January 22, 1976 The Egyptian Report

Jeffrey Mishlove received in clasp envelope on July 7, 2025 from Ted Owen's daughter Lori Rodriguez.

The file boxes already have copies of these. However, what Lori sent appears to be the original version or a very high quality scan.

Recorded by Lewis Barlow July 9, 2025

January 22, 1976.....THE EGYPTIAN REPORT.....

TO MY SCIENTISTS:

This...is a long-delayed report with regard to my trip to Egypt, and the priceless information that I discovered there.
The trip and the information...were a gift to me and the SI's...from Millie Miller, without whom it would not have been possible.
I might add...Millie could only furnish "shoestring" money for the trip... and I used an American Express card for the rest. I nearly ruined myself, that way...because I am unable to proceed as the ordinary tourist would proceed. I have to bribe here, bribe there...to get certain things done. My drivers go out after midnight...or at all hours...sometimes for the entire day...and I cannot count pennies...it has to be all out or nothing at all. So when I got back...I'd spent all Millie's cash...and was deeply in debt to American Express. Sent them back their card...borrowed $500 and sent to them...and still owe about a thousand, which I cannot pay at this time. All right...just wanted you to know how I have been doing it.

We are talking now about early June, 1975. I flew to New York and took a plane to Rome airport...where everybody had to leave the plane and be searched by guards with submachine guns...thence on to Cairo, Egypt. I had no plan...knew nothing about where I was going...didn't know one pyramid from another, or even where they were located. But this is the way I have always proceeded...the SI's clue me in as I go along...and lead me unerringly to the right place/places, as they did in Scotland and England. (See your files for that report.) As soon as the plane landed in Cairo...a beautiful young lady seized my arm, and to my amazement hustled me through Customs and Immigration and bypassed me through a bushel of formalities by the authorities. She worked for an organization called "Green Valley"...as it turned out. Without her wonderful help I'd have spent an entire day bumbling about the airport...trying to cope with the bureaucracy there. She asked me where I had a reservation. I said, "what reservation?" and I thought she was going to faint. She explained to me that hotels were all filled in Cairo...nothing to be had without a reservation. Then she got on a phone...and in minutes told me that she had a nice double room for me in the El Borg Hotel in downtown Cairo. A ten minute taxi ride took me to the El Borg, and I went up to my room. It was spacious...and outside was a patio looking down over Cairo. One point bothered me...the patio had no railing as such...no protection... and if anyone wanted to liquidate me (don't laugh...many top UFO investigators have had mysterious "heart attacks" and fatal accidents) this would most certainly be the place to arrange for it. Night came on, and I left the hotel and walked across a long bridge into the city. Thousands of people, cars, busses, were pouring along the streets...most picturesque locale. Went back to the hotel...and doormen and elevator operators began to teach me Egyptian words for "up" "down" etc. I don't know why they did, but it was most helpful and I welcomed the "instant education." Someone had warned me never, but never, drink the water in Cairo...so I bought a fifth of Scotch and dipped my toothbrush in the Scotch...and brushed my teeth thusly during all my time in Egypt. Believe me, it's the ONLY way to brush!
Next day, June 12, a Green Valley bus pulled up in front of the hotel and took me far out into the Sahara. My guide was Abo...an Egyptian approximately fifty years old. The first place he took me was to a pyramid...went down inside a secret passageway and came up in hidden rooms. I became greatly excited...because the stone ceilings were

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covered with STAR carvings. Stars all over the ceiling. Then Abo further excited me by telling me...that this was the hidden chamber of King Ti Ti. And that the pyramid was made of limestone. Let me explain my excitement.

Some years ago...for some reason I wanted to call myself "Ti Ti" and even painted the name on my ties, in oils. When I was a small child everyone called me "Ti Ti"...my family and all my school friends. But there is much more. My grandfather was an orphan...left on someone's back steps. At age six he supported the old folks who took him in...by shooting rabbits with a broken shotgun. At age twelve he went to work in the famous Indiana Limestone stone quarries (limestone). He was a waterboy, and was paid 15 cents a week to carry water to the stone workers. At age 25, he had become Vice President of Indiana Limestone...and was listed as one of the "great men of Indiana." Somehow he had a tremendous genius...he invented methods of coloring the limestone...of getting it out of the ground...of cutting it. The experts would call him on the phone...I was there at the time...and tell him, "John...we need so many tons of limestone, of a certain kind. Where can we find it?" And he would tell them. Then they would say, "How will we get it out of that corner of the quarry?" He'd suck on his corncob pipe, smile, and say, "I'll take tomorrow off and think about it." Next day he would take me (he and his wife, Queenie, raised me, for all practical purposes) out to Williams Dam, get a rowboat, go out onto the dam...toss our fishing poles into the water...and he'd smoke his pipe and think. At sundown we'd come home...he'd get pencil and paper and draw a complicated rig to get the stone out of the ground...call the experts and tell them he had their answer.

But there is more. When he became rich he himself drew up plans for a huge mansion in Bedford, Indiana. In front of the mansion he placed two life-sized limestone lions...hand-carved to his own specifications. Inside the house he had a huge sunporch...and he brought an artist from New York down to paint on the ceiling of the sunporch a blue sky...filled with STARS...identical to those I saw, and photographed, in King Ti Ti's chamber! He even nicknamed Clonia, his wife..."Queenie"...and bought her a jeweled crown to wear...as if he were a king and she were a queen. All of this...smashed into my awareness and consciousness...as soon as I got into King Ti Ti's hidden room. You are weldome to draw your own conclusions...as to why it did.

While in Ti Ti's pyramid...not the SI's, but another entity or intelligence source communicated with me...and warned me NOT to touch the w alls or any part of this or any other pyramid with my skin or hands...because ancient "PK" mechanisms had been set, long long ago, to affect interlopers (those who did not belong in the structures) destructively.

(It was at this exact time...that I recalled, while in Philadelphia, Pa., some years ago, doing my miracles...the SI's had shown me with an inverted giant pyramid over me...the point of the pyramid inserted into my brain with the huge base far up overhead. I even had drawn a picture of it at the time and notified my usual contacts about it...in 1967, 68. What this meant...I do not know. But here I was...inside pyramids, real ones... not other-dimensional ones.)

Abo then took me to the building of the great High Priest of Egypt... Ka Gemni...and instantly the intelligence (from now on I will call it Pyramid Power) informed me that this was a key place that I was looking for...for me to do my work in! Abo also took me to the Great Pyramid, Cheops, and to Cn Ness...and I was instructed by PP (pyramid power) that these places were also key places for me.

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Now, understand what the background for all of this was: I'd have to have had training through 50 professions; ~~had~~ have a Mensa brain; had special training in parapsychology; had my brain modified by the UFO's, then years later remodified again in Scotland-England; performed over 300 miracles embodying other-dimensional principles and effects; then brought to Egypt.
Why was I brought to Egypt? I did not know. I only knew at this point that I had key OD mechanisms (other-dimensional) to use inside key places.
So at each location Abo took me to...I shooed him away, as well as the guides... and telepathed the OD mechanisms.
This first day...after going through this harrowing mental work...I was knocked out completely. Evidently my telepathing was connecting with the ancient mental powers left behind by the Egyptians, and it was too much for me...~~even~~ (my special half-human, half-Si brain, extra-powerful, notwithstanding.)
So I ordered Abo to take me back to Cairo, to the hotel...and to forget the rest of what he was going to show me. When he and I returned to the bus... I found that my tape-recorder, which I had left inside the bus...had been tampered with. Someone had been listening to the tape on it. As I recall, there were just two other men on the bus at that time...and they had stayed behind at the bus while Abo had taken me inside the last pyramid.
Or, it is possible that a "bug" had been placed inside my recorder...because I had noticed that I'd been followed...surveillance techniques...in Cairo.
Anyway...on the bus back to Cairo...the PP communicated, and explained about the "false doors" Abo had shown me inside the key places.
(At the temple of the High Priest, Ka Gemni...a false doorway had been carved into a block of solid rock. It was not a doorway; it didn't open. Just a huge block of solid rock, weighing tons. In the ancient Egyptian days the people would bring gifts of food and jewels and place them in front of this false door, turn their backs, and when they had turned around again the gifts would be gone. The High Priest had come through the solid rock, taken the gifts, then gone back again through the solid rock. The PP explained it to me: UFO entities had come and trained a handful of these High Priests, and given them supernatural powers...one of which was to pass through solid rock wall. (Jesus did, you know, or was alleged to so have done.) Because the High Priests had this special power...the Egyptian Kings, whom they served, knew them for what they were...UFO-trained key people. And every so often...the King would order the High Priest to pass through solid rock. If he could not do so, then he had disobeyed some rule the UFO's had given him (and they did give the High Priests rules to ~~XX~~ follow) and the King would then tie up the High Priest and leave him up at the top of the Pyramid...where he would then vanish, never to be seen again.
Another thing that the PP explained to me was: that the pyramid itself, is the illusion...but the various other-dimensional powers left in it, to grow as time went by...was the reality. Treasure left inside the pyramid was to satisfy, and throw off, the understanding of mere humans. The REAL treasure left inside the pyramids...that is, the key ones...was a TREMENDOUS EDUCATION OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE LEFT BEHIND FOR KEY PEOPLE IN THE FUTURE WHO COULD LINK UP WITH IT, BE TAUGHT BY IT, AND CARRY ON! Obviously I am one of those key people. Nasr, my Egyptian guide and guard who took me up inside Cheops...informed me that he had worked there for thirty years, and only once...one time...had another man such as I...requested that tourists be kept down inside the passageways (as I requested)...so that the man could do mental work up inside the King's Chamber (the key spot of the pyramid. So there had been one other...long ago...doing what I am doing.

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XXXXX Back at the El Borg Hotel I collapsed into bed...at mid afternoon... and conked out. When I awakened it was dusk...and I reflected upon how much I had done...and learned...from the days journey into the Sahara. That the pyramids had been ingeniously designed to satisfy ordinary humans with treasure inside...thus stopping them from discovering anything further...just as is done in Brazil, for instance -- when a rancher brings his herd of cattle to a river, he tosses one cow into the river...and the piranha fish gobble up that cow. While this is going on, the rancher is just down river getting his herd across. The piranha do not get the real treasure...and the humans have never gotten the real treasure of the pyramids, either.
This day in the Sahara had turned me completely around. I'd discovered that what I was here for, in Egypt...was completely different than what I'd supposed. I'd supposed that I was here to ACTIVATE pyramids as I had done with Stonehenge. Instead, I had been approached and communicated with by the Pyramid Intelligence, or Power, and TAUGHT AND TRAINED.
Notes at this point: At Cheops during the day...the Great Pyramid...one has to climb way way up high inside the pyramid, bent over at a certain angle part of the way. It is my belief...that this passageway was designed in this special manner...in order to HURT INTRUDERS WHO HAD TO CLIMB UP IT...that is, affect XXXXX them physically and mentally. I know that it absolutely wrecked me...climbing that passageway! Of course, I was carrying a camera and other equipment...but should not have been so affected.
I was warned again...inside Cheops...by PyrCre (Pyramid Power) not to touch the walls or any part of the pyramid...that it would be far safer to put my finger inside a live electric socket, or into a cobra's mouth. (Those were the pictures and intelligences flashed into my mind by PyrCre.)
Also, I was carefully instructed by PyrCre, telepathically, to be sure and telepath to PyrCre as soon as I entered a pyramid...ASK FOR PERMISSION to be inside...and explain carefully that I was not an intruder...but was borrowing PyrCre's power...to help the human race.
I wondered if I should tell Nasr, my pyramid guide...or Abo, my pro guide in general, about the danger of touching any portion of the interior of a pyramid, or key place...but PyrCre telepath'd not to tell them...they had done it for years...and it was too late for them.
Later that afternoon Abo called me up, came and got me, and drove me out to see his brother, Abo No. 1. ("My" Abo was called No. 2) They put their heads together, then Abo No. 1 told me that Abo No. 2 would take me to the Egyptian Museum in Cairo...that they felt it was in my best interests to go there and see all of the artifacts and have Abo 2 explain their history. We would go to the museum the next afternoon. I felt that this was useless, for my purposes (but as it turned out...I learned invaluable information when I did go the following day!)
Added note: During the day I learned that the passageways inside the pyramids were constructed of blocks of stone ingeniously, like a Chinese puzzle...robbers would get through one or two into a passageway...when suddenly they would be confronted by another block of stone which would come crashing down, blocking XXXXX them. PyrCre telepathed that the real treasure...was not what the robbers XXXXX found inside the secret passageways...but behind blocks of stone WHICH COULD ONLY BE OPENED BY AN ALIEN MIND OR AN ALIEN-TRAINED MIND using telepathy and psychokinesis (a combination of both). I.e., what was in effect was a PROGRESSION...from the low to the high...from gems and gold, the low...to HIGHER FUNCTIONS OF THE MIND, the high...and this fact was something that ONLY AN ALIEN MIND COULD "SEE" OR DETECT, because of being equipped with higher powers of the mind, than human. This reminded me of a passage in the Bible..."render unto Caesar what is Caesar's...and unto the Lord what is the

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Lord's." In the context of which I have been speaking...the UFO's and the High Priests whom they trained...rendered gems and gold unto "Caesar" (meaning human robbers)...and set up priceless gifts of other-dimensional "time-capsuled wisdom" for later aliens to come to the pyramids, read sign correctly...and "browse in that kind of library."
Now, maybe I'd better spell out...what I've been discussing. I understand it easily...but I am dealing with human minds...who just might not understand. If an alien person (from another planet, or another dimension)...or a half-alien like myself who has been trained by aliens and has half-alien brain... comes to the pyramids in Egypt...then that alien quickly realizes what the human beings from centuries past have not realized...that the HUMAN treasure of diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold, etc., found in the pyramids...are merely a DIVERSIONARY MEASURE...put in the pyramids so that the humans will go no further. They have what they want. Things...that will bring them money. All right. But the REAL treasures in the KEY pyramids and temples...are other-dimensional time-capsules left there ages ago...containing wisdom of ages past known only to the High Priestks and the UFO entities that taught them...just as if you would walk into a modern library filled with books... the alien walks into a pyramid, uses the correct approach consisting of telepathic key symbols and psychokinesis, blended...and presto, wisdom and knowledge, great great wisdom and knowledge, from the ages past begins to penetrate into their mind or brain IN ENCAPSULATED FORM (that is, they will not grasp it all that day, that week, or that month...the information and knowledge will pursue them, wherever they go after that...and they will have it all...IN TIME. Might take years...but that "time-capsule" of wisdom and knowledge will BE GIVEN TO THEM EN TOTO, even after they leave Egypt.
This, then...is the VERY REAL treasure...of the Egyptian pyramids (key ones only...there are many pyramids...but only certain ones are the KEY ones... and only an alien brain can separate the key ones from the "dummy" ones... which is why there were so many pyramids built.)

Well, back to my hotel. It was night, and I couldn't sleep. The mosquitos were eating me up.
In the morning I went into the Hilton restaurant and had breakfast. Since having been in the pyramids I was horribly dehydrated for some reason...and I lined up six huge glasses of orange juice and downed them all...then drank three huge glasses of milk...then bought a huge bottle of mineral water and drank that. The waitress stood by with eyes and face expressing astonishment. (From that time on...whenever I finished my work out in the desert re the pyramids and temples...the same thing happened...I had to get back and down enormous amounts of liquids.)
On this particular morning a strange thing happened...I SAW MY DOUBLE.
Never in my life have I ever seen a face that looked like mine. But sitting not far away were two men...AND ONE OF THEM WAS THE SPITTING IMAGE OF ME.
I mean...if you put the two of us together...I really am sure that you could not tell which one would be me, or him! I rose from my table and walked over to their table...they stared up at me...I said: "Pardon me...but looking at you is like looking into a mirror! You and I are twins!" My look-alike said stiffly "I can assure you that we are not related." I was sort of ill at ease with his cold manner...and I stammered "The only person I've ever met who looked like me was my brother Jack." The man stared at me coldly...with my face and my eyes...and said "Well, I am not your brother Jack." I laughed ha ha and said sure, Jack was dead...and excuse me for bothering them...and returned to my table. But I can tell you...that was a REAL SHOCK! I mean, suppose you looked across the room...AND SAW THE SPITTING IMAGE OF YOURSELF SITTING OVER THERE!

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Note: After having been inside the secret passageways of the key pyramids and temples for several days...a strange taste and smell had come into my mouth and nose...and would not leave. A strong, musty smell and odor...most peculiar smell and odor. It was powerful in my mouth and nose all the time I was in Egypt...and still lingers on at this late date, 5/19/76)
Note: (I am taking these from written notes that I jotted down at the time, or put on my recorder then jotted down later)...while in Egypt and inside the key places...I did not have the feeling or emotion of affection or closeness...that I felt in Urquehart Castle in Scotland. I.e., while in Drumnadrochit, Scotland, area...I felt an emotion of love or affection for the area, somehow&; while in England, at Stonehenge and at Warminster on Cradle Hill...I felt as if I were RETURNING after a long absence...but no emotion of affection as in Scotland; and in Egypt I felt the least affection or closeness. But in Egypt...I felt the most psychic power coming at me... than the other places.
Might mention prices in the restaurant in Cairo...most amusing. The average meal cost $6.00 to $10.00. Small orange juice, 60 cents; cup of coffee, 45 cents; glass of milk a dollar, and so on. I had thought prices in Paris were murderous...but Paris is a piker compared to Cairo!

Abo came to my hotel and got me and off we went to the Cairo Museum. It wasn't long before I understood why PyrCre had had Abo bring me here! Abo showed me the mummies taken from the pyramids; the gold and treasures that had been found inside the pyramids; the weapons and personal ornaments of the peoples of that age...and there, on a huge golden chair taken from a King's chamber inside a pyramid...WAS MY SI DISC! This, from ages past. Next, I saw some figures inside glass cases...carved out of some kind of wood. I asked Abo what they were...for what they were HAD BEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH I TOOK IN MAINE SOME YEARS AGO! (Which appears in my book. One face looks like a wolf...and another a huge bird with a beak.) Abo explained that they were ancient gods of Egypt...Horus and Anubis. Ah, the disc on the throne, mentioned above...appeared on King Tut's throne. Another interesting thing...among the artifacts were BLOWGUNS. I hadn't known that blowguns existed in ancient Egypt. But they did. Now keep in mind my being called "Ti Ti" as a child, and all about my grandfather and his tremendous genius along the lines of the ancient Egyptians...when I was a small child, about eight years old...the kids in my town of Bedford, Indiana, formed gangs and threw rocks at each other. But not me. I TRAINED MY OWN GANG TO MAKE BLOWGUNS...by utilizing copper tubing, match sticks with the end slotted to put bits of playing cards into for guiding fins...and a needle driven into the other end...blowgun! We went at the other gangs with our blowguns, blowing needle-darts at them...and were greatly feared for this. BUT AGAIN...WHAT INSTRUCTED A SMALL COUNTRY KID IN THE HILLS OF INDIANA TO CONSTRUCT SUCH A WEAPON? The year was 1928.

Back to my hotel, the El Borg. Everything in Cairo is done on a bribe basis, I found. Such a bribe system you couldn't imagine! In the Hilton restaurant I'd been leaving a 10% tip...then weeks later discovered that a 10% tip had also been added to all my daily bills, and deducted at the cashier! So I'd been knicked for 20% all along! So I began not tipping the waitress, but just paying the 10% listed on my check...but then the waitresses came to me and told me not to pay any attention to what the printed check said...but to leave them their tip! Ha ha. I had to tip the hotel clerk $30 to extend my stay at the El Borg (because there are no hotel rooms to be found in Cairo, and you can only stay so many days in the one that you have)...at Cheops I had to bribe Nasr, the pyramid guide, twenty bucks to hold back the tourists so that I could get my work done alone up in the King's Chamber, the secret room.

This was every day! By Friday, June 13, 1975, I had paid out $200 in bribes alone.
I bumped into a man called Ali...and he invited me to his huge shop where he sold Egyptian things. I carried a small Panasonic radio (they don't have them in Cairo...these tiny portables, it seems, or so he said) and he saw it and went wild. What could he trade me for it, he asked? First we sat down and he offered me hot coffee (thick Egyptian coffee, not to be confused with our coffee) or cold beer. This is done any time you enter any shop in the Cairo Bazaar (part of town, the Bazaar, where most of the shops are). It is custom. Business is not discussed. You sip coffee and chat, then after a polite interval of say, ten or fifteen minutes, and your coffee is finished... you get up, look around, and maybe talk business with the shop owner.
I found that the shop owners...although like hawks when it comes to business... are also like small children. Ali finally traded me out of the radio, and Hassan, another clerk in the shop who had first talked to me...asked for a "present" too, from me. I.e., we were not "trading" but giving each other "presents". Ali gave me an inlaid cigar box and a Cleopatra tray, intricately made...as his present. I gave him the Panasonic as his present. That's the way they do it.
Another amusing thing the guides did was...after we'd been XXXXXXX swapping, Ali said he wanted to take me to meet a friend...and he left the shop and drove us to another shop...his father's shop...and we went through the sipping coffee routine...then his dad tried to sell me Egyptian curios...but I told him that I was not on a buying trip, but thanks anyway. We parted friends, regardless of no business having been transacted.
And some days when I'd hire taxi drivers to take me out into the desert...when we'd get back to town they would not take me to the address I'd give them...they would drive up in front of a shop...get out and take me into the shop, telling me that the owner of the shop was their friend and would give me special prices. One day a driver did this. "But I don't want to go into that shop," I told the driver, "I want to go to the Nile-Hilton (the boat I stayed on later.) He stood and sulked, with the shop XXXXXX owner at his elbow...so I just took off and walked the ten blocks to my hotel. You see, they all do this, the taxi drivers...and they get bribed by the shop owners to do it, plus they get a commission from what the shop owner sells the tourist.
It reminded me somewhat of the day in Paris when I'd put the family in a taxi and instructed the driver to take us to the Eifel Tower. He let us out in front of an odd building. I said, "Is this the Eifel Tower?" He said oh no, that the Eifel Tower wouldn't be as much fun as this place...a huge park... and for us to go and have a good time in the park! At the time I was very angry at the taxi driver for taking us where he thought we ought to go...instead of where I told him. But as it turned out...we had the best time we had in Paris at that park. But back to Egypt.

At 6 PM in the evening I was supposed to catch a bus to the train to leave for Luxor...in upper Egypt...to see the pyramids there. The van driver took me to the train...onto the train...and showed me a compartment, which had other suitcases in the compartment. I hit the ceiling. But he ran out and off the train. See, I had been followed all around Cairo...little men hiding behind potted plants and walking behind me, stopping when I stopped, and so on.
I didn't mind surveillance, but this was ridiculous. Evidently Egyptian intelligence or CIA had put a man in my train compartment, for whatever purpose. Well, if they thought I was going to sleep in some train compartment with a strange man...ha ha ha! So I picked up my luggage, left the train, and took a cab back to the El Borg.

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Later PyrCre explained to me that It did not want me to go Luxor...and had caused me to turn back...that they key places for me to do my work... were in the Giza area, the area of the Great Pyramid and all of that. NOT in Luxor. It explained that again, Luxor had been a diversionary measure by the ancient ones...in Luxor they had put oodles of golden things and treasure and places of great beauty...contrasted, say, with the starkness of King Ti Ti"s pyramid or the Temple of On Ness or the Temple of Ka Gemni. BUT...the real goodies were at the dull, drab, stark places. Where I was. Not at the flashy, beautiful layouts up in Luxor.

At this point in time...I wanted desperately to return home. Yet, I could not. Something held me in place, to stay and keep on doing what I was doing each day...which was to have a driver take me out into the Sahara desert to the key places...go into each key place...to the key place in the key place... and use the mental, other-dimensional mechanisms to activate that particular place.
But I had to skip days. The awesome psychic power that I was linking up with...in the key places...absolutely wiped me out on my daily sojourn! So I had to slow down to every day...out to the desert. I had the feeling that if I attempted this work every day...that the power emanating from the key places could kill me. That strong.
(Later I was astounded to learn from PyrCre...that during the interval I would be inside a key place, activating the power there...THE POWER WAS TEACHING ME! A reverse process! On a deep level, which I was not aware of.)

Listen, something happened most odd! At the Temple of On Ness...I walked on through out into the Sahara Desert, and idly glanced down onto the ground, and saw a stone with a perfect figure of a lady dancing on it! Flint stone. I picked it up and put it into my pocket. The next time I came out to On Ness I walked through the Temple...and an old old man stopped me. "I would like to give you this" he said, in slow English...and he put a coin into my hand. It was a French coin...WITH THE EXACT IMAGE OF THE DANCING LADY ON THE STONE ON IT! I mean...identical. I carry them in my pocket to this day, and every so often take them out, compare them...and wonder. The stone, of course, is ages old. Who was the old man? I'd been alone when I found the stone (among thousands of stones strewn all over)...he couldn't have known about the stone. ????? And why would he have GIVEN the coin to me? In Egypt nobody GIVES anything! All is trade, bribe and barter. A giant hustle. You should see the large image of the dancing lady on this black flint stone...then see the same exact image on the coin...your eyes would pop out!

I bumped into Ali in Cairo...and he eyed my camera and other equipment with greedy eyes. Why, he asked me, didn't I leave all my expensive equipment with him at his shop...each day when I went out into the desert? Carefully I refrained from breaking out into hysterical laughter...because all of these shop owners, although like children, are thieves of the first water. "Thanks a lot, Ali" I told him, "but no, I need it with me."

For any of you who might ever go to Cairo, Egypt...you could learn something from my experience. Upon first arriving in Cairo...the young lady from Green Valley met me outside the plane and guided me through all the red tape. "And be careful," she told me, "of the Hunters." "The Hunters" I asked? "Yes," she replied, "here in Cairo are some of the greatest thieves in the world...who have shops in the Bazaar. They are called The Hunters...because they hunt tourists and take their money...and are so great at it."

I was still at the El Borg Hotel. This night I aoke about two in the morning... scratching and covered all over with mosquito bites. I said to hell with it, got up, got dressed, took the elevator down, walked across the bridge over the Nile...and something led me to a boat parked on the Nile outside the Hilton. Now, I knew that there were no rooms to be had in the HYilton...I had tried. I went onto this yacht-boat thing, called the Nile Hilton. Over the gangplank down through doors opened by a doorman...to the lobby and desk. I asked the desk clerk If there was a stateroom I could rent on this boat. He smiled and said no. I grinned...having learned something...and said, "Listen, I'll bet you fifty dollars that you do not have a room somewhere on here. Will you check your book again and see?" (I bet him he DIDN'T HAVE A ROOM, you see?) If he came up with one, then he gets fifty. He laughs, says "Discuss it with the manager! He's sitting at that table over there in the lobby, listening to us." The manager had heard it all. I turned and bet him fifty he didn't have a room. He examined his finger nails, then called to the clerk to give me stateroom such and so. I handed the manager fifty dollars and said, well, you win and I lose...and moved into the stateroom...which had no bugs, no mosquitos, no busted plumping. Then went back to El Borg and moved out, and into the Nile-Hilton.

The staterooms were on the bottom of the boat. On the topside was a big restaurant on one side; a bar on the other. On the fore deck were about thirty tables with awnings where people could order drinks and look out over the Nile river...which the boat sat right on the edge of. At night it was a gorgeous sight...the black Nile river there in Cairo, where Cleopatra once boated...and now you could see families out in their boats, going up and down the Nile in the evening, enjoying the night air.

Mr. Salama was the gent, manager, I'd bribed with fifty. They gave me ten days, too, which is more time than is given to most tourists. Oh, and I had to bribe the clerk at El Borg Hotel five pounds TO GET OUT AND LEAVE THE OTEL...because I'd bribed them previously to extend my stay there...now I was cutting my stay short. (Remember this particular clerk...he pops up later mysteriously.)

Cost fourteen pounds a day to stay at the Nile Hilton.

After I moved my things to the Nile Hilton, I went, at four in the morning, into the Hilton to get breakfast at their restaurant, The Ibis (which was to be a sort of headquarters for me while in Cairo...and where I had a lot of fun...as you will see.)

Have been extremely ill for days...am weak as a baby...knocked out. Just passed out in my stateroom for a couple of days...didn't know what time it was or what day it was...and couldn't have cared less.

(Incidentally...if I accidentally repeat some material herein...forgive me. It could happen. Just be patient.)

Ali, Hassan, and Abo...all have begged to take me out to some desert city in the Sahara at night...Saraha City, it's called...but have refused...want to keep my mind on my business.

Evening...went into the Hilton lobby...and heard wild drums beating! (I'm a former pro drummer, of years past...and these drums were great!) A whole bunch of female voices were yelling like Comanche indians. What it all turned out to be...was an Egyptian wedding. First came about twenty little kids carrying long, tall, lighted candles. Following these kids were about ten women beating on drums...and I mean, it sounded good enough to match Buddy Rich! After them came a belly dancer...dressed in filmy, gauzy gown...writhing and bumping and grinding. Following her came the bride and groom...in bridal attire. I noticed that the groom never once took his eyes off the undulating hips of the belly dancer in front of him...and idly I wondered how his marriage would turn out. His wife to be in a few minutes...kept giving him angry looks.

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The next thing that happened...pwople on both sides of this strange wedding tra[illegible]...began throwing coins onKto the floor in front of the couple to be married. I gasped...this, in show business, is the ultimate insult. Another adult behind the couple ran around scooping up all the coins. I asked someone standing nearby what the coins were for...and they explained that it was a sort of dowry for the married couple. Well, anyway, the belly dancers and drummers and kids and married couple all went up the stairway to the upstairs place where the nuptials were to be tied. I went back into the Ibis Cafe to get some orange juice.

Now I can't use the Green Valley bunch...to go into the desert. Since the train fracas. It is costing me a lot more money now...have to hire independent drivers, taxi drivers, who park outside the Hilton, each day. Goes like this... I walk up and down the line of taxis and scrutinize the drivers until my mind senses the right one. I go up to him and we begin to bargain. They all know me...Cairo, Egypt, has millions of people...but as far as what goes on is concerned...it is like a town of only 500 people. The shop owners and taxi drivers and hotel employees have a spy system that would put the CIA to shame. And they all share the information...because they can be mutually helpful to each other in steering tourists around and relieving them of money...for a commission, of course. My driver settled for ten pounds for the afternoon in the Sahara, contacting all the key places. The taxi drivers were all anxious to take me out...because each time I went out we'd stop on the way back at a desert oasis place which serves good food and ice cold beer...and I'd let them imbibe and eat all they wanted, as my personal guest. No other tourists gave them this...so they almost fought over who would take me out into the Sahara. I went back to the boat and assembled my tools for the trip...when suddenly someone inserted a key into my stateroom door and opened it. A man stuck his head in. I started for him...his ~~XXX~~ head popped out of sight and the door closed. I went out to the desk in the lobby and complained. The clerk shrugged his shoulders. Watch it, I thought. (This same thing had happened when I was staying at a hotel in Rochester, Minnesota, in early 1975...there was a knock on my hotel door...when I went to the door and opened it, two men ran down the hall, away from me. I chased them to find out who they were. AND THEY VANISHED in an end of the hall that was padlocked. Nowhere they could have gone. Utterly mystifying.

At this point...PyrCre telepathd to me and instructed me in the finer points of telepathing to the power in the pyramids and temples I would be going into, for my own safety. It was a sort of mental ritual...to follow...once inside those places...and completely necessary...unless I wanted the Power inside to track me for the rest of my life and finally destroy me...as those Powers had done with so many people (remember 19 of the 20 scientists who broke into one of the Egyptian king's tomb? All eventually died of freak, violent accidents.)

It was an odd time for it...but I suddenly realized...what had happened in the court reporters office in Norfolk, Virginia...some years past. I'd been sitting in the office, alone, typing...when suddenly I HAD HEARD A BRAIN WORKING. I said out loud..."Come on in, Frank." (There hadn't been any footsteps or warning noise to alert me.) The office door opened and Frank walked in...a court reporter...with another court reporter, a girl. He was pale and shaking. "My god," he said to me, "how did you know I was out there?" I couldn't explain to him...that I'd heard his brain out there...so I just grinned. And I wondered...why I would remember this thing now.

Might mention here...that I spent only 30 minutes inside each key pyramid or temple, using my mental system to contact the Power within. Why not the

whole day? Because...it would destroy me. You see, I was bringing the power of my half-alien, modified and re-modified brain...into direct contact with the INFINITELY powerful live intelligence left behind in ancient times...to merge with it...PyrCre, if you will...and after 30 minutes I was exhausted and would have to take a breather until I got to the next place. Just 10 minutes of this action in Cheops alone... would nearly wipe me out, mentally and physically.
As PyrCre (Pyramid Creature) explained it to me telepathically...It had waited for ages...for an alien to return to the Pyramids and Temple key places...and activate the places once again, as was done in the old days.

You see, Stonehenge...which I had activated at an earlier date (see your files)...was a sort of computer/switchboard for the UFO entities. Stonehenge is linked up...to the key pyramids in Egypt...key pyramids and places in Yucatan (Mayans)...and key pyramids and places in Peru (Incas). When I activated Stonehenge all these other pyramids in other geographical locations were alerted...much like a silent burglar alarm will register off somewhere else in a police station. So I was setting these giant power-sources in motion, after ages of inactivity. And both the SI's and PyrCre were gently guiding me, instructing me, at every step of the way.

I dictated into my recorder...Friday morning, the 15th. Then I went across the road to the Hilton...where I was informed that it was SUNDAY THE 17th! I refused to believe it! I went from taxi to taxi, checking the date...and it was true. Somehow...I had lost two days of time! This...has puzzled me ever since. It put me in mind of the two nights when I stood on the lonely, dark parapets of Urquehart Castle... and lost eight minutes each night (see your files.) Of course, this wasn't eight minutes...it was TWO DAYS. Understand, I keep a close record of time...days, hours, minutes...with two recorders constantly kept in action...one in my pocket, and one that I carry. So the chance of my making an error re time or date...is remote, to say the least.

Sunday...today...Abo took me out onto the Sahara. One of the key places I'd been activating was the Temple of On Ness...and Abo explained that it meant "Son of God." At this point the SI's, or PyrCre, telepathd to me and explained that they considered me "their child." Inside the secret passage and secret room of the Pyramid of On Ness...is a ceiling covered with stars, mentioned earlier. It is a very powerful room, psychically...and a very special place. After we left there and went to Cheops...and I climbed up inside the secret passageway to the King's Chamber, with Nasr keeping the other tourists far away at the bottom... I found a "bug"...a listening device...behind the casket of the King. Was CIA or Egyptian Intelligence trying to listen and find out what I was doing? Comical...since I am doing it mentally. If they put that thing there to find out what I was saying, or MMMMMMMX mumbling... other-dimensional "trigger" mechanisms to activate that Key...then they were grossly disappointed!

I'll tell you something at this point...which is not very couth. But just in the interests of being accurate as to what is going on...all this Egyptian action took place in June of 1975. Am finally getting around to typing it in May of 1976. Now, every ten minutes, as I type,

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I find that I have to get up and go to the bathroom and piddle... WHICH WAS ABOUT THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS IN EGYPT. I.e., just thinking back on all this...seems to have a dehydrating effect on me...

Today I walked out of the Pyramid of On Ness...and my automatically I turned a corner and walked to the right...in the wrong direction to get back to the Temple, quite a distance away. My native guide called out to me...ran over...and sort of in a daze I told him... This is the right way...there should be a doorway here in the center of the bottom of this pyramid!" It was as if I'd been there before and knew what I was talking about. The old guide studied me, then said: "Long ago there was a building constructed from the Temple, far over there...to this exact spot that you point to. They scientists also have long wondered why the building led to the solid stone blocks of the pyramid here at this point...and have searched for an entrance... but have never found it." Hem then showed me bits and pieces of stone fragmented over the ground, leading from the pyramid over to the Temple.

In the Temple of Ka Gemni, famous and powerful High Priest of ancient Egypt...I made my way through various rooms and hallways...to a back chamber...unerringly...being guided by PyrCre, I suppose. It was a relatively small room...with the colored rock drawings over the walls... but on one wall, on my left, was a huge life-size portrait or picture of the High Priest himself, pointing his magic wand at the drawings on the far wall. On my right...was another, exact same, picture of the High Priest pointing his magic wand at the drawings on the far wall. Immediately...I knew...that this was the key spot...where the High Priest himself had stood...and what I was to do. I was to stand... arms extended and fingers rigidly extended...and "see" lightning coming out of my fingers, the lighting striking the colored pictures on the far wall (I won't tell you which ones, as am forbidden to do so.) If you think this is far out...please recall that I have documented in the past making lightning strike certain targets, with witnesses present...and I did it in this same manner. You may have this in your files.) This action...would activate the key spot...in this key place...accompanied by the proper other-dimensional mental mechanisms.
Oh, I might mention...each time that I went into action in one of these key places...all the Power left behind in the pyramids...focused on me. It was like having some living thing...a formidable living thing...sit and stare at you. z
As I left the temple of the High Priest...(or was it On Ness? my notes got scrambled on this)...I saw a high wall with cobras carved into the top of the wall. I pointed them out to Abo, and asked him if he knew what the cobras meant. He didn't. I made my right arm into a "Z"... the cobras were all alike...coiled into a striking Z...EXACTLY IN THE SAME MANNER THAT PYRCRE HAD INSTRUCTED ME TO HOLD MY ARMS INSIDE THE HIGH PRIESTS KEY ROOM! I.e., the cobra sign...meant the High Priest... with both arms held in a Z shape...lightning coming from his fingers, which were pointed at the key portion of the room. Which...caused magical things to happen.
Perhaps you are puzzled about "the power" I am talking about in these key places. Might be easier for you to understand it...as an extremely amplified form of PSI FORCE POWER

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At Cheops...the Great Pyramid...Nasr took me up again to the King's Chamber...through the secret passageway. He paused, turned to me, and said: "Y ou know, I've been working here for 30 years...and only one other time has a man come here as you come. He, too, had me hold back people at the bottom of the Pyramid...while he went up to the King's Chamber to work with his mind up there, he told me." This was most interesting...that another human had come and done as I am doing.

After being in Cheops each time...it was especially dehydrating...much more so than the other places...and when I'd come out would have to rush someplace to drink bottle after bottle of pop or cold beer. Those who are interested in "pyramid power"...might take note of that.

Abo surprised me...by now he'd seemed to grasp what I was doing... and turned to me and said: "Ted, now I understand. At first I did not, and thought that you were a tourist and a crakkpot. Now I know that you are not. What you are doing...is making friends with the ancient High Priests!" Of course, in essence, he was quite correct.

Would like to add something that has not much business being in this file. Each trek out into the Sahara...we would drive through the busy, teeming streets of Cairo...out out out into the countryside. We'd drive along dirt roads underneath palm trees...and girls and boys would be swimming naked in the Nile, accompanied not by pet dogs...but by water buffaloes. Women would be walking along the road...carrying giant baskets on their heads filled with fruit or laundry...carrying a baby clutched to their bosom. Little boys and men would come racing along the road, riding their camel. Well, the point I want to make...they all seemed very happy. Smiling, laughing...mothers all carrying their babies...some babies too big, but they'd carry them anyway...all of them laughing and happy. I've been around in the world...but have never seen such happy people. They have very little, in the way of worldly goods or belongings... but I'll tell you they are happy.

Back in Cairo, went to the Ibis Cafe in the Hilton for supper. Abo surprised me by walking in. He told me that Green Valley had sent him... because they were upset by my beef with them over that train episode. I said sure, tell them to give me my fifty bucks back. He went rushing off to the telephone, then returned, pulled out a bundle and gave me fifty dollars, saying that they had agreed, wanting to keep peace with me. I tipped Abo fourteen bucks and thanked him. He grinned...said that Green Valley was also tipping him...for settling the matter.
In the cafe, I noticed for the umpteenth time...the same surveillance agents peering at me. Never one. Always two, or more. (Later this was brought out into the open by Abo, as you will see. Not my imagination at all.) One would inevitably be English...the other Egyptian. And they were so cute and funny about it...I would catch them hiding behind the draperies and peering around the draperies...jerking their head back when I'd spot them. Ha ha.

Now, I was working three major pyramids each time out in the Sahara...plus some temple key spots. PyrCre had instructed me not to roam all over Egypt to other places, north or south...but to concentrate my powers on activating these three pyramids. Today I looked at a map...and saw that the three big pyramids...if a line were drawn from one to another...MADE A PYRAMID! Most interesting.

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As I have said before, everything in Egypt...revolves around bribery, tipping, corruption, commission. For instance...when Abo took me to Cheops Pyramid today...and Nasr, the government guide, took me into the pyramid while Abo waited outside...Nasr stopped and said, Ted, please do me a favor? When youX leave, tell Abo you've paid me another ten dollars...making twenty...will you? (See, I'd already paid, tipped, Nasr twenty to keep the tourists back...but Abo gets a commission off any tip I give to Nasr...and Nasr only reported ten... but innocently, without knowing the setup, I'd told Abo I tipped Nasr twenty. Now Nasr wanted to get straight with Abo...or Abo would steer touXrists in the future away from Nasr. Sound complicated? It is, believe me. I told him, okay. So when I left and rejoined Abo...I grinned at Abo and told him I had given Nasr the other ten dollar tip. He grinned at me, and winked and nodded. Nasr walked up to him and slipped the commission from the twenty into Abo's hand...and everyone was friendly again. Next Abo wanted me to ride a camel. I said, man, what? I am here to do something much different than riding camels. But Abo has a charm and persuasiveness which Phil Silvers (Sergeant Bilko) would envy. And before you knew it, he had me on the back of a camel, to ride from Cheops down to the ~~Sphinx~~ Sphinx. The camel trainer, a young fellow in his teens, held the reins of the camel and ran along beside the camel and me. Abo followed in his taxi about 100 feet behind. Suddenly the young camel driver uttered a command...and the camel began running. Now, I don't know how long it's been since you've been on a camel...but let me explain. A camel is a giant creature, not to be fooled with. To get on it, it must sit down flat...you get onto a huge saddle arrangement...and when it stands back up...you are about eight feet in the air! WhenX it walks, you sway, violently from side to side. A camel walking is one thing. A camel running, is quite another. Those things can run like a bat out of hell! There I was, reeling from side to side in the saddle, camera around my neck going to one side, me to another... clutching my tape recorder in one hand, other stuff in another...and the desert sand a blur beneath the speeding camel. Suddenly the camel driver yelled a command, and the camel stopped. I looked down at the face of the camel driver, who smiled innocently. "Gee," I said, "that was great! Real fun!" His face instantly registered puzzlement and disappointment...and I realized that this was his only way of striking back at the rich tourists and bosses over him...by having his camel scare the living daylights out of them. But I cheered him up...slipping a tip into his hand. He was horrified, and turned and looked at Abo's car which had stopped about 50 feet behind. "Don't let Abo see it," he said, and handed it back to me. Now, when I'd taken the money from my pocket, a small slip of paper had fallen out. A receipt from the Ibis Cafe. We proceeded down the road towards the Sphinx when Abo's car pulled up alongside us. He got out and handed me the tiny paper. "You dropped this back there," he told me. How he could have spotted that, I don't know...but it revealed to me how closely Abo was watching. Before we got to the Sphinx I managed to slip the tip to the camel driver without Abo seeing it...so the kid wouldn't have to give his commission to Abo. But do you think that fooled Abo? Forget it. We were standing in front of the Sphinx when Abo said: "Did you remember to tip the camel driver?" I just grinned at him. He grinned back and said, "I see that you did. Alright." And I knew that Abo would get his cut of that tip.

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Incidentally, when I speak of "activating" these key spots...PyrCre tells me that in doing so...I am USING MORE POWER THAN IS KNOWN ON EARTH ANYWHERE!

Also, another fascinating happening today...while climbing down inside the secret passageway of Cheops...a party of lovely German girls were coming up...and to do so they had to climb up a steel ladder at the lower part of the passageway, which I'd reached and gone down the ladder. I decided to help them up. I put my hand under the elbow of the first one and hoisted her up the ladder...BUT SHE FLEW UP AND BOUNCED OFF THE STONE WALL VICLENTLY! She turned, up there, and gave me the most astonished look. I helped a second up...AND SHE FLEW UP AND BOUNCED OFF THE STONE WALL! I tried another...SHE FLEW UP AND BOUNCED OFF THE STONE WALL! They looked at me with astonishment and fear, then turned and hurried on up the passageway...AND I REALIZED THAT AFTER HAVING BEEN UP IN THE KING'S CHAMBER AND ACTIVATED THE GREAT PYRAMID...THAT I HAD MY STRENGTH MULTIPLIED somewhere from 20-50 times! I had barely touched the girls...lifting gently underneath their elbows...yet they'd shot upward and bounced, is the onkly word for it, off the stone! As if they'd been flung...by some giant with supernatural strength.

This would be a good place to explain...that on these unusual trips (Paris, Scotland, England, Cairo)...I do not perform in the usual tourist manner or procedure. As younoted from the Scotland/England files...I had to bribe people to do this, do that...get over spiked gates at night into old haunty castles...hire drivers to take me out into the dark isolated countryside when nobody living there in their right mind would consider being out after ten o'clock (it is not the United States.) In Cairo...I was doing the same thing. To get my unusual chores done...I must tip, bribe, and so forth, on and on. Most tourists can cut corners and be economical about the whole thing; but I cannot. To get the results I need to get... I have to employ extraordinary measures...and extraordinary amounts of cash. But, and this is the whole point...I get results that tourists cannot get. They hire cheap guides...I hire the best guides to get me where tourists can't go.
Now, I have hired Abo away from Green Valley Tourist Company, for which he usually works as a top tourist guide. I pay him more each day...than Green Valley pays him. But Abo is a real ace in the hole. He gets things done that need to get done...greased, of course, by mucho dinero. Am going in the hole back home with each of these trips...but this is the way I have to operate. It costs more, true...but I get more done this way.

Got a shock today. Was sitting in the Ibis Cafe having lunch, when a man and his wife and teenage son asked to sit with me. Sure, I said. Soon he'd struck up a conversation about ESP and parapsych...so to have a little fun I pulled out a ring with a black stone, and asked him what the stone was. He examined it with a puzzled expression, then handed it back and said, "Maybe I'm crazy, but is it from the moon?" Now, the stone is black and polished. It is a tektite...and NASA scientists have stated they think that they fall from the moon...meteorites, you know. I was flabbergasted, to say the least! And told him that he was correct.
Another humorous thing that happened...a man and his wife sat down nearby at a table...they had a baby in a high chair sitting all by himself over to one side of the table, crying and screaming. I called my waitress over and told her to move the baby around the table to sit beside its momma. She did, and the baby stopped crying and began cooing. The waitress came over, looked me in the eye, said "You are very intelligent." "No I'm not," I answered,

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"I just like babies."

Tonight I was bored. There is really nothing to do in Cairo. It is not as dull as London, but runs a close second. So I figured well, why not go out to that Sahara City and see the tent show all of them are talking abouKt? So I sashayed out, got a taxi driver who named a fair price, and took off. He seemed a nice sort...had a small black mustache...was very proud of his taxi, as all the drivers are...they all have pictures of their wife and kids inside the front windshield...and all sorts of colorful decorations strung around. He was especially proud of his taxi...which was a Mercedes Benz. Well, we drove way out onto the Sahara Desert under the full moon... to this giant tent...where Egyptian bands played; jugglers juggled; belly dancers bellyd around...all the while the gawking tourists drank cold beer and had all sorts of cheeses and foods thrust at them to go with the beer. I was not impressed at all by the show. You can see a better show almost any night of the week on TV at home. We started to drive back to Cairo across the moonlit desert when the show was over. Now, the driver had asked me to sit up front with him. I'd ~~xxxx~~ shrugged, thinking poor fellow, he must be lOnesome...so I did. Ha. We'd gone a little ways across the deserted desert...when his right hand grabbed at my groin. My left hand grabbed his right hand. He startted telling me he loved me...and what he'd do to me out under the moonlight. I told him that I was queer for girls...and kept fighting his hand off. Finally I had him stop the car, and got into the back seat, and we drove silently, oh so very silently, back into Cairo, where I paid him off and went into my boat. Then I discovered that a valuable silver and amethyst fob was missing from its place on my belt...where it had been held by a keychain. Not being as slow as molasses...I figured it out. While acting "queer" he actually picketed my fob! Beautiful. Probably those men who are bent that way...who would go along with him out of his cab into the desert...would get picketed out of their money, wallet, even the gold in their teeth! Wow. So I learned a valuable lesson...never, but never, sit up front with the hired help! His name was Abraham...remember it, it comes up later on.

Note: If I hadn't actually come to Egypt...I would not have been made privy to the discoveries that I have made. I.e., the importance of getting to the CTHER key spots...Yucatan and Peru.
Thought: at Cheops, all the tourists went back down from the KinXg's Chamber FACING FORWARD. I did not...I BACKED DOWN on the long ladders and stepXs...not even thinking about it. But Oliveiro Nasr pointed it out to me. Like I had been there before, and knew what I was doing.

Note: It has been so easy...to shot my tails...surveillance people... because they all wear dark glasses...hide behind newspapers and peek around them...hide behind draperies and peek around...etc. Sort of like a Marx Brothers comedy.

I put a note on my recorder at this points: The SI's took me to Europe for brain remodification...to strengthen my brain (beef it up) for the power that I would encounter among the pyramids. A step by step process. But Millie...was the key...to getting me to the entire thing! (While George held me up, financially, at home.)

Note: I have the psychic impression...that Egypt is in great danger of war...

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in time ahead.

Note: the triangulation...me here to ScotlandX, to Egypt and back. Always...the triangle. Check map...me to Scotland and England; Egypt; back. Triangle. Or...pyramid shape.

Thought: I have TWO powers to work with now...the SI's and PyrCre. Is there a THIRD power? Are the pyramids like broadcast stations?

In the Cairo museum there are many carvings, etc., showing an "eye". Youk can also see it on a dollar bill...which shows a pyramid with an eye on it. The SI's and PyrCre explained to me what this "eye" meant to the ancient Egyptians. For ages...it has thought to be a "sign" that will ward off evil...by the Egyptian people. But...it is not. I was informed...that it meant, in reality, by the ancient High Priests of Egypt...PyrCre (the Pyramid Creature power)...which was "all seeing"...the eye which would watch and guard...the pyramids and the great knowledge and wisdom that they contain.

When the top scientist (Egyptologist) in charge of all the diggings and excavations in the Giza area...came to meet me, and invited me to a personal audience in his chambers...I told him that the stone of the pyramids and treasure within (gems and gold)...were not the reality... that the power and intelligence left behind, still alive...were the great treasure...he knew it. He said, "That is true, Mr. Owens, but how many tourists would know that?" His name: Dr. Ali El-Khouli, Egyptologist, Chief Inspector, Sakkara.....31 El - Galaa St., Cairo. Tel. 79218. He was a fine man...and a tremendously intelligent man.

PyrCre telepathd and told me that the pyramid openings would be found in the north...and the treasures found in the south. (Like Egypt itself...northern Egypt the "openings"...but the real treasure, wisdom and knowledge...found in the south.) I told Abo this...and he was very surprised that I knew this. (He's an old pro, remember...and grew up studying egyptology.)

Zoroaster's Pyramid...the oldest, 3,800 B.C....Abo took me to it. PyrCre told me that this side is very dangerous...trapped to kill robbers. Long passage this end...spiral passage to the top...where the secret is. In round cylinders. Parchment. Information re magic and psi force. Also a box with gems. I passed this info on to Abo.

At Or Ness, this day: I found a real live scarab in the tomb. It was the sacred symbol of the Egyptians. I put it in a paper napkin to bring back. Also...found a rock with a petrified scarab in it.

Ka Gemni, the High Priests temple...and King Ti Ti's Pyramid and temple... 4th dyrasty, 2,560 B.C. (quoting Abo's knowledge.)

Went on to Cheops this day...300 feet up to the top, inside secret passageway. I was up inside the King's Chamber, arms up in the cobra (Z) position...when suddenly a guide appeared with some tourists in the chamber. Nasr had goofed, and let some get by him. Anyway, the old Egyptian guide saw what I was doing...realized instantly what it must have been...and jumped backwards a good five feet...out of sight.

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I couldn't bring a gun to Egypt for self-protection, as is my wont... so I brought along a nunchok...a Korean karate weapon...two sticks connected with a cord...which I have practiced to use. Am carrying that in a small bag, plus a fighting knife on my hip in a holster.

Next trip: Abo met me in the Ibis Cafe preparatory to leaving for the Sahara. I took one look at him and told him he'd had a fight with his wife. His eyes bulged out and he said, "How you know that?" Then for the next half hour he talked about it.

At On Ness a guard came up...and presented me with a piece of alabaster from the tomb itself. Seems that I am getting to be a sort of celebrity with these people. Word has gotten around.

Have noted...that each time I go into the pyramids or tombs...hours later information seems to come pouring into my mind...usually after I retire to bed. Have to get up and get it onto the recorder.

Wednesday...got up in the morning and recalled a vivid dream that I'd had...seemed a warning. I'd been walking along and up came a boy I'd been a boy with...Mark Caress. He'd smiled, then pulled a gun and shot me. I pulled my gun and riddled him...then staggered home, blood pouring out of my shirt, to confront my wife...and told her I'd been shot. Strange dream.

Abo met me in Ibis Cafe...and told me that Green Valley had put the squeeze on him...had found out about his moonlighting with me. He said I'd have to pay them, and not him, for is services. Well, I refused, knowing that Abo would only get about 10% of it as commission. So...that's the end of Abo's invaluable services for me. I'd have to use a taxi driver that I'd pick out.
Found one...miracle of miracles...he told me that he knew me...that he'd been the clerk at El Borg Hotel that I'd bribed...he'd quit there, and now had a taxi. (Peculiar coincidence.)

Picked up a news paper in the Hilton and read where Idi Amin of Uganda was getting ready to blow the guts out of two innocent Englishmen with firing squads. So I sent a wire to the British Embassy that I knew how to stop Amin.

Somxe Egyptian words..."why not?" they like to say...is "is lay-la." Thank you...is "choke-a-ron." "Ah-wan" means you're welcome. "Massa lama" means goodby e.

The thought occurred to me today: in judo...striking a man with your fist...is not an iota so destructive...as balling your fist and bringing the small point of your fist down over his heart. Can knock out a cow. (According to my old judo instructor, Johnny Osako.) This squares...with PyrCre's instructions to confine my activating activities to a relatively small area of key locations in Egypt...instead of traveling all over Egypt to do it.

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On desert next: Achmed, my driver. While going out onto the Sahara PyrCre telepathd to change my procedure...gave me a focal point on a different ~~XXXX~~ wall...to project OD symbols onto wall.

At Ka Gemni and TI TI...the guides and ~~x~~rivers are going nuts trying to understand what I am doing...they are used to tourists just taking photos, and not coming back. I am~~xxx~~ returning time after time, and not taking photos.
PyrCre showed me a new spot on the wall to work on. It also instructed me not to go to Cheops today. Said that the power there was so much greater...too much.
I had wondered why I was doing all my work in the daytime...out in the Sahara...until it came to me...that I was working inside dark-black secret passageways and secret rooms...about the same as on top of Castle Urquehart at midnight in Scotland.

~~x~~ On the way back to Cairo...I saw a woman trying to carry a baby, leading another baby by the hand...with a giant basket on her head full of laundry~~x~~/ I told the drive to stop and pick her up and give her a ride. But...he refused to do so. A little further on...there was a priest by the side of the road. I told him to pick up the priest and give him a lift, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ which he did. ?????

Back at the Ibis Cafe, tanking up on orange juice~~x~~ and milk...I discovered Vittel water from France. And ordered a batch.
Then a government agent came to my table and sat down...I'd noticed him watching me yesterday at the Ibis. He told me that government people wouldn't contact me today (re Idi Amin and my ~~xxxx~~ wire) because it was a holiday. Then he did something extraordinary. He looked down at the chair beside me...upon which I had laid my nunchok wrapped in a net sack...said: "I see that you're armed for the fray." Nobody, but nobody, could have recognized that as a nunchok!

Went up on deck, on the Nile-Hilton yacht that night. I was god-awful lonesome. Took a table at the rail...ordered a cold beer...and gazed out over the Nile. Suddenly PyrCre appeared. Awesome. Huge blazing eyes up close to mine...peering into mine... I had the impression that It knew, in an instant, all that I was, had been, and would be. It studied me. I telepathd was it Horus? It telepathd no. I asked, are we friends? It said yes. I asked would the pyramid powera help in what I was doing (helping the human race). It said yes. Then it vanished. The thought then came to me that because of half-alien brain...I was able to see these other-dimensional creatures where other humans could not.
Also the~~x~~ thou~~x~~ght: after ages, this entity, PyrCre, finds a human poppping up in front of it and using the old high priests' techniques of thousands of years ago...must be a shock to it...as it was to me when It popped up!

Wednesday night...gone to bed; saw myself sleeping and a blackx cloud hanging over me...the blackx cloud went down into my body. Then I woke up and recorded this. A warning dream?

Thursday...Sayed, my driver again. An agent? (The El Borg clerk.) Today Sayed invitedx me to his home, in old Cairo, for coffee. He honors me! You won't see another American inXXX old Cairo. In the Ibis Cafe...sitting with Sayed...I explain that the nunchok, which Ihold up/..(this dam typewriter)....kx is really a musical instrument...clavos....Spanish wood blocks that you knock together. Sayed nearly falls off his xxxxx chair laughing. So HE KNOWS a nunchok! An Egyptian taxi driver? Fooey. For-git it! He's got to be an agent.

Should explain more about Sayed's home...he drove me from the Hilton through "new" Cairo into "old" Cairo...the ancient section. There were no Americans or Europeans obviously present on the streets... only Egyptians and Arabs. Tiny shops and selling stalls lined the small, narrow, crooked streets that we drove through. It was a riot of color, because the "natives" wore colorful headware, scarves, dresses, etc. In front of the shops were baskets full of brightly colored scarves, mats, etc. And the streets were jammed with people, going and coming. Our taxi had to move slowly, inch forward. Finally he turned up an alley, twisted and turned through dark alleys...and came to a sort of wide parking place amidst many alleys. We got out and he took me into a tiny apartment...no doors... just open doorways and open windows. Small ducks ran loose through the apartment. A huge, fat, giant woman moved forward to meet us and he introduced her as his wife. She was dressed in a flowered dress. Soon little children came pouring through the doorway into the apartment. His kids and relatives kids...plus their relatives. His wife made us some thick, black, Egyptian coffee, which we sat and sipped. I hauled out my camera and made some family photos... (which did not come out...I figured the color film wrong with my meter.) I did coin and dish tricks for the kids...and it was a whole lot of fun. Finally we left, Sayed and I, in the Taxi, with the small square outside packed with people who came to see the "foreigner." I had the thought that I should be an Ambassador...I get along so well with foreign people (except the French...can't figure them at all.)

We go on out into the Saraha Desert...to On Ness, first stop. When I get out of the car some Egyptian guides who work there come rushing up and say that "the Director" would like to see me. They lead me to a small building nearby. Inside is a heavily-built, intelligent looking man. Serious expression on his face. First, of coukrse, after he introduces himself as the Director of all egyptology and excavation activities in the area...he suggests that we have hot coffee together. I'd been through this lots of times by now...so asked no questions... aides brought us the hot, steaming, thick black Egyptian coffee...and we sipped for a spell. The Director explained to me that he was in charge of all that was going on at present in Sakara...anXd offered me any help that I needed in my work. He placed himself at my disposal. Did I nXeed to get into any of the places at night...when the places were locked to tourists? If so, he would arrange it. Would I like to see a new tomb that had just been discovered...

which contained fifty thousand ibis bird mummies, among other things. I thanked him, but said no, that was not my purpose in the area. After a bit he invited me to visit him any day in his offices nearby (which I did later on.) We both left, and I finished my work at On Ness; went on to Ka Gemni; then to King Ti Ti"s place. The guides by this time, of course, all knew me...knew my procedure and what I wanted done...and they would be waiting for me at each place, smiling and beaming. No tourist could go into these select places, of course... without going with these assigned, old, grizzled Egyptian guides (and guards)...but once inside they would withdraw from me, allowing me to proceed to my key place and do what I do. They would not interfere with their personal presence. After I would finish telepathing... I would leave the chamber and pick up the guide who would be waiting outside the chamber...and we would leave the pyramid or temple together, and he would padlock the doors behind us. My On Ness guide was one of the fiercest looking men you would ever see...Abdul...but he grew to like me and called me "Teddy". This day at On Ness, before I got to Abdul...in the Temple that I had to walk through...suddenly a group of six mean, tough looking Arabs appeared around me in a circle as if by magic. By now I'd been there many times, and nothing like this had occurred. I looked around at them...took out my nunchok and shoved it into my belt in the ready position...and switched on my tape recorder and put the happening on tape in pig-latin...just in case I got jumped and somebody found the recorder later. Even with the nunchok I didn't figure to be able to beat six tough Arabs carrying knives (if in fact they did...but I could see bulges under their burnooses...gowns.) (I guess you call a burnoose a gown...anyway, it's what they wear...long, flowing robe...usually dirty looking.) Inside On Ness I began to say my "triggers" out loud...but PyrCre communicated and ordered me to only do it mentally. A strange thing happened...while I was standing, arms outstretched in the "Z" position...running through the trigger mechanisms mentally...the loud buzzing of a fly interrupted the silence. This was most odd. Had never happened before. This is a sealed, locked temple. Nothing, but nothing, can get out or in. I never did spot the fly...but its loud buzzing all around me was a distraction.

PyrCre has smoothed out and improved my procedural methods...but has absolutely forbidden me to reveal any of it. (Later on, on the plane homeward-bound, PyrCre appeared and okayed a verbal report only to Mille. One person. Millie, who made it all possible. Following which the airplane ahead of ours got hit by lightning and blown up... but you'll read about that later on.)

On the way back to Cairo...we stopped at a small cafe' sitting beside the road...to get a cold drink...and a little Arab boy about five years old came to me and handed me a lovely flower from the garden. (I took it back and put it in a glass of water in the cabin of the yacht.) But my mind went back to Scotland...on the previous adventure...when the tiny three year old girl came up to me and handed me a lovely flower, also (which I still have, pressed into a book to keep.)

Learned two new words today (Egyptian)...book-er-ah, tomorrow.
War-da...flower.
All the writing on store fronts and all along the streets in Cairo... is in Egyptian...so there is no way of knowing what the heck anything is.

I miss the Scotland-England midnight thrills...with UFO's overhead. None of that here. Nothing at all...UFO oriented. Here, it seems, I am activating, and learning. Here the challenge and excitement of the unknown...is missing. Am especially lonely for Urquehart Castle. I predict...that I will get back there! Sometime.

Upon returning to Cairo, I found a message from Rose...a representative of the British Embassy...to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ call him. I did so, and we arranged to meet at a certain time at the Ibis Cafe...I told him that I would wear a "purple shirt" for ident purposes. I cleaned up, then went to meet Rose...wearing a red, candy-striped shirt. Inside Ibis Cafe I waited at a table...suddenly a man walked inside, looked around the room, came right over to me and extended his hand...said "I'm Rose." Then he looked me over and chuckled and said, "Purple shirt! Hah!" I didn't point out the obvious...that he'd known me...regardless of what shirt I wore...so the agents that had been~~x~~ following me had briefed him, complete with photographs. I laughed and said yes, I'd make a lousy spy. We sat down and for about an hour I outlined my ingenious plan...which he liked. The only rub that I could see in the plan...~~xxxx~~ lay in the fact that I was too blamed close to Amin...and Uganda. In hours, he could have one or more killers here in Cairo after my scalp. (The plan revolved around the British contacting Amin...and telling him that I would sic my UFO's onto him if he shot those two Enlishmen. Amin, you see, had only recently seen a UFO with his own eyes...it was in the newspapers...so he knew that they were a reality. And my backgrou~~k~~nd with UFO's was concrete solid...I had the Saga articles with me to back it all up.

Should note here: my breathing changed while telepathing triggers inside the passageways and secret rooms of the pyramids and temples. I noticed it today. Just as soon as I'd telepath to the key section of the wall...my breathing would switch into a sort of suspended animation process. Thenk, as soon as I'd finished...I'd be forced to get the heck out of there as fast as possible...and my breathing would go back to its normal pace.

Noted also today: since and including yesterday, not one but two of these tough guides...went into Ka Gemni or Ti Ti...with me, one in front and one behind me. I wonder why? Is it perhaps extra protection...or is the extra one an intelligen~~t~~e agent? Don't smile. Egyptian intelligence agents are as thick as flies around me most of the time. (Wait until the incident on the Nile!)

So many of the Egyptians are fond of saying "Why not?"...lay-al.

Friday...Odd procedure today at On Ness. The guide won't talk...and no special guide to meet me. So I have to find my own way...it is quite a hike from the temple to the pyramid, and I got lost on a couple of twists and turns...But finally found it. PyrCre gently

rebuked me today, in the midst of my telepathing...correctly, as It should have...I was inserting some personal wishes into the telepathing and PyrCre smoothed out the procedure for me. I've got it ALL...the High Priests' methods and procedures...the why and the how and the where! No other human being will ever be able to duplicate this work I am doing.

Noted today that the telepathic triggering methods are NOT remaining constant. It is awesome. The methods change daily...due to PyrCre instructing me in the changes...and today I learned a chilling fact! It is because...I am being made a PART OF THE POWER ITSELF IN THE AREA! Closer and closer every day, being absorbed into the Power! At the third place today PyrCre came up close to my face and put its eyes close to my eyes...and looked dweply into me. It is GIANT. Its head is as big as a huge, round table. When those big eyes came close to my eyes...whew! Immediately after, when it vanished...I understood the difference between what I was doing here and in Scotland-England. This has nothing to do with UFO's or UFO work, as in Scotland-England. I have, in effect, been turned over, or passed on, to this Power... and the difference is psychic phenomenon in depth and in scope! I.e., in the U.S. the popular psychic experimentation is done with Zener cards...but the difference between what I am doing in Egypt and Zener card work...is the difference between Einstein's work and a game of mumbly-peg!
Might just mention...that PyrCre's eyes were hypnotic...they glowed as if having a blazing fire inside...completely unlike human eyes.
Poor Sayed today...we had come into a tiny village along the road in the Nile Valley...and I asked Sayed to stop for a minute for me to take a photo. It was an error. In an instant a huge crowd of people surrounded our car...thrusting their hands through the window, wanting a cigarette, money, anything. Sayed was frightened. I handed him a bunch of coins, which he threw out the window then gunned the car and burned rubber getting out of their at abouut fifty miles an hour. I couldn't understand why...but I reckon he had a reason. X Could be, if Sayed was an Egyptian agent...which I think he was.. he had the responsibility of guarding me and keeping me safe...and it was a lovely spot for some sort of attack. But the people looked peaceful to me. Oh well...
Back to the Osiris...the yacht...cleaned up and went up on deck, got a table and a cold drink, and sat down to ponder...looking out over the Nile. It was quite obvious now that the SI's had gotten me to Scotland-England in order to do a brain re-modification...beef up my mental power (because contact with PyrCre takes EVERY OUNCE of my energy and brain power). While telepathing here, in the secret passages and secret rooms...I seem to be in a different world, than the world-world...picking up techniques thousands and thousands of years old...and having to match power with power. This evening my mind and energy are run down. Am just wiped out.
I rose and went to the men's room. Upon returning to the outer deck... Achmed, the waiter...had given my table to somebody else (for a bribe, no doubt...you see, these tables are hard to come by...a line waiting for them.) My beer and cigar were gone. I was furious, and stormed downstairs to write a note for Salame...owner of the yacht. I wrote that Achmed should be demoted to Chief Dish Washers. Later in the evening I bumped into Salame...who grinned and said that if I didn't

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forgive the waiter Achmed then he'd have to make Achmed a dish washer. I leaned over and pointed at Salame..."Okay," I said, but remember...make him a CHIEF dish washer!" Salame broke up laughing.

Later in the privacy of my stateroom, I contacted PyrCre...and asked permission to give the Direction at Sakara details of what I had learned. The answer was an angry and explosive NO!
I gently pointed out to PyrCre that there was no danger...that no other humans, since they had no alien, or half-alienx, brain, could activate the key places. The answer was still a definite, angry NO. So...that's it. (Later PyxrCre modified this...to allow the details to be passed to Millie in person.)

Friday night: scanning the newspapers, learn that one of the two Englishmen has been released by General Amin. One to go, for release...

A number of times...someone has opened my door to my statemoom (which is kept locked) and has peered in, then popped out again. I finally figured it out. In Cairo it is against the law to entertain visitors in hotel rooms...and I am constantly talking into the tape recorder, then playing it back...and sounds like a bunch of people...and they keep trying to catch somebody in here with me. Ha hXa! Fun...nee!

At night: had another strange dream...was with Aunt Eva, Dad, Jack, and granma...all dead. Was like real.

NXext morning took a taxi over to another cafe to eat...and should mention that Cairo taxi drivers drive with suicidal abandon. Whizzing along, if another car gets in their way, they do not slow down...but jam their foot onto the accelerator and strongarm their way around either side of the car...or latch right onto the backend of the front car until it swerves to let them by. Have never seen any crazy driving like in Egypt. When you first get into thXeir taxi...all is sweetness and light. They show pictures of their family, and religious decorations all over the front of their car...then a wild light comes into their eyes...and they declare war on all the other cars in front of them!
A screamingly funny thing happened at the cafe, whXure I got breakfast. This pretty waitress somes to my table and takes my order. After she walks away...there is a huge puddle of red blood next to my table where she'd been standing. (This is the Sheraton.) About ten feet away there's a waitress station where the waitresses line up and wait their turn to go to tables. I flagged one over, and pointed down at the puddle of blood. She put a hand over her mouth and ran back to the station. One by one the waitresses came over, stared down at the blood...then retreated hurriedly. A rich oil sheik, curious over what was happening...rose from his table across the room, came over, stared down at the large puddle of blood... then with no change of expression walked back to his table and sat back down. A different waitress was assigned to me, who took the order...and also took me to a different table.
Sayed has explained to me...that the cars and buses in Cairo are very old, most of them...one bus that we passed, for example, he said was fifty-four years old. But, he explained , they could

do this because the Egyptian and Arab mechanics in Cairo were so clever and ingenious mechanics. He said they could exchange parts and jerry-rig stuff...and keep a car or bus going practically forever.

Saturday morning (still)...Sayed brought his boy, Mahmoud, along with us. He's about ten. I told him to. We stopped and got him some candy to eat on the trip out into the Sahara.
At On Ness there was an American woman in the Temple...I chatted with her briefly and found out that she was from Indianapolis, Indiana...which is just a few miles from my home town, Bedford.
Found the "dancing lady" on the piece of black flint.
Also found a rock laying on the ground...turned it over and there's painting and etching on it...must have broken off a wall from some inner tomb. A museum piece, but I'll keep it.
To Ka Gemni, Ti Ti. Went to visit "Dr. Ali" as he is called, The Director, in his offices. He ordered the hot, thick black coffee...and while we waited for it I turned on my tape recorder and pointed it out to him. His eyebrows rose and he said, "Is that turned on?" I said yes. He said harrumph. (Correction... this time he ordered hot Egyptian tea...and it was the best tea I've ever encountered, even in Scotland or England.)
We had about an hour's chat...all on tape. He told me that he could tell that I was a powerful psychic...and that I certainly had knowledge not known to tourists...as we chatted along.

Today, while making my "rounds" Pyr6re instructed me to put the Star Chamber (and pyramid containing it) around me at night, mentally, before going to sleep.

Saturday night...sat on deck of the Osiris, sipping cold beer and smoking andlooking out over the moonlit Nile. I was bored and homesick. Fooey. Instead of just going to bed, as I usually did at this time...I decided to walk down the dark waterfront and find the man called Hassan, who had a boat to rent to go out onto the Nile. So I left the Osiris and climbed down the steep embankment onto the edge of the river and walked along it until I came to a huge 50-foot boat. It was Hassan, who was working on the boat with another tough-looking man. CouNld I rent the boat for an hour? Yes. I told Hassan just him on the boat with me...not the other guy. (TheyX were eyeing my camera and tape recorder...and if I was going to be jumped it would be by one guy, not two.) They chattered and argued in Egyptian...then Hassan said okay. I jumped on board, he fixed the sails, and the boat edged out onto the black water into the fast current. Hassan sat at the front of the boat at the tiller, guiding...guiding with his fanny... whilst he used his arms to manipulate the giant sails. He jumpe pff the tiller and tells me to take the tiller while he rigs the sails differently. Icouldn't believe my ears! I'm sitting in the middle of the boat, back against the rail...under a bright lantern which is suspended from a skeletal ceiling...so I put my stuff down and leap to the tiller...and the boat steers like a dream! Like a Lincoln-Continental with power steering. We're now speeding down the Nile at high speed, with a full moon overhead. Across on the other side of the Nile is a nightclub

built onto a yacht...and Egyptian bellydance music is blaring out from it. It's all lit up with lanterns like a Christmas tree. Hassan starts ~~XWX~~ singing and dancing in the middle of our boat...hanging onto the sail ropes. I turn on the tape recorder, because all this is really funny. Hassan is young, dark haired, tough looking. But full of mischief, like most of the other Egyptians I had met. He finally stops dancing, and we leave the music behind us on the dark water...Hassan says that this boat is the biggest boat on the Nile. I can well believe it. He says that he usually rents it to a party of fifty people (i.e., it seats fifty.) Now comes the real fun part of the whole thing. Hassan begins to swear in Egyptian...and points out onto the river. "Police" he yells at me in a low voice. I laughed hysterically. After days and days of being followed by police agents all around the place...THEY'RE EVEN TAILING ME OUT ONTO THE NILE. Sure enough, a large white launch appeared out of the darkness. There are about twenty tough-looking men on board~~X~~, all on the side facing us... dressed in plain clothes, not uniforms. They stand off, about thirty feet out...and jabber at Hassan in Egyptian in rapid-fire manner. And in no-nonsense, businesslike tone of voice!
Soon they swing their big boat around and vanish, moving toward the Osiris, back a ways on the shore. Hassan explains limply that he has received orders, which he does not understand, to return to shore and deposit me there. So he swings the boat around...and becomes strangely silent. But instead of going toward the Osiris... Hassan takes his boat along the OTHER, far shore...and swings it in close to a bunch of giant, bare rocks. As it passes the rocks he yells loudly in Egyptian...and an answering yell comes from the blackness around the rocks. Evidently Hassan had someone there... waiting. Waiting...for what? Then Hassan swings the boat across the Nile toward the Osiris...and his berthing place. Finally he says something to me..."Here," he says, "I am going to let you dock it." I looked at him, dumfounded, then looked at our target area which the huge boat was swooping toward...a small, narrow area sandwiched in between two other, smaller boats. Well, I figured... if he's crazy enough to let an amateur like me try to get this speeding boat into that little space...then I'm crazy enough to try it. So I went over, got the tiller, while he handled the sails. To put our big boat in that space...moving at fast speed, now, remember...I had to figure to make an arc to the left...judge the boat's speed and distance away from the other boats...and time the move exactly right. Otherwise there was going to be the loudest smashing noise ever heard in that area of the Nile, probably.
Sweat beaded on my forehead, I figured we were just at about the right angle to make the left turn...and made the arc turn. The boat sped in toward shore. I was about a hundred feet from the other boats...and the space between. "Here, Hassan" I told him, "so far so good...but let's let the expert put this boat in that space...you." I had seen that there were people in the two boats on each side of the space...and if I erred...some people were going to get wet or flattened out. Hassan grunted, came over and took the tiller and eased the boat into the space. I thought...that gives one an idea of how wild these Egyptians can be...to take a chance on me like that!
Looking back on the police affair...~~x~~ I think that the police were warning Hassan that I was not the ordinary tourist to be taken, in any way... in short, I may have been getting some protection.

Incidentally, tonight I saw a UFO flitting up over the opposite bank of the Nile! No question that it was a UFO. Soundless...glowing light... exactly like those I saw so often every night at Loch Ness.

Note: Yesterday and today both...early in the morning, as soon as I have emerged from the Osiris boat...a complete stranger has walked up to me...and asked me what my plans were for the day! I simply tell them...they say thanks, and walk away. Hah! Egyptian Intelligence, probably...or British...now that I've cut into the Amin thing.

Had a comical thought...after the experience of having the police "surveil" me clear out into the middle of the Nile river at midnight. (Earlier now..."Subject Owens has gone into the old Egyptian quarter... what do we do?) In the boat on the Nile: "Subject Owens has gone out into the middle of the Nile, just before midnight. What do we do?" Ha ha ha. Can you imagine them phoning that into headquarters?

Sunday morning...Abo popped up at the Isis Cafe at breakfast, and wants to have a "meet" with me tonight at six. ???

Achmed is my driver today. I notice that as we go out into the Sahara we are followed wherever we go...by a Green Valley car.
Achmed suggests today that we go to the Sphinx. I haven't been there yet. I say OK. When we get there he assigns me to one of the Sphinx guides, who tells me proudly that he was in the Ten Commandments movie which was filmed there. The name of his camel is "California." (The name of the camel that I rode was "Whisky".) The old pro guide told me that no opening had ever been found in the Sphinx. I scrutinized the Spinx...there IS an opening. A clever one, yes...but there is one. (Was using my clairvoyant powers.) Also, I knew that the UFO's of that age...had had the High Priests hide THE MOST precious scrolls of secrets and wisdom...inside the head of the Sphinx...along with a box of giant diamonds, emeralds, etc. BUT...this secret room cannot be opened... except by the telepathic/PK process. Which is why it has never been unearthed. (I picked this information up with the alien half of my brain.)
What the Spinx "means"...i.e., was carved in the body of a lion with a man's head...is that it stands for "high intelligence"...and that it is the MOST GUARDED OF ALL THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, ETC. (By Pyramid Creature.) To make the meaning clearer...the "lion" would attack and spring on...anyone attempting to rob it of its secrets.

We left here and went on to On Ness...and as I was walking through the Temple the old man came up to me and gave me the silver coin...which had THE EXACT "DANCING LADY" ON IT AS THE FIGURE ON THE PIECE OF BLACK FLINT ROCK I'D FOUND.

Today I made photos of the fierce-looking Egyptian guides. Tough birds. And one could easily observe the bulge of gun or knife underneath their robes.

(Note: I've mentioned picking drivers for each day to go out...but haven't told you the comical way it goes: Driver says to me, "No money. Just give me what you want. I love you...you fine man!" So I say all right...four pounds for the day. He says, "Oh no...always get eight pounds!" I say seven. He says OK.)

After Ka Gemni...about 20 minutes out onto the road back to Cairo...PyrCre appeared ~~X~~ to me...and informed me that IT HAD BEEN TEACHING ME ON A SUBLIMINAL LEVEL, WHILE I HAD BEEN DOING MY "CHORES"...FOR ME TO BECOME AWARE OF AT A LATER DATE! I.e., each 20 minutes that I worked to activate the force at that key spot...PyrCre was working on ME. It told me that I had been trained and taught each place, every time....

"Welcome...mah-habiba.
"I am happy"...anna-mahmut.
"No good"...mis-quise.
"Good"...quise.

Incidentally...in this age we do have high frequency sound, or magnetic releases, or photoelectric cells...to open secret doors or vaults. But in those ancient days...the High Priests used parapsych methods to open the most secret places in the pyramids and temples...and at times they would change the frequency of their body and simply pass like an X-ray through the solid stone...the same as SI craft can do to pass through a solid mountain to the center of the mountain HQ...or through the bottom of the ocean floor deep into the earth to a secret HQ there.

Sunday night...PyrCre appeared and COMMANDED me NOT to go into the desert tomorrow. It FORBADE me. Warned me that I am being stalked and hunted by the "hunters"...very dangerous Egyptians in Cairo. Met Abo at the Isis Cafe at 6, as per arrangement. He said that he just sincerely wanted to see me one more time...before I left. We spent a couple of hours talking. He said that he is very sad because I have to leave. Then he told me something fascinating. He'd come in earlier and asked Samia, the waitress, if Owens had come in yet. She asked Abo if he was "one of the secret police." He said yes. She said, "I will do as I have been instructed...when I see him enter I will call you." Abo, bless his heart...was tipping me that I was under surveillance. I laughed heartily and told him that I'd known that ever since being there. Abo finally left.

For the past few days drivers, waitresses, etc., have been coming up to me and asking me to use my powers to help them. I mean...they are utter strangers to me...but the word has gotten around that I am a "famous psychic from America."

Perhaps you wonder why on earth the Egyptian intelligence would place me under surveillance? Or the same in Scotland or En~~X~~gland (as was very much the case while I was there.) Very simple. Suppose the famous Russian psychic Wolfe, I believe it is...who can hypnotize people telepathically as well as other things...came to America. And suppose that he could do what I can do...which he cannot...that ism, control weather, cities, even countries...through paranormal means, and it had been widely documented. Do you think for a minute that our CIA and FBI wouldn't have agents all around him at all times? You BET they would!

Tonight all the lights went out in this fabulous Hilton on the Nile. I was walking through the lobby and blam...darkness. Employees began rushing around lighting candles, etc. I went over to the Osiris boat... and blam...all the lights went out on the boat...and THEY had to get

candles!

This morning Sayed met me at the Isis Cafe...to take me out to the Saraha...but I dismissed him, because of the stern PyrCre warning, which had instructed me to keep to my stateroom on the boat. Yet... something PULLS me to go back out to the pyramids and temples. Well, finally I could stand the pull no longer...and decided to take my chances in order to get in one more "good lick" out on the Sahara, because I'm leaving tomorrow, Tuesday.
I went out and canvassed the drivers outside the Hilton, asking for Sayed. BUT NONE OF THEM KNEW SAYED! Now, all these drivers know each other...spend all their spare time fraternizing together...they are like a big family. So...if they do not know Sayed...THEN SAYED MUST BE AN AGENT.
A driver I'd never seen then came up to me and said "I hear that you are leaving tomorrow." I'd never laid eyes on him. Which shows you how much all these drivers, waitresses, etc., learn on the sly.
Anyway, I left word for Sayed to come to the Ibis Cafe...with the head driver.
I went back to the Osiris boat and was writing a letter to Salama, the owner...when I sensed a close presence...turned my head...AND A STRANGE MAN WAS ON TIPPY TOE READING THE LETTER OVER MY SHOULDER.

In the newspaper today...I read that the second man, the young man... has been released by Amin also. So...mission accomplished, as far as I am concerned. No, wait...correction...the young man was the first to be released..the older man's time for execution was extended. I'm not donexx yet.

Am down to six cigars now. Can't buy any here...they cost four dollars each here...just ordinary U.S. cigars.

Went to Isis for lunch. Suddenly an expensively dressed man was brought to my table by Samia...with empty tables all around...could he sit with me? I said sure, curious, as I always am...what intelligence was up to now. I ignored the man, studiously...not even looking at him. Several times he cleared his throat...finally he started xxx a fast conversation, pumping me for information...all key questions. How long was I staying? Where am I staying. Etc. Said that he was South Korean. He asked me my opinion of politics in Korea...I told him that North Korea would definitely take over South Korea...the country would unify, just as Viet Nam had done. I told him how weak the South Korean military commanders were...compared to the ones in the North. That they were corrupt, too...just as those in South Viet Nam had been. He didn't believe any of this. I told him that after North Korea took over the entire country, that the country would be far better off! He gave a rebuttal based on the economy of South Korea...and the ratio of three military men in South to one in the North. I argued that the North had more character and principle...and that the size of a dog in a fight doesn't determine the outcome of a fight...but the fight in the dog goes! We went around in circles for an hour. I had never previously given any thought to the future of Korea...so this was stimulating to me, to use my psychic powers to probe ahead in time re the matter. Oh, and he asked me would not the U.S. use nuclear missiles if North Korea attacked South Korea? I replied that a bsolutely and definitely...the U.S. would not.

After I left the Isis, walked throukgh the lobby of the Hilton to the men's room...when suddenly a strange man came running up to me, said "I hear that you want me!" Then he turned and ran away down the hallway. I just stood there, staring. What? Bought a newspaper and read that Sam Giancana had been murdered. That means one thing to me...Frank Sinatra will be murdered up ahead in time not too far away. He and Sam were big buddies...and confided in each other too much. So the Mob will have to "excise" Frank.

At dinner in the Isis a waiter (they use boys and girls both) that I'd nicknamed "The Wart" because of his ugly manner...came over to my table and made friends with me. (We'd spent weeks scowling and frowning at each other.) Will wonders never cease.
To give you an idea, a better idea...of what the meals cost there...a small bowl of soup; rolls and butter; cup of coffee; a small plate of roast beef and cauliflower; slices of tomato; bowl of strawberries...cost $8.00 tonight. This is average. That...is eight bucks American translated into Egyptian money.
During the meal I brooded over Samia's being a "bird dog" for Egyptian Intelligence. Suddenly a fiendish idea occurred to me. I told my waitress to send Samia over to my table. Samia appeared. I said, "Samia, don't tell anybody...but I am a Chinese secret agent in the Chinese secret service!" She cut me off and said "I no talk" and ran off, having turned pale white (Egyptians are dusky complexioned.) Then I could hear her screaming and having hysterics back in the kitchen. All the waiters and waitresses went running back into the kitchen...then emerged, grinning over in my direction. I got out fast, sensing trouble.

The thought occurred to me...that I have a bad combination...a top psychic with a "monkey" sense of humor. Que combinacion! As I swiftly exited from the Isis, I could hear all the waitresses laughing back in the cafe... and Samia was still screaming and yelling out in the kitchen.

Had to have a ring re-sized...so the man in the shop called an eight year old boy over and told him to take me down into a place in the city. So the little boy led me about twelve blocks away from the Nile, into downtown Cairo...into dark streets...to a tiny shop. Inside the shop were two smaller boys...six to eight years old. I looked around for the jeweler. The two small boys took the ring and went to work. I was utterly fascinated. They used old Egyptian methods to pound and stretch the gold of the ring. These kids were real pros! On the way back to the Hilton I stopped my eight year old guide at a candy stand...and told him to pick out any candy he'd like to have. Very seriously, like an adult...he pointed out a huge lollipop to the candystand man...who gave the boy change. With real dyed-in-the-wool class...the boy handed the candyman back a big tip! It was one of the cutest things I've ever seen. Evidently, working around the Hilton and watching Americans...some of the American ways had rubbed off on this boy...and he was showing me that he knew a thing or two!

Well, PyrCre had won out this day. Sayed hadn't shown...and I hadn't gotten out into the Sahara.

Note: In case I hadn't completely made this clear before...the Pyramids (and StonehXenge) are like TV broadcasting stations...having world-wide power. Their scope is awesome! The power that is "broadcast" can help the entire human race. By turning on Stonehenge...and now the key Egyptian pyramids and temples...it has activated the other pyramids all over the world, and alerted them...now the entire network of pyramid power in Yucatan, Peru, etc., is interested and alerted to what I am doing. For such a thing has not been done, evidently, in a long long time. Ages. And the alien half of my brain...which is sort of like "another world"...knows this.

Bothersome thought...I am "out of synch" with my regular contacts back in the U.S., going around the world faster than I can fill the contacts in on the action!

I had set up an arrangement with Sayed...to take me to Sahara City one more time tonight...since am leaving tomorrow...and am too bored to sit around on the boat tonight. But Sayed shows up at the Osiris, returns my five pounds...says that his wife is sick and he cannot take me.
A driver came up to me at the Hilton and asked to drive for me...so I said OK. We had only gone a short distance when the driver begins to talk about my SI discs! (I'd never seen this man before...name of XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Alexander.) Then he begins to talk about Abraham stealing my amethyst fob. Says that HE IS A CLOSE FRIEND OF ABRAHAM. Ye gods...and here I am driving out into the night...onto the Saraha...with this guy! He mysteriously stops beside the road and sits, waiting...and I ask him what he is doing. He mumbles and looks around, as if looking for somebody...then drives off again. I had my nunchok ready, you bet! Had an impression four of his and Abraham's friends might have been ready to pull me out of the car and beat me up. It's been known to happen.
At Sahara City I get a table with two Englishmen...next to a table where a rich Arab sheik sits with his family...from Saudi Arabia, it turns out...since the sheik and I spend a long time talking. He asked for a disc, so I got his address and promised to send him one.
Alexander quiety drove me back to the Hilton, later. No action. Good.

Next day Sayed showed up to drive me to the airport. He didn't say a word...and tears rolled down his face. I asked what was wrong. With a straight face he said that he was very sad that I was leaving. (These people actually get emotional about things like this, it seems.

I know that you must be tired of reading this report...but don't quit now. The most astounding happening of all...is coming up before the report finishes!

Finally, got onto the plane at the Cairo airport...and headed for home. Crossing the Atlantic...the seating was like this: sitting on the left of me was a Dr. Riffet. In the seats in front of us, on the left, was a tough specimen. Seated across the aisle...directly to my left and to the left of Dr. Riffet...was another very tough looking specimen.

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I X had a distinct feeling...that the two "tough specimens" were related, or connected...

Dr. Riffet and I chatted extensively...and I told him who and what I was. In the course of our conversation...he mentioned sawing a leg-bone in half (related to his work as a surgeon.) I asked...would there be marrow in the leg-bone? He answered why yes, there would be. So I asked him, with a perfectly straight face..."Well, Dr., if you sawed someone's head in half...then there must be marrow in that skull bone, right?" "Well, yes," he said, "but it is a very narrow layer of bone, you know." "Right," I answered, "then that must be what you'd call 'narrow-marrow'!" I thought he'd fall out of his seat laughing.

Shortly thereafter, having gone to the johm, before entering to get into my seat past the doctor, I leaned over the tough specimen in front of us and said, "Pardon me...are you not a karate expert?" The man looked up at me, startled...then beamed. He dove into his pocket and took out a bunch of photos...showing him fighting at karate with various opponents. Then he actually climbed out of his seat... took a karate stance...and told me how he could kill anyone with the edge of either hand...and then proceeded to give me a lesson in slow motion of offense and defense with karate...meanwhile the doctor's eyes are popping out in disbelief. Finally I sat down...and the doctor leaned over to me and said, "You know, for a minute there I thought he was going to take you on!"
"Doctor," I told him, "that man is a sissy." The doctor reared back, again with a look of disbelief.
"True," I said. " So he can kill someone with a blow of his hand. But...by using my techniques...I can control an entire city or country.X So...who is the most powerful...him? Or me?" (He'd seen the Saga articles). He squirmed in his seat and said that he'd better take a nap. In a few moments the funny thouKght came to me...here is this doctor... in front of him is a deadly karate killer-type...who can wipe out someone with a swipe of either hand. On his left, across the aisle (unless I am wrong) is another, equally dangerous man (both Egyptians, by the way.) On his right am I...who claims to be able to control a city or country with my mind. Is it any wonder that the good doctor is getting nervous? Ha ha ha!
I nudged the doctor and he opened his eyes. I said that I was going to wake him up every five minutes. He asked why. I said...to get even for all the times I've been inXX the hospital and the nurses have waked me up that way. He smiled feebly and closed his eyes once more.

After a bit we were served our meals. Then something frightening, to me, occurred. The doctor began arguing with me...on a deep level...that is, about rather deep, abstract subjects. A layman would not have been able to even understand him, let alone rebut him. BUT MY MIND PLAYED WITH HIS MIND LIKE AN ADULT WOULD PLAY WITH A BABY! He would make a profound, logical statement...and answers would flash into my mind like flashes of lightning...and I would take his arguments apart easily and effortlessly. (I had never had these kind of thinking processes before Egypt.)

Later...PyrCre appeared in front of me...It gave me permission to tell what I had learned...in detail...to only one living person...the person who had made it possible for me to get to Egypt...Millie...and orally, not over the phone or in writing. In person, orally. It must not be passed on to other humans. I was astounded, because PyrCre had been so

adamant in Egypt...about my keeping it away from ANYONE.

I note...three men on the plane...recognize their faces...same ones that kept following me all around Cairo. The tough man on the left, across the aisle...watches me all of the time. I mean, constantly. Doesn't take his eyes off of me.

After the long, grinding flight...we began our approach to New York. Now, follow me closely on this. You'll never hear anything more amazing than this.

The pilot talked over the mike to the passengers, "Folks, "he said, "I'm sorry, but we must turn around and fly to an alternate airfield to take on more fuel. We'll make an emergency landing in Connecticut." The plane landed at Windsor Lock, Connecticut, Hartley Airport. The stewardesses would give no explanation. This was too much for me. My legs were all cramped up from the hours and houwrs and hours of flying from Cairo to New York...so I slid past the doctor and wenNt to the back of the airplane, where they had a lounge section to hang out. In this lounge were two stewardesses, relaxing...plus a tall, important looking man. He was, it seems, a producer for the movie in Russia...which has Elizabeth Taylor in it plus a lot of other big names... and the stewardesses were questioning him about Liz Taylor and the movie. He was explaining all of the snafus and troubles they'd had in making the movie. One stewardess turned to me and asked me who wx I was, what did I do? Like a robot...I didn't answer but returned to my seat and got the copy of Saga magazine...and returned to them...and showed them what I do. I told them that I had, on many occasions, made lightning strike selected targets. There in the Saga magazine, was a page drawing... showing a bolt of lightening striking the tail of an airplane...with my name on it. The stewardess holding the magazine...her hands began to shake. She looked up at me. "Do you do this with your mind?" she asked. "Yes," I said, "with the help of UFO's. If I think it, it can happen. That's why I have to be so careful...while in planes... and keep my mind off of all of this sort of thing. It might happen." "Oh, my god!" she exclaimed. "Do you know why we turned back from landing at New York?" "Nope," I answered, "why did we?" She shook her head. "If you don't know," she answered, "then I'm not going to tell you. Do you mind...if I take these forward and show them to the Captain in the pilot's section?" (The Saga mags.) I said sure, why not? She took them forward and closed the door to the pilot's section behind her. I sipped my drink...then returned to my seat. She finally came out...after a long interval...and returned the Sagas to me, without a word...and averted her eyes from mine.

We finally landed at Kennedy...and the rain was pouring down and lightning was smashing and crackling all around. We hurried from the plane into the terminal. The tall producer passed me and yelled at me, "Did you make this storm?" I grinned and said no. Inside, I went to Customs. The Customs man looked at me, at my ticket...and said, "Were you on this flight?" I answered why, yes. He said, "You're lucky to be alive, do you know that?" I said, what? "Sure," he said, "the plane that tried to land ahead of yours was struck by lightning and it blew up!" "Oh, no," I said, "was anXybody hurt?" He gave me a funny look and said, yes. I went from there to the girl clerk at

P.S. (No room at bottom...one of a dozen [illegible]
would unesitatingly destroy the entire United States...the same way that they did that airplane...if I am killed or assassinated before my time to go.

National Airlines counter...and asked her what had happened. She laid it all out for me...and I got her complete answer on tape. A policeman near the plane while it was landing saw lightning hit its tail (just like the picture in the Saga article)...and the airplane exploded. He ran over and picked up what people he could find (the pieces of the airplane were scattered all over the field) and put them in his car and rushed them to a hospital.

Now, if you stop and think...here was a curious circumstance. What happens on the field...plane struck by lightening...is exactly as shown on the page of my Saga article...WHICH I HAD SHOWED TO THE STEWARDESS AND PILOT OF OUR PLANE!

I still am in the dark about this. The way it happened...is the exact way that I document my miracles constantly...except in this case I didn't know what I was documenting. Were the SI's trying to tell the government something? Or PyrCre? Were they unhappy because of the toughies around me on the flight? I simply do not know. And no answer has been given to me. But one thing I do know is... that was no accident.

Back at Cape Charles...while washing up...I showed Beau, my boy, pictures of Horus and Anubis...as shown in the Cairo museum. "Why, daddy," he exclaimed, "these are the very same pictures of creatures in the photograph in your book!" I said yes, that was true... but that I hadn't expected him to realize it so fast and so quickly. He didn't blink an eye..."and," he continued, "this Egyptian eye... isn't that on a dollar bill, along with a pyramid?" I looked at him, amazed. This was out of his own mind...he hadn't studied up on it... hadn't had time to read it, or even look at a dollar bill.

<u>CORRECTION</u>! I have gotten ahead of myself in my notes! A bit later on...on my tapes...the SI's communicated with me and said that they had set up the airplane being hit by lightening...to let the U.S. government and authorities know just how serious my work is with the SI's...and HOW SERIOUS THEY ARE. Then they flashed pictures into my mind...of the work Moses did....killing thousands of first-born Egyptian children...to make a point. Meaning, they can kill some people, too...although I am sure that it grieves them to do so...but to a greater purpose...like, perhaps, averting a nuKclear war which would kill, not a relative handful of people...but hundreds of millions. They had even controlled me...had me DOCUMENT the lightening/plane incident...by showing my mag to the people on the plane...so that it would be known that I was directlyx connected with the incident... with the SI's. And...they did this also...TO SHOCK ME. And teach me. What awesome reasponsibility I have now...linked up both with UMFO power and PyrCre. Also they wanted the U.S. govt. to know. Personally, I hated this incident. And the human half of me cries inside...for those in that plane. But...I know what the SI's mean. Hundreds of millions of humans can perish...unless I survive and progress with my work with the SI's and PyrCre. So...the FAA and the Fed know now, without any doubt whatsoever...who I am...and what I can do... and what the SI's can do.

Understand...I had nothing to do whatsoever with that airplane explosion. It was an SI demonstration completely. In their infinite chessboard plan of things.