

Asket's Acquaintanceship

Just as with the introductory explanation, all of the following was written down together and with Asket's help. Asket constituted a very good memory aid for me.

Furthermore, she was in a position, by means of some sort of apparatuses, to reproduce words – true to the original words – which had already been spoken a long time ago, whereby, with the writing down of the following reports, I am in a position to reproduce truthfully, word-for-word, every single spoken word and every sentence from her side or from my side.

The apparatus, which Asket has at her disposal for such purposes, is able to again bring forth and record every singly jot of a conversation out of her unconscious, or transfer it as thought-impulses.

Mehrauli, India – the 30th of August, 1964.

It was my eighteenth close sighting of beamships, when I was picked up on February 3rd, 1956 to make Asket's acquaintance. I was picked up by a disc in the early second hour of the morning at a place which had been precisely communicated to me shortly before, which, however, Sfath had already arranged with me weeks earlier, so that on day X only the actual exact point had to be named.

Bitter cold prevailed at this early morning hour as I made my way to the favourite place of my thoughts where I was often alone for so many hours and where, sixteen days earlier, Sfath also announced to me the *acquaintanceship with Asket* which was intended to occur on this night. In spite of the sharp cold, I broke out in a sweat as I climbed the small hill on which the agreed place was situated.

Arriving there, I did not have to wait long for some sort of thing which was still supposed to come there, because, arriving on the dome of the hill, I immediately saw a bright light plunge down from the sky and set down not far from me on the frozen-hard ground.

The bright light went out and I saw a matt silver and discus-shaped object which stood majestically quiet on three landing spheres and appeared to wait for me. The disc's landing spheres were completely foreign to me, because I had never seen such things with that kind of form before.

After a short telepathic invitation, I approached the ship as if under a gentle compulsion and at once was lifted in through an opening, just as if by ghostly hands, because there was neither a lift nor some sort of other entrance possibility. I had already earlier repeatedly experienced that with Sfath each time he brought me into his pear-shaped ship.

However, the interior arrangement of this ship was fundamentally different in comparison to that of Sfath's. There was only one single armchair present; also I was not able to see anyone. The ship was quite obviously unmanned and was remotely steered somehow.

So, without being asked, I sat in the single, but very comfortable, armchair. Even before I could sit properly an enormous change occurred. A change which, in my life up to that point, had always only appeared to me as a dream and fantasy.

The bright light which came from everywhere in the interior of the ship suddenly went out, and then suddenly I seemed to be sitting outdoors. No longer could anything at all of the ship and the entire set-up be perceived, and when, in a reflex

motion, I drew my left hand in front of my eyes, I was also no longer able to see it. The entire ship and I myself had simply quite suddenly become invisible.

However, I also already started to move upwards, at an angle, into the night sky and slowly floated at a low altitude towards the nearby village where I simply remained hanging just two metres over the house of my parents, while Asket's "voice" again suddenly sounded in me and gave me a several minute long explanation and indeed in relation to my further path in life and that which was to come in relation to my family and my own family in later years.

After this explanation the still invisible ship, with me, started to move again—this time eastward and, with suddenly raving speed, shooting high into the night sky, without me thereby feeling some kind of discomfort or a pressure. For me it felt just exactly as if, unexpectedly, I quickly went up in a lift. Yet that, which perhaps arose from the surprise, was only in the first instant. Perhaps it was also only because I could see how I suddenly shot quickly upwards.

The ship shot up with me in just minutes – higher and ever higher – and then, for the first time, I saw the stars shine like I had never, up to that point in my lifetime, seen them shine – big, beautiful, glorious, and wonderfully more powerful than I had ever seen them before from the Earth. It was without doubt – I was in outer space, very high on the daytime side above the Earth, which I still only saw as a blue-white-greenish ball. But indeed it was actually no ball, rather only a part of a ball, because now it suddenly looked like the Moon when it was half full.

Shooting through empty space, I saw, very far in the east, a gigantic luminescent disc positioned in outer space. Indeed, that had to have been the Sun which already illuminated a part of the Earth on this side. I thereby discerned a gigantic area which must indeed have been the Indian Ocean while, immediately after that, in a westerly direction, it adjoined dim contours which then spread out into dense darkness. It was still deep night in the West, while far in the East the new day was already awakened and slowly advanced westward. A truly quite fantastic picture.

But I could only enjoy this glorious picture for very short minutes – short minutes which seemed like seconds to me, as suddenly everything around me began to glow dimly and my vision blurred. Then the ship and I were suddenly visible again, and I could again discern everything in the bright light of the interior of the ship. Suddenly the entrance opening opened itself and I saw out into the outside. Completely unnoticed by me, the object had landed.

Interested, I rose and stepped out, was "floated" gently to the Earth and stood on hard, dry ground. In spite of the weak light of the night I was able to recognise that the earth was reddish and that this earth actually consisted more of sand, while huge fissured rocks towered in the near surrounds. Indeed, I had to have been very far in the East, or then, on the other hand, in the South. I was not able to decide, although the nocturnal landscape seemed very familiar to me.

Thinking deeply because of that, I strolled to the nearby rock, touched it and found it extremely warm. As I touched the rocky material, something very peculiar occurred inside me: as if struck by a fine electrical shock, I jerked backwards and suddenly knew: "This is Jordan".

I was still wondering about this sudden knowledge as I noticed something bright that plummeted, like a stone, from the sky. Luminous and as big as the Moon, I saw it suddenly emerge and plummet down. At a terrific speed, it became bigger and, all of a sudden, it simply stood still in the air at a height of about 80 to 100 metres, simply without transition and without prior deceleration. The object appeared to simply remain hanging in the air.

Yet then it sank slowly down to Earth, so slowly, lightly and safely like a feather hanging on an invisible thread, and without any sound. Actually, to me it appeared precisely as if a gigantic feather-down continental quilt were to glide slowly to

Earth in completely calm weather, and then, after a long eternity, finally gently and soundlessly set down on the Earth. For me, it was actually a spectacle which I will indeed never forget; this luminous and completely soundless object which lit up the entire surroundings as bright as day and floated down, to then quietly remain on its landing place.

I waited for minutes because now something further would indeed have to happen. Yet the time elapsed and nothing happened. So I sat on a rock and waited for the thing that indeed still had to come. And I waited a full half hour before something finally happened: from behind the ship walked a figure, which approached me within a few yards, while quite slowly the illumination from the ship dimmed and then went out.

Yet already after a few split seconds the ship glowed again with light and radiated somewhat like twilight. In the weak shine of this twilight I was able to doubtlessly identify the approaching figure as a female person – ASKET, if my senses did not enormously deceive me. And the next actions and the words spoken by the woman already confirmed my assumption.



She approached me in a familiar way and I suddenly perceived an enormous, loving sympathy which somehow penetrated me in a peculiarly painful way. This perception was so very familiar to me that it was able to cause painful feelings in me, because I had indeed missed her in my earthly existence until now. Asket's somewhat peculiar greeting ceremony struck me as strangely familiar and known, yet with the best of will, I was unable to find out why she seemed so familiar and known to me.

With a later question regarding this, Asket only smiled and explained that I should consider my other personalities in earlier lives before this current one. I found this somewhat secretive and wanted to know more, yet Asket admitted nothing more about it.

Asket's clothing also seemed strangely familiar to me and it was completely different from Sfath's somewhat cumbersome clothing which was reminiscent of a diving suit. The way Asket was dressed had to nearly awaken the impression of a very modern angel: she wore a floor-length, very heavily pleated dress, of a peculiarly whitish-silver colour, belted at the hip.

Long brunette hair fell over her shoulders and her face was very beautiful – at least I perceived it so. I found it not supernatural, rather simply human and beautiful. But I could imagine that if Asket were to encounter any humans they would have taken her for a modern or futuristic angel, because I compared her appearance with pictures which I had seen in religious texts and so forth.

After the greeting I was called upon by Asket to climb into her ship which, to be honest, I did with somewhat peculiar feelings, because this ship seemed to me to emanate something which promised to solve very many of my life's puzzles. But to start with not very much happened. The ship zoomed high into the sky and then became just as invisible as the one which brought me here and which had now invisibly remained behind, left in the tangle of rocks.

Deep below, I recognised a sea in the early light of the approaching morning, which, in my estimation, could only be the Mediterranean Sea, which immediately

also turned out to be correct. But the ship had already crossed over the sea and sank quickly down to Earth. I was able to discern gigantic pointed structures below us, which, shadowy in the morning light, stood deep below in the desert: pyramids.

We plummeted down into Egypt – to the pyramids of Giza. But why, I did not yet know, because until then Asket had still not said a word to me about that. So I also did not know that this was to be the actual beginning of the mission which had been passed to me.

I was not left unclear for very long about precisely which place the goal of this flight was to be, because, already in the next moment, the tempo of the descent diminished quite rapidly, without me feeling something myself. And now the sinking became a gentle floating, down to a great pyramid which I had very well in my memory from many pictures – the Pyramid of Giza.



I recognised it by the gigantic "animal-human" which, as a statue, stood not far from the Great Pyramid. And we sank exactly towards this "animal-human object", the Sphinx. For the first time in my life I saw the Sphinx in its enormous natural size, because I had never been here before – at least not with my current personality in this life.

We set gently down on the ground only a few metres from the gigantic construction, and only a few metres from a small Bedouin camp where various humans, dressed like Arabs, were already busy with the breaking of their camp at this early morning hour. They took no notice at all of the landing of the ship, and, naturally, I was astounded because of that. It seemed simply absurd to me that the people could not see us.

Yet I then accustomed myself very quickly to that and found it very interesting that our invisibility really let nothing be recognised. In fact, I suddenly found being invisible quite interesting, because, that way, I was able to observe everything quietly and undisturbed.

Asket had, until then, not spoken another word, yet now suddenly her "voice" sounded in me, and then I felt her arm. I was not able to see her, because everything was indeed still invisible, as were Asket and I. But now she explained to me that she was attaching a small device to my belt, so we would also

continue to remain invisible after we left the ship.

I felt how she busied herself with my belt and, quite suddenly, I saw Asket kneeling next to me. Shocked, I spun around and starred across at the Bedouins, because now they would indeed have to see us. But then I heard Asket's "voice" in me again which explained that only we could see each other, while we were invisible to all other eyes. To me, that seemed to be simply mad, and I would not accept it as true. So Asket called on me to indeed investigate this.

We left the ship, which I could likewise now see, and which stood so majestically next to the Sphinx and, according to Asket's statements, could be seen by nobody. That must indeed have simply been a mistake of hers, because I still was not able to comprehend, that – because of the small device hanging on my belt – everything was actually only visible just for the two of us.

But in the course of the year I accustomed myself to getting to the bottom of all things, so I impudently went up to a group of Bedouins who were discussing something, and who were conversing in a language completely foreign to me, but which, in spite of that, seemed somehow familiar to me. The men, in their cape-like and colourful clothing, took not the slightest notice of me as I joined them.

So I then thought that I must further get to the bottom of this peculiar matter and grabbed a man by his cloth shawl, which I was actually even able to grab. I plucked once powerfully at it and saw how the man looked around astonished and obviously, however, did not catch sight of me. Shaking his head, he hitched his shawl straight again and resumed his discussion with the others. What Asket had explained to me must indeed have been true.

But I was still not quite able to comprehend this fact and wanted to carry out a further test. So I impudently approached a tent, slowly drew aside an entrance curtain and slipped inside, while Asket followed closely behind me. It was a woman's tent.

Seven young and two older women were busy there with their morning toilette, while a further young woman nourished an infant at her breast. I wondered again that these humans took no notice of me. It must indeed have been simply monstrous for them that a man had invaded their tent. Yet in no way did they concern themselves about that. I did want to see that just once.

Straight away, I went up to a young, pretty Arabian woman, naked to the waist, who sat on a bundle of something, next to a bowl of water. I slowly bent down to her and – stole a kiss on the lips. Quite obviously she did not see me, only now her eyes became quite large, and she quickly drew her left hand up and lay two fingers on her mouth. She drew them quite softly over her lips and her face appeared to be transfigured. Perhaps she thought that she had been kissed by a beloved spirit.

Her hand sank down again and I dared to kiss her once again, quietly on the mouth. With that, I felt how her body began to tremble, and I saw her brown eyes which now closed. Then her head fell forward and she slowly tipped to the side. I quickly caught her and lay her gently on the floor where she, with a blissfully transfigured expression on her face, remained lying for some minutes.

Suddenly a laughing "voice" sounded within me. It was Asket who now laughingly asked me whether I was now convinced. That I was. Yet we waited until the young woman woke again from her faint, which all the others had obviously not noticed. Probably still somewhat confused, she rose and sat on her bundle again.

Still with a transfigured face, she talked hastily and insistently to the other women, and obviously explained the event. But they only shook their heads and assailed the happy young woman with veritable torrents of words. I could not

watch that, so I went from one to another and quickly kissed them, briefly but perceptibly.

One after the other abruptly became silent and stiffened. And again it took minutes before they started moving again. They all quite suddenly appeared to be changed, they went and sat with the one who was first kissed, and excitedly began to chatter, while Asket and I quickly left the tent.

Her "voice" still laughed pleasantly in me and then she opined that she had never experienced such a thing. Only now had she actually seen how many possibilities invisibility provides. I expressed my thoughts to her regarding the women because I had indeed behaved somewhat thoughtlessly. Perhaps one or another of them had now gone mad.

To that, Asket said that my fears were indeed unfounded because she had checked the woman's thoughts and ascertained that they had all become very happy in these few minutes because they had arrived at the view that they had been kissed by an invisible angel. In and of itself, these women would have had a very hard and unhappy life, but now they were all very happy and their lives would now also form according to that.

To that, I responded that, under these circumstances, that which I had done would have really only been a good deed, and Asket also confirmed that. So I did not worry anymore at all about these women and only hoped that Asket was really correct that, because of this, the women's lives would turn for the better.

Suddenly Asket grasped me by the hand and led me to a small entrance, opening to the pyramid. Through long, musty passageways, we walked in twilight through the interior of the pyramid. Then it was so dark that I could not recognise anything more. I wondered about the fact that I did not collide with anything and that Asket found the way in spite of this literally Egyptian darkness.

We walked in that manner for a long time and I felt that we climbed down somewhere on various occasions. Then suddenly a very weak light was discernable precisely as if the first light of dawn entered, yet I was not able to fathom the source of this twilight.

Now we stood before an enormous, squared stone, somewhere deep in the pyramid. Right before my eyes, suddenly the gigantic ashlar simply dissolved into nothing. And already Asket pulled me over the position where, just a few seconds before, the giant ashlar had been completely joined with other squared stones.

A steeply descending passageway, which was guarded by two oddly-clothed men, opened behind the ashlar which had just now vanished. And as I threw back a glance as I walked down the passageway, I could not help but ascertain that the squared stone, which had just disappeared, was again precisely as visible and completely joined as just shortly before, when I saw it for the first time from the other side.

As I made this assessment, Asket's "voice" whispered in my consciousness that I should be mute and not try to speak because we were in a place which was not constructed by her race and it additionally would not be even slightly useful if we were to be identified here and uncovered by the guards. The guards we saw are members of, or are related to, a power-conscious, extraterrestrial group, who, through certain impure means, force a majority of Earth humanity under their control, in order to bring the entire Earth under their control.

So then I became silent and mutely followed my leader past the two guards, who took no initiative at all against us. Quite obviously they could not see us and it seemed to me as if, for the two of them, Asket and I simply did not exist. It was a funny situation for me to which I simply could not so quickly accustom myself in spite of the previous experiences. It was simply something completely new and

unusual for me.

The passage, which was furnished throughout with steps, led steeply and deeply down into the pyramid – deeper and deeper it went down, and then, suddenly, we stood in a gigantic hall which seemed to overflow with light coming from everywhere and nowhere. The hall was giant sized, as was the gigantic disc-shaped spaceship which rested here next to various smaller ships in the middle of this hall, deep below the surface of the Earth.

A giant spaceship deep below the foundation walls of the Pyramid of Giza. I actually believed I was dreaming. I pinched myself on the ears, once, twice, three times. I felt the pain and I pressed my fingernails into my ears. The pain intensively reinforced itself. It actually was not a dream.

Here, resting deep below the Pyramid of Giza, was actually a discus-shaped spaceship of approximately three hundred metres in diameter. A ship similar to the one I already had seen once on June 2nd, 1942. And this ship here must indeed already have been in this giant storage hall for centuries or even for millennia, very deep under the earth and, by my reckoning, at least 3,000 or 4,000 metres below, or to the side and downward, from the Pyramid of Giza.

Asket did not allow me very much time to sink into astonished contemplation of this ship, because she already pulled me by the hand further to a small plateau on which I had already, from a distance, been able to see some sort of still-unidentifiable things. Yet with what this dealt did not stay a secret to me for long, because, as I arrived at this small plateau with Asket, I was not spared astonishment. I required minutes in order for me to finally become conscious of the complete facts.

On the small plateau lay an ancient, large and very heavy, wooden, Y-shaped cross. There were three rusty things right next to it, which, indeed, hundreds or thousands of years ago, must have once been hand-forged nails. Or was the brownish-black coating on the nails not rust at all – was it perhaps blood? Was it perhaps blood like the brownish-black coating on three different positions on the wooden cross?

It must indeed have been so because right next to these things lay an ancient wreath, wound around many times, with abnormally big thorns, on which this red-brown coating was likewise recognizable. That this wreath of thorns was unmistakably constructed something like a crown could not be overlooked. Also, the about two metre, blackish, wooden rod and the purple-coloured cape were not to be overlooked, next to a small leather pouch out of which glass pearls or glass stones appeared to have rolled.

It was unmistakable: here I stood before Christ's, respectively Jmmanuel's, crucifixion utensils. It simply had to have been so and nothing else. I was not even able to imagine another possibility. Here I stood before everything which was connected with the death of Jmmanuel alias Jesus Christ – and the glassy stones in the little leather pouch were not stones, rather certain precious stones, whose sense and purpose, however, I was not yet able to fathom. Mute and moved, I stood before these witnesses of an ancient time which had been of worldwide significance for a very large part of humanity.

Mute and moved, I looked at the things laying there and sent a grateful, quick prayer to heaven that I, of all people, was permitted to see everything here. I thereby quite forgot the words of Sfath who had once said to me that the Christian religion is just as much an irresponsible, evil, poor piece of work, for the stupefaction and enslavement of humans, as are all the other terrestrial religions.

Still, who would have blamed me, that I, as the son of a protestant Christian family, could simply not think of deception when Jesus Christ was spoken of. In

spite of not being strongly religiously influenced, I could not simply and easily loosen myself from these things laying here which were pregnant with history, because right here actually lay the crucifixion utensils which had to have testified as evidence for the accuracy of certain things of the New Testament.

That occurred to me now and I wondered about Sfath's words, that everything is only meant to be a deception, that Jesus Christ should never have been called Jesus Christ, rather Jmmanuel, that he was not God's son, and that God is not Creation. Only, why had Sfath told me such things, because, here before me lay, indeed, at the least, evidence to the contrary, that certain things were indeed the truth. Now I simply no longer understood anything. What was now the actual truth then?

Asket must have fully registered my thought-dilemma because she gripped me by the arm and pulled me along with her – the same way back that we had come shortly before, whereby I could still observe various things. We again strode past the two guards, who took no initiative against us at all. Again the heavy, giant, squared stone dissolved into nothing and we stepped through the opening. It obviously led back through the same passageway and suddenly we stepped out of the dark pyramid again.

I saw the Sphinx and our ship, and then I already sat in my arm chair again and we shot toward the sky at a crazy speed. I realised only vaguely that the Bedouin camp had disappeared and that many foreign people were going around the Pyramid – tourists, who really wanted to see "everything" here.

The Sun was already very high in the sky, and thereby I noticed something unbelievable; I had not been in the Pyramid for only a short time, rather many hours long, although, to me, the time appeared to be only minutes. The ship with Asket and me raced back with unimaginable speed and set down on the same place from where it had started the flight to the pyramids – deep in the desert mountains of the Jordanian countryside.

And the ship lay there more than two full days, while Asket instructed me in very many things and also provided me with many explanations. It was, for me, two days of wonder, joy, recognition, learning and the acceptance of a mission.



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Es waren für mich zwei Tage des Wunderns, der Freude, des Erkennens, des Lernens und der *Übernahme einer Mission.*

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"THE FLYING SAUCER MAN" LEAVES DELHI Swiss Claims He Has Visited Three Planets

BY A STAFF REPORTER

Is the "flying saucer" a myth? Far from it, according to Mr Edward Albert, a 28-year-old Swiss national, who left Delhi for Pakistan en route to Switzerland on Monday. "I have not only seen the objects from outer space, but have taken photographs and even travelled in them thrice", he says.

He has about 80 photographs of the space objects—all taken with an old folding camera. The objects in the photographs vary in size and shape. One is a globular object with a round disc in the centre; another is funnel-shaped; a third is like a neon lamp; a fourth is a big, bright cross and others bright zigzag lines. Some of these have been taken on the ground and some flying in the sky. The sizes (one has to take Mr Albert's word for it) vary from two centimetres ("space scouts", he calls them) to 1,500 yards. Some of the photographs were taken in the day and some at night.

The photographs—taken in Greece, Jordan and India—are neatly kept in an album. Mr Albert politely declines a request for a copy of the photographs with the remark: "I can't spare them." He says he had

VISIT TO 3 PLANETS

The first "flying saucer" he saw, according to him, was in Switzerland in 1958. Since then he has been seeing and often photographing them. They come almost once a month, he says. In the last five years he claims to have met and spoken to men from outer space ("they come from different planets"). "I have travelled on three occasions with the space men, and have visited three planets—Satar, Kapar and Paranos, he says. In one, there was habitation ("all the objects were white", the other was shaped like a church and too hot to stay on and the third "was like a shimmering diamond" with no people. He says he was not allowed to stay in any planet for more than 10 to 15 minutes. Mr Albert nonchalantly says that he has collected some stones from