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*They
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*The Artist and
The Alien*

Alien Portraits

The Evidence of Extraterrestrial Contact Through Creative Expression.

by Mary Rodwell



Adrian, whose last name shall remain confidential, is a professional artist who has experienced contact with extraterrestrial intelligences throughout his life. He believes the artwork he has created relating to this phenomenon is *not* his imagination, but rather real alien portraits. In this article I will explore human contact experiences with nonhuman extraterrestrial intelligences, especially as experienced by an artist.

When one mentions anything to do with extraterrestrial contact, it evokes nothing but laughter and ridicule. Why? I think the answer lies somewhere buried deep in our collective subconscious. In some respects we are still living in caves, fighting tribal wars that are triggered by a multitude of religious and political beliefs.

Strangely, we as a species find it perfectly acceptable to believe in myths and folklore. It is safe to sit in front of the television or cinema screen and have the alien invasion theme unfold because we know that the ending will be a safe and happy one in which we remain the dominant species, having destroyed the unwanted tribe from beyond our planet.

Beliefs can, and do, cause powerful human responses to a plethora of events and circumstances. But it dismays me why we find it so difficult to grasp the notion that we coexist with other life forms. The disinformation cover-ups prevent us from

knowing that we are a part of a celestial family.

After all, we share this planet with a complex diversity of life, so why not embrace the notion that life exists elsewhere? As we look towards the starry heavens, our eyes stare in awe at the immensity of space; every star that twinkles denotes a possible sun capable of supporting life just as our sun does. The realities of otherworldly contact can only be suppressed for so long. There are thousands of ordinary people with extraordinary experiences to recount. This is just one of them.

Human contact with nonhuman extraterrestrial intelligences may trigger extraordinary transformative changes within the individual as they become aware of a multidimensional personal reality. These dramatic changes can often mean that individuals with artistic or creative talents find that their personal artistic expression alters dramatically as a consequence.

Adrian is an artist and an experienter, and he believes there is a distinct difference between his normal creativity and the artwork he produces due to his extraterrestrial contact. He knows intuitively that artwork related to contact experiences is not part of the same creative process as normal art work.

The contact art, for example, will evoke feelings of great unease and deep emotion, not only for the artist but also for those who have had a similar experience. Adrian explains that his creative process varies when it relates to his contact experiences: "It just falls off the brush," he says, and it takes no conscious effort. Many experiencers feel they have information, symbols, and images downloaded into their minds.

Adrian feels his artistic talent is used to convey accurate images of the beings and describes his drawings as alien portraits. He feels inspired with a strong determination to portray these images accurately because these extraterrestrial images, he believes, have encoded frequencies within the

art itself. He believes such frequencies are like encoded triggers to help awaken humanity to this reality.

For most of his life Adrian wondered why he was fascinated with and felt compelled to draw spacecraft but was very fearful when drawing extraterrestrial profiles; why such films as *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial* (1982) and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977) filled him with terror. It was only when he was in his forties that he received the answers to such questions.

Adrian was living in New Zealand when he made a phone call to the Australian Close Encounter Resource Network (ACERN). This call lasted a marathon seven hours, and it was from this that Adrian finally realized what he had been experiencing all his life. Since that time he has dedicated himself to drawing what he believes to be accurate portrayals of extraterrestrial intelligences. And oddly, the seven-hour phone call Adrian made to Australia was not recorded on his phone bill! He has no explanation for this.

Adrian narrates his personal story and explains why he believes extraterrestrial intelligences use individual artistic talent as a conduit to expose humanity to the contact reality.

Earliest Memories Missing Time & My Special Friends

I was attending primary school in the East End of London. In daylight hours after school, I would get the impulse to play with "special friends" and go to a special spot at the back of the school. When I went back there as an adult, I knew precisely where to find this special place. It was uncanny; there was just something about this place.



When I went there as a child, there were other children there too, but not the children I went to school with. I have missing time from that period because whatever happened is screened out. We would all meet at this spot and go off somewhere! There was no fear, but an incredible sense of adventure.

Later, I would find myself back at that special place or back at my home. I can remember mum wondering where I had been and she was quite concerned. I had basically gone missing. But I had no sense of anxiety at all, it was like, "What's the problem Mum? I'm here!"

Early Years in Essex Bedtime Play

As I got older, seven or eight years old, I had clear memories of silhouette beings coming into my room at night. I remember the beings quite clearly, even the shape of their heads. It's weird! I would just know

The friends I was staying with must have thought I was weird because I had to spin a tale of why I was drawing them, and I knew the artwork frightened them. But my feeling from these beings was, "Okay you have seen us, now get it right!"

when they were coming.

And if you could visualize, I would be lying down in my bed and see little heads playfully pop up and play games with my feet. I used to lay my feet flat in the bed and they would pop up and I would snap my feet together, and they would duck beneath the bed. And this was all happening whilst my parents would be in the kitchen having a cup of cocoa. Those nights, the closest they would get to me is halfway along the bed, and then I would be out of it and fall asleep. Or perhaps they knocked me out?

When the film *E.T.* came out, it was like, "Oh my God!" I've seen those shaped heads before. It was bizarre. I remember dwarf-like creatures, small silhouettes. I couldn't see any distinguishing features at all. There was no fear, but having said that, as a child I could never sleep without the light on.

I was definitely afraid of passageways and elevators terrified me, and this caused embarrassment. It was the same feeling I felt for images of Father Christmas. He terrified me, and this caused major embarrassment also. Shopping in Oxford Street, London at Christmas time, Father Christmas was everywhere. It was just terrifying for me, and I never knew why. I now know that contact experiences can manifest as images of Father Christmas or clowns, which are screen memories for extraterrestrial beings.

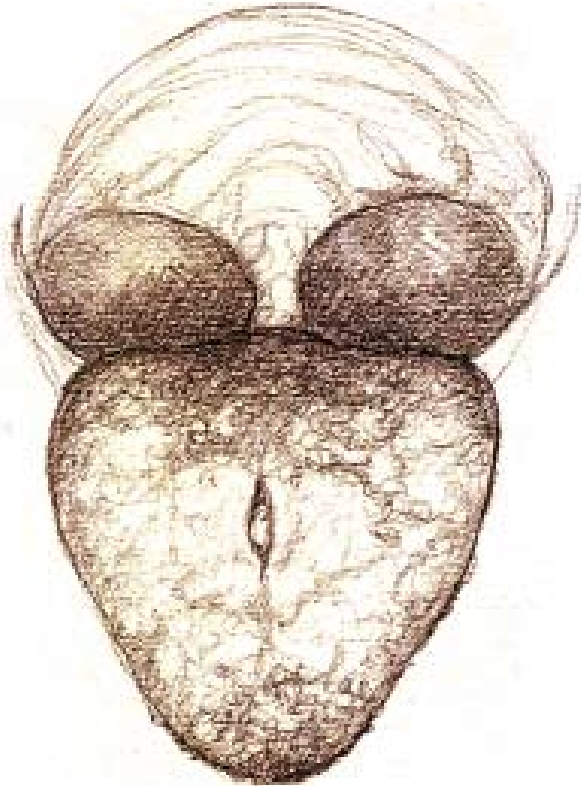
I always had a fascination for flying saucers, although at that time there was nothing to stimulate my interest. I have a very clear memory in Essex, of living in a cul de sac, a road that ended with just residential houses. The skyline was beautiful, with oak trees, and I can remember seeing above the top of this mighty oak in full daylight, a classic disc.

It was just above the oak, no more than 8 to 10 feet, and the branches were thrashing, swirling about like in a vortex. The thing hovered silently. I was alone with my dog when I saw the shiny silver disc. When I told my parents about it, my parents were embarrassed, and I think they thought I was lying. Again there was nothing on television at that time to give me this idea.

At the time, the only sci-fi TV show was about a time traveller called *Doctor Who* (1963), and it used to frighten me seeing such things as the Cybermen. But it was the film *Close Encounters* which really affected me. This film didn't come out until the late seventies, so there was nothing to plant such images in my mind.

After watching the film it was just terrifying, even though I didn't consciously remember it happening to me. It triggered lots of memories, particularly with the abduction of the little boy played by Cary Guffey. In my adolescent years, I know there was a lot of activity and knew stuff was going on.

There was a lot of screening, and there were chunks of what I call missing memory. It wasn't until my early adult years that things started to heat up, and I began my childhood obsessive-compulsive need to draw flying saucers. But as for extraterrestrials, I could have easily drawn them, but there was too much fear.



There was a big scoop mark, but no pain, a bit sore, with blood. The side of the tongue had marks in a geometric pattern, as if it had been clamped to keep it in place.

things come unbidden to your mind and you remember more detail. I know that from 1983 to 1984 onwards—this was when I was married—I came to the conclusion that my wife was also an experiencer.

We had so many things in common, such as a shared fear of the passageways, and an absolute fear of spiders—I was terrified of them. I know my wife was experiencing things, but again I think a lot of screening was going on. Images were spontaneously coming to me, coming to me of flying saucers, spectral beings with big eyes, but it was all a jumbled mess.

During 1997 and 1998 it became totally intense, and these were key experiences. A friend with his wife came from America to stay with me. They stayed in the spare bedroom, which incidentally was always cold.

My Early Adult Years in Australia.

During my early twenties I migrated to Australia and lived in the Eastern States, in Victoria. The paranormal experiences were just out of this world. It was only due to conversations with Mary Rodwell that parts of this jigsaw finally came together.

As an experiencer you continually question: "What is going on? Am I barking mad? Have I lost the plot?" The noises, lights switching themselves on and off, footsteps, strange smells. Periods when you had this absolute fear of going down the passageway. I had a very long passageway in my home, and on some nights it used to absolutely terrify me. I just could not walk down it.

I had friends come to stay and they were always traumatised in the morning. One friend actually got up and left the house. To this day I don't know what it was he experienced. Is it paranormal? Is it ET, or is it both? It's so bizarre. Again the fear factors, just like the abnormal fear of the elevators in my childhood which stayed with me until my early twenties. Why would I find elevators fearful?

It's funny, but as you narrate such experiences,

The first night I heard lots of strange noises. The next day after we had been to the bakery, my friend's wife looked very scared, although she was normally a very bubbly kind of person. The way home was very uncomfortable, and I heard my friend say to her, "Just tell him!"

When we got back she told me that she had this experience: Her bed was facing the window, but the window was not there but instead there was a gigantic porthole and through it coming towards her were gigantic silhouette beings. She thought they were ghosts or demons because she was religious. She said that every time she woke up, the porthole with these beings got closer. She was so terrified she wanted to leave the house because she felt her life was threatened. She did not want to spend another night there.

There were two encounters at the time of renovating the house. The memories are coming back and I re-live it. These are so vivid, as are the deep emotions, that it's an adrenaline rush. My house had been completed and was on the market. My dog would wake me up at night to go to the toilet and would always go to a special spot.

It was a boiling hot night, and I stepped outside while waiting for puppy, just marvelling at the planetarium of the sky. Looking at the overhead powerlines, my eyes were drawn sharply to what appeared to be a black helicopter with a searchlight, hovering dangerously close to the powerlines—only 30 or 40 feet.

But then I noticed no rotors or sound as it began to look like a helicopter/spaceship, and then the thought came to me, "They are looking for me!" I realized I was alone in the back garden. The dog had finished as I noticed this bright circular light, a big beam 5 to 6 feet in diameter, searching, moving backwards and forwards.

The dog was disturbed, and I was in fear of being stalked. I was awake and this was for real. The dog was frozen. I left the dog and ran through the house. I saw the searchlight in my living room. I ran to the workshop to feel safe. As I ran into this dark room, a beam was coming through the wall! That's my only memory, and I suddenly found myself back in bed.

The very next night I found myself in the passageway. There was a beam coming through the wall. I saw three beings and stood there frozen. One being said to me telepathically, "You will remember this!" It was a short classic Gray and although I stand 6 feet, 2 inches and he was about 3 feet, 3 inches and I am towering over it, the feeling was more that it was actually looking down at me.

And that's all I remember. The next morning I woke up and



Another time I had the ET tattooing on the end of my fingers, the hand that does the drawing, and again I ask, why?

sleep was so awful that I would make myself stay awake.

I started to send some of my artwork to those interested in the UFO phenomenon. The energy while I was doing such work was intense. I was physically and emotionally sick, with headaches and sickness because of the strong frequencies. Then I had my seven-hour phone call to Mary in Australia, which never turned up on any phone bill.

It changed my life because I realized for the first time what was really going on. And I must admit—and this is not to make Mary feel bad—but after that phone conversation, I ended up going to bed in the fetal position and just crying. I finally realized that I was an experiencer.

The activity around that time towards the end of 2002 was intense. I remember Mary giving me advice, suggesting that I tell them to back off. It was like having a client, the ETs, stand behind you while you are painting, with the feeling of make sure you get this right. It really was quite draining, with physical sickness. I would feel the energy come through to get that imagery right.

I was in my bed. It was the most incredible experience because on the wall I had big movie posters; one was the Voyage of Sinbad, and they literally came out *through* that poster. That was one of the major events just before the house was sold.

Before I left for New Zealand I gave myself a six week break. I went to the coast to stay with friends. This was when I started to do major ET artwork like *The Watchers in the Woods*. I suspected that I was having ET experiences because I couldn't even walk in the dark, and the fear was incredible during that time.

It was when it all began to mean something to me that my compulsion to draw aliens began. The friends I was staying with must have thought I was weird because I had to spin a tale of why I was drawing them, and I knew the artwork frightened them. But my feeling from these beings was, "Okay you have seen us, *now get it right!*"

That's the key thing, the whole process; that's what means the most to me—getting the imagery right, no vague sketch. Most important is the detail. Those six weeks I would sleep with the light on. It was quite an experience; the ET artwork was obsessive, compulsive; I wanted to do it all the time, but I also had to earn a living.

When I moved to New Zealand, strange things began to happen again. Sometimes I had to call in to work and say I was sick, because I was so afraid to go to sleep at night.

This overpowering fear of going to

It was amazing—the feeling of huge responsibility—and that part of my work was to get the information out there. I believe the timing of things makes most things happen. I found the abductions at that time slightly different. I would wake up with funny tastes in my mouth, like a salty lemonade taste, feeling absolutely drained.

When I returned to the U.K., the activity started to get physical. One night after Christmas I had just got back from work and was reading in bed, when I heard the back door. I only have one back door. For some strange reason I assumed it was the landlord, although this is not something he would normally do. I froze and wondered why?

I heard the key in the lock and the door opened. I had a draft excluder which normally made a scraping noise, but I didn't hear that either; the door closed and the light came on. I moved to get out of bed but as my left leg touched the floor, the noise stopped. I went to check, and there was nothing there. This also happened in Australia: doors closing, lights going on and off; it was quite common.

One prominent memory was of waking up with blood in my mouth and realizing that my tongue had been operated on. Well, a piece of my tongue. It was scraped clean. I have it on video tape—it's disgusting. There was a big scoop mark, but no pain; a bit sore, with blood.

The side of the tongue had marks in a geometric pattern, as if it had been clamped to keep it in place. That morning I was in a real daze and was getting funny looks from people as I wandered about. I was left wondering, "Why do they want a piece of my tongue?" Another time I had the ET tattooing on the end of my fingers, the hand that does the drawing, and again I ask why?

Since I have been back in the U.K. the paranormal activity has been just astounding. Another spooky incident was when I woke up at 4 A.M. and to my surprise, the room was filled with soft amber light. The LCDs on my clock were bright, and I felt a presence behind me; I could see in the corner of the room.

My computer was not online, yet lo and behold, my computer

screen was on and I was actually online! I have no idea how this happens; it just astounds me. All I could see was the top of the screen, top left hand corner—a bluish color—and all I can remember is this shape. There was something here and I was literally fascinated, but then I went to sleep.

One person who saw my art commented, "Oh, my God, it's like you have drawn this from life!" He doesn't know of course. Something happens when people see this stuff; they are literally shaken. It's the narrative of the life of the picture, and what's driving me.

It's absolutely bizarre when people see this stuff and it's like, "Oh my God!" It jolts them rigid. I seem to go into police sketch-artist mode. This is the funny thing; I can draw proficiently what I experience, but when I draw what others see I have to go through concept sketches to get it right.

The choice of colors, nothing was designed. Normally I would work this out because as you know color is a language, but this just evolved. They are literally alien portraits and something coming through me. I am starting to get codes and symbols now; it seems the goal posts have shifted.

The point I want to make, what I feel, is what such contact is doing to me and what I have felt since childhood. I have always felt that I don't belong here; I belong somewhere else. This is not to say I am not human, but I find the goings on of the species known as humankind bizarre and primitive and still evolving.

Even as a child, I could never understand what was going on. It was very distressing to me; I just wanted to be somewhere else. But I know I have work to do here and I know it sounds crazy, but I know I am not crazy. I'm mad, but not crazy, just Monty Python mad.

The ET involvement has been quiet of late, and it may be due to my circumstances; they are giving me a break. But, incredibly, I miss it when they are not there. But with me and my art, although it may sound odd, it's my way of communicating and it brings me closer to them.

And if it goes on too long without an experience, it's like an old friend who you haven't spoken to in a long time, and I know it sounds stark raving mad, but I miss them! And when I catch up with them again, it feels like, "I am so glad!" It's like connecting with an old friend, and the closeness is still there. **UFO**

Mary Rodwell is principal of the Australian Close Encounter Network (ACERN) and lives in Perth, Western Australia. ACERN has supported over 1,250 individuals worldwide. She is the author of *Awakening: How Extraterrestrial Contact Can Change Your Life* (Avatar, 2005; Filament Books (2006)). Mary has been shown an enormous range of artwork that relates specifically to contact experiences and believes it offers a unique window into contact and represents significant evidence of its reality. Such artwork is shown on two award-winning DVDs: *Expressions of ET Contact: A Visual Blueprint?* (ACERN, 2000).

Adrian's story is told visually on the DVD *Expressions of ET Contact: A Communication and Healing Blueprint?* (ACERN, 2004)

