

## **GÖSTA CARLSSON - AN ENCOUNTER WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS IN 1946**

*This story is about a then 28 year-old Swedish man's encounter with a group of extra-terrestrials whose appearance was identical to beautiful Scandinavian people. After he apparently accidentally came across them while they were doing "repairs" on their damaged ship - a contact is established - whereby they can later communicate with him through what can be called "non-physical methods".*

*For those who know more about the spiritual science of the subtle nature of man, they can understand that the contact person has had communication through his astral body (the feeling or etheric body). This is the sensory body that carries the consciousness after the death of the physical body - and which also constitutes an independent sensory body if the person has developed this enough. In this case, I would think that Gösta received help unconsciously from "them" to be able to experience and remember these subsequent contacts through his astral / sensory body.*



***Here is an excerpt from this account as he tells it to Clas Svahn in this book "MÖTET I GLÄNTAN" in updated version, reviewed and proofread by the Englishman David Walsh in nov.2020***

### **THE UFO MEETING IN A FOREST CLEARING IN 1946, SWEDEN**

.... it was the 18th of May, 1946 and around 10 pm. The sky is dark blue and the view is clear and a light breeze blows from the east. I have again taken a seat at the old fort at Skålderviksstranden (wooded district in Sweden). I sit and listen to the beautiful birdsong from thrushes, robins and several birds in the choir. As usual at this time of year, the so-called Sjødammarna (bird sanctuary lakes) has really come to life and is now beginning to be populated by all the bird species that have their habitat here.

It's getting dark and I realize it's time to go home. It is 22:45 and I turn on my orienteering lamp which I always carry with me on evening walks.

I go up a hill where you have a nice view into both Kronan's and Vegeholm's forest lands. On Vegeholm's land just after the bird marsh and a short distance into a birch forest consisting of large, old trees, there is a large grassy meadow or glade, which I know well.

By pure coincidence, I take a look down at the glade, which you can't see very clearly due to the surrounding trees. At first I think I see something bright there, something violet gleams, but it might be a reflection from my own headlamp. I turn it off, but the light is still there. It might be early campers or young people hanging out there. I decide to go there. I walk down the hill and jump over a narrow ditch that collects forest water and allows it to flow out

towards the bird sanctuary. To my right I have a row of tree-covered (pine) dunes that restrict the view ahead a little. I walk past these, and just as I am about to turn into the meadow, I see a sight that has forever etched itself in my memory.

At the far end of the meadow, just a few meters from a lonely pine, stands an illuminated craft that I have never seen the like of, either before or since. My first thought is that it's a funfair carousel that someone drove there somehow. But I soon realize that it would be impossible because no roads lead to the clearing.

The object had a shape somewhat similar to a disc and it rests partly on a strong central fin, partly on two telescopic supports, all distributed so that it seems as if these supports are placed at equal distances from each other on the circular craft. Directly in front of the fin on the lower part of the vessel is a folding hatch with built-in steps or ladders similar to those we see on boats. The hatch is one and a half meters (5') above the ground and I see how light shines out of the cabin hatchway. I make an attempt to look into the craft but the angle isn't right. All that is visible is the strong light.

On the upper side of the vessel is a streamlined cabin that I estimate to be about eight meters (26') in diameter. At about one metre (3') intervals I see oval windows, maybe 50 centimetres long and about 30 centimetres high (1.5' x 1'). While looking at the craft, I can't help but think that someone is trying to joke with me. One thought that goes through my head is that it may be German pilots who have escaped from some prison camp. But deep down, I don't really believe it.

On top of the cabin is a telescopic mast, almost like a periscope on a submarine. The height is about the same as the surrounding pines and I estimate the thickness of the vessel in the middle to be about four meters (13'), at the sides to almost one metre (3') and the height of the mast to be about five meters (16'). At the top, it is divided into four parts. A bit lower down I notice a lamp emitting the strange violet light that I saw from the path. It is directed downwards and covers the entire vessel like a cheese dome with a few meters to spare outside.

The light cone itself pulsates from the lamp almost like the water from a fountain. And strangest of all: it appears that the light has a curved path. Where it hits the ground or the grass, it disappears with a spark-like effect similar to that caused by sparklers. The scent of ozone spreads through the air. It is as if a plasma curtain has been draped over the craft.

The hull and cabin appear to be made in one piece. You can't see joints, seams nor fastenings anywhere. Around the lower edge of the vessel's circumference there are a number of holes, similar to those found on turbines, directed downwards and provided with dampers.

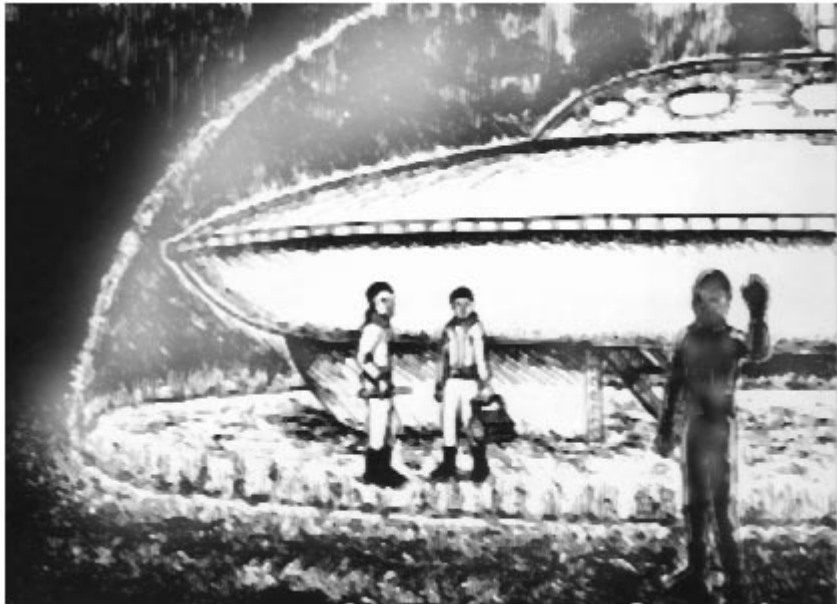
A few meters in front of and outside the circle of ghostly light, a man is wearing a tight-fitting white suit that seems almost moulded on him. He is dressed as our astronauts are today. I look carefully, but I can't see either buttons, zippers or other fastening devices. On his feet the man has blue or black short boots that wrap around his ankle, around the waist a wide black or blue belt, and on the head something resembling a rain hood, only with the difference that it also covers the front of the face and is made of some transparent material. He wears finger gloves on his hands. On his chest hangs a black, camera-like device, but otherwise no equipment. The man appears to be a guard. Where I stand now, I'm only about ten meters (32') from the craft and maybe seven or eight meters (22'-26') from this man. Inside the craft, several people are moving.

The strange thing was that everyone turned to me when I entered the clearing. It was as if I was expected but not welcome...

Up on the craft at one of the windows there are three more people, but apparently busy with some work. Just below, I see two more males assisting and inside the circle of light, facing me, stand three girls. Everyone is dressed in a similar way: an all-in-one white form-fitting flight

suit, with the same colour boots and waist belt. All those within the light circle have the transparent hood/mask folded down at the back of the neck.

Gösta was now ten meters (31') from the craft and maybe seven, eight meters (22'-26') from the guard post. He could see how the men and women working around the craft had normal earthly features and the women, or rather the girls, had fair hair, cut and laid according to the most modern cuts. Gösta never saw the men's hair, because their head was always covered with some kind of little black hood, not unlike the ones he had seen tank drivers equipped with. From the hood went something resembling earplugs and it seemed as if the people around the craft were conversing with each other through these, but without moving their mouths. Then suddenly something happened.



*THE GUARD OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT GIVES GØSTA A CLEAR HALT SIGN WHILE THEY WORK TO REPAIR THE SHIP WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT. GØSTA CLEARLY SAW THE SPARKLING FIELD FORMING A DOME OVER THE CRAFT*

The man standing outside the circle of light - and who I realised served as some kind of guard - made a perfectly clear stop sign with one hand raised. It is a gesture that cannot be misunderstood and I will stay put. I still have the headlamp on my head, firmly affixed. The guard turns his camera-like thing towards me and I get the impression that it is to take some kind of picture. Coincident with the 'picture-taking' I think I hear a click in my lamp, which I have turned off, but I do not think about it anymore.

I stand still and at the same time the guard takes a turn around the craft, all the time on the outside of the circle of light. Both men and girls return to work at the cabin window.

It is possible that there are two guards with one being placed on the back of the vessel. This might explain that while I am standing there that there is always a man on the side where I am.

I kind of feel like a wild animal must do, being held at bay outside the circle of light that safari hunters usually make in Africa. Then suddenly a dark-haired girl comes down the stairs of the lower cabin of the craft. In her hand she has something resembling a bag and from it she hands out cups to both men and women. Everyone stops work and drinks from these cups.

Then I suddenly feel like walking up to them and talking a little, but as soon as I take a step, the guard stands in front of me again with his hand raised to the stop sign and everyone looks at me seriously. The guard also looks serious, like a determined policeman - This far, but no further! He does not let off his gaze for a second.

It is as if the "cheese cover" of light shields the craft from the surroundings and that the sentry is placed outside making sure that no-one tries to enter. Maybe I would have been hurt if I tried to pass through the light?

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When I take a step back, everyone continues with their job and I feel mildly chagrined and frustrated. Two of the girls smile so beautifully at me and I see their sparkling white teeth. I can boast that I am not usually afraid of anything, and I have spent enough time in the woods and on the ground not to believe in the devil, nor trolls. But this is weird - very strange.

These people remind me of people from a Pentecostal church or something. All equally happy and cheerful. You get the impression that they have no worries, that they had solved all the problems.

While I am standing there, I can see how the crew goes in and out of the craft using the steps next to the central support fin. When they do, I see how the support legs move; they are telescopic and the far end moves like the nose wheel of an airplane.

Just when I was thinking of taking a few steps forward to see what would happen, the dark-haired girl comes out of the cabin again. In her hand she holds a bright, flashing object that all the others are looking at with interest. Then she takes a few steps to the edge of the light cone and throws the object out with a quick movement. It falls down beside a small mound. I make a mental note of its location. At the same time I hear the girl's rippling happy laughter, and only now does it dawn on me that I have not heard a single sound uttered from anyone here before this. On the other hand, I clearly heard the guard, as he steps on the grass and cracks twigs that are scattered everywhere.



The whole scene seems strange, and although I am teetotal and have never tasted alcohol in any form - thus cannot blame hallucinations or other imagination - I still decide to first go back to Skålderviksstranden and then return later to see if anything is left behind. It probably takes about twenty minutes to get down there. I take off my shoes and socks and go out into the water and bathe my feet in the cold water to make sure I'm not dreaming.

After all, it all seems a little creepy. I decide to follow the beach for a while and take another path back so that I'll arrive at the rear of the strange craft. When I get about halfway - I go up on the dunes again and sit on top of the old fort to put on my socks and look away towards the place where the craft should be. This is a young forest, so I can see nothing though the many trees.

But then suddenly I see a red light. First, I think it's the moon that is rising

but then I see that this is not the case. Slowly and majestically, the heavy craft rises, which I can now see clearly. It's almost like a balloon rising. Only there is a whistling sound as heard from a vacuum cleaner motor. Higher and higher it rises with a halo of red light from the turbine holes. At an altitude of 400-500 meters (1,312'- 1,640'), it slows down a bit, oscillates a little sideways, and I can now see that the antenna is pulled down and that the fin and landing gear are probably also retracted. It's a bit hazy but the whole manoeuvre is clearly visible and the whole craft radiates light from the force field and the cabin windows. Then it skews so that it stands obliquely against the bright night sky. The red light becomes more intense and then it begins to shoot away violently. After a while, the red glow turns into violet and now it speeds up incredibly.



The craft oscillates a bit, just as if it were looking for something. Then the glow begins to turn reddish, the craft slows down for a moment, then the violet light comes again and the same terrible speed. Three times I see the craft do this manoeuvre before it finally disappears out-of-sight over Ångelholm.

I stand for a good while on the dunes and am quite overwhelmed and shaken by what I have seen. But we who have experienced World War II saw so many new and terrible weapons from both warring parties - jet planes, atomic bombs, the Germans' V1 and V2 bombs - that almost nothing surprises us anymore. Despite the fact that the war is over some time back, I initially thought that what I had seen and experienced was a delayed secret weapon that has been continued to be tested. But had Hitler had such a vehicle, he would never have lost the war. Only several years later, when the reports of unknown objects (UFOs) began to increase, I connected my experience and observations with them.

Maybe, after all, it was not a secret weapon I had seen. Maybe it was not even a spacecraft from Earth... I can say, that if what I saw were people from an alien planet, there was as far as I could see no major difference between them and us. Perhaps much more advanced in their development, but otherwise in terms of height, appearance and so on, I think that if they took off those flight suits, we would hardly be able to distinguish them from ourselves.



I trot back across the dunes to go the usual way home. Landshövdingevägen is uneven and difficult to cycle on, so I alternately walk and pedal a little bit. It has now gotten darker and to be able to see the road better I try to light my headlamp. Although I turn on the power switch, I get no light. I unscrew the bottom and remove the battery. It feels hot, so there must have been a short circuit. For a moment I think of the guard and the mysterious click I seemed to hear, as he pointed the 'camera' device at me. But this seems too far-fetched. When I put in a new battery the next day, the lamp worked impeccably again. Of course this might have a natural explanation but it happened in connection with all this because I had it switched on until I went down toward the glimmer of light I saw in the glade. Then I turned it off because I was going to catch them in the act if there were some guys who were playing with fire. It has never happened before or since.

When Gösta Carlsson continued on towards Landshövdingevägen and home that evening, he followed the gravel road with his bike next to him. His light was broken and there were no more detours into the forest. When he lay down on the bed to sleep, it did not come. The incident in the clearing had been shocking and his thoughts revolved around the strange ship and the people outside it. Before he finally managed to fall asleep, Gösta decided to return to the place immediately the next morning, at first light.

Early the next morning, after a cup of strong coffee, Gösta took his bike and set off down to the beach. In a few minutes he was back at the scene of the night's events. He had returned to the clearing for a single reason. Would there be any traces of the night's events?

There was!!

When Gösta returned to the clearing shortly after four on Sunday morning, a light scattering of spring rain falls over Ängelholms Skogen. The sun has been up for over an hour and no headlamp is needed. When he jumps over the small ditch for the second time in six hours and follows the sand dunes towards the meadow, his heart beats faster than usual. What is he going to find in there among the trees?

This time he has a notepad and a ruler with him. If there are any clues, he is ready. At first he's disappointed. From a distance, almost no traces are visible at all.

- Only when I got closer did I see the tracks, he says. The traces of the turbine holes were clearest. Where they had been located, the grass had burned away completely. In a ring that was about 30 centimetres (1') wide, the sand was completely bare. A grey-black layer of dust was all that remained of the grass. The ring was not very deep, only a few centimetres (~1"), so the take-off could not have taken place with the violent speed that we are used to from our terrestrial aircraft. And that agrees well with what I saw. The craft used a driving force unknown to us.

In addition to the burnt circle, Gösta can also see how the supporting fin and the two landing legs have pushed down the grass without destroying it. Some distance away, the lower branches of the pine tree closest to the vessel have had their tops burnt black. A couple of years later, they wither away and die.

Gösta immediately measures the location and notes the size of the circles. He makes a simple sketch and comes to the conclusion that the vessel was 16 meters (52') in diameter. The prints made by the landing struts are circular and have a diameter of 90 centimetres (2.9').

Furthermore, clear traces of boots can be seen in the grass. Actually, they do not look very strange with their continuous heel and sole with a slightly ribbed pattern. Nor do the measurements reveal anything that deviates from the normal. Gösta measures the imprints to approximately numbers 39 to 44.

The imprints are in a quarter circle from north to east of the craft's singed impressions in the grass.

But there are more finds.

- Just as I was finished and about to go home, I remembered the shiny object that the girl threw out. I recalled the location, a small mound near the curtain of light. When I looked there, I saw something glistening in the grass and I picked up a shiny rod of violet quartz, about 10cm (4") thick, 13cm (5") wide and about 30cm (12") long. It had bevelled corners and was burnt and melted at one end.

- About 30cm (12") or so away I found a small beautiful ring with ring size 17 in some green metal and a beautiful stone in a frame. It did not look like our modern rings, this one was more fun. And then there are some crosses that could be interpreted as initials or something on the ends. My first thought was that someone had dropped it and that I should hand it over to the police, but then I connected the ring with the occupants of the craft.

Inside where the curtain/circle of light was, near the burnt pine, Gösta also picks up two of the cups in which the woman served drinks. They look unusual with their curved spout, almost like small oil jugs. When he shakes one, there is still liquid left on the bottom. With his findings in his pocket, Gösta cycles back home to write a report to the authorities. But the report to the defence staff will never be delivered. Other, even stranger, events prevent him from doing so.

- When I came home and had to show my wife what I had found, the first thing she said to me: "But you are yellow all over your face." I glanced in the mirror and she was right! What had happened during the day? For a moment I was a little shaken. I might have taken in something harmful. But then I saw that the yellow was also on the outside of the coat and to my relief it came off easily with a little water. I took some of it and put it under the microscope. The case was clear. It was simply pollen. Then I also knew where it came from. From the birches of course. The branches had scratched my face.

- That was when I started to think of a method, which then succeeded beyond all expectations and which now makes it possible for me and the company I started in 1952 (**Cernelle a Swedish pharmaceutical company that manufactures and sells herbal medicinal products based on extracts from pollen**) to collect pollen in almost unlimited quantities, and which made it possible for me to start a pharmaceutical industry based on a raw material that has existed since time immemorial but which so far had not been thought of. So sometimes, I polish my quartz rod a little extra carefully and at the same time think about this special event, thinking about the men and the beautiful girls and wonder where in the universe they came from, where they were going to and if I'll ever meet them again.

What happened to Gösta Carlsson in the clearing during these hours on 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> May 1946 would be the beginning of a series of difficult-to-explain events. Gösta began to experience life-like "dreams" at night. Realistic dreams that may not have been dreams. Dreams that took him back to the beautiful people he saw outside the craft.

## **NIGHTLY EXPERIENCES**

*(- ON SECOND/ETHERIC LEVEL ...)*

As in many other close contacts, Gösta Carlsson's experience does not end with pure observation. Instead, it continues to develop in an increasingly difficult-to-control series of events. What initially seems simple and relatively easy to understand is gradually becoming more complicated and elusive. When Gösta Carlsson comes home after the early morning visit to the clearing, everyday life with work and family awaits. What has happened a few hours before is admittedly fantastic and enigmatic, but the meeting in the clearing already begins to fade in his memory after only a few days. Maybe he would have simply forgotten about it if it had not been for a series of "dreams" that would never let go of him.

Actually, it is not right to call Gösta Carlsson's experiences dreams. Instead, it seems as if he is somehow changing his state of consciousness, perhaps influenced by someone or something. These nocturnal experiences will become very significant.

The origin of the dreams seems to be the device that the guard pointed at him as he approached the craft. The 'camera' with the strange lens may have had a different function than Gösta first thought.

The first "dream" takes place two days after the observation, on May 20, 1946. When the evening comes and Gösta goes to bed to sleep, he experiences a period of sleep paralysis and then he slips into a strange state of consciousness:

"All afternoon I have felt a little heavy in my head and also unusually hot. I am beginning to think that I have a cold coming on, even though it is something I have never really felt. In the evening I take an albyl-e tablet, drink some honey water and fall asleep, but into a strange state of 'sleep', Then something happens. Suddenly I find that I am staring into the guard's camera-like device hanging in a strap on his chest. Then the room expands and just like on a television set the light comes on and I am now standing in a room with lots of instruments. In front of me sits a man in a red armchair, the back of which is richly decorated and I can recognize a big city that could be London, New York or any other major city.

To the right of the man is an illuminated screen that Gösta has a hard time understanding the meaning of - but which he will later liken to a TV. Something that did not exist in Sweden in 1946 (regular broadcasts did not begin until 1957). The screen shows a line and a point that the driver constantly adjusts with the help of a control wheel. To his left is a second screen where something that looks like text messages is constantly streaming in. The characters are reminiscent of Aramaic or Hebrew but move extremely smooth as if written on a computer. They scroll from left to right on the screen, sometimes with six to seven rows on top of each other.

Then the pilot suddenly turns around and says: Menji, I've switched on the autopilot, do you want to check that the course is correct?" A beautiful woman's face with her hair combed back and cut in a so-called feather haircut appears on the left screen in a fantastic three-dimensional hologram as if she herself was in the room, later he learns that she is in another part of the craft.



When Gösta looks at her, she is sitting with her eyes closed and with the little cap with the built-in earplugs on her head. Her hands rest on a keyboard. Gösta gets the impression that "Menji" receives messages via electrodes that are connected to her brain and which she later



transforms into writing with the help of the keyboard. He hears the conversation between Menji and the man in the chair. This is how Gösta Carlsson describes what then takes place:

*"everything is all right"* Menji replies, smiling so that her white teeth are visible.

Then the man turns to me and I recognize the same man - the "guard", who prevented me from approaching the craft. Now he has his face shield folded away at his neck. He has a strong tan, dazzling white teeth and looks very friendly. A blue belt is visible around his waist where a pair of gloves are tucked in.

The man had seemed preoccupied with his instruments earlier, is wearing a black cap with fine wires connected to some sort of earplugs. Around him there is a large amount of instruments unknown to me and the man had been studying them intently.

*"I thought I would get in touch with you and explain what we were doing when you saw us over there in the woods"* he says. Our spacecraft is built to withstand most things and we also have the effective protection of our force field. But the propulsion beam from the leading craft happened to hit a cabin window which thrust into the room where Luna and Jurion were. They were killed instantly and we had to go down and land to repair the damage. That was when you saw us. We had originally intended to bury the two dead in that place, but we realized that it could cause problems later so we decided to bring them to a sterile asteroid. We cut off a number of spruce twigs or branches that we wrapped them in and we are now storing them in a room next door.

*"Menji is on duty in the radio room and I in here. The rest of the crew rests"*, says the commander and then begins to explain how the ship is piloted. We can move at light-speed when the craft is driven by our twelve parallel-connected quartz rods. I notice that I constantly have an unpleasant free-fall feeling. You get the impression that you are far up and crashing down. You just wonder when you are going to strike and how it will feel. As if he had read my mind, the commander says, *"The falling sensation occurs when we are traveling at the speed of light, but it is nothing dangerous."* So I look into the room where the two dead are. Only their faces are visible, otherwise everything is hidden under spruce branches. *"Poor Luna,"* he says, *"she was one of the most beautiful girls you've ever seen."* Then I see a pale girl's face, but it's starting to get too much for me and I wake up screaming. But what an awakening. I have a throbbing headache and I'm very thirsty.

It was horrible. It was an experience I hardly want to think about. There they lay, completely pale, wrapped in spruce branches with a pale, strange, dull light that lit them up. It was hard for me to take in and retain my equanimity. I guess the contact was broken because it simply was too much for me to take.

**(intuitive THEORY for these "dreams" when the guard directed his camera-like towards Gösta during the first meeting, he took an "energy imprint / frequency image" of his astral body, which is an integral part of the physical body. When Gösta lay down to rest and fell asleep, his astral body was released, as it always does during normal deep sleep, the only problem is that we do not normally have any memory transfer from the astral body. (See Martinus symbol for "basic energy combination" to understand this) With his astral body released and with "a photographed frequency imprint", the space people could technically-telepathically attract his astral body and thus give him direct information and more explanation of what happened into the brain consciousness, so that it could be grasped with the external day consciousness afterwards - that is, to a degree remembered. This being done so that he could convey this information at a later time via this book - as the same "forces" inspire the creative ideas to the unconscious. R.Ö. comment).**

## NEW MEETINGS

Five days later, on the night of May 26, the event is repeated. Gösta feels the same strange feeling in his head and a strange heat spreads in his body as if a cold is on the way. In the evening, Gösta Carlsson again sees the mysterious camera-like device with the oval lens.

Also this time he ends up in the same cabin in the craft, behind the pilot/commander. It's the same cabin, the same Commander and the same equipment. It is as if Gösta has never been away from there. He is on board what he will later call the reconnaissance vessel. This time he does not feel a falling sensation.

- Now I also took a closer look at the seat where the pilot/commander was sitting. Somehow I remembered that there was something there that I should take a closer look at.

- What I saw was a plastic pattern in relief. The pattern was reminiscent of any large city, but the strange thing was that there were two very large buildings reminiscent of the pyramids of Egypt. These were quite close to each other. The rest of the city, on the other hand, resembled New York or any other large city.

- It was like a drawing. I got the impression of a big city, very modern city - Without a doubt their hometown. Then there's one thing I should just mention. I recall a vision of a city, a country, and there shone a sun that was more violet than the one we have. But it seemed as if their home planet was ten light-years away. Probably close to what we call Sirius. Maybe I saw it on his screen? - but I do not know.

- One of the instruments I saw resembled a small bulldozer's caterpillar track, round and with seams at regular intervals. Then there was another machine - a vertical gauge - that closely resembled a regular thermometer, with something moving up and down all the time. The pilot/commander looked at it very carefully. I think it had to do with course navigation.

- After a short while, the Commander turned to me, just like the first time, and said to me:

"We have arrived at the asteroid and will see to the dead," he said.

- Through the cabin window I saw how the craft had landed in a rocky and desolate place. Maybe it was an asteroid, but we might as well have been somewhere else. The rest of the crew had left. Everyone wore their hoods and gloves.

- They placed the chests of spruce branches containing the two dead crew with their heads towards the centre. Everyone fell to their knees and raised their right hands in a final greeting. But no one sobbed and no one cried. They were just serious. The dead lay wrapped in spruce branches with their faces visible and their heads resting on a bed of rice. They lay with their heads facing each other in a sterile stone desert.

A pale light lit up the place but Gösta cannot remember if he saw any horizon or sky.

- The Commander himself turned to me and smiled his beautiful white smile. Then they went on board again.

- I was off the ship. I saw the whole ceremony: when they carried them out, when they put them there, when they saluted them and when they later left. It was creepy. I do not like to see dead people. And here it was almost even more real than when you see it in normal consciousness. Although it is possible that I imagine that.

- After the commander looked at me after the ceremony, the image faded away and I woke up to normal consciousness again. This time I was not thirsty and had no headaches.

The day after the second dream, Gösta Carlsson returns to the clearing to look for more clues. After a while, he finds a rectangular hole 5-10 meters (16' - 32') from the landing site diagonally behind the mark the fin made. The hole is elongated with straight sides; 2 meters x 1.40 meters (6' x 4.5') and the sand is in a mound next to the hole. The hole is large enough to accommodate three people.

- I get the nasty feeling that this was meant as a grave. Fairly close by, a few hundred meters from the clearing, was a grand tree with branches almost reaching down to the ground. I noticed that the best pieces were cut off as if a powerful cutter had been used. The resin was fresh so it must have severed recently. At first I thought it was the ranger who did this job for some reason, but in case, he would never have left the innermost "bald" pieces.

- One might wonder why they had wrapped their dead in spruce branches and not in plastic or anything else. But I suspect that out in space, rice may have a different, better effect. What do I know?

In several conversations, the Commander, who Gösta Carlsson now definitely recognized as the guard who stopped him in the clearing, answered Gösta Carlsson's questions which were about religion and philosophy, topics that he says he was completely uninterested in before.

- Somehow it seemed as if they directed my questions to certain topics. Things that I really should have asked about, for example, I never brought up.

Some information he firmly refuses to divulge even now ("*you have to be careful not to attempt to change too much for people*") and says that he wants to keep ten percent of what he has been told to himself.

The questions began to be about God and life. When Gösta asked what is God, he got the answer that there is a male and a female God who is the origin of everything. **(Interpretation: as a holistic being where the masculine and feminine are two eternal basic principles. R.Ö. comment)**. When the commander mentioned the names of the two aspects of God, Gösta did not understand the words. In translation, however, they would mean "He, and She, respectively, who are above everything."

- When life is over, we get our next life depending on our prior actions. According to what the commander told me - every thought we have thought, every action we have performed is recorded and accordingly we get our next life. He further emphasized that what we call hell does not exist, but the punishment for incurable criminals is that they have to redo their whole lives, perhaps on another planet during the most difficult situations. Where our soul should be located and live on depends entirely on how we behaved during our previous lives. There are so many planets because space has no beginning and no end, so a human soul can end up hundreds of light years into space on the planet that these two determine for us.

- I could not help but ask my friend if there is any simple evidence that these laws really exist and his answer was: "Gösta, you know at least now that the whole space with suns, moons, planets and more is constantly moving according to certain laws. Remember that as soon as there are laws, there must always be a law-maker. It's that simple. "

- Then I asked a question that was something like this: if it is now the case that there is someone who can create and do all this, why are we then not created so from the beginning so that we avoid all suffering and struggle from the Stone Age until now? Then the Commander replied: "Take, for example, a large oak, why was that oak originally a small acorn?"

- And then he said something that I will never forget: "Think about how you yourself arose. A small speck of semen that you can barely see and a small ova. It becomes all of you. Do not you think that is strange?"

- What do you answer to that? I could not. It was a science that I just fell in love with. These People we are talking about, they are so far ahead of us and can do so infinitely more than we can. They had a completely different view of it all. We're really incredibly stupid. I felt so dull and ignorant.

A trivial message to come from a human from another planet, it may seem. But Gösta did not perceive it that way. Instead, he continued to ask questions that he otherwise never used to ponder. About prayer and prayers being answered for example:

- When I brought up that topic and asked if you could really get an answer to prayer, he replied that you could, but you only got what you asked for - *if it was practical*.

"First of all, remember that a prayer should always take place through the brain (ie with concentration or the will). It does not matter if you formulate your wishes with your mouth while the brain is set on something completely different. It is through the brain wavelengths that you are in contact with Him or Her" he said to me.

- They themselves clasp their hands in the same way as we do. Then they pray by speaking through the brain: "Our natural, Our heavenly, Our father and mother, You who rule over everything and everyone." the prayer then ends with the words "For all the good you have done to me during the past 24 hours, I thank you with all my heart and soul." This is how their prayers were transmitted the commander told Gösta.

Gösta's view of religion differs from that of the state church. It has also been coloured by his interest in beekeeping. In an interview in Dagens Nyheter in 1957, he wonders if the heavenly manna that according to the Bible rained on the Israelis in the desert might have been a pollen rain from the trees. *"The best conceivable food there is."*

He believes in an overarching plan for the entire universe with a Creator. Everything has a meaning and aims for perfection. Nothing happens by chance (coincidence). The soul is reborn in all infinity.

- Next time, your soul can be 'housed' in a completely different body, perhaps to a child born on a planet far out in space and so life continues in that way. It does not end with a person dying - on the contrary, there can often be a continuation that is an improving progression.

You and I and all living things have something called brain wavelengths that are in contact with nature, God or whatever you want, that which is the highest and has many names - but which undeniably exist because everything cannot be a coincidence. It records every action you have taken, every thought you have thought and you just get credit for it in the next life.

Question: a type of karma in other words? Have you gained insight into this through those People in the craft?

- Something like that, but I cannot draw any conclusions and I will not. Everyone can think as they please. The highest goal is for people to eventually be able to reach this God.

Question: So the whole universe belongs together?

- Exactly.

At one point, Gösta Carlsson also asked why landings do not take place more often and more openly.

- The answer was that we are far behind their civilization, says Gösta. They have gone through all the stages to fully live the Ten Commandments. They have solved all the problems of life and transformed their planet into a true paradise without diseases, famine and other misery and also with a much longer lifespan than us.

- They must not interfere with us or other planets with the same level of civilization as ours, but we must decide our own destiny (fate). But also some practical problems such as our diseases and the difference in our planet's air (oxygen content) make a landing very difficult. Their overflights of our planet are part of their mission in the same way as it is for many others.

Gösta Carlsson's own theory about why the crew was near the earth in 1946, is that it had been attracted there by our nuclear weapons. According to him, the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9, 1945, may have been recorded by extra-terrestrials far into space. The explosions may have made them worried about our future.

But despite these thoughts, neither Gösta himself nor the commander raised the subject of nuclear weapons during their conversations. Something that should otherwise seem natural after such a long journey. Instead, the conversations were all about philosophical issues.

- You should know that much of what the Commander said - I still do not understand, Gösta says when I ask him. I myself had no interest in such things. Then I was concerned with daily survival - to make ends meet. That was more than enough.

After his contacts, Gösta Carlsson has also become convinced that mankind began not on this earth. The vessel he encountered in the clearing was manned by our distant forebears. But only the white race originates from space, says Gösta.

- The crew's genes are crammed with the same information as ours. If we look at how things are in Africa, for example, the black people, do not build aircraft, reactors and nuclear weapons. They do not have the same innate drive as the rest of us. Therefore, I believe that we whites have never arisen here on this planet. We have come here and brought the heritage with us. The Negroes/black people, on the other hand, grew up here. Of course, there are those who have moved to the United States and learned things there, but it is not the same thing. They do not have it in their genes.

All experiences are concentrated around the Commander, the man who aimed the strange camera at Gösta Carlsson at the first meeting in the clearing and then received him in the first dream. The Commander is the one who gave Gösta Carlsson all the information, answers his questions and contacts him. In the summer of 1947, Gösta Carlsson finds a funny triangular stone in the clearing when he

returns to look for more lost objects. After one of his nightly meetings, or "sessions" as he calls them, he suddenly sees the Commander's face on the stone itself.

But Gösta Carlsson also got to see what the Commander's personal room looked like. Not on the small ship that made an emergency landing in the clearing, but on a larger mothership, far out in space. And there he experienced wonderful things.

### **On the mother ship**

We are at the beginning of February 1948. The events that have occurred since May 18, 1946 after the meeting with the craft in Vegeholmsskogen, I have had plenty of opportunities to be amazed. I have become more and more aware that the peculiarities to which I have been exposed must be due to very special reasons. I usually brag that I'm pretty tough and do not believe in hell or trolls, but now I'm starting to wonder about these events. Among other things, about quitting my job at the State Railways and instead working with medicines. I'm starting to get expansive ideas that I do not really master. But I attribute my interests as a beekeeper as to the cause. Then I begin to feel extra weird again.

Same symptoms as in previous contacts with the crew. I'm half asleep somehow, and suddenly I see the lens on the UFO man's device and I'm standing behind him in the craft. I see the chair he is sitting in. I recognize the plastic patterns of a city with two huge pyramids and then he turns to me. The same face, the same outfit with the little hat, with two plugs in the ears and the same friendly look. "Gösta, it's now time for us to dock with our mother vehicle and I think you may be interested."

I see all the incomprehensible instruments in front of his table, I see the screen on which there are constantly appearing messages in a completely incomprehensible language. I see instruments that look like an illuminated, circular track, and then I experience the same strange falling sensation that he explained earlier by the fact that we move at the speed of light or even faster. At the same time, he talks to a girl who appears on a screen. The image is three-dimensional and she sits in front of a strange instrument with the fingers of both hands on a keyboard. She smiles so beautifully and shows off dazzling white teeth and answers him in an incomprehensible language.

The Commander has previously explained to me that men keep in touch with their home planet and with the mother ship via a system that mimics human thought. Otherwise you would never get in communication, because you move as fast as or faster than the speed of light and ordinary radio signals. In other words, radio signals sent during the entire time you travel at superluminal speed would not make it. Radio signals would be far too slow, that is of course one of the reasons why we on every earth can never perceive their communications which must be quite effective.

Then a red light starts flashing and I hear a signal, first in repetition and then a long continuous tone..... "It is our mother ship's magnetic beam that now captures us. Now everything happens automatically and we just have to allow it." I notice that the turbine noise on the craft has stopped. I see the whole crew stand by the down-ramp. Everyone looks cheerful and happy and everyone is dressed in their astronaut costume but without the little hat with the earplugs. Just like our own aircraft pilots, everyone has a bag, surprisingly similar to our own. For the life of me I can't remember or pronounce the name of the Commander and the one I always meet first, so for the sake of simplicity I'll call him Broni.

The strange thing is that while I can always understand his speech, the rest of the crew are totally incomprehensible.

"That's how we got there," he says, and the door with the ladder folds down. "We are picked up by a very powerful field of magnets that automatically lands our craft inside the mother craft. We have to pass through the strong force field that surrounds the mothership and is found around all our craft and which also forms a defence and promotes speed." This whole landing manoeuvre has taken place completely imperceptibly and must be a marvel of precision with these amazing speeds.

So I see that we are standing on a brightly lit deck. There are four more vessels of the same type, but also two with a size of almost 20 metres (65'). Then the crew goes into an airlock where they take off their clothes which are put in a large bag. Then into a shower and from there they come out in a row. Everyone is dressed up and the girls are now in a fantastically beautiful floral blouse that goes up at the neck and in long trousers of the same model that we have seen from Turkey. They end at the ankles and then with sandals on the feet. We on our planet would probably say that these were the sexiest clothes we've ever seen. The men are wearing a half-length jacket and something resembling hose or stretch pants and sandals. My first vision is that they are reminiscent of ancient Roman legionaries, muscular, strong and certainly very well-trained.

We all move to another deck. There is a whole welcoming committee here. We pass a desk or counter and are out among all our fellow travellers. First I notice the girl I saw before and I am told that her name is Menji. At the same time, two small dogs from the welcoming group arrive with some lively barking and jump up into her arms. Apparently they are her dogs and to me they are reminiscent of a breed that we have and which is called Papillion.

Among this large group, I notice that no male crew members have beards or are bald. Then suddenly the group parts. We all fall to our knees and a coffin on a catafalque or bier, draped in some kind of floral fabric is brought in. Those who precede the coffin look like children. "It is our two dead comrades Luna and Jurion who are now being brought on board," says Broni, whom I see again. "It turned out that the accident was due to a navigation error. We flew in formation with a larger vessel in front and two others just behind. For some reason our vessel came too close and happened to be hit by a powerful energy beam. Our vessel could have actually withstood this, but somehow it passed through our force field and hit a windshield that shattered, and in that room were Luna and Jurion who were crushed immediately. It is extremely rare for something like this to happen. That's why we had to land and that was when you met us."

On this deck there are several marking lines, probably for some kind of sports game or something like a chess game with large pieces. Several small bright rooms are apparently for relaxation, because I see that there are groups from the crew there.

Then we are suddenly in a smaller room with some furniture. I see a table, a bed, several cupboards and chairs. On one table is a small copy of the mother ship. "This is about 200 meters (656') long and about 40 meters (131') wide in the middle where it is thickest." to me it is most reminiscent of a zeppelin type airship. Leading forward from the bridge-like structure of the craft (towards the bows) are six long devices. "These are our various instruments for manoeuvring and more. The length is due to the fact that they must be outside our force field in order not to be exposed to interference."

There is a small device on the table that closely resembles one of our television sets. Broni presses a button and it lights up. First, three red circles appear. Then it is filled with light and in three-dimensional form a control room appears showing the bridge - which is towards the front of the craft. I see a dozen men in front of the light screen, and the whole scene is very reminiscent of what we later saw ourselves in our TV sets during broadcasts from the USA and the American air surveillance, NORAD. Everyone is dressed in light, airy clothes. It is from here that the whole journey is directed.

Then comes a view of the stern and here I see the whole propulsion machinery. Six huge turbine-like devices deliver the required energy and six beam propulsion units are responsible for the speed. But these swivel and the entire steering/manoeuvring is done with the help of these. He explains that with the speed of the craft, this is the only possibility. A large part of the energy needed is captured directly from space, but a special reactor with quartz generators can be deployed if required. In some places in space, there are areas where the local energy supply is too weak. "In a moment we'll go onto the upper deck, then I'll show you some interesting pictures."

It turns out that the upper deck seems to be a single large maze with different machines and instruments. But everything works in total silence.

Now I also notice an illumination detail: The peculiar bright light that occurs everywhere leaves no shadows. Under equipment, tables or anything else, it is just as bright and a very pleasant uniform light.

Then we're back in his room. On the table is also something that I perceive as a photograph frame. But what photographs! When he touches the first one, it lights up and in three-dimensional form an incredibly beautiful, dark-haired woman appears. She both moves and talks, and it seems as if she was present in the room.

Then he lifts the second frame with a picture of two cute children who seem to be around the age of six to eight. They also speak lively and happily, but also in an incomprehensible language. "It's my wife and my children, a boy and a girl." In this three-dimensional form, these images seem fantastically vivid and I can understand that in this way, during the long journeys, he always has an incredibly nice contact with his family. It then strikes me that this must be the future of photography for us as well, a kind of hologram.

"We have a number of observation sites on planets that are under development and we provide such help that you yourself have also received over time. That is one of our tasks. I will now show some of the recordings that we made during our travels." By 1948, I had never seen television; it had just begun



in the United States. A very dark image appears on the device. Sometimes a few streaks of light appear, then it quickly gets dark again and becomes clear.

The effects of a nuclear war are evident

"You will now see what it looks like when heavy atomic bombs are used. On this planet - it is one you are now staring at - there were two great powers that both had nuclear weapons but could not agree and set off a powerful atomic bomb (hydrogen bomb) in a deep hole in one of their oceans, exploding at the bottom a chain reaction was triggered, whereby all existing water (hydrogen/oxygen) exploded. The violence of this tremendous explosion extinguished all life, everything was burned and the water evaporated away "The planet itself remained intact but life is destroyed forever."

Next the screen displays something that could be a mountain ridge or the remains of a building. I see how soot and ash hang in big sheets. Sometimes it lets go and crashes to the ground. Occasionally sunlight manages to penetrate through the thick blankets of haze that are now around this whole poor planet. Not a single living thing survives in the eternal darkness that has been the result of this conflict.

When I write down these observations today in 1994, I cannot repress a shudder when I think of how incredibly close we came to this situation ourselves during the so-called Cuban crisis. Hopefully, our minds have passed beyond these terrible possibilities.

Then comes the next part of the 'movie'. Now I first see a bright and almost completely ordinary village. I see cities, villages, single houses, forests and meadows. But then I notice that it is burning in several places. The film reproduces all the sounds, so I can follow the whole series of events. Then I see a young woman with a little girl by the hand running across a field towards a bombed-out house. A large block, perhaps of cement, is lined up against the side of this house. She runs under this with the girl who I think carries something resembling a doll. There is also a small dog. It is their final moments, because on the horizon I now see a huge and formidable air armada. In the middle fly a number of large planes and at the sides a number of smaller ones. All are constructed in the same way. They are similar to ours but have no rudders; the propulsion and steering apparently take place directly from the stern...



So I see up close one of the smaller planes. Through something resembling plexiglass, I see two aviators sitting next to each other. They both react to something, slowing their plane down to an almost stationary speed. They have apparently detected something interesting. "Their heat detectors have shown that there is something alive under the cement floor," says my friend. Then suddenly the little dog runs out. The man next to the pilot points a weapon at the dog. I see a flame of fire, how the dog burst into pieces and catches fire. "It was a laser weapon he used," says my friend. "Then maybe the others saved themselves," I remark. "No, not at all. Wait and see." It is clear that aircraft have perceived more, because now it speeds up, makes a turn (banking in a turn) and returns on the same course. Again I see how the two pilots talk angrily to each other, slow down, and then releases something that looks like a polished football. The plane accelerates violently and so comes the cremation. For a moment you only see a cloud of gravel, but worst of all: on the edge of the conflagration (I involuntarily jump when) I observe a small arm that shortly afterwards catches fire. Maybe it was from the doll, but still more likely from the little girl.

"This war has turned into a race to the absolute extinction (annihilation) of each other," he says, "and will not end until everything is destroyed. So even without nuclear weapons, such atrocities are happening on some planets. It was an A bomb that ended these two."

Although I see all this from a distance, I feel physically sick. "Now I'm going to show you some pictures from my own planet, which are a little friendlier," Broni says quickly.

So I see a picture of a planet initially in the distance -which is amazingly similar to the globe we now see ourselves in 1994 as an introduction to our evening news program on TV, but only now I'm seeing it in three-dimensional form - We appear to go closer and gradually, forests, meadows, rivers, large lakes and cities can be distinguished. I first recognize the two great pyramids that I mentioned earlier and it strikes me what excellent orientation marks these make. From high altitudes and at fast speeds, they are excellent landmarks. I see streets, I see people inside the city, something like parks, people sitting outside maybe shops, but everything shows a fantastic peace and contentment. So it strikes me that I see unusually few children, and in the meadows few animals, possibly something resembling horses.

As if he had read my thoughts, he now says: We have a completely different lifespan than what you and the People on your planet have. We have solved the problem with the cells that I mentioned to you earlier. We have better food and a completely healthy nature. We do not raise or slaughter animals. We produce our main food only from plants, growing the same varieties that you have. Through a special process, it does not have to go through animals that must be slaughtered, but we get both better and healthier food that is also enjoyable. We drink a kind of tea that we have been making for thousands of years and that is both healthy and good."

"All major traffic goes in tunnels under the streets and electricity is our exclusive fuel. We get it for the most part from the enormous amount that is in space. We have twelve transformers that are stationed as satellites orbiting our planet. Electricity is brought down in almost the same way as in a thunderstorm (lightning) to twenty-four power plants and then transmitted - without inconvenience - to everything requiring that power. We have re-routed rivers, we have leveled mountains, irrigated and cultivated deserts. There is no famine, no "Diseases" in general, no problems like yours. We have come away from hatred, jealousy and malice (evil) thousands of years ago."

"You yourself, with your current intelligence, could transform your planet in the same way and achieve the same peace and contentment that we have. So far, you have too much left of the laws of the jungle that ruled your planet before you became the thinking human being and began to act on your own (**"in battle with everyone and everything" as [Martinus](#) calls this stage of development of the human being. R.Ö. comment**). The laws of nature abhor overpopulation, this applies to all living things and there are certain regulatory forces who constantly moderate. These may manifest as diseases, famine and even war, all only temporary remedies which the thinking man himself has been given the right to change and which work exclusively to avoid overpopulation that you now have opportunities to come to terms with. But you also have the opportunity to totally destroy your planet so that it is similar to the one in the movie I showed you." (**Remember these warnings came right after the Second World War and for the Cold War with all the crazy nuclear rearmament that happened then. R.Ö. comment**).

This is how I see in the movie showing situations from different places with lakes, rivers, orchards, flowers of various kinds. Everything somehow breathes a quiet peace and now, so long after this event, I think that is what paradise must look like. Another thing I notice is that the sunlight is not as strong as with us but is somewhat more reminiscent of a violet colour and is certainly much healthier than our sun. Unbelievably, I now remember a question I often had in mind. "Would it not be possible for myself and my family to follow you and remain on this wonderful planet?" He looks at me with interest and then he explains:

Gösta, I must tell you that there are no shortcuts. We have a completely different air and food, a completely different bacterial system, and all this must be acquired over a long period of time. But as I explained earlier, you yourself have these possibilities on your planet. It's just a matter of using them in the right way, and it should still be something for your politicians to think about. There is a price for everything and you must be prepared to pay it. You can never do more than your very best, but it is often enough. The only possibility is that you incarnate as a new-born child with us, but even then, you still do not get the same opportunities as ourselves."

Although I'm not particularly interested, I think of our own Christianity and Jesus, which I read about in school and which may have an explanation. I'm talking about this whole story, about the new star, about the white-clad angels and about the baby in the manger. Could it be that an alien civilization had decided to help us from our cruel times and give us advice and guidance? By placing one of its citizens who could possess all these qualities? Undoubtedly, the story we learned about the new star, about the white angels and then the great works this young man eventually proved to be able to perform, is far beyond what his fellow human beings at that time could understand. Was the new star a parent vehicle parked in orbit around our earth? While making a descent and placing the child with Joseph and Mary? Were the angels who appeared here astronauts from an alien planet and had this mission? Can this

explain the oddities that occurred when Jesus grew up and was brought home to this planet after a number of years - according to the description of history?

He replied that this was not impossible at all. They themselves had done the same thing with the thirty planets they were tasked with guarding and helping. Probably this event had been carried out by another extra-terrestrials whom he himself called the pyramid builders and who came from a large planet about fifty light-years from our own planet according to our view of distance.

**(This is quite similar to the explanation that Pleiadian Semjase explains to the contact person Billy Meier in the 70's, that the historical person Jesus' real name was Jmmanuel, and that his mother, Maria, was conceived by a "heavenly son" - ie by a Lyran Pleiadian by the name of Gabriel This is supposed to be the origin of the story that Mary was conceived by the "Holy Spirit". (See Matt. 1:23) Read the Talmud Jmmanuel which is posted on this same web site: According to Meiers Semjase information the pyramids were built by Lyranian space folk - from the constellation Lyra - more than 73,000 years ago. The Danish cosmic-conscious Martinus has stated the age of the pyramids to somewhat similar numbers - in contrast to our current science which believes that the pyramids are only a few millennia old. Rampa also writes in the book [The Hermit](#) (EREMITTEN) that the story surrounding "Jesus' birth" happened in a similar way as Gösta suggests. R.Ö. comment).**

"These people have visited a large number of planets and it is typical of them is that in every place they have always started by building pyramids, partly for their own defence, partly to assert their position. At high altitude and fast speed it is excellent as a landmark too. Their pyramids were never built to form royal tombs, but in some cases some help from the indigenous people was needed and then this was a viable reason. We have examined our own two pyramids, which are built on exactly the same way as your Great Pyramid (the -Cheops Pyramid). "

"Under our two pyramids we have found chambers in the bedrock and we have drilled tunnels. Under one we found equipment that had been left by the people of the pyramid and that we had an enormous benefit from. It was an apparatus that had the ability to cancel the pull of gravity and with its help, it has not been any difficulty to lift giant stones into an exact position. The traction probably depends on some form of space radiation and if you can cancel this, the work will not be a problem. Furthermore, we found balancing instruments and grinding equipment, so today we could easily perform the same work."

The Commander told us that the people of the pyramid visited both his and our planet about 100,000 years ago. "It was an extremely well-developed people with outstanding scientists and scientists, they had even gone further than ourselves. The pyramid, which was their safe haven during the exploration of the planet, was always placed at its centre of gravity of the continental land masses to form a safe landmark for their aircraft. From the central chamber went channels for the various instruments they needed."

According to the commander, the pyramid people placed several research groups with different tasks in different places on earth. He believed that it was possible that some of these remained and then gave rise to the Jewish people who in this way inherited the characteristics of their ancestors **(as [Semjase](#), among others, explained in more detail. R.Ö. comment).**

"They themselves finally found a suitable planet, much larger than yours and with a sun at exactly the right distance. There they moved their entire population, which due to the behaviour of their sun has become increasingly difficult to inhabit."

We also came to discuss how it comes about that the people of the earth are allowed time and time again to fight difficult wars that are close to wiping out the People without any higher power intervening.

"It is one of the trials on the way to the next phase of development," he replies. "You yourself have the opportunity for a comfortable life or a total destruction. Your planet can become a real paradise where you all have an old age and no diseases."

But why did we get the recipe for the atomic bombs? Why did Albert Einstein use his vast knowledge for this purpose? I describe how Einstein, like myself, during certain nights in meditation had contact with

some extraterrestrial men who gave him several complicated theories which included, among other things, nuclear weapons. Neither he nor others could solve several of these.

"This was probably the biggest mistake he could make. All knowledge gained in this way should only be used for peaceful purposes and as punishment he was probably given a block so that he could not interpret several of his theories. But your description of him and The Jews, with their interesting way of life, make me think of the people on the great planet I mentioned earlier, about 50 light-years from your own.

Here my guide lights a globe close to half a metre (1.5') in diameter. I've seen it before but thought it was some kind of planetary globe. Now it turns out to be an expanse of space with a diameter of maybe 100 light-years. All suns are marked in yellow, all planets with black and inhabited planets have a yellow stripe where the thickness varies with the development of the population. This is how the Jews are marked with a strong yellow circle. Unfortunately, my knowledge of astronomy is very deficient, but I understand that there must be a part of space containing our own solar system.

Then he points to a small yellow ring: "This is your sun and your planet." Judging by that location, our earth must be located on the edge of our Milky Way, almost, so to speak, in the wilderness of it. I also notice that between some suns and planets there are lines that I understand must be flight paths for alien craft.

But our own planet must have been completely sterile in the beginning, even after it received these huge amounts of water with lakes and oceans, I say. "It is true," he replies, "but it so happens that from space, perhaps with the help of meteors, bacteria of a certain kind end up in this sterile water. Their task is to destroy sulphur and phosphorus and after millions of years so is this purified and the bacteria fall to the bottom in incredible amounts. Sediments form on top of them and over time you get what you call oil. Then the life forms begin in a very specific statutory order. Oxygen is formed and eventually the planet is habitable for humans. The amount of oxygen is stabilized and this is one of the most important things you should be afraid of. "

Ten million years ago, we had an animal world consisting of very large animal forms that we call dinosaurs. But all of a sudden, these died out. For what reason?

"As I explained earlier," he says, "the animal forms changed in connection with the development of oxygen). The first animal forms belonged to the fish and had the same oxygen needs as these. But while the oxygen stabilized with regard to the vegetation it could shift more or less, and since the dinosaurs were almost half fish, they were simply suffocated in the same way as you put a live fish ashore. There is enough oxygen, but they are still suffocated. That it takes so long for humans to adapt to a new planet simply depends on oxygen. But some of the great life forms could return to the water and adapt accordingly. "

When he notices that I doubt this way of life, he continues: "But think about it. How did you come into being? A microscopic human egg and a microscopic sperm grain - in this you are all represented. If you think this is strange, you must have the greatest respect for Him who rules over all things and who can accomplish such strange things. "

As I mentioned earlier, I'm in his room in the big spaceship. Again he changes the scene and now comes the usual initial sight. I see a planet from a high altitude, almost reminiscent of the images we ourselves now in 1994 see on our television before the weather and news.

The picture gradually becomes clearer, and in three dimensions I see lakes, forests, cities and villages on a sunlit beautiful planet. I see people who are dressed in antiquity and what I perceive they could be 2,000-3,000 is back in time. So the picture captures a sunlit garden with an old-fashioned house in the background and a cobbled street outside. I hear a very beautiful song and then ten girls appear, maybe ten years old or something more.

Suddenly a clattering sound is heard from the street as if from many feet. All the girls rush into the house and then I see a military column on the street. In the lead are perhaps 400 men, all with helmets, armour of some material, spears and a short sword. The legs are fitted with light armour and the feet wear iron-shod sandals. After them come perhaps as many prisoners with their hands tied behind their backs and joined with ropes. Everyone has a naked upper body and only a loincloth as protection. Then there will be a small gap and maybe as many prisoners will come after them again. All bound in the same way and on the bodies, large marks can be seen as if after a beating or even after a battle. While the first groups of captives are in every way reminiscent of ourselves, the last are of a completely different race. Black-bearded heads, probably over two meters long, and with black wild hair.

Alongside the prisoners are a number of guards equipped with short swords and whips that they frequently use on the prisoners' bare backs. I can clearly see the horrible marks after the whiplash and even worse: I hear their moans all the time.

So I see that the cobbled street rises to a height and in the background a blue ocean looms. The street ends in a steep precipice, perhaps two hundred meters down, and a beach studded with sharp jagged rocks.

The last hundred meters form a funnel-shaped entrance with high walls. To the right of the cliffs, a steep staircase leads perhaps a hundred meters down and ends in a balcony carved into the rock. A stone table with a large gong stands in the middle. I see that dishes with fruit, drink jugs and more are on the table. In something resembling a throne sits a man who will probably be the emperor himself.

For the first time I see a monster with a wide coat with several necklaces of some metal and a look that could scare anyone. He may well be 160-165 centimetres (5' 3" - 5' 5") tall, completely bald and with some kind of crown on his head. But the colour of his face seems almost yellow-green, he has black teeth and the meanest face I have ever seen. It seems to be an incarnation of the devil himself that we on our planet always fantasize about.

A gray full beard, divided into two tips, completes my impression of a real monster. About fifty men sit on stone benches around him, all armed with short swords, and apparently constitute his bodyguard.

From the cliff drops a headland out into the sea and on this it abounds with people and it is quite clear that some kind of spectacle is imminent. The long line of soldiers and prisoners has stopped and is apparently waiting for a signal. Then the "emperor" rises and strikes three powerful blows on the gong that is heard far and wide. The first ranks of prisoners reach between the walls and now I understand the whole ceremony. The prisoners are to be thrown off of the cliff and crushed against the sharp rocks on the beach.



Now the guards use the whips more diligently and the spears are also used when the prisoners do not voluntarily cross the cliff edge. The cries of horror from these unfortunates are almost unbearable, but somehow they affect the "emperor" who apparently gets some physical orgasm that makes him get up and shake his whole body. Then he turns on the gong and bangs with his hand "faster, faster".

So I see how some huge black birds, probably with three to four metres (10' - 13') between the wingtips, fly down and start gorging on human flesh. In the end, there are a couple of hundred and it's probably some kind of vulture. When almost the entire first wave of prisoners has fallen, it will be the turn for the black-bearded soldiers.

But now suddenly something unforeseen happens. Some prisoners in the middle of the horde of defeated soldiers have somehow managed to free themselves from their binding ropes. They throw themselves at the nearest soldiers and grab spears and swords. Very quickly they cut free their comrades and a scuffle ensues which ends with most of the soldiers being stabbed to death. A number run back to the city, while the others are driven forward by the black-bearded people who are now well-

armed and no apologies are given. Some are pushed into the funnel to the precipice and some try to reach the stone stairs down to the bodyguard.

Then the "emperor" and his bodyguard, to their surprise, see that there are their own soldiers who are now being driven over the cliff edge and being crushed against the rocks. The bodyguards apparently get the word to go up the stone stairs to help, but it's already too late. About fifty of the black-bearded men have pushed a number of soldiers in front of them and at the very beginning of the stairs these are struck down, thus blocking the possibility for the bodyguard to come up and assist. The balcony is also filled with corpses and soon only the "emperor" remains. But now I see that the water has risen maybe



fifteen to twenty meters at the shore, there is apparently some kind of ebb and flow. The whole scenery there has also changed. Instead of vultures, there are now some kind of fish feasting on human remains. The water literally boils when they fight over the remains. And then I recognize the fish by the big dorsal fin. These are sharks, and what sharks. Maybe twenty-twenty-five meters long and with a head and teeth to match. After killing the entire bodyguard, a dozen blackbearded soldiers are now rushing down and now it's the "emperor's" turn. One of them grabs him by the legs while another grabs him by the shoulders and then throws him over the balcony railing, a fall of almost a hundred meters. The last thing you hear from him is a scream of horror and even before he hits the water, the surface swirls with the sharks that are waiting for him. At the moment he enters the water, one of the beasts chops him at the legs and another at the shoulders. These sharks are so large that their heads meet in the middle. A blow with the tail and the man is divided and with each half the sharks dive down to the depths. A few blood stains on the surface are all that remains.

The crowd on the headland has also disappeared. Apparently they have understood that something has gone wrong and they fear that they will soon feel their ruler's raging temper. But then there are scenes of the surviving soldiers. In a forced march, their barracks has been reached and more armed soldiers are pouring out, perhaps a thousand set in motion along the road to the precipice. Shortly before this, the black-bearded soldiers have lined up in a square with their spears and swords at the ready, surely prepared for the last bitter battle.

But then something new happens. At a distance of about a hundred meters from the square, the entire troop of soldiers stops. Three men, apparently commanders, walk towards the square with their right hand outstretched for some kind of negotiation. Two of the black-bearded soldiers do the same and then they meet maybe fifty meters from the two battle-ready groups. After a short palaver, the groups of soldiers stand down and return to their barracks followed at about a hundred meters by the black-bearded soldiers. With the emperor's death, the enmity ceased.

"Our job is to periodically check the number of planets we are monitoring," says my friend, "and often we do so with the help of these recorded movies. As you know, our craft can stand completely stationary and with our equipment we can record what goes on. This sequence that you saw is of a planet located maybe thirty light-years from your own and evolving, but 2,000-3,000 years after yours. The emperor here has waged war and conquered several countries, but with the black-bearded soldiers he has failed and therefore he was terribly hateful towards them. In the last campaign he managed to take a number of prisoners, and he had planned a bestial death for them. That's why he let another group of prisoners go first to crush on the rocks. He knew that the water would soon rise and then the sharks would be lured in. When the black-bearded ones were to be driven over the cliff, their fate would be to be eaten up by these monsters. Now he became their prey himself instead. "

"But how can such tyrants arise?" I ask. "For some reason," he replies, "this almost always happens especially during the evolution of a planet, but it can also occur when civilization has begun. According to our laws, we must never intervene or interfere with a development other than through various directives. As I told you before, the law of He who rules over everything or She who rules over everything is that incorrigible criminals may continue their development perhaps on completely different planets. This is part of their penalty. Such are the laws to which all living things are subject. There are no shortcuts.'

I must admit that I never intended to publish this record, which has actually given me many nightmares, but since I think it may be important for readers to get an insight into such an event, I reproduce everything I wrote down many years ago. Since all these events shown to me are always in full colour and in three dimensions makes everything that takes place so incredibly real, just as if I myself saw it all on the spot.

"It's starting to be time for us to part, but I'll get in touch again. I have a few more thoughts that I've been thinking of letting you know." So at the last minute I will think here of a question I was going to ask if we now met again. The strange thing is that when we talk, I can almost never remember these questions, because I am apparently hypnotized in some way. But now I have the opportunity.

For a long time, a kind of fat lump with a brownish tint had developed over my right eye, which started to bother me when I wore my uniform hat. For a long time I had been thinking about whether these people had any method of removing it. Otherwise I have to have it surgically removed. He looks at it, opens a cupboard and takes out a glittering instrument that most resembles a small pump, maybe 10-12 centimetres long. Then he looks at the knot once more, changes the nozzle on the device and says: "Now it's a little cool, but it's over quickly." I feel a quick chill, but only for a moment. "So it done," he



says. Shortly afterwards, I wake up. For some reason I had gotten up and sat in an armchair. When I try to get up, I again suffer from a slight fainting attack. I appear to come-to again, and now I recognize the room, furniture, paintings, curtains and more. Now I'm back to my home again.

In order not to forget anything, I go into my writing room and for more than four hours I write down the whole event. On slightly swaying legs I go to the toilet and now only I will think about the operation. I can hardly believe my eyes when I see in the mirror that instead of the fat nodule there is now an approximately five millimetre wide, circular wound with a few drops of blood. I put a patch over it, and when I remove it after a week, a red mark is the only proof that something has happened. I wonder if I myself while asleep in some way with my fingernails did that operation, but in that case both the pillow and the sheets would show clear signs of me having bled heavily.

After many years, a doctor that I asked about this incident said that it could have been done in that way with first severe cooling and then laser effect. I wrote that the only proof was a red mark, but after a few years this red mark was gone. However, it can still be stated that there is a small but very noticeable notch in the forehead bone over the right eye, although nothing that bothers in the slightest way ..

These were some excerpts from the book "MÖTET I GLÄNTAN" written by Clas Svahn and Gösta Carlsson. Published at Nyköpings Tvärvetenspliga Bokförening / Parthenon. ISBN 970972-5-X.

sold out per. Nov 2002 cf. Clas Svahn, but reprinted and again on sale in the spring of 2015 from the Parthenon - p. til plusgiro 1959-6, Parthenon Förlag: send mail to: info@parthenon.se <http://parthenon.shop.textalk.se/>



A UFO landed and launched at this location on May 18, 1946

All cement markings were cast exactly according to existing impressions in the ground and according to the sketch that an eyewitness to the event made on 18 May 1946 Vegeholm 1.9 1972 Gosta Carlsson



Besök på ufo-landingsplatsen v. Angelholm,  
der Gosta Carlson hadde sin nærkontakt i -46,  
og har fått laget et museum.  
Les mer på [galactic.no/rune/gj\\_ufo.html](http://galactic.no/rune/gj_ufo.html)

Heidi, Rune og Bjørn-Erik, 12. juni 2012 på vei til D6.

visit to the landing site at Angelholm, where Mr. G. Carlson had his close contact in 1946, and the site is today a kind of outdoor museum for the event. Here Heidi, Rune and BjørnErik in June 2012. Notice that orb at my rootchakra.





Image © Gabrielle Roland Waldén

### **Life span**

According to Gösta Carlsson, the crew has solved the mystery of aging and managed to slow down the cell division, which explains their always youthful appearance. This also means that you can travel over very large distances in the universe without problems. "If you become between 400 and 600 years old, a journey of 10-20 light-years has no significance," says Gösta Carlsson. "They have solved all life problems and turned their planet into a veritable paradise without disease, famine and other misery and with a much longer lifespan (more than 10 times ours!). (Page 263)

- The Commander said to me: If you have solved these problems, then the fact is that when you get 1500 or 2000 years ahead, new biological clocks come into the picture. It is nature or He or She who decides. When you have then managed all these instances, he said, you have reached what is called eternity. Eternity, according to Gösta Carlsson, means that not only the soul but also the body becomes immortal. "What we have learned in all religions, in fact, exists and is the ultimate goal of all human beings."

- Then, when we have achieved such intelligence that we can live by the Ten Commandments, we all gather on a superplanet out in the infinite space that lies in an orbit around a super sun. There are those out there who control everything and everyone. The Commander told me that. (page 157)

### **Karma**

Gösta Carlsson: "When life is over, we get our next life depending on our actions. In accordance with the Commander's statement, every thought we have thought, every action we have performed and accordingly we get our next life. Where our soul is to be placed and live "It depends on how we behaved during our previous lives. There are so many planets because space has no beginning or end so that a human soul can end up hundreds of light-years into space on the planet that these two determine for us." (page 267)

## Prayer

"First of all, remember that a prayer should always take place through the brain. It does not matter if you formulate your wishes with your mouth while the brain is set on something completely different. It is through the brain wavelengths that you are in contact with Him or Her." he said to me.

- They themselves clasp their hands in the same way as we do. Then they pray by speaking through the brain: "Our natural, Our heavenly, Our father and mother, You who rule over everything and everyone." The prayer then ends with the words "For all the good you have done to me and to mine during the past 24 hours, I thank you with all my heart and soul." So the Commander told them that their prayer was going on. (page 44)

Gösta Carlsson, known as the "Pollen King"

Born: November 30, 1918 in Skörpinge outside Ängelholm

Died: October 4, 2003 in Ängelholm

He was a Swedish entrepreneur who founded the company Cernelle.

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[This case as audio-program /podcast mp3](#)- swedish talk

[on this case as extracts in audio](#)

plus:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=09YBhcbRZs&feature=youtu.be>

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[see also link about another ufo-contact-case in Sweden](#)

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