherds and discourse of the golden age.)

BRIEF EPILOGUE.

Success is a banality, an absolute banality.

Orson Welles.

I confess, dear reader, that at times all this seemed like a dream to me too. But for three specific reasons it is not so: the first is I know and many should know that all those blessings that they explained are, have been and continue to be within the reach of the inhabitants of the Earth. All without exception. It would be enough to seriously propose it. The other reason is that most of the data that I provide only the message is very different from the previous ones, precisely because of its very justified overtones of an ultimatum had been previously provided by other inhabitants of the Earth who, directly or indirectly, have had contact with them. I have been able to verify this as, in order to document myself on the subject, I read the most serious testimonies endorsed by the most authoritative specialists in the matter.

The other reason which I have already pointed out, but which I will repeat once more is that I, since July 19, 1936, have not dreamed again; neither asleep nor awake.

And curiously and this is no coincidence those with whom I have coincided most have been two of our compatriots a Catalan and a Canarian whose testimonies appear in these pages. I am not trying to make any predictions with this regarding the Iberian peoples in the future, and perhaps not so distant, affairs of the Universe. But there is History our history to show that if sometimes the children of the bull's skin have been reproached for speaking loudly, we could have answered: "we speak loudly because we can." But no, the one who gave the best answer, in 1942, from his Mexican exile, was the poet Leán Felipe: "However, the Spaniard does not speak loudly."

I have already said it. I will repeat it again: "The Spanish speak from the exact level of Man and whoever thinks that he speaks loudly is because he listens from the bottom of a well." That is: from the sewers of History.

We sincerely hope, thinking of those of our compatriots who cover their ears - or close their mouths, it makes no difference - so as not to hear the signals that reach us from the Cosmos, that their attitude is not due to the fact that they live, that they are diving, and even revelling, in the most pestilent sewers of the planet Earth.

Corrections.

In this adaptation of the book by Eduardo Pons Prades, various modifications have been made to the structure of the book, as well as the updating of words accepted today by the R.A.E.

The appendices have been unified into three parts that are found at the end of the digital edition, being noted in the book for immediate access through hyperlinks. The same structure has been used for the appendices.

Certain pages with photographs and notes have been moved to the end of their respective chapters to make reading more pleasant.

The index of names has been added as in the printed edition, but omitting the page number. In the digital format it is completely dispensable.

Words replaced:

Igloo for Iglā.

Septiembre for Septiembre.

The letter m in relation to the unit of measurement has been replaced by meters.

end of book (extracts), as google-translated - from

Mensaje de otros mundos, el - Tapa blanda

Eduardo Pons Prades

*

remark this translation attempt is non- profesional - and only for personal use.
