

THE ITIBI-RA UFO-CONTACT CASE

in a some shorter version, than the [«full pdf»](#)

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It started in October 1964, on a train trip in INDIA, where the author of the book, met A VERY STRANGE MAN AND WOMAN.

Because he, the German-borne mill-machine seller Ludwig Pallman, had decided to try a sale-push in the big India in 1964, whereto he came by air. He was really a linguist, able to talk many languages. He travelled further inside INDIA then by train, but didn't really succeed in the business, in neither Bombay nor Calcutta, but so decided to take it as a kind of tourist-trip. So he then bough a ticket for Madras down south on October 10, 1964.

On the train, in his compartment, opposite to him, sat a some strange, but well-dressed, nice man with authority. He introduced himself by name name SatuRa-Ra. They began to talk, but after some time Pallman noticed.:

"... I was shocked when I saw that his voice came from a device on his chest - rather than from his mouth."

..."as we entered into conversation, I also noticed a peculiarity about his speech. Although - as I have already mentioned - his English was impeccable, and he spoke fluently enough, yet there was always a slight but definite hesitation before he spoke. It was, as if he were making the mental effort to say the first word, after which all the others would come spontaneously..."

At some point, the train stopped, at a station where lot of poor, sick people were gathered. Then this strange man went out and gave those poor people some kind of tablets! Pallman was surprised! When the train started again the stranger took Pallman with him into the poor-class in the train, and there he went about, healing and giving those poor sick travellers those same "healing tablets" - and within some minutes he saw recovery and quick changes for the better. Again true amazement!

On arrival in Madras, Pallmann asked SatuRa where he came from, having been unable to place his origin. There's no real mystery about me, my friend, came the response. I come from Cotosoti.

- I've never heard of that, said Pallmann. Where is it? In Central America?

No, no, my friend. It is on Itibi Ra2.

Now I know you are joking.

I assure you I am not.

I've travelled the world extensively, said Pallmann, and I've never heard of such a place. Whereabouts is it?

SatuRa merely pointed towards the eastern sky.

What he inferred, continued Palman, was that he came from another world, from another planet away out there in distant space.

All my life I had dealt with concrete things, concrete facts. Anything beyond that, and I would be the first to admit that I was getting out of my depth. Yet

undoubtedly I had spent the last twenty-four hours in the company of a flesh and blood person, albeit one with many remarkable attributes.

Later, at his hotel, Pallmann received an invitation from a distinguished-looking Indian to visit a certain address in Madras, adding the name of Mr SatuRa.

So, the following morning, Pallman took a taxi and found himself deposited at a palatial mansion, which turned out to be a museum-cum-art gallery, where SatuRa was staying.

After greeting Pallmann, SatuRa pointed to an image of Lord Vishnu, one of the principal Hindu deities, with images of strange aerial craft painted on to the sacred cloth. This is proof that earlier generations have observed the effigy of our out-of-space crafts having made an earlier landing, he said to the bemused Pallmann, who was yet to be convinced of SatuRa's alleged origin. Perhaps Itibi Ra might be an equivalent of the mythical Shangri-La, he wondered. Was SatuRa deluded? Or, more likely, was he trying to sell something?

At the back of my mind was the thought that there must be a commercial reason for this invitation, and I expected some sales-talk from my host, Pallmann continued. However, nothing of the sort happened.

The two spent a pleasant afternoon together, during which Pallmann was able to observe his host in a better light than hitherto.

"He had the light brown skin of a Eurasian, huge dark eyes, a rather small mouth and an unusual chin line. The lower part of the jaw looked slightly deformed. Then, there were those finger-tip gloves which he seemed to wear at all times, even though the weather was extremely hot. Above all, there was this peculiarity of speech, this complete reliance upon an electronic gadget to reproduce his voice.

After the train travel together with this SatuRa they went apart - Pallman to a hotel in Madras, thinking through his remarkable trip. After some time a messenger suddenly came to his hotel, and bid him to come to a certain house, a mansion, to where he took a taxi! It was a museum-art gallery, and only SatuRa was there in this big house!! Inside he showed him some art of the 'far Indian gods in flying discs', and later he also found similar god/saucer art of pre-columbian gods.

How this SatuRa looked like:

"..he had the light brown skin of a Eurasian, huge dark eyes, a rather small mouth, and an unusual chin line. The lower part of the jaw looked slightly deformed. Then there were those fingertip-gloves, which he seemed to wear all times. Even though the weather was extremely hot. Above all, there was this peculiarity of speech, this complete reliance upon an electronic gadget to reproduce his voice.."

There - in that mansion - he then got a special gold-ring from him, which he claimed was many time 10000years old, with a diamond, and it was a kind of communication -device also, he said!

Again Pallman was surprised of the function of the translator-device, that he first had believed was a kind of hearing aid.

THE STRANGERS SISTER, XITI.

On the evening of his second day in Benares, Pallmann was enjoying the night air in the garden of his hotel when the metal piece in the middle of the ring began to glow. Convinced it was a trick of the light, he tried moving it this way and that, but to no avail. If anything, the glow intensified. Suddenly, a mental image of SatuRa came into his mind. The whole thing was ridiculous, said Pallmann. It just could not happen. But there it was.

Shortly after 21.30, the unmistakable figure of SatuRa approached Pallmann and greeted him warmly. The two engaged in a lengthy conversation covering a wide range of topics. SatuRa had a keen sense of humour, and evinced a perfect understanding of Spanish when Pallmann lapsed into that language from time to time. Although SatuRa's voice itself was not peculiar, Pallmann noted, there was a quality about it that made the hearer feel the inner meaning of words.

If he spoke of pain, then you almost winced at the word. If he spoke of love, then you were blanketed in the sensation of love. It is a difficult thing to explain. The gadget gave the voice a new dimension, a subtlety such as I had not heard in any other human voice. Again, this set me pondering.

Pallmann showed SatuRa some photographs of various temples he had visited in Kashmir; different effigies to the numerous gods, pictures of priests and worshippers, and so on. You have been there? Pallmann asked.

-Yes, replied SatuRa. And- you know, my friend, he added sadly, religion is blind, just like love.

The two men sat down on a bench near the main entrance to the hotel which afforded them a clear view of the bystanders. A group of uniformed hotel staff was loitering around the entrance, watching the girls go by. When a particularly attractive girl, an airline hostess, walked down the stairs, the reaction of the girl-watchers drew a smile from SatuRa. What men won't do for the sight of a pretty face and figure, he remarked. It is the same in all the Universe.

Asked by SatuRa if he could invite his sister, Xiti, along for the evening, Pallmann readily agreed to the idea. Then I will summon her, said SatuRa. Naturally assuming that SatuRa would go to the reception area to telephone Xiti, Pallmann was shocked to see him go into what looked like a trance.

The expression on his face changed. It seemed as if that different chin was suddenly possessed by lock-jaw, The eyes, too, were widely dilated. Curiously, the light seemed to leave his eyes, as though someone had turned off a switch at the back of the retina. Just as suddenly, SatuRa came back to normal, as if nothing unusual had happened.

I for my part felt in need of a drink, commented Pallmann, so I called

a servant across and ordered Scotch and soda for both of us. As the servant departed, an attractive lady advanced upon the two men, whom Pallmann assumed to be Xiti. As she approached, he thought it peculiar that he had not noticed her before. It was almost as if she had materialized in front of the men. My subconscious choice of mental words staggered me, he continued. I had thought in terms of materialization. She had come from a well-lit area. I could see everything and everybody in the vicinity of the hotel entrance. Yet I had not seen her until she neared the bench on which SatuRa and I were sitting.

Xiti, however, proved to be very much a material girl, and from the start, Pallmann found himself irresistibly attracted to her. She walked with a gliding, undulating movement, a movement in which body and arms moved rhythmically in a way that I had only noticed before with her brother.

There could be little doubt that this was SatuRa's sister. There was that same different chin formation, those same compelling eyes, that same air of charm and of authority. And when we were introduced, she looked me straight in the eyes in a way that few women do. But there was no pert boldness in that look, merely fearlessness and utter frankness.

Her every movement was a study in gracefulness. She was dressed in a glittering evening gown, as though she had just left a very formal reception. But although the ensemble was exotic in the extreme, there was no hint of the oriental about it, except that her tiny feet were enhanced by golden sandals. An orange half-veil accentuated rather than hid her matchless beauty.

Although Xiti spoke normally, it was evident that she employed the same technique for communicating as did her brother. On a small bejewelled brooch around her neck was presumably an electronic gadget of some type. Her voice came from the heart of this fine, small brooch, Pallmann elaborated, yet the sound synchronized with her lip movements. This was one of the refinements of the gadget. Never were lip movements out of phase with the sound.

During the subsequent conversation, mostly in English, Pallmann decided to try an experiment. While SatuRa's and Xiti's understanding and use of Spanish were excellent, was it possible that a colloquial accent might confuse them? I persisted with my experiment, continuing to speak in Spanish, but ringing the changes, so that at one time I spoke as though I were a native of Spain, the next of Peru.

Their facial expressions changed as I altered my intonation. I could see their puzzlement reflected in their eyes. They looked at each other intently, as though they were listening to strange, unknown sounds. They seemed to be caught in some mental activity induced by imagined sensory impressions that were causing them some tension and ill-feeling. Immediately, they switched back into English. Thus I knew that they were not truly polyglot but were relying on some mechanical device—the gadget worn by SatuRa and the brooch by Xiti.

THE UNTOUCHABLES.

The following morning, Pallmann was wandering along the banks of the sacred Ganges River in Benares when he was suddenly joined by SatuRa. How he had known precisely where to find Pallmann, among the throngs of people, was a mystery. SatuRa led the way in the direction of the Ramakrishna Monastery. Because of certain primitive elements and castes which cling to Indian society, said Pallmann, I was surprised to

find my friend amongst these, the poorest and most miserable creatures: the untouchables. Soon, they were mixing with other castes in the middle of the mahabhinishkamana (the way to ultimate resignation), the vast dumping ground where people, young and old, men and women, who are at death s door, are brought to await the end. SatuRa began to go about his ministrations.

I have never seen anybody, man or woman, professional or amateur welfare worker, act with such compassion and gentleness as I saw SatuRa carry out his works of mercy, continued Pallmann. SatuRa headed directly to a dirty, crying child, huddled over the body of her mother who had just died. With the utmost care, SatuRa washed the child as best he could and spoke comfortingly to her.

Shortly afterwards, Xiti, dressed in a green sari, appeared on the scene. She, too, was ministering to those children in need. Seeing one little girl covered with open sores, Xiti took out a yellow paste of some sort and covered the sores. The effect was little short of miraculous, said Pallmann. The girl stopped crying and even managed a faint smile. The ointment seemed to be as much a panacea as the tablets that SatuRa had dispensed on the train.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.

That evening, Xiti having left the scene, SatuRa hailed a rickshaw and informed Pallmann that they were going to visit the Children of God, the name given to a pitiful, primitive crematorium on the banks of the Ganges. I counted almost forty funeral fires, some so close that they were almost contiguous, remarked Pallmann. We could see small, tormented limbs dangling outside the immediate orbit of flames until the consuming fire broke them off. The attendants snatched up the freed arms and legs and threw them back into the flames as if they were feeding a garden fire more twigs. It was a sickening experience,

Life to these children had meant nothing but suffering and despair. What else could be expected in a country afflicted by poverty and starvation, set in a world riddled by fear, hate and war? These are reasons why nameless children are burnt at night beside a majestic Indian river.

In a sad and reflective mood, the two returned to the hotel. It was there

that Pallmann came to accept SatuRa for what he claimed to be.

Until that moment of truth, there were certain things that he had said that I had taken with the proverbial grain of salt. After the moment of truth, I was prepared to accept everything he said as gospel. Henceforth, as far as I was concerned, he, and Xiti for that matter, was always a witness of the truth. I don't know what alchemy it was that brought us to the moment of truth. Whatever the cause, on that memorable night I accepted that SatuRa had come from another planet named Itibi Ra II, and that his people had discovered Earth in much the same way that Columbus had discovered the New World: by a deliberate voyage of exploration?

FURTHER DIFFERENCES.

There was something about SatuRa's smile which bothered Pallmann: his teeth never showed. Perhaps this had something to do with the rather different jaw formation and the fact that his long, thin and sensitive lips always seemed to cover the teeth completely. Pallmann's curiosity had not gone unnoticed. SatuRa explained that, for many thousands of years, men and women on his planet had lived without teeth, gradually finding them unnecessary. However, on Earth, they did use a type of artificial support that kept the shape of their mouths similar to those of humans. On closer inspection, Pallmann noticed that SatuRa and Xiti had rather small tongues.

Pallmann's wish to inspect his friends' fingers was also granted graciously. When the protective covers were removed, the differences were immediately apparent.

In contrast to the feminine hand, the male finger-tips are flat and round, like little discs. Extremely sensitive they must be as there are no nails whatever, with the very rosy, fine and soft flesh extending to the very end of each finger. Xiti's hands were a true masterwork of nature: pointed and extremely thin, very long, entirely different from her brother's.

Both SatuRa and Xiti appeared to be very amused at Pallmann's mystification. But because of their kindness and frankness they came so much closer to my heart, he added. They spoke to me like real friends, telling me also the reason for these differences.

It seems that they are able to analyse sound, and perhaps are even able to hear through the sensitive nerves of their finger-tips. Also, at later times, I became sure of the fact that they were using their fingers as we would use our tongues for tasting and exploring, specially when doing biological research work.

THE AMAZON RIVER STORY.

Ludwig Pallmann did not see SatuRa or Xiti in India again. In Zurich, he took the peculiar ring to a jeweller, who commented that the pre-Columbian design and gold-work of the God on its surface were

unlike anything he had ever seen, and recommended that the ring should be shown to a specialist. The diagnosis of this expert was that he believed this to be a masterwork of great value, belonging to one of the earliest pre-Columbian dynasties, claimed Pallmann. What intrigued them to the point of utmost curiosity was the metal insert, which I believe to be of extra-terrestrial origin.

A few years went by. Pallmann was busy installing milling and pulverizing plants in Argentina, Mexico, Colombia and Peru. While in Mosquito, Peru, he heard an interesting story from an Austrian tour guide, a rugged individual who had spent much time in remote jungle areas in that part of the country. On the other side of the Bavaria River, I saw several white explorers turned native, related the guide, describing an incident that had occurred while he was suffering from a fever. The funniest people I ever met; with hands so strange, that I thought them to be from a different world. Pallmann pricked up his ears.

They might have talked a lot of nonsense, the guide continued, but they were such fine engineers. They even fixed a broken out-board propeller blade for me so that I could get back to the Bavaria. For all their craziness, they were good at doctoring as well. Pallmann bought the guide a drink and pumped him for more information. The Austrian opened up somewhat.

This fellow with the funny mouth, a legacy of some fever, I suppose, gave me a tablet to swallow. I felt better almost immediately. Then he gave me some fruit juice. That was the best fruit juice I've ever tasted. Yes, they were white folk turned native all right. I told them to give it up, and come back to civilization, but they refused, I told the missionaries on the Brazil side of the border what I'd seen out there on the Bavaria River. They would not believe a word I said. Made out it was the fever. Said no white man would dare to go into cannibal country.

THE HOSPITAL VISIT.

In early 1967, Pallmann was sent to the Mason Francis Hospital in Lima for an operation on his right kidney. Fortunately, he was allocated a pleasant room with a private bath on the ground floor of the hospital, with an inner door that led to an antechamber and thence out to a patio garden. He resigned himself to a three-day wait in what was then a heatwave.

On the second night, racked with pain, Pallmann reached for the bell-push. It was almost three in the morning. My groping fingers failed to find the bell-push that would summon help and relief. But I did find something else: a hand that came from the pain-racked night and clasped my own. Tormented by pain as I was, I still felt a shock when I found my hand grasped by another slim, warm one. It was Xiti.

Without a word, Xiti smiled, took the ring off Pallmann's finger, and gave him one of her healing tablets. Because of his pain, he had failed to notice that the metal inset was glowing. A faint light reflected from Xiti's talking device. Still without speaking, she ran her fingers over his fevered brow. The pain and fever immediately subsided, and he embraced her in gratitude. She stayed for the remainder of the night.

The Plantation.

As they talked, Xiti told him about a nurse at the hospital, Maria Navaid, whom she had wanted to see, but had hesitated to do so for several reasons. It so happened that this young lady had been rescued as a baby by the mestizos, (racially mixed people), and the Austrian tour guide, near the town of Alpaca on the Causality River, and raised by the Catholic sisters who ran the hospital. SatuRa and Xiti knew Maria's mother, whom they had rescued after she had been terribly beaten in an area near their first landing site. Having been healed by her rescuers, Xiti explained, she had been taken to their home planet. Perhaps because she had been unable to adjust to the different planet, she had died soon afterwards.

Xiti predicted that Pallmann would be free of pain for six months. And so he was. I became the miracle patient of the famous Mason Francis Hospital, Pallmann declared. When the doctors came around to put me on the operating table, I had already eaten a very heavy breakfast, a thing I had not done for almost three weeks. I had gotten out of bed, a new man in need of a hot and cold bath. Feeling perfectly well, I had ventured outside and eaten in one of the little Chinese coffee-shops, the chifas, as they are called.

You should have seen the raised eyebrows, the looks of disbelief among the medical people when, instead of being wheeled into the operating theatre, I told them I was going to discharge myself as cured. They could tell by just looking at me that I was infinitely better, and although they agreed to postpone the operation, they insisted that I should remain in the hospital at least until the next day in order to make another series of exhaustive tests, and also to ensure themselves that I did not have a relapse.

Pallmann readily consented to the proposal. For the rest of the day he was submitted to a battery of tests. All proved negative.

Later that day, Pallmann asked Sister Marta at the hospital if he could meet Maria Navaid. The meeting was brief, and rather poignant. When Pallmann mentioned that he had heard about her rescue as a baby, and her mother, the nurse looked stunned, then tears ran down her cheeks. She spoke not a word, and Pallmann felt ashamed for having asked her for more information.

AN ALIEN LIAISON?

The following morning, Pallmann left the hospital and checked in at the Savoy Hotel in Lima, having been unable to find accommodation at the Hotel Crillon, where he had a pre-arranged meeting with Xiti at the Sky Room that evening. Her entrance created quite a stir. Immediately, and because of the minute blue veil she wore, said Pallmann, people noticed the subtle difference between her and ourselves, our people, from our planet. By this, I mean not just cultured Peruvians, or the many Europeans and North Americans staying at this famous first-class hotel, but even the less instructed bell-boys and lift operators, stared at Xiti. But instead of finding her embarrassed or shy, she looked at me and everybody else with the greatest of ease. Pallmann ordered drinks and the couple spent the rest of the night together.

During the next few days, Pallmann began to learn more about his friends from Itibi Ra II. Xiti's feeling of security, for example, was apparently related to the advanced spiritual and mental perceptions practised by these people, what Xiti supposedly referred to in their language as mat myna, or science of soul. They are able to read our very thoughts, Pallmann averred, and may be able to influence our thoughts should this be necessary because of security reasons.

Xiti's interest in and enjoyment of music were immense. When passing a record store in Lima, for instance, she showed delight in the rhythm of the Colombian cambium. Seldom have I seen a happier look on someone's face as this strange woman passed the record store, remarked Pallmann.

To obtain the local currency, Xiti gave Pallmann's several gold ingots, which he exchanged at a commercial house in Union Street. Even though quite a few adventurers and certain Indian natives in Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru still traded in gold at that time, Pallmann claimed that the beautifully melted and carved ingots surprised the specialists.

INSIDE THE FLYING SAUCER.

Pallmann gladly accepted an invitation from Xiti to see her brother in Yinchuan, a town high in the Andes about 130 miles east of Lima. On arriving at the station, on 17 February 1967, Pallmann did not at first recognize SatuRa.

He was dressed very much like the natives, with heavy woollen gear. There wasn't much difference to be noticed between his looks and the taxi driver whom he had charged with helping to unload all our baggage. (Xiti, Pallmann remarked, had brought with her suitcases full of books, records, seeds, and God knows what else.)

Some distance outside Yinchuan, the taxi driver was paid and the three were left by themselves. It was while they were watching the sun go down from a peaceful lakeside that Pallmann claims he saw his first flying saucer. It was an awe-inspiring experience.

So much has been written and talked about on the subject of unidentified flying objects and a great deal of money has been spent by various military and private research investigators, Pallmann explained, but despite all this, when you actually see a flying saucer for the first time, I believe that not one in a million scientific investigators would be able to explain the fantastic feeling that I experienced.

Pallmann's subsequent description of the craft reads as if it were science fiction. In many ways—more fantastic than descriptions given by other contactees, it is, nonetheless, fascinating, and should come as a challenge to critics who often find such descriptions suspicious.

There was a soft but painful noise, or rather reverberation, as the saucer glided towards the edge of the lake, right to the spot where we were waiting. As the noise [reduced] a few decibels from painful to bearable, the saucer hovered, and opened up underneath its circular surface. Like a giant crooking his little finger, an embarkation device, soft and gripping at the same time, scooped us up and deposited us in some kind of antiseptic reception quarter.

Immediately, I became aware of the biological, vegetational, cellular structure - similar to soft polyethylene - embellished with exquisite designs and symbols. Only the flooring was a little harder, and I suppose the reason for this must be its mirror-like quality. Through this floor, [one could see what looked like] a billion nerves and blood vessels.

Inside the craft there was a discreet hum; the rhythm like the sound associated with low-voltage waves, or with turbines, as I thought then. Evidently, the reverberations I had heard and felt when first observing the flying saucer settle were either linked with particular manoeuvres, or were merely externalized noise.

Pallmann's as he was stripped to the buff to take a bath. During the bath, he fell asleep, then woke to find himself in a very comfortable, soft sleeping device, suspended like a hammock, but attached to many hundreds of fine and multi-coloured veins and vessels. This, I later was told, is part of a medical computer system, (health analysis during sleep forming only a small part of life-preserving treatments).

Xiti, who had either risen earlier or not slept at all, brought Pallmann a kimono-like garment to wear. Breakfast was not to his taste.

I found the gelatinous-looking plants from their planet impossible to eat, and I tried the complicated arrangement of small containers from which I was supposed to sip. I was curious about the contents of these gadgets, so I started to sip at random. They all had a wonderful time just laughing like children about my lousy behaviour. The wife of one of the astronauts showed me how to do it. Nevertheless, I left practically with an empty stomach.

THE EYE.

One of the most remarkable discoveries for Pallmann was the absence of doors, locks, keys or rooms, such as we know them, (though private quarters are alluded to later). No mention is made of toilet arrangements. Everything, even the commanding cell, called nano or the eye, formed part of the biological structure of the craft.

There was not one straight line, so to speak, in the whole space-craft, nor were the circular forms exactly circular. At all times, the eye of the craft is part of this body. This centre unit of the craft was so geared with other instruments that its power of involvement was complete. In other words, the eye centre unit is some kind of an activated memory, a transmitting and receiving centre, similar to our brains, I was able to experience later how this individual brain of the saucer became part of the giant system of cosmic generator-brains and, in particular, how this great individual unit had to be considered a minute part of the great memory computer on the home planet itself.

THE HOME PLANET.

At all times, Pallmann was encouraged by his hosts to ask questions and to give them his impressions. From an observation post, he was shown images of the home planet (in a solar system located towards the centre of our galaxy, he learnt later), such as methods of transportation, food-processing installations, biological machinery and various instruments.

I even listened to a concert, and invaded some of their homes, he claimed. I use the word invaded deliberately, because the involvement brought about by the eye makes one feel as if one is actually going to these places; going to the concert, for example, or visiting friends in their own home.

Everybody looked happy in this Utopian society. Everybody seemed to be smiling, young and old. There didn't appear to be many unhealthy people about, but the generator was trained on to what they call health centres, and I saw that even patients there were smiling.

Linked with the all-pervading air of happiness on Itibi Ra II was an atmosphere of calmness and serenity. No one seemed out of patience. Nobody appeared to be in a hurry.

Pallmann liked what he saw of the aliens' architecture. Most of their homes were built along river banks and the sides of lakes and other waterways. Their architecture was unlike any I had seen on Earth, except in futuristic exhibitions. They delighted in dominant colours.

THE FACTORY PLANET.

What intrigued Pallmann most about Itibi Ra II was that it was fused with two very small satellite planets. One of these smaller planets functioned as a giant biological artificial heart, pumping power into the fused planet, while the other acted as a factory. The Itibi Ryans, we are told, separate all artificial and mechanical working machinery from their normal, domestic surroundings.

Through the eye-generator I was able to peer right into the bowels of this factory-planet. To me, it looked for all the world like an opened-up octopus. The vast number of tentacles were, I suppose, the channels and cables tapping the power sources. It was from The Factory that my friends had.

A portrait of the extraterrestrial lady, initially encountered by Ludwig Pallmann in India in 1964, painted by the Polish painter, Vera Waleska, and commissioned by Pallmann. Xiti had unusually large eyes, peculiar fingertips, and sometimes wore a delicate blue veil, depicted here. She is shown surrounded by some of the plants that allegedly were being hybridized by the extraterrestrials, and (top right), the three disc-shaped spacecraft based at the plantation. Unable to reproduce on canvas Xiti's extremely unusual clothes, as described by Pallmann, Waleska painted her in the seventeenth-century French style.

We shall never be able to experience what these conditions really mean, as our palates are not as sensitive as theirs. Having stopped eating solid food, having forgotten how to kill an animal and eat it, they also have entirely different nerves. No more war, on human beings or animals, except in self-defence. They have become planters, scientists, explorers, teachers, religious philosophers (religiophilosophical), biologists, et.

TELEVISUAL COMMUNICATION AND SPORT.

During Pallmann's third day on board the spacecraft at the plantation, he observed Xiti talking to her parents on a two-way communication system similar to a television. On touching it, however, he discovered that, just like the spacecraft itself, it seemed to be of a biophysical nature. The conversation was in the Itibi Ryans' own language, which Pallmann described as a rather high-pitched melodic whispering, very charming and, with humorous undertones. He was also able to see Xiti's parents' home and others in the neighbourhood. At one time, Xiti also spoke to a neighbour of her parents and the eye-generator had gone directly into the inside of her house, also very charmingly decorated with symbols similar to those I saw within the space-craft.

To Pallmann's surprise, Xiti then switched channels, as it were, to a sporting event. I must say it was one of the hardest games I ever saw in my entire life.

I understood that the huge amount of players, perhaps 7,000 young men,

were engaged in a giant-size ball game, where a final selection of the most able and strongest also ended with the victory of the most intelligent team. To play this substitute for war, the young Itibi Ryans used several hundred computerized, electronically controlled gadgets, very similar to multicoloured footballs. I understood that not the referee, but the different balls (perhaps also interconnected with each other) have to decide the game. To me, the whole thing looked like football on a giant chess board, played rapidly over a playing field of about five [square] miles. Decisions were made by those having reached a higher commanding status because of bravery and intelligent behaviour.

The hardness and often brutal behaviour of many lower-rank players really surprised me. It seemed to be absolutely contrary of what I had thought about the Itibi Ryans so far. I asked Xiti about it, she explained that these events have prevented war and bloodshed for many thousands of years. And yet, these games, she said, made it possible to keep the inborn and instinctive fighting condition of mankind intact. There is also the genetic reason to keep fit, to be healthy through hardship and sporting bravery.

SPACE-TIME TECHNOLOGY.

There were three spacecraft at the Miriam base, of which only one carried a crew. The other two were uninhabited supply craft. I must emphasize,

Pallmann pointed out, that only science-fiction calls space-ships flying saucers. That is a solecism of fantasy. I doubt if space-ships actually fly in the accepted sense of the word. They are propelled by cosmic waves.

A minimum fleet of twenty-seven to thirty ships are needed for operating within our solar system. The power units, or the carriers, are at all times above the control and supply ships. It is the carriers that arrange for the power to be switched on or off. The three-dimensional fusion of the carriers accords with the cosmic condition of the third dimension itself, and this makes it possible to [reach] a target at a very high speed, much faster, indeed, than the speed of light.

Several hundred thousand years ago, Pallmann was informed, the Itibi Ryans had been obliged to evacuate their dehydrating planet of origin (Itibi Ra), an evacuation involving several trips to and from the old planet to move people, animals, insects, plants, biological machines, recording devices, musical instruments, and so on. Indeed, wrote Pallmann, only the necessity to survive had forced the Itibi Ryan scientists to think about travelling on to another planet and to create the necessary means of transportation. Pallmann's elaboration of these necessary means is hard to follow, and harder still to swallow.

Only because of their highly advanced understanding of all life-creating ways of nature were they able to create and test a series of dimensional filtering and prismatic-type life-receiving space-batteries, reacting to the inter-cosmic

forces of colour, light, temperature, time, and other cosmic waves. The Itibi Ryans, created a new, fascinating interconnection of cosmic batteries, reaching the dimensional scientific switch from receiving to sending cosmic forces. In other words, instead of waves being received, activated and returned, they were able to move with the activated returned waves themselves.

Assuming Pallmann's story to be neither the product of a deluded mind nor an outright hoax, such a vague elaboration might well be due to his own failure to grasp what was told to him. The biological structure of the space-craft makes it impossible, even for a technically trained man

brains, our nerves, transmit orders to our bodies to move heavy weights.

Yes, they tried to explain! But I do not even know how a television circuit works, much less shall I ever understand this.

A PARADOX.

It was implied that ordinary human beings were as yet not conditioned to accept or mix freely with the Itibi Ryans. Yet, paradoxically, the local Indian peasants not only mixed freely with, but were employed by the extraterrestrials to work on their plantations. As Pallmann explained:

These Indians were employed on very humdrum tasks, keeping the area free of insects, because, despite the protective covers, insects did manage to find their way into the seedlings and saplings. The Indians looked upon their employers as light-skinned foreigners from another part of the world. I doubt if they gave a second thought to the rather unusual chin formation of the Itibi Ryans. In any case, the simple Amazon Indians would not have believed that people could come from other planets. They would have rejected the story in exactly the same way as most of us would reject the idea of several men having been landed on the Moon, if we had not seen it on TV.

At first, SatuRa told Pallmann, the local Indians looked upon us with some caution. But then Xiti and I began to heal their wounds, and cure their sick. They soon came to accept us. On one occasion, Pallmann claims to have witnessed a group of Indians alighting from a spacecraft.

Out stepped the most audacious group of wild-looking but smiling savages followed by a bunch of serious Itibi Ryan explorers. There was plenty of excitement, but what really made me shake my head was this: these, perhaps the most feared man-eaters of the endless forests, were laughing and giggling like little girls. What an excursion it must have been,

The Itibi Ryans had known these men already since their first landing near Alpaca. The amazing thing I discovered was the age of these Indians: all over 50 years, looking as healthy and young as those Indians being only 20 or 25. Another controversy! Had they been used as guinea-pigs by the Itibi Ryans?

LENISLAN.

Though reluctant to talk about the possible use of the Indians as guinea-pigs, Xiti was more forthcoming when discussing certain discoveries her people had made regarding ancient South American civilizations. These discoveries were allegedly made during advanced forms of excavation in certain areas, while the Indians stood guard near strategic waterways and swamp-passages. The Itibi Ryans had located the remains of a huge long-lost city, given the name of Linislan, buried beneath a layer of seven feet of tropical growth. There, inside a temple, they discovered a huge pre-Columbian symbol, which they said proved that many thousands of years ago another extraterrestrial civilization had first landed on Earth. Xiti showed Pallmann a similar symbol on one of the control panels of the spacecraft.

A FRUITFUL TRIP.

By this time, Ludwig Pallmann was becoming increasingly concerned about his business affairs: a backlog of work awaited him in Lima. Yet so fascinating was the time he spent with the Itibi Rayans that when invited by them for a trip to Colombia, on 20 February 1967, he accepted immediately.

Another thing that bothered him was how SatuRa and Xiti, and others of their race, managed to travel around various countries without some sort of passports. What would happen if one of their men or women was arrested? Little did I know, wrote Pallmann, besides the fact that Xiti used a perfectly imitated Argentine passport, that all Itibi Rayans know exactly what to do and what not to do. For instance, in many countries, it is useless to show a passport if that passport does not show an entry stamp from the airport police.

On the trip to Colombia, SatuRa decided not to use passports at all, but to proceed at night and only stay a very limited time and at a place where the chances of detection were absolutely out of the question. Shortly after 22.00, the craft departed for Colombia. As Pallmann described the trip:

The extremely short criss-cross over great altitude and distance was a disappointment. Exactly like on the first flight near Huancayo to the Mirim River base, I did not notice, see, hear or feel anything at all. But I did observe, and with the utmost interest, the immediate and very clever control-craft protection carried out in the darkness of what I was able to understand to be a huge delta swamp of the Magdalena River south of Barranquilla, [on the Caribbean Sea coastline of] Colombia.

Within seconds the space-craft had covered itself with a special liquid coming out of a million pores which, besides being a perfect element of camouflage and natural colouring, also served as a bacteria and insect repelling agent. This only lasted about five to ten minutes.

When finished, we immediately embarked in two very comfortable and very flat speed-boats [which] on both sides, and on the bottom, were propelled by tiny and silent generators. There was no motor at all but a great number of air-jets, working in absolute silence. I figured the speed [at] about 30 to 35 m.p.h., and the trip itself lasted well over an hour. I was only able to speak to Mr SatuRa, as Xiti had not received clearance to join the party and all the other crew members did not carry language computers.

The group reached Barranquilla and found an isolated spot on the embankment. Most of the Itibi Rayans wanted to rest and observe the neighbourhood, but SatuRa invited Pallmann to see the night life of Barranquilla, Colombia's largest coastal town. Naturally, it was the fruit above all else which attracted SatuRa. SatuRa displayed a naivety that was astounding for one so astute as himself, wrote Pallmann, who had given his friend some Peruvian money to purchase samples. He inspected the fruit, turning and prodding, but he did not buy anything. Instead, he offered a stall-seller money merely for the privilege of inspecting the stock, smiled politely, then moved on to the next stall. Each stallholder accepted the money with alacrity. I suppose they looked on the money as a tip given to them by an eccentric foreigner.

Pallmann, meanwhile, having been starved of real food for several days, devoured a grilled half-chicken, upsetting SatuRa in the process. I knew what he was thinking: that it was a crime to kill a bird just for a human being to eat it. At that moment, I must confess, I was out of sympathy with Itibi Ryan philosophy. Meanwhile, another member of the crew, Mr Huia, second-in-command of SatuRa's spacecraft, appeared on the scene, and the trio set off for another market.

Examining a arguably closely, SatuRa asked Pallmann for a detailed description of this, to him, unknown fruit. Having satisfied himself that the fruit could be cultivated, some was bought. An hour was spent looking for a specimen of the arguably plant, but to no avail, so the following morning Pallmann went back to Barranquilla, where he was directed to the town of Santa Marta, across the river. Here, his search eventually bore fruit when he located some cuttings, which were handed to SatuRa at the rendezvous point the following night.

During the trip, Pallmann had bought himself a new camera, with a view to taking some photographs of the Itibi Rayans, their plantation and their craft. But it was not to be. As I feared, SatuRa took a special interest in the camera, wrote Pallmann.

He told me about Mat Manya, the science of soul based on ancient beliefs. Not that my friends believe in reincarnation, but, definitely, they do not care for photos and pictures because of certain implications. I understood that, besides certain security restrictions, they simply do not care about their looks. They are devoid of all vanity, pride or feeling of superiority. During all the time, and particularly where Xiti was concerned, I never saw them use a mirror.

SatuRa confiscated the camera until Pallmann returned to Lima a week later.

BACK AT THE PLANTATION.

At the Mirim River plantation, Pallmann was show how the Itibi Ryan botanists went about their research and cultivation work. The plantation itself was laid out under huge green protective sheets.

Air filters and humidifiers had been installed at strategic points so that, no matter what the weather, the plant biologists could always have controlled weather conditions inside the flavour station. The main path through the plantation complex separated the station into two sections, each of which was made self-contained by means of coloured dividing sheets that were rigged tree-high.

In front of the actual biology research laboratory was a wing consisting of several large tents [where] many vegetable guinea-pigs, which had been brought from Itibi Ra II, had been transplanted, and had then been used as

required for grafting on to samples of Earth vegetation [in order] to obtain as fine a strain of individual plant life as it was possible to get by uniting the best of Earth types with the best of the Itibi Ra types.

The biology research laboratory, was a series of interconnecting marquees, stretching for some 350 feet, and was some 60 feet wide. It was divided off into experimental bays, rather like the operating rooms of hospitals. In these bays, the finest instruments were used to dissect the cells of plants: the veins and stems were put under close scrutiny. X-ray pictures were taken, not the normal plate-type X-rays but a continuous record, rather like a roll of film. The plant surgeons, could watch on separate left- and right-hand panels let into the wall. On these panels, the eye-computer projected a continuous report of the dissection as it proceeded. These television-type panels were studied throughout the entire process by special observation officers, who indicated their opinions to a chief scientific officer who controlled the actual work itself. The biologists sat at their work in the Oriental manner.

RELAXATION.

Pallmann was invited to visit the bathing tents on the plantation. The Itibi Rayans, he learned, bathed at least twice a day: before going to work and when work was finished in the late afternoon. Their bathing habit's are a combination of the Finnish and Japanese, claimed Pallmann. The normal bath is like the Finnish sauna unit, and they have both wet and dry bath units. Because of their lack of inhibitions about nakedness, men and women bathe together.

I noticed that Xiti, who is meticulous about her personal hygiene, was scrubbing furiously as if she had done filthy work in the laboratories. I remarked upon this, and she frowned a little. Can you not smell? she demanded, then she told me to my face that I had eaten meat. I laughed like an idiot. On two occasions I had eaten chicken in Barranquilla. Xiti grinned and pulled a face at me.

The domestic arrangements on board the spacecraft also drew Pallmann's admiration.

The dining quarter and health lounges were bright with decorations. Lovely, soft divans and deep cushions, gay with floral patterned covers, invited relaxation after the day's work. I admired the way in which the women, some being the wives of the astronauts, who shared similar jobs to the men all day, could shed their technical role during off-duty hours and revert to an essential femininity such as one experiences in Japan. They even took it upon themselves to see to the domestic side of the expedition.

RELIGION AND SOCIETAL DEVELOPMENT.

Asked about their religion, or cosmophilosophy as Pallmann called it, Xiti and SatuRa said that their people make no distinction between God and Nature, referring to them (in English at least) as God-Nature.

Disregarding the laws of Nature, said SatuRa, is disregarding the laws of God, because God is Nature and Nature is God. 21 The value of religion, Pallmann was told, should depend on the active role it is able to play in civilization's progressive and futuristic pattern.

Regarding the future of our society, SatuRa predicted that a new social and political structure would be brought about within 100 years. As Pallmann described it:

I was very much surprised when SatuRa told me about a great feeling of friendship which shall come about over many nations on our planet because of a unique political situation I never believed possible. He mentioned [that] the whole planet Earth, within one hundred years from now, will benefit from the friendship he predicted between the United States and Russia.²²

SatuRa's prediction about the superpowers has come to pass. Let us hope for the predicted era of friendship on a wider scale.

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

According to the Itibi Rayans, Earth is one of a number of planets, referred to as cancer planets, which are particularly prone to cancer. In addition to the known or suspected causes, they laid the blame on our modern, artificial and materialistic life-style (citing the lack of cancer among the Amazon Indians), as well as on other, sometimes inherited factors, such as fear, stress and sexual repression. Added Pallmann:

They also know that we suffer as a result of many mental disorders, besides our many physical disorders, like blood and respiratory disorders. They have

seen for themselves that our stomachs, hearts and glands are not working like theirs, that 80 per cent of us are suffering from some kind of constant tension and of what they know as, unnatural irregularity, leading to cancer.²³

SatuRa claimed to be 250 years old, measured in our terms; a modest age when compared with Walter Rizzi's alien, who communicated that his race lived up to one hundred times that of Earth people. Compared with ordinary human beings, SatuRa would have been in his early forties. He expected to die sometime between the years 2210 and 2220.²⁴

Overpopulation was given as one of the main causes of misery on planet Earth. SatuRa and Xiti emphasized the need for both political and religious leaders to impose the strictest regulations to control our present growth of population.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

On Itibi Ra II, couples fall in love, marry and have children as we do, but, Pallmann was informed, marriages normally break up soon after the children enter an educational centre when they are about six years old. (The seven-year itch, it seems, is not restricted to Earthlings.)

At first shocked by this custom, Pallmann came to appreciate the fact that, if monogamy were practised on Itibi Ra II, some marriages would have to last for 400 years or more! Sam pointed out that, although incompatibility between marriage partners was normal after the seven-year period, compatibility, resulting in long-term unions, did occur. Such unions did not require the sanction of the equivalent of a registry office ceremony, or even a formal exchange of vows. SatuRa's current union (with a woman from another planet), he told Pallmann, had lasted for 90 years.

Having also learned from SatuRa about the erotic behaviour of the Itibi Rayans, Pallmann had initially considered including some details in his book, but the publisher had advised against it. Actually, all I wanted to do was to describe the very healthy and natural behaviour of another civilization, he explained. Yet Pallmann, too, imposed censorship. There are matters on which I have had to maintain my privacy, he wrote earlier, seemingly contradicting his later remark. As far as I am concerned, and especially as far as the sexual habit's of the Itibi Rayans are concerned, I have tried to reveal exactly nothing, and I believe I do have the right to do this, simply because our own sexual habit's are far from free.

On 26 February 1967, SatuRa sadly informed Pallmann that his people had received orders to evacuate their plantations in South America. The following day, he was taken back by spacecraft to the Peruvian highland lake where he had originally been picked up.

DISAPPOINTING NEWS.

Nearly two years passed. Pallmann bought a property in El Salvador, Central America, a lakeside fishing and hunting lodge affording magnificent views of the surrounding scenery, including the San Vicente volcano. He began writing the manuscript of a book describing his claimed experiences with the Itibi Rayans. I had lost some of my diaries and it wasn't an easy job to find dates and names. Certain places and words I had synchronized by sound I could not write down in human language at all, he explained. I simply had to use similar words and sentences so far as the dialogue with these people is concerned. 30 The Itibi Rayans, he further explained, do not use letters or print. As to use of the Egyptian word Ra, for example, which surprised Pallmann, this was taken as further evidence that the Itibi Rayans had been on Earth thousands of years ago.

About two weeks after taking over the property, on 15 January 1969, he felt a burning sensation from the ring SatuRa had given him, the inset flashing and gleaming. Later, having taken his small motor-boat to a sandy beach near the Isla del Altar, he noticed that the normally placid waters of the lake were ruffled by several huge concentric circles. There could be but one explanation, he wrote. Somewhere near at hand, my friends from Itibi Ra II had effected a landing. Shortly afterwards he encountered the figure of SatuRa, sitting motionless on a rock. He was inexpressibly sad. I noticed that his clothing was of a dark green, that he wore a broad instrument belt, on which was a much larger talking device than the one to which I had become accustomed when I had stayed with him.

Where is Xiti? Is she with you? asked Pallmann.

Xiti is dead, came the shocking reply, in SatuRa's own language (Ximsi Xiti Ta sat), followed by the confirmatory translation in French and Spanish, the languages in which he and Pallmann normally communicated. Supposedly, a disaster had befallen an expedition to another planet, killing Xiti, Mr Huia and many other crew members aboard their spacecraft. The two sat talking sadly for more than an hour.

Not feeling like talking to his housekeeper or the gardener, Pallmann drove in a daze to a doctor friend at San Pedro Nonualco, where he stayed the night. The following morning he was awakened by the newspaper boys, shouting about a flying saucer having been sighted over the capital, San Salvador, and the San Jacinto Hills that surrounded the lake where he lived. When he bought the paper, there were the banner headlines:

«OMNI Vuelta Sober San Salvador.» As Railman related:

From the reports, it seemed that shortly before [SatuRa s] visit, the spacecraft was reported over the Cerro de San Jacinto and had then continued high above San Marcos. The amazing thing is that the spacecraft had silently, and for quite a long time, stayed in an observation position directly over the extensive capital town of San Salvador, exposed to the vision of several hundred thousand people.

Pallmann reports that one of his neighbours observed the spacecraft as it came down at tremendous speed and settled, as if on an air cushion, between the isles of Los Masquerade and Los Paton, exactly midway between his house and the Ojibwa River outlet of the huge tropical lake.

I do not know of any person on the lake having seen the return of the spacecraft, nor do I myself know on which part of the lake SatuRa took his speedboat in order to be picked up. Contrary to what other space-craft observers have described, the Itibi Ryan control craft did not show any kind of illumination during darkness.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Ludwig Pallmann's book, *Cancer Planet Mission*, was published in London in 1970. There must have been some promotion, because I recall that a friend heard an interview with him on BBC Radio, and there was an article about him in the *Guardian*. The book fell into obscurity, and is known only to a few UFO researchers. A planned second volume, describing some of his experiences in more detail, was not published.

Some time afterwards, I visited the publisher in London, with the aim of tracking down Pallmann. The place was deserted and I was unable to obtain a forwarding address. Later, I learned that the company had gone into liquidation. Veteran researcher Wendell Stevens, a former US Air Force pilot, was likewise unable to track down Pallmann, though he did come across corroboration for some of the claims.

In 1967, Stevens was delivering several Beech craft T-34 trainer planes to the Peruvian Navy, making fuel stops at the last Colombian town, the river port of Letitia, on the Amazon. On impulse, he hired some native boatmen to take him for a trip up the river to view rare orchids in the jungle. Remarking on the lush, dense vegetation along the bank, he asked the Indians why the natives made no plantations of some of the more rare exotic tropical fruit's that grew there in abundance. I was certain there must be a market for them, said Stevens. It would only require a little organization. The natives replied that this might be too large a project for them. Then one of them remarked that he knew of some Americans, three or four days up-river, who were doing just that. What was more, the native added, he knew of a white man, a German, who had gone up there to look for them some months previously, but who had not returned. Although the Indians had never seen these Americans, they had heard about them from the wilder tribes farther upstream. The native added that the Americans had aircraft at their encampment.

Further enquiries in Lima led Stevens to a somewhat inaccurate newspaper report about one Ludwig F. Pallmann, a German salesman who sold food-processing equipment and health foods to a chain of stores in Lima. This man, reported the newspaper, had gone up-river from Mosquito in the Peruvian/Brazilian border area looking for a giant arrowroot

plant for possible hybridizing, seeking a greater yield by improving the strain. (This much is true: Pallmann was doing research for the Agricultural University of Lima at the time, to find an inexpensive high-protein food.) The Indians taking Pallmann up-river asked him why he did not go further up-stream, about another three days' journey, where a party of Americans were doing the same thing. Intrigued, Pallmann took up the suggestion, but found that the Indians would only take him another day up-river, where they would leave him with another tribe for the remainder of the trip.

On arrival in the vicinity of the American encampment, the newspaper report continues, the Indians superstitiously refused to take Pallmann any further, but put him ashore and pointed him in the right direction. Pallmann walked to the camp, consisting of plastic-like tents.

The Americans were fair-skinned, dressed in toga-like garments and spoke in a strange language. Pallmann greeted them first in English, then Spanish and German, to no avail. Getting a limited response in French, he was welcomed and provided with a place to stay.

According to the Lima report, Pallmann learned that his hosts, who said they came from another planet outside our solar system, named

Tripura, were hybridizing plants and other stock to be taken back there. These extraterrestrials were served by three streamlined disc-shaped flying machines. After a while, the report continues, Pallmann became concerned that his business associates would worry about his whereabouts. The Puritans offered to deliver him to his destination in one of their flying machines. Because of his long absence, he asked his hosts to take him to his ranch in the Dominican Republic instead of to Lima, and was transported there in 15 minutes.

Stevens believes that Pallmann was covering his tracks in his interview with the Lima reporter.

He had associated the location with the Peruvian town of Mosquito because you could never get to the plantation site from Mosquito by river, and the jungle there was all but impassable. He had omitted all of the earlier contacts with the Haitians as well as what was going on in Lima and elsewhere, probably to head off possible interference for them as the operation was still going on. Pallmann was not returned from the plantation to the Dominican Republic when he left, and he did not make his first contact with the extraterrestrials by river from Mosquito.

I searched for Ludwig Pallmann all over South America in 1968 and 1969, and again in 1971 and 1972, wrote Stevens in his introduction to a reprinted edition of Pallmann's book, which he published in 1986. He was moving around Peru in 1968 and then disappeared. I also looked for him in West Germany in 1977 and 1978 but failed to find any productive lead. Though German by birth, Pallmann is believed to be a British citizen, having fled to England as a young man to escape the Gestapo during the Second World War. My enquiries at the Passport Records Office in

London drew a blank: there is no record of a British passport having been issued to a Ludwig F. Pallmann. The search for him continues.

Pallmann was the first to admit that his story is unbelievable. As I read what I had written, he commented ruefully, I came to the conclusion that all this would be in vain, because who would want to believe such a story? it's a concatenation of unlikely circumstances for which I can offer very little explanation.

I have only tried to tell what happened, and even if it should be considered a waste of time, I felt it necessary to do so, because of the religious theme involved. It is stupid of me perhaps to expect that others should feel about this what I felt. Men will continue to be born into their present-day beliefs.

Cancer Planet Mission may seem [to be] the product of my fantasy, which I try to pass on as a true story. **However, much of what I relate can be checked.** Many things may not correspond to the exact date and time as it happened, simply because I did not date my diary from day to day, and because I was overwhelmed by what happened to me. **I, myself, did not believe this possible for a long time.**

Just to have known SatuRa and his sister made me realize that none of us at the present time has the slightest notion of peace, real peace, so great was their relaxed and modest humanism, so great their contentment with Time, wrote Pallmann, following his initial meetings in India.

'They just seemed to live every hour, every minute, without being Time-conscious.'

rø-comment;

And they are just an example of a planet that has reached the stage that the Danish mystic [MARTINUS](#) calls 'the perfect or real human kingdom' - while **we** still live in the transition zone between the animal kingdom and this same **real human kingdom**, which he believes will become fully established here on our planet in 3000 years.