

[31] Growing Doubts

On her way to the installation, Carla went by the hotel. Entering by the side door, she went quickly to the restaurant. There she went through the breakfast buffet picking up some fruit and juice and a piece of toast. Hurriedly eating as much as she could, she charged the ticket to her room. It was the weakest of covers to make it appear that she had spent the night there. Next she went to the front desk.

“I need to pick up my messages. Carla Bertelli, room 815.”

“Oh, Ms. Bertelli!” exclaimed the young man on duty. “Everybody’s been trying to reach you. We haven’t gotten any answer in your room.”

“I’ve been in and out and have scarcely had a minute. Let me have them.” She started to walk away, then remembered the condition of her room. “By the way, a picture fell off the wall last night and shattered. I’ve no idea how it happened.”

“We’re sorry about any inconvenience, Ms. Bertelli. We’ll take care of it.”

There were nearly two dozen phone calls. Carla took a quick look through them as she hurried from the lobby. Every major television network had called at least once, some twice. In each case it was “urgent.” George was trying to contact her; the message said it was “an emergency.” Reporters from the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Los Angeles Times* were also trying to reach her, as well as local radio and television stations. Her article that morning in *The Washington Post* had obviously created quite a stir! She would have to consult Leighton on how to respond to the requests for interviews.

On the drive out to the installation, her ecstasy over the response to her article was submerged in a renewed wave of concern: How could she face Del Sasso after the events of the previous night? Did he know what had happened? It seemed unrealistic to imagine that he had no connection to the attack upon her by a figure that looked exactly like him. If it had been an Archon—good or bad—why had it impersonated *Del Sasso* in its attempt to terrorize or even kill her? There had to be a reason—some connection. Of course, he was the Archons’ link

with the world, so who else but Del Sasso?

Could it have been his “psychic double” that choked her? There were reports that Satya Sai Baba of Ananthapur, South India, had appeared in two geographical locations at once. So had the famous stigmatist Padre Pio. She had always rejected such ideas as religious superstition. Now she didn’t know what to think. Sai Baba and Padre Pio—a Hindu guru and a Catholic priest—supposedly knew when and where their “doubles” appeared and what each was doing and why. Would Del Sasso know what had happened to her, and be aware of his connection to this horrible event? Was this the end of their friendship and thus of her involvement in the Plan? She couldn’t let that happen!

Carla arrived just in time for the usual 11:00 A.M. meeting of the inner circle. Antonio was walking down the corridor, approaching Frank’s office from the opposite direction, as she walked up. They met at the door. *Play it cool, Carla! Act like nothing has happened.* She did her best, but the psychic seemed to sense something unusual—or did he really know everything and was just pretending to pick up on something now?

“What’s the matter, my dear? Seen a ghost?” he queried and put a comforting arm around her momentarily.

“You are remarkably perceptive!” responded Carla nonchalantly, as though she were going along with some make-believe game. “As a matter of fact, I just saw one leering at me in the lobby, but I gave it a karate chop and it disappeared.” Walking past him into the office, she took a seat on the sofa next to Viktor, who nodded to her and smiled as Antonio continued his monologue.

“Appearances like that can happen,” persisted Del Sasso solemnly as he followed on her heels. “Negative thoughts attract psychic energy that may linger from a traumatic experience and can even seem to give it solid form.” He lowered his huge frame to the floor nearby and settled into a yoga position.

Why was he pursuing this idea of *psychic appearances*? Well, if he was expecting to get some emotional reaction from her, he was wasting his time. There was no way that she was going to tell anyone about her horrifying experience—not even Viktor. Had the Archons told Del Sasso that she had some doubts about them? If they were upset enough to attack her, wouldn’t they denounce her in the next transmission? Yet they had not identified the traitor on the staff. Why? Apparently they were not all-knowing, so perhaps they couldn’t read her thoughts after all. It was all very confusing.

Pretending to have no further interest in what she and De lSasso had been sparring about, Carla turned to talk to Viktor. Just at that moment however,

Leighton burst exuberantly into the office with Kay Morris in his wake. He rushed to his desk to grab the remote control, hurried over to sit on the sofa next to Viktor and Carla, and motioned to the others to take seats for viewing the giant TV screen.

“Everybody take a seat where you can see the screen,” he said breathlessly. There’s a special news bulletin on all the networks at 11:00. We’re just in time to catch it.”

When the screen lit up, the newscast was already in progress: “... according to a brief article in the current issue of *Time* magazine. Nothing has aroused such intense bipartisan interest on Capitol Hill since the Israeli-PLO peace agreement. Fearing they may have an unauthorized CIA clandestine project on their hands, members of both Houses are clamoring for an investigation unless the White House makes a full disclosure. So far the president is insisting that the information is highly classified and that there has been no wrongdoing. As for the *Time* allegations about a secret CIA psychic research breakthrough, the Director of Central Intelligence, who appeared with the president at the news conference earlier this morning, admitted that there have been some major developments, but refused to discuss them.

“Congress suddenly finds itself caught short. There is no committee officially overseeing psychic development because most members of both Houses have until now refused to take such phenomena seriously. There are no controls or guidelines because the proponents’ glowing descriptions of what could be done with psychic power have consistently been dismissed by critics as imagination at best and fraud at worst. If the CIA has, in fact, not only developed ‘psychic warfare’ capabilities, but, as the *Time* article further alleges, has employed these weapons against the Russians, who sent a special combat team to destroy the CIA’s secret psychic research installation, then someone within the top levels of government may well have engaged in activities not authorized by Congress. Thus far the only comment from the Kremlin has been ‘no comment.’

“And now into this highly charged atmosphere comes an article in today’s *Washington Post* by Carla Bertelli, who is generally regarded as the most reliable journalist reporting psychic research. There is speculation that she may be the ‘inside source’ quoted in *Time*. Ms. Bertelli goes even further than *Time*’s astonishing claim that the CIA has made contact with ‘higher intelligences.’ She alleges that these extraterrestrials are in fact responsible for the psychic breakthrough—and that their ultimate purpose is to share this power with the

entire world. This network has so far been unsuccessful in its attempt to reach Ms. Bertelli for a live interview. Stay tuned for periodic updates as this fast-breaking story develops.”

Frank switched off the TV at that point and jumped to his feet. “Well! How do you like that!” he exclaimed. “Things seem to be moving along exactly as the Archons predicted!” He walked over and sat on the front of his desk where he could face his colleagues. “We should all be very encouraged, but there’s a long way to go and it isn’t going to be easy. We’ve got plenty of top government leaders on our side now, and that’s what it takes for the World Congress. But the second phase involves the general population. We’ve got to get them fully behind us. The Archons have already targeted key leaders in entertainment, business, education, and ethnic and other minority groups. Self-hypnosis and subliminal tapes and success-motivation seminars will play a big part when we get to that point.”

He turned to Carla. “A key factor in laying the foundation for all of that, as the program we just watched demonstrated, will be your news leaks and articles. How are we doing?”

Carla had been uncomfortably aware that Antonio had been observing her closely during the television news broadcast. She was grateful that Leighton had reminded him—and the others as well—of the key role she was playing.

“My phone at the hotel has been ringing off the hook,” she announced. “I didn’t know what to say, so I just didn’t answer it and pretended I wasn’t there.” She pulled the sheaf of phone messages out of her purse and waved them at Frank. These accumulated just this morning since the *Post* article came out. Every television network is after me plus every other kind of media. What do I say to these people?”

“It has to be handled discreetly from here on,” cautioned Leighton. “I’ve been on the phone off and on all morning with the DCI. He’s ecstatic. Antonio and I are flying into D.C. next week. The DCI’s setting up some meetings for us with some key senators and congressional leaders.”

“But what about these phone calls?” interrupted Carla. “Do I give interviews—and if so, what do I say?”

“I was getting to that. That’s what I’ve been discussing with the DCI all morning. You must not give any further details. Those are to be revealed only in your articles or specific news leaks to your friend at *Time* as the Archons direct us. In the meantime, you simply explain that you’re not authorized to give out any further information yet. And you keep hammering away on three salient

points. Word them differently for variety, but here they are: 1) explain that something *absolutely new* is going to happen on earth that will benefit all of mankind; 2) emphasize that no political party or nation will be responsible for or able to control this process for its own benefit and 3) that everything will be under the control of higher intelligences who have been monitoring our evolutionary development for thousands of years and are now stepping in to preserve life on earth and to usher in a New Age of peace and prosperity.”

“But am I authorized at this point to go on TV and radio and to give interviews to reporters?” persisted Carla.

“Definitely not. That would be premature. You’re going to have to put them off. Let them know that the director and psychic from this secret research installation will be going public in Washington next week, and drop some hints of further developments. But nothing more than that.”

“I’m working on my next article for the *Post*. It’s due next week.”

“Yes, of course. Continue with that.”

“And I really need a secretary of my own, Frank. Viktor and I have been sharing the same one.”

“I’ll take care of that immediately. You’ll have one in the morning.”

“I haven’t yet met with Carla to give her my input,” interjected Del Sasso.

In response to Carla’s questioning look, Frank waved his hand at Antonio and said, “Why don’t you go ahead and give us all a brief summary.”

Del Sasso stood to his feet and positioned himself so he could observe each face. “We all know,” he reminded them, “that the Plan could fail because of either skepticism or fear. Either nobody believes in it or they believe but are afraid to trust the Archons. A lot of people equate extraterrestrials with spaceships invading earth to enslave us. Psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, and a lot of academicians and educated people are very skeptical about the possibility of contact with extraterrestrials. So we’ve got to give them something they can believe in. We let them think that we’re only presenting the Archons as highly evolved extraterrestrials to cater to the imagination of the common people, but that the Archons are really Jungian archetypes coming to us from the collective unconscious. So we satisfy everyone.”

“You mean,” interrupted Carla, “that the truth doesn’t matter?”

“*Truth?*” responded Del Sasso a bit contemptuously. “What does that mean?”

“It’s not easy to define, but I think we all know what it means.”

“On the elementary level of mathematics and the physical sciences,

perhaps,” conceded Del Sasso. “But the secret to human happiness and fulfillment lies outside science in the realm of consciousness, and there belief is what counts. We just want them to believe in and trust the Archons. It doesn’t really matter who anyone thinks they are.”

Carla looked a bit nonplussed. “I’ll drop by your office later this afternoon,” Del Sasso told her, “and go over this again with you. The most important thing to remember is to keep whatever you speak or write on a positive note. All of the problems in the world today have resulted from the fact that the race of gods living on this planet has been caught in the descending spiral of its own negative thinking, which has lowered self-esteem. Mankind needs to be trained to create a new reality through the power of positive thinking.”

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Back in her office that afternoon, Carla found that she needed more than a positive approach. When she returned the many phone calls, media representatives confronted her with a problem she hadn’t even considered, and for which she couldn’t give them a very good answer. The practical considerations of moral accountability in running a government were the center of their concern. Her conversation with George Conklin was typical.

“I’m getting a lot of flak from upstairs,” said George, when Carla reached him at last. They think this whole thing sounds like an elite group of insiders accountable to no one but themselves, operating a government within the government making their own rules.”

“George, this is not an elitist operation,” she replied quickly, anxious to put that argument down immediately. “It’s not what we’ve seen so much of in the CIA in the past—a group of zealots answerable to no one but themselves. The Plan for a New World Order has been conceived and is being directed by higher intelligences who play no favorites. They want to benefit the entire planet and all mankind together.”

“Carla, I don’t know if I’ll ever live down printing your line about ‘higher intelligences.’ Nobody here believes that stuff, and you ought to see our mail. We’re getting ripped by skeptics.”

“All the letters can’t be negative.”

“I didn’t say they were.”

“So what are the percentages?”

There was an embarrassed pause. “I don’t have that figure.”

“Come on, George. You must have some idea.”

“Okay, so the vast majority are favorable. But the skeptics represent the

better-educated and more intelligent readers.”

“Oh, sure. Do you have IQ test scores for each of your readers? Or is the level of ‘intelligence’ determined by whether they agree with your skepticism or not? Shame on you elitists at *Time*! Do you really think that humans are the only intelligent beings in the entire universe, or the most highly evolved?”

“Of course not, but so far there’s been no contact, and until there is—”

“That’s what I’m telling you, George. There *has* been contact.”

“Then prove it. Let’s see these little green critters in the Oval Office. After all, that’s where they’d go, isn’t it? You know, ‘Take me to your leader.’”

“You’ll see them in due time, and so will the whole world. And George, they’re not green.”

“Are you trying to tell me you’ve seen them?”

“I am—and I have. But that’s not for publication yet.”

“What are they putting in the water out there in Palo Alto?”

“That’s not kind. I wasn’t hallucinating, and I’m not lying.”

“Well, put them on display then, and we’ll all be convinced.”

“George, you don’t ‘put on display’ beings that are as far beyond us on the evolutionary scale as we are beyond worms. They’re calling the shots, and they’ll show themselves when the appropriate time comes.”

“That’s a smoke screen. I’m sorry, Carla, but the cute little phrase “when the *appropriate* time comes’ isn’t going to cut it. You’ve thrown us some scraps. If you don’t follow up with the whole meal pretty fast you’re going to lose all credibility and the reputation you’ve built over the years—and I don’t want to see that happen.”

“Look, George, you’re the one who told me that if contact really had been established, then breaking the news too suddenly could create worldwide panic—fear of an attack from Mars or, even worse, some horrifying *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Remember?”

“That was nearly a week ago, but we haven’t seen anything either to be afraid of or to get excited about. So what’s happening now?”

“I can only tell you this: Next week the psychic who has these incredible powers and is in daily contact with these entities will be coming to D.C. with the director of the secret research facility to meet with key leaders on the Hill and to let them all see firsthand what he can do. There won’t be any skeptics in Washington after that. If you want to see it for yourself, contact the director of the CIA for a press invitation.”

There was silence for a moment When George replied, what he said shook

Carla with another possibility that she hadn't even considered. "Yeah, I'll think about that. But, you know, I already told you that it smacks of an elite group inside the CIA making their own rules."

"And I explained, George, that the Archons are in control, not the CIA!" interrupted Carla.

"Yeah, I heard you," said George, "And that's what really bothers me. It's the perfect setup for taking over the world. If this group could somehow convince everyone that they're only carrying out the instructions of extraterrestrial intelligences with infinite powers who are imposing a New World Order.... You see what I'm thinking?"

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Ken had spent much of the evening in prayerful study of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians—especially chapter six that dealt with spiritual warfare. He was still up very late when Carla returned. She knocked softly and he hurried to the front door.

"I'm sorry. I completely forgot to give you a key this morning," said Ken apologetically as he let her in. "You've got your own entrance around the side if you want to use it. And you need your own remote so you can put your car in the garage. Remind me at breakfast and I'll give them to you."

"Asking for a key never crossed my mind. All I could think of was that my purse was awfully heavy, and what if they wouldn't let me carry that gun on the base. Of course I couldn't tell them that I was carrying it to protect me from what might happen—not in the cruel outside world, but inside that installation."

"Did they take it away?"

"No. The guards found it, of course. I showed them the permit Don had given me and explained that it was because my life was still in danger on the outside from the other members of that Russian team—whoever and wherever they might be. They checked with Frank and he said okay."

"Can I get you something? Hot chocolate, tea, some juice, fruit ... anything?"

"I'm wiped out, but I'm so keyed up that maybe some steaming-hot decaf tea, if you've got it, will help me unwind."

"We've got it."

They walked into the kitchen together, where Ken put on some water to boil. "Frank sure must be a slave driver!" he said dryly. "Is this the length of a normal day?"

"Normal?" laughed Carla. "I don't think I know what that means anymore—"

not just in relation to a workday. I mean in general.”

“Something’s bothering you,” suggested Ken. “Anything I might help with?”

Carla hesitated. Finally she asked, “There’s a theory that our minds create the reality around us. What’s your opinion?”

“It’s ludicrous,” declared Ken without any hesitation.

“How can you say that when so many top scientists believe it?”

He poured the tea and sat down with her at the table. “In fact, very few if any reputable scientists take that idea seriously. It’s been popularized by a handful of writers such as Capra and Zukov, but they represent a very small fringe element in physics. In 30 seconds I can show you just how stupid it is.”

“Go ahead.”

“Did you ‘create’ the cup I pulled out of the cupboard to pour your tea into, or did I?”

“Well—”

“You didn’t even know what color it was going to be, or what shape, and I wasn’t even thinking of that. So obviously, neither of us ‘created’ it. Right?”

“That’s pretty straightforward, I’d have to agree, but that still leaves the possibility that it was created by someone else’s mind and we just accepted that.”

“And that other person’s mind has been maintaining its existence and spatial position without even knowing where it was?” He gave her a reproving look. “Come on, Carla! And what about the millions of microscopic creatures in the water I boiled, or the molecules and atoms in the water. Whose mind created that reality?”

“I never thought of that.”

The shape and color of that cup are very superficial impressions interpreted by our eyes and have nothing to do with what the cup in itself really is. It looks far different through an electron microscope, for example. And there’s a whole universe of molecules and atoms and subatomic particles—including some particles that science hasn’t even discovered yet—that make up that cup that no human eye has ever seen or human mind conceived. You think that reality that we don’t even know about yet is the product of human thought? Can you seriously imagine that the distant galaxies, the interior of stars, black holes, and myriad wonders of a universe never seen by human eye and predating our existence—that all of that was created by our minds? I’m sorry, but I don’t have much patience with people who call the account of Creation in the Bible a myth

and then fall for ridiculous ideas like that!”

Carla held up her hands in mock surrender. “I give up,” she said. “Boy, when you get on your soapbox! Okay, so it’s ludicrous. Then why does this theory seem so reasonable to so many intelligent people. Why?”

“I’ve already said it, Carla. It’s pride. The colossal dimensions of the delusion are only exceeded by the gigantic egos that swallow it. Far from creating reality with our own minds, we’re struggling to discover the secrets of a universe that was created by another Mind who is infinitely beyond us.”

A Mind infinitely beyond us, thought Carla. *He’s giving me an argument for the existence of God—and I asked for it!* They sipped their tea in silence. At last she asked, “What would you say if I suggested that the UFO and the Archons that I saw in that warehouse were an illusion created by movie projectors rigged up to deceive me and Viktor? And that the same mechanism will be used to convince others?”

Ken thought about it carefully. “It’s possible, but not likely. What gave you that idea?”

“One of the editors at *Time* I’ve known for years. He’s suspicious of the whole thing. Thinks it might be a ploy by an elite group in Washington to take over the world by making everyone think they’re following orders from higher intelligences.”

“I don’t know what happened in the warehouse. I wasn’t there. But I can assure you there weren’t any movie projectors in your room the other night—here or at the hotel. And there weren’t any in the lab when Del Sasso put on his show. There’s definitely some heavy demonic involvement.”

“It always comes back to that, doesn’t it,” said Carla. There was just a hint of bitterness in her voice.

Ken shrugged. “That’s like saying eating always involves food, or—”

Carla held up a hand. “Okay, don’t overwhelm me. I get the point.”

“I’m sorry,” said Ken. “What your friend said about an elite group in Washington or within the CIA—he might have something there. I’d bear it in mind and see if any developments that come along seem to fit that scenario.”

“You really think so? I’m surprised you’d say that.”

“Evil always operates on two levels,” said Ken. “The demonic and the human. Satan has the same ego problems with his disciples that God has with His. If Christian leaders often try to build their own little kingdoms, it’s not surprising that the followers of Antichrist would.”

Carla smiled and shook her head. “You amaze me, Ken. Two years ago you

were the consummate atheist, and now you're the ultimate Christian!"

"If that's the way I come across, then I've got to repent of it," said Ken. "I'm so far from being the ultimate Christian."

"Well, you sure have this thing wired. And I don't mean that in a bad way. I'm really impressed. You've got a unique way of saying things: 'Satan has the same ego problems with his disciples that God has with His.'" She leaned back and laughed. "That's quite a way to put it!"

"I'm not trying to play the big expert," responded Ken. "You could look it up in the Bible for yourself—anything I'm telling you. Then look at the world around you through that wisdom and you get a whole new perspective. You don't have to be too bright to realize that Frank and Del Sasso could possibly hope to use the Archons for their own ends. That's not too farfetched, knowing human greed and pride."

"I suppose you're right" conceded Carla. "Which does give some support to George's concern."

"Whatever the case," said Ken earnestly, "I'll tell you one thing for sure. In the end, everyone involved with the Archons will become victims, and I'm praying day and night that you won't be one of them!"