

May 18, 1980

Dr. Jeffrey Mishlove
Washington Research Foundation
3101 Washington St.
San Francisco, California 94115

Dear Dr. Mishlove:

I have successfully located and linked up with the ancient Mayan entity left by my UFOs ages ago to guard the Mayan mental treasures (located in or near key pyramids and temples, just as the Egyptian entity was created and left to guard the mental treasures in the key pyramids of Giza Valley and surrounding area)...and I now have full access to its powers. Its name is Xtolac; it is the very first humanoid entity of the three powers that I am now linked up with, and close friends with.

The trip to Yucatan was most interesting, and the details will be contained in this report. It should be of great value to the human race, because no other human being has, or could, do what I have done and am doing.

Remember the background: my mind is half-alien, half-human...made that way by the UFOs that "captured" me long years ago. My mental (telepathic) contact with my UFOs is "Control"...the dark, shadowy face on the screen with which I exchange communication. And I have access to, and can use, the infinite powers of my UFO friends, just as long as they agree to the project or demonstration. You are aware of the voluminous documentation over the years which bears all of this out, and which will withstand scientific scrutiny.

My second mental, telepathic contact is "PyrCre"...the deadly Egyptian entity whose powers I have access to...and what is even more important to me, is my close friend. (Thank God for that!)

I mention the above because it will be a most important and relevant factor in this report, later on.

Some odd things occurred on the trip...my glasses case containing expensive sunglasses vanished from my leather case, never out of my possession. Teddy's Mickey Mouse watch and best blue jacket vanished. In Merida Teddy was holding our room key which was attached to a thick plastic handle...and the key dropped off. I examined it closely and could see no way that this could have happened. There was no opening in the metal ring holding the key to the plastic. Later, in Cancun, I was holding our hotel key attached to a thick plastic handle and the key dropped off. Again, upon examination, I could see no way for it to occur. Upon returning home my son Beau came to me with a look of astonishment on his face. He held two halves of a huge comb that he carries. He had been combing his hair when the comb suddenly fell into two pieces. The unusual angle is that the comb is unbreakable. And today my key ring containing the key to my study, among others, simply vanished into thin air. Oh yes, and while Teddy and I were at the Marriott Hotel in Marina del Rey, California, one of my Yucatan tapes, side 7 and 8, vanished from my room table. I suppose that this suggests some form of poltergeist phenomena, unless my UFOs are trying to tell me something.

At any rate...not long ago I was in my study at home when my UFOs telepathd and instructed me to go to Yucatan and find the Yucatan entity, intelligence, and make full contact with it. This after ten years of waiting for their signal on it. (In Cape Charles, Virginia, in 1970, I had planned to do this very thing...obtained maps, contacted a Robert Skalnak Smith down there as a likely guide...but the UFOs didn't give me the go-ahead on it. So, I waited

and waited, for ten years, until they did give me the go-ahead recently. I immediately called "Irish" (Mille Miller) who had moved to an apartment near us here in Vancouver from San Francisco, and discussed the matter with her. At the time I had exactly \$24 and some pawn tickets. She said that she would get back to me on it. (As you know, Irish was responsible for my being able to get to see the scientist in France; go to Scotland and England to get my brain remodified by my UFOs; then got me to Egypt where I linked up with the Egyptian power.) Shortly thereafter she called and said that she had gone to a bank and obtained a loan (which would take her three or four years to pay off, so that this trip could be made. The UFOs had told me that I would need \$5,000; Irish could only obtain \$4,300...\$700 short. I mention this point because later in the report you will note how accurate my UFOs were in their estimate.

I then got in touch with George Delavan, who agreed to cover my home expenses during my absence (George, as you know, has kept me going in my work and research consistently, month after month, year after year). I obtained proper maps of the Yucatan area from AAA, which warned me about Guatemala being dangerous at this time for Americans (my plan entailed going to Mayan ruins at Guatemala). I set up Irish with my checkbook to pay my bills while absent; with correspondence she could answer for me; access to my daily mail; and switched my phone calls over to her to cover.

Now, my UFOs had instructed me to take Beau with me (my 17 year old). I sounded him out on it, but he was completely negative to the idea. This wasn't like Beau at all...we've been on many adventures together, and he has always been eager. So I sounded out Teddy on going with me (my 9 year old). He jumped at the chance. Then I understood. Teddy, Beau and I had been "taken" by my UFOs on numerous occasions these past recent years...and of course we had been programmed, done with the consummate precognitive skill of my UFOs. Thus, it was meant to be, and evidently my UFOs wanted me to understand the "why" of it. Irish brought the money to me; I bought an expensive camera that would be needed on the trip, plus other supplies, and ordered the round-trip plane tickets, paid off a big bunch of bills that required being taken care of, and we were ready, Teddy and I.

We flew to L.A.,* then switched planes from United to Western, I think it was, and went on to Mexico City. The last time I had been in Mexico was 25 years ago; so I had forgotten most of my Spanish, but remembered that the Del Prado was a good hotel, and that Sanborn's on Madero was one hell of a good restaurant. So we checked in at the Del Prado. By this time I had used up 3/4 of my first expensive tape when it suddenly went haywire...the same thing that had happened in Scotland and in England...and I had to chuck it away. I wanted to linger in Mexico City for a few days while we grew accustomed to Mexico, the climate, the people...and I needed to obtain some necessary tools to use in Yucatan and Guatemala. (In my duffle I had brought a bullet-proof vest; a blackjack; two fine throwing knives from my old night-club act; a brass knuckles, and an old WWII British Commando knife which has a blade that slides out of the handle. We were headed for jungle and possibly jaguar (el tigre, tiger) and the lord knows what else...also crazy militants a la Iran, in Guatemala...and I fully intended to be armed in some way to protect Teddy and myself, if possible.)

Oh, let me back up a wee bit...on the plane to Mexico City there was a young girl, Nancy, age 23...in the company of another female (tough and poisonous; yuk) and Nancy and I conversed a bit. She wanted to read the small amount of literature about me and my work that I always take with me out of the country for identification purposes. When we reached Mexico City Nancy went her way, we went ours.

* The night before leaving Teddy was ill with 102° fever. I called Irish and she came over and gave him some medicine and he was well.

Back at the Del Prado, I began to acquaint Teddy with some Spanish words and phrases. And he learned them quickly. I wanted to take him to the Plaza de Toros on Sunday for the bullfights, but drat our luck, it was closed down for four weeks, so he had to miss that. In the big park just opposite our hotel Teddy met a little boy, Juan, in an odd way. Teddy was flying his toy helicopter and it flew up into a tree, about fifteen feet up. I was scratching my head, wondering how to retrieve it for Teddy when suddenly a little boy Teddy's age, dirty and in raggedy clothes, scooted past us, shinnied over a fence, went to the tree, shinnied up the tree and got Teddy's toy. He brought it back down to us with a big smile on his face and in his eyes. Then he walked away. I stopped him and sent him and Teddy over to an ice-cream stand for ice-cream treats. The little boy was ocho anos, eight years old; had no mother or father; carried an open cigar box containing little candies which he sold at the park just to get something to eat to keep him alive. Well, he and Teddy played all afternoon together, sailing the helicopter. Juan spoke no English whatsoever, and Teddy no Spanish (just buenos dias; adios, and muchas gracias.) But they didn't need a common language. Never did see two kids have more fun together.

That night I couldn't sleep, and at 4 AM woke Teddy up and we went out to find a restaurant. Just one was open. On the way over to it we passed a darkened shop doorway and curled up inside, fast asleep, was a tiny boy, dirty and raggedy, and I explained to Teddy that there were thousands of such little boys asleep in doorways all over Mexico City this night, most of them hungry, without a home or mother or father. We went to the restaurant and Teddy got a fried chicken meal. I drank about five orange juices (for a long time now I've had no appetite for food whatsoever). While seated inside the restaurant we witnessed a sad sight. Another tiny boy, about six years old, dirty and raggedy, waited just outside the front door of the restaurant, watching the restaurant manager like a hawk. The instant the manager would turn his back on the front door the tiny street urchin would dart inside the restaurant and hide behind chairs and tables and work his way to the side room of the restaurant. There he would beg scraps of food off the diners and, with his hands full of food scraps, backtrack out of the restaurant, still hiding behind chairs and tables with his eye on the manager, until he'd managed to sneak back out the front door. I strolled over and looked through the window. Up at the corner were five other little dirty street urchins, his friends, and he was sharing the scraps with them. Teddy and I watched in amazement as he repeated this operation five times while we were there, successfully, without being caught by the manager. Then I understood why. One time the manager half-turned, glimpsed the tiny hungry lad, and quickly turned away with his back to the boy. He wanted it to happen. Wanted the kid to get his food for the day. Probably, I explained to Teddy, the manager had himself been one of these street urchins when he was little. Teddy couldn't eat his chicken, so we wrapped it in a large napkin and took it with us. As we neared our hotel we looked inside the dark doorway and that tiny boy (about 5) hadn't moved, his arm underneath his head for a pillow. I said to Teddy, "Why don't we give him your chicken?" Teddy brightened up at that so we shook the boy gently; he half woke up and we gave him the bundle of chicken. He snatched it out of my hand, put it underneath his head so that no one could steal it, and went back to sleep. I put some pesos into his other little hand, and Teddy and I went back to our hotel room. In the morning we checked the doorway again and the tiny boy was gone...but the bundle of chicken was still there, untouched. I theorized that the police had found him and taken him away to get him into a barracks that they have for such kids (with a hot meal in the morning before they are turned loose again) and the police hadn't bothered with the chicken.

While in Mexico City I obtained the only English newspaper in the hotel... and to my surprise there was an article about Jeffrey Mishlove getting his doctorate...the only human in the ~~world~~ ^{world} to do so in the field (I sent you a copy of it.)

Another strange thing occurred...while at the Del Prado Teddy began to draw one picture after another...pictures of a god, or entity...which I could only recognize as Mayan or Aztec. So I theorized that the Mayan Power we were seeking was talking through Teddy. The god in the pictures had nine eyes, nine toes, etc. (Note: I put them into my wallet...I just walked over to take them out and add to this file...and they are gone. Vanished.) The picture was like one of those seen on the wall of a temple. Next he began to draw some more pictures...I secured one and it was of PyrCre, the Egyptian Power. *

The hundreds of dollars, meanwhile, were flowing out. The Del Prado hotel bill for three days was \$160.00. One single breakfast of two fruit plates and five glasses of orange juice was \$9.00. A taxi cost \$10 to \$20 to get about, and to the airport. I could easily see that we wouldn't be able to complete my whole plan, financially. We had four areas on the map to get to, even before Guatemala. I figured we wouldn't be able to get to more than two of the areas...and forget Guatemala! In order to get to all of the areas, and Mayan ruin locations, and Guatemala, we'd need \$3,000 to \$5,000 more, than we had.

It was most amusing that before we left Vancouver, I didn't really know where we were going, or what we'd do when we got there. Just like previously in Scotland and England...but the UFOs had shown me the way. In this case I thought, even while in Mexico City, that Merida was in Quintana Roo province. Ha ha. Later I discovered that it is in the province of Campeche. Just to show you how little I knew.

In my hotel room at the Del Prado I broke out the map and made my plan. We'd fly to Merida and rent a car. Then we'd drive down to Uxmal and set up a base there because there are ruins and pyramid at Uxmal that we have to get to.

* Also in Mex. City I found a pocket knife for my knife collection I'd been seeking for 30 years! Bought two of them and named them "Eeny" & "Meeny." But when we flew back to Los Angeles a Customs agent took Eeny & Meeny away from me. I was furious!!!

3 1/2
(In Merida, Yucatan, at Hotel El Balcon (Jaguar)

In the small swimming pool at the hotel an amusing thing occurred. Teddy was beside the pool when a little bird with a white stripe on its head flew down beside Teddy...and won't leave Teddy's side! It's been there for half an hour, about a foot away from Teddy. Teddy talks to it, and it chirps back to Teddy.

(This is out of sequence...but I might forget it, and it is very important. After we returned from our trip to Vancouver, Teddy and I were alone in my study watching TV when suddenly the screen went blank and filled with what looked like white clouds...and a low voice talked to us; I don't know for how long...not in English, but a weird sort of language...then the regular show came back on. This had happened once before in Cape Charles, Virginia, when Beau and I were watching a TV show alone...and the picture went off and there, sitting looking at us, were five humanoid creatures...but not human...just staring at us...after a bit the regular show came back on.)

(Back in Merida)

That night the Power in the area made telepathic contact with me...and told me that el tigre, the jaguar, was not the Power of the Mayans, as might be thought. Instead it's something like a huge snake or serpent with colored feathers...of course that put me in mind of PyrCre, the Egyptian Power, which resembles a huge owl but covered with colored feathers.

The next thing that happened was that that little bird flew inside our room in the hotel (no screens on the doors or windows...all open...we're on the second floor). It seemed determined to get to Teddy.

We got the car at Hertz next day. Had a lot of trouble, because we didn't have a credit card, and they couldn't comprehend cash...made them suspicious. Took us an hour to rent it. A good car, we named it "Smoothy"...had to put up \$635 in cash just for a deposit alone! Refundable later on when we got to Cancun.

4 (Backtrack to Mexico City)

Still concerned about proper weapons for our ultimate destination...I scanned some taxi drivers until I found the right one...and Teddy and I took a cab ride. I told the driver that I needed a gun; where could such be obtained? He told me that a gun was illegal in Mexico, and that I had better not get one. Then another thought occurred to me...30 years previously I had seen a certain type of knife in a movie...a springblade. I broached this to the driver, and he smiled and drove us quite a distance to a large store...and dam if that store didn't have the exact knife that I had been searching for for 30 years! (I collect pocket knives, I might add. It's a psychological thing going back to my childhood when my granpa raised me and he bought me Buster Brown boots with a pocket-knife in them...and I loved granpa dearly and somehow this spread on to pocket knives later in life; their collection.) I bought two of the knives.

Then I had the driver take us to Chapultepec Park and Lake and Zoo.

Finally, we prepared to take Mexicana Airlines from Mexico City to Merida, in Yucatan. It is a small airline, and the only link between Yucatan and Mexico City; air-link, that is. Guess who flew on our small plane with us? Nancy and her companion.

Teddy and I had arranged to name our trip "Project Jaguar" before we even left Vancouver and started. So synchronicity struck. Merida turned out to be a sprawled out little town of 50,000 (largest "city" in Yucatan). Its streets and shops somehow reminded me of the narrow streets of Paris. Its two good hotels downtown faced each other. Now, before leaving Vancouver the booklet AAA gave me said that in Merida there was a good hotel called Casa de Balam. So I told the cab driver to put our things out in front of this particular hotel. We were chatting, the driver and I, in Spanish, when he amazed me by telling me that "Balam" meant el tigre, jaguar. I hadn't known that; the meaning of the word 'balam'. We got up to our room in this hotel, where I found a hand-made clay ashtray with a large Mayan jaguar in bas relief on it (which I immediately impounded into my duffle and replaced with an expensive ash tray I bought in a shop in town next day).

I then took Teddy down around the corner to an open-air cafe, owned and run by a man who couldn't speak a word of English, and I ordered two bowls of sopa lima, lime soup, for Teddy and I, and some cold beers. I invited the ~~man~~ owner to sit with us and have a beer. And I got the shock of my life. Suddenly I was speaking fluent, I mean fluent, conversational Spanish, with the owner! Remember, I hadn't been in spanish territory or spoken the language for about twenty-eight years! And even back then most of my 'language' was comprised of hand-gestures and mime to bolster the few words and phrases I could put together. But here and now, I was speaking in a solid flow of Spanish! Suddenly I understood. In 28 years my mind had become very powerful, in a psychic way...and I was probing his mind telepathically and coming up with words and phrases fluently out of HIS mind!

We lined up a car, and I shuddered at the expense. 10,000 pesos for two weeks. That's without gas, motels, food. I see them about it tomorrow at the agency.

Next day: Hertz gives us fits! No credit card? Just cash? They were very suspicious and made me put up \$635 U.S. in cash just for a deposit, besides all the other costs. OK. The car seemed like a good one, and Teddy and I named it "Smoothey" because it did drive so smoothly and so fast (at one point or two I did 150 mph in it). The entire Hertz staff stood outside the Balam Hotel watching Teddy and I anxiously as I tried to go around the block and get pointed in the right direction for Uxmal, in the frantic traffic that is common to Yucatan and Mexico. But we finally got untracked, and on the right road out of Merida.

QUAINT

We drove for quite a long while through ~~quaint~~ villages with houses ~~xxx~~ having thatched roofs, and like that, and women carrying vases and bundles on their heads...much like they did beside the Nile River in Egypt. Finally we reached the ancient ruins of Uxmal, and a hotel beside the jungle nearby. The Mision Hotel. We got there late in the afternoon, and the ruins are closed up by the authorities at 6 PM...and unlike England and Scotland there would be no climbing over high, spiked walls here. They have guards and patrols here. Now, at this point Uxmal was simply the starting point for us. I have sixteen other key points spread out all over Yucatan that I thought necessary to get to. We checked in at the Mision Hotel...and who was at dinner? Nancy, with her woman companion, that's who, in the dining room. Some coincidence. The same two who were on the plane with us from Mexico City, then from Mexico City to Merida.

Everything up until now had been to get Teddy and I in the right place, all set, to make our run. We were set now, in the right place to begin...and hell, half our money was gone already from all expenses incurred so far. I couldn't see how we'd possibly reach our objective...to link up with the Mayan Power.

Wednesday...we're on the edge of the jungle...and we dearly love all of the jungle sounds. Birds of all kinds calling to each other...anteaters running around...and so forth. I've got it on tape. There's a very strange ticking noise on the tape recorder that's never been there before (or after, either).

There are colored flowers all around; tall palm trees; thick underbrush and jungle; all kinds of colored birds ~~xflying~~ flying around. I'll get some photos to show the beauty of the place.

Last night I had a terrible nosebleed. Not just a nosebleed. It poured and poured. One of the worst nosebleeds in my life. And being an ex-ring fighter I've had some dandies, in my time.

Teddy and I started for the ruins, then I discovered that the car was short of gas and oil...and we had to turn around and drive back towards Merida to the town of Muna, the nearest gas station. That's the way it is down here, or over here, wherever. You can drive 50 miles before you find a gas station. Or a 100. So you have to be very careful, especially with what you are paying for the distance on the car.

One thing that startles me is...I can read all the Spanish road signs with no problem.

Teddy and I pulled off at a thatched hut restaurant in the middle of nowhere, and I got some cold beer. And we bought the two tiny daughters of the owner some candy. We bought some small, woven baskets for home. Then, chatting with the owner in Spanish, I made a discovery. He said, with great feeling...that he was not Spanish, although that was the language we were speaking. He said I am Mayan, not Mexican. The word for cat in Spanish is gato...but in Mayan it is cet. So, darned if these folks aren't almighty proud of their Mayan ancestry, and language! (Note: I didn't pick any Mayan words out of the air, like I'd been doing with the Spanish!)

Oh, by the way, this morning for breakfast Teddy and I had fruit plates... at the Hotel...just to show you the expense involved here...on a plate was one little piece of watermelon, two little pieces of pineapple and three little slices of cantelope. One plate wasn't enough for Teddy, so he had two plates. We also drank five glasses, small, of orange juice. The bill came to \$15.00 U.S.

This is interesting enough to mention...I asked Teddy if he knew why I was here. He said sure, you are working. I said no, I'm not working. He said then you're playing. No, I said, I'm not playing, either. I am hunting...just like some people hunt lions and tigers, I am hunting...but what I'm hunting is a brain, thousands of years old...a brain that can't be seen. It's here somewhere in this tip of Yucatan, and that's what we're searching for now.

I found an old tunnel beneath the Pyramid of Uxmal, and telepathd to Control and PyrCre and asked their assistance in making friends with the Mayan Power that exists in Yucatan in the same way that PyrCre, the Egyptian Power, exists in Egypt. I told them that I come as a friend; not to rob the Pyramids or try to seek treasure...and that I respectfully request permission from the Mayan Power to approach it, telepathically. Then PyrCre and Control of the UFOs made a cross (or "X") of light over my location...each one made a beam of what seemed like light so that they intersected over my location...la cruce de luce...at Uxmal...they showed it to me in my mind...and evidently this is the only way that I could approach the Mayan Power that exists...so I wait now to see what happens.

I have just met with The Mayan Power. It wasn't what I thought it would be, at all. It was a huge face, like that of PyrCre, but completely different. This was the face of a wrinkled old man, but it had great beauty in it. Peacefulness. It had a headdress on top, with all colors of the rainbow...like feathers...I told this old man that I was seeking wisdom, knowledge and understanding...I was a friend requesting permission to approach him. He said then, "look into my eyes and you will have wisdom, knowledge and understanding"...and I looked into his eyes and there were no eyeballs at all, like human eyes would have...but there was the sky and Nature and azul...blue sky, blue water...all of Nature and Nature's secrets were in his eyes. His eyes weren't eyes like your or my eyes...they were like windows that you could look through...there was beauty that words could not express. After a short while he said, "it is enough for now" and the face faded and I had knowledge that while I had been looking into his eyes I had been receiving encapsulated knowledge which would unfold as time went by and as my mind would be able to absorb it. So there is no doubt now...I have linked up with The Mayan Power. It's a great relief...because I didn't know what to expect...whether it would be like a jaguar, a snake, or whatever. But instead, a leathery old, crinkled, reddish-colored face...humanoid. I didn't notice a nose or mouth or ears much...just the face and eyes and headdress...but great beauty and peacefulness emanated from The Mayan Power. Tranquility, if you will.

I just thanked Control of my UFOs and PyrCre, the Egyptian Power, telepathically, for making it possible for me to approach The Mayan Power. Without the cross of light that they laid down over this location I am sure that I could not have approached The Mayan Power. It is sort of like a secret door...or a time window...that they opened for me...and only they could have provided it. Amazing.

I am making a list of questions now to ask The Mayan Power the next time I contact it. Tomorrow, I suppose. What's it called? How many times do I approach it to be taught? Can I contact it the same as Control and PyrCre from anywhere? And is there another location in Yucatan that it would want me to go while I am here?

While I think of it...Teddy and I have been finding beautiful red flowers... which suddenly appear on our table, or on the ground in front of us...they seem to come from nowhere...and just a few minutes ago, after I made successful contact with the Mayan Power, Xtolac, a beautiful shirt just simply appeared in front of us on the ground, brand new, and it fit Teddy to a t. Both Teddy and I believe that it is a "magic shirt" that Xtolac, The Mayan Power, wants him to have and wear.

Teddy and I returned to our room at The Mision Hotel in Uxmal...when an odd thing happened. Our room opens onto a patio overlooking the grounds...and there is a tree next to our patio. Well, into this tree flies a little bird...seemingly the very same little bird that followed Teddy around in Merida...it has a white stripe on its head. It sings and chirps to us...flies inside the door of our room then back out again onto a limb of the tree. Always the same limb. Teddy and I name it White Top (it has a yellow breast). It just stays ther, hour by hour, on that same limb, chattering at us.

Down below us there is an anteater (here called oso armaguerra, or something like that); also little baby spotted deer with their mama...the babies about as big as my hand.

Wednesday night...I am explaining the Mayan Power to Teddy; that it covers the ancient key Mayan pyramids and temples like an invisible blanket...or an x-ray effect, guarding them -- but that its "personality" or characteristics are totally different than its brother Egyptian Power, PyrCre, in that it is not destructive. PyrCre, the Egyptian Power, can be infinitely destructive, ~~XXXXXX~~ to ~~XX~~ a degree beyond human comprehension. And the SIs (my UFOs) can be very rough when they want to be, too, with their Powers. But the Mayan Power deals with beauty, tranquility, creativity, wisdom, knowledge, understanding...its makeup is entirely different than PyrCre or the SIs, and to get what it is...the essence of it...down onto paper in English is well-nigh impossible. I have seen it and experienced it, but can hardly describe it to others of the human race. Just to look through the eyes of Xtolac...is an experience of indescribable beauty and perhaps I should say "goodness".

*Note: I get no feedback
on all my Xerox ing...
and since this takes lots of
time and trouble,
I think I'll pass
on the rest of it.
Get tired of "talking
to myself."
Owens
8/20/80*