

UFO ENCOUNTERS

Worldwide Coverage of UFO Phenomena

Vol. 2 No. 2 \$3.50



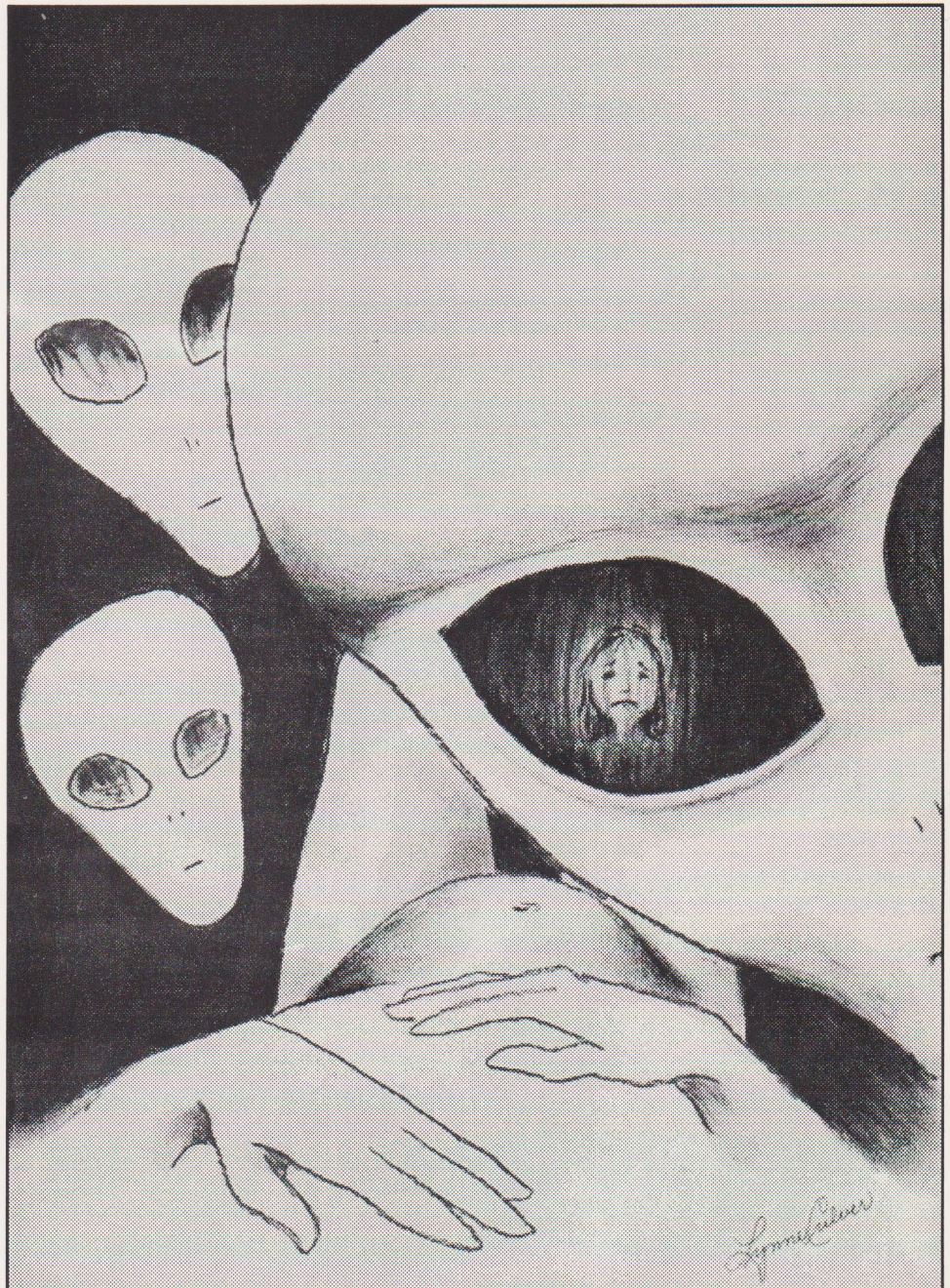
The Abductee Experience

Alien Encounters: One Child's View

UFOs Over Miami

UFOs: A British View

Star Trek & UFOs



The Truth Is Out There!

UFO ENCOUNTERS MAGAZINE

Vol. 2 #2

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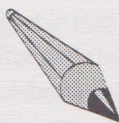
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Our theme for this issue is UFO Abductions. I felt that it was important for readers to hear directly from those who have endured these experiences. We encourage readers to correspond with anyone featured in this issue. We will forward all mail to the appropriate individual.

In my last editorial, I mentioned that we are planning some innovating investigation techniques. Our hope is to capture evidence through active investigation — where we aggressively seek to record the phenomenon as it is taking place. We are now testing devices which we believe will accomplish this. Further details in a future issue!

Late Breaking News:

Just before going to press, ABC news reported that former employees of the ultra-secret Groom Lake test facility, also known as Area 51, are charging that they were unnecessarily exposed to hazardous materials while working at the base.

Robert Frost, one former employee of the facility, has since died of a strange illness believed to be caused by his employment at Groom Lake. Frost's wife, along with a dozen former employees, have hired a lawyer to find out what they were exposed to.

The government charges that these individuals have no right to take the matter to court because of national security. In addition, our government claims that no environmental laws have been broken at this base that allegedly doesn't

The Abductee Experience

by Stephanie Lewis

For those who believe that people who admit to being "alien abductees" are simply liars, attention seekers, or are in some way mentally disturbed, I would like to say, "Beware what you say today, you know not your circumstances for tomorrow (perhaps, even of those of yesterday and today)."

A few years ago, I shared your opinion (although I never voiced it). Furthermore, if you don't understand the abduction phenomenon, don't feel bad. Unfortunately, this is a situation that the

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abductee doesn't understand either.

Because of the lack of compassion shown to abduction victims in the past, some whose lives have been ruined by debunking attempts, we won't tell you who we are. This to some, corroborates the theory of us being liars; however, this couldn't be further from the truth. Most of us live double lives — one in public as your co-worker, neighbor, friend, or even as a family member, and the other in secret — in hiding. Is this perhaps out of guilt? (one may wonder) NO, it is out of fear — fear of *lack* of understanding, belief, compassion, humiliation, or

worse yet.

Don't feel guilty if you have prejudged us in the past. I did it too, at first. Until recently, I was interested in UFOs, but due to lack of time I did little reading on the matter. I had watched some TV shows about the topic — loved Star Trek — but, the idea of aliens coming to our planet and abducting people . . . sorry, not happening (or so I thought). Like many people, I wondered what these people were lacking in their life (possibly shock therapy). I had images of "them" filling up night clubs on amateur/karaoke night. Was I compassionate or what? No matter how "nutty" I felt the abductees were, I found it odd that I never spoke of it. Even when the "new agers" made it a fad to be in contact with aliens, I didn't speak out.

So please, don't waste your energy and time by harboring feelings of guilt or remorse over your feelings of yesterday, but for our sake as well as your own, please suspend your judgment long enough to listen, learn, and understand if for no other reason than to show compassion for those of us going through this nightmarish experience. We don't know for certain why this is happening to us. The so called experts don't know, though the way some argue and bicker with one another you may think that they do. But for all we know it could have been you. Maybe it is!

So what changed my mind, you wonder? A dream as a sixteen-

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We don't know for certain why this is happening to us. The so called experts don't know, though the way some argue and bicker with one another you may think that they do.

year-old and a movie. It was a little more complicated than that, but it started the ball rolling. It began about a year or so ago when the made-for-TV movie "Intruders" aired. I can't explain why, but from the time that I saw the first promo for the movie, I knew that it was important to watch it. I made arrangements to tape the program, because I brought some work home that I felt would take me most of the evening to complete. When it came time to tape the show, the most unusual thing happened.

Not wanting to watch the show, my oldest son programmed the VCR to tape the first half of the show for me, then left to join his brothers in the family room to play Nintendo. I was working at the kitchen table when I heard the show begin and run for about five minutes. Then I heard this electronic screech. I ran to check. The TV screen was blue and the tape had ejected. Being rather good with electronic things, I quickly reinserted the tape and reprogrammed the VCR. Again it ejected the tape. I removed the tape and peered inside to see if something was out of place. Nothing! I set the VCR to manual record. Eject! I checked the owners manual because it was a new VCR and I thought it possible that I was forgetting something. NOPE! That machine would not

accept that tape. I turned off the VCR and set the TV tuner to watch the show without taping it, leaving my work on the table.

I found myself puzzled over why I felt so compelled to watch it since I didn't believe in this "Airee Fairee Bull." Nonetheless, I knew that I had to watch and so I did, haltingly. Often I would feel the need to leave the room, go to the bathroom, get a drink (I had a full glass of pop beside me), check on the kids, make sure the doors were locked, and make popcorn (I made two batches of popcorn that night — not that I ate any!).

When the show was over, I turned the TV set off. Something was bothering me. I wasn't sure what it was — fear? Why did the show scare me? I didn't believe in this, or did I? As I waited for my husband to get home from his second-shift job, I continued to contemplate my feelings, my reactions to this show. It occurred to me that my exits from the room coincided with tense moments in the show such as the entry of the aliens. Not once did I see a part with the aliens. I left the room every time!

Oddly enough, when I arose the next morning my sons were already awake and taping more cartoons. Not only was the VCR working fine, but my oldest son had used the same tape the VCR kept ejecting the night before. I asked him if he had done anything different this morning. His answer was no. In fact, I was able to tape the second half of the show without incident. Then my boys taped *Rambo* over it a few weeks later.

I found the second half of the show as difficult to sit through as the first. It wasn't that it was real-

ly that scary. I think the *Exorcist* or *Amityville Horror* were much worse and I sat through them with little problem. *This* show got to me. Something down deep in me was responding and I was frightened of what it was.

Eventually, a scene touched the exact spot. It matched a scene from a dream that I had had years ago. It wasn't exactly the same, but enough that it brought tears to my eyes. In fact, I cried off and on for the next couple of weeks. I even dared to mention this to a few friends who spoke of it being a memory of another me. A me in another dimension. "Oh my God," I thought, "one life at a time is all I can keep track of. Don't give me any more." What was this dream?

The Dream

It was winter 1977. I had just been confirmed pregnant. I was a bit over two months along. One night I had a dream that I was in a strange hospital. I was in labor and pleading with God, the doctor, even the nurse to keep my baby from being born. The doctor and nurse (orderly) said nothing, but I felt their reassurance that everything would be okay. I was terrified. There was no way the baby could live through such an ordeal. I begged them to do something. My pleas seemed to fall on deaf ears, as the only consolation I received was a suggestion to calm

I was terrified. There was no way the baby could live through such an ordeal. I begged them to do something. My pleas seemed to fall on deaf ears . . .

down and go to sleep. I DID!

When I awoke, I was in a different room, but it wasn't like the hospital rooms I remember. Something was different, but I didn't have presence of mind to figure out what. As I awoke, I felt empty, as though I had been indeed emptied. I knew I had lost the baby and began to sob. The orderly came in the room. Immediately I demanded to know what they did with my baby. I was told not to worry about it, things were going well. "Things were going well! For Whom?" Certainly, not me nor my poor child. At this point, I began to sob uncontrollably. This seemed to confuse the orderly. He was soon joined by the doctor and another orderly. The scene ended with me going back to sleep after being told that the baby was still living, but they had it in a special nursery.

After I had awoken, I demanded to see the baby. I was told it was out of the question. It was not permitted so soon. I continued to make demands and was eventually told that if the fetus was removed from the artificial womb it would die. They couldn't bring it to me. Persistent, even in my dreams, I demanded to be taken to it. That was simply not permitted. No one was allowed in the room except the special technicians, not even a mother.

"How long would it be before I could see the baby?" I asked. He didn't know, but he thought it would be soon. "How soon?" I continued. I think I was beginning to "rattle his cage" as my kids would say because he began to act confused — I could feel it.

"You can't see your baby now!" he responded. He was again

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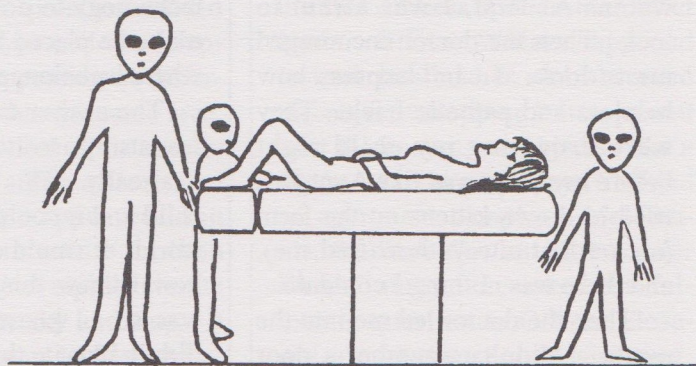
joined by the doctor, who again tried to calm me. By now, I was in such a rage that I couldn't be calmed. The doctor then agreed to show me my child before I was to leave. Leave! Horrified, I demanded to know where they thought I was going. In between my emotional objections, they explained that the baby could not survive away from the hospital, but I could not remain. I had to go and leave my child in their care. I realized that there was more to this than they were letting me know. There was something going on that I wasn't seeing. Something was wrong with this picture. I couldn't for the life of me figure out what it was. I demanded to know what they were doing with my baby. What were they going to do with him?

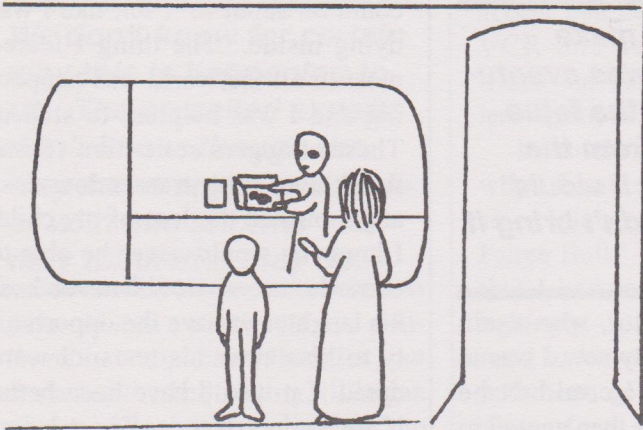
My imagination began to fill with images of my child being used like a laboratory rat. Adding to my mental state was the total hopelessness of my predicament. I was in this strange place, surrounded by strangers and was at their mercy. These strangers had my precious baby and there was absolutely nothing I

could do about it. I felt like I was dying inside. The thing I feared most in all the world was happening and I was helpless to stop it. These strangers stole him. I was swept over with tremendous loss and mourned the loss of my child. I knew he would never be able to come home. I would never hear his laughter or have the opportunity to kiss away his tears. I wondered if it would have been better if he hadn't lived. Then I was washed over by the guilt of having such a thought. My soul ached. My body reflected its pain. I collapsed to my knees and cried.

The two beings seemed to be upset and left the room. They returned a short while later to inform me that if I agreed to leave like I was supposed to, they would allow me to see my baby briefly. I was at that time greatly impressed with the idea that I really had no choice. That if they so chose, I could be removed from this place against my will and that there was little I could do about it. Even though the loss of my child ached within me, I agreed.

I was left alone for a while, then the orderly returned to take me to see the baby. On the way out I was informed that we would be passing the baby's observation room. As we walked down the corridors of this "hospital," I kept





thinking that something was odd about it. The hallways were narrower than they should be. Where were all the people that should be here? We came to a turn. Before us was the exit. I would have to go down a ramp to leave. Where was the parking lot? Where was my husband? Where was my baby? I panicked. I had been tricked.

Then he said turn and look. I looked on in terror as a fetus, about the size of a newborn kitten, was suspended in a tank of water. I screamed and tried to go through the window to save my baby. I think I was knocked out as my head collided with the window. When I came to, the doctor was there again. He said something about it being poor judgment allowing me to see the baby. I stood up, sure that I would see a dead baby floating in a tank of water. At first, I was afraid to look. Then the doctor encouraged me to look. I can't express how helpless and pathetic I felt. They were drowning my child right before my very eyes like Aunt Bea used to drown kittens on the farm (an act that always horrified me), and there was nothing I could do.

Then the doctor led me into the room. I didn't remember a door

being there earlier. Defeatedly, I walked over to the tank, which looked like an aquarium, and gently touched my child. I jumped when he seemed to respond to my touch. He was alive! "Thank

you, God," I cried, as I hurried to lift him out of the liquid. The fluid was like water, but it had a kind of body to it, like jello-water. I immediately felt a hand on my arm and was told, "No!" It was the doctor. The baby still needed a womb and wouldn't survive outside of one. I asked if he would drown and was shown the tube that attached to his umbilical cord. "So he is in an artificial womb?" I

I looked on in terror as a fetus, about the size of a newborn kitten, was suspended in a tank of water. I screamed and tried to go through the window to save my baby.

asked. "Yes" was the response. I watched in amazement as the baby moved in this artificial womb. Then I wondered if they had the technology to do this. Why couldn't he be placed back in my womb where he belonged?

The answer came instantly and I was surprised to find that I knew it already. This wasn't a normal child and it couldn't survive in my world. It would die. I don't know how I knew this, but I knew this was so. I knew that although I didn't like it, this was the safest

place for him. As I came to this realization, I was told it was time to leave. This I knew as well. I don't know if it was recognizing defeat or just an inner knowing, but I lifted my first son one last time to kiss him on the head and then I left, feeling as though I was leaving my heart behind. Tears streaming down my face, I left the room and gazed one last time at him as I walked by the window. The doctor was awkwardly touching him, as if trying to mimic my caress. As I moved toward the exit door, I looked over to the waiting room and thought this isn't really a hospital, it's a . . .

Harsh Reality

I awoke. I had this awful feeling of emptiness inside. My eyes were sore and swollen as if I had been crying. "What a dream," I told myself as I got up to use the bathroom. My legs felt cold as the night air hit a wet spot on them. Still groggy, I wiped. I came fully awake as I stared in disbelief at blood on the toilet paper. I looked in the toilet, and the water was red. "Oh my God!" I screamed to my husband, who was upstairs in bed. "Help me!" I put on a pad and ran up stairs to wake him. He didn't stir. He was breathing, but wouldn't wake up. I checked the bed where I slept. There was a large blood stain as if during the night I had started my period. I returned downstairs.

I phoned my doctor's message service. She was delivering a baby. I paced as I awaited her call. Her call came, and she agreed to meet me at her office. It was about 5:30 a.m. when I arrived. She was already there and met me

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UFO ALERT

UFOs Over Miami!

By Bland Pugh

Two Hialeah, Florida police officers, Joe Elosequi and Paulette Weems, were on duty in the early morning hours of April 10, 1994, when at approximately 5:30 a.m., as they were sitting in the K-Mart parking lot on 49th street doing their nightly reports, Officer Weems observed a "large, white object." Her first reaction was to dismiss it as an airplane making a routine approach for landing at a local airport. However, after a closer observation of the light, it became apparent this was not an airplane.

"When I first spotted it, it was like a big light with a smaller light trailing it. In between there was a waving or wavery tail. That was when it was coming directly towards our vehicle. Next, the object began to turn. Normally you would see the whole airplane turn, but when this was turning, you saw the side view and you could still see the back lights."

Officer Weems went on to describe the object as "smoky black; it was a perfect oval with a tail." Weems further characterized the object as a "hologram that waved in and out, becoming transparent." As the object turned, it was "very long, extremely long," she said.

At this point, she excitedly tapped Joe Elosequi on the shoulder to point out the object. Elosequi, being involved in his paper-

work, hesitated before looking up and missed seeing it.

"Gone just like Genie, gone, like you turned out a light. Then the light reappeared to our left," Officer Weems explained. "Look there it is," Weems said, pointing to the east.

This time, according to Joe Elosequi, "I saw a white light that was glowing to the southeast of our location. The light then turned a pinkish-type red and began a strobing effect. . . . I continued to focus on the light and it went back to the white glowing mode. The

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light appeared to be traveling towards our location and stopped."

Officer Elosequi explained, "The object in question would travel in a box type pattern, disappearing and reappearing at different locations within the same area, covering a great deal of distance in no time at all." The officer also said, "The shape appeared long but not round in nature. I then observed the object rapidly elevate itself towards the sky and stop. It immediately began to descend at

an incredible speed towards the ground giving the appearance that it was going to crash. The object then suddenly stopped in the air. We were amazed at the object's flight patterns, change of direction and speed. We surveyed this object for approximately twenty minutes until it faded away. During this encounter the object constantly kept turning its lights off while changing directional courses and would activate the red strobe light on a limited basis."

Officer Elosequi described the descent of the object as that of a "free fall." Weems said, "One of the strangest things was when, on two occasions, it did a straight drop (*her description of the 'free fall' previously described by Elosequi*). Basically it appeared up in the sky. Then it started dropping straight down. It wasn't like a falling star or it wasn't speeding. It was like a parachute drop you see at the amusement parks."

During a telephone interview the day after the event, I asked both officers if there was residue . . . any kind of lighted trail left behind as the object fell downwards. Both replied, "No, there was only the falling light." I also believe the two descriptions above were two separate actions by the object.

At approximately 6:30 a.m., the two officers spotted the object again. Officer Weems happened to look behind her and observed the object "dropping." It appeared as if there were two objects "like a figure 8." They "dropped" behind an apartment complex. Mel Tennis, the State Section Director for Dade County, FL, asked the following question to Officer Elosequi about the second sighting:

Officer Elosequi commented, "It's amazing, I called the FAA that morning. There was really no sightings. Nothing on radar. Nothing . . . probably because of the speed, they tell me."

"Were there any other witnesses in the area?"

"I called Sergeant Shaw over (who was apparently in the same area). What he saw was the light, right before it disappeared. He saw it up there and then it disappeared," Elosequi said. "It was apparently attempting to blend in as a star due to the daylight outside at this time. I did notice that when an airplane would approach, it would turn off its lights and reactivate them upon the plane passing."

Mel Tennis and Mary Margaret Zimmer interviewed both of the officers about their sighting, asking them to describe the object, its apparent size, and distance from the witnesses. Officer Elosequi estimated the size at arm's length as slightly larger than a quarter. Paulette Weems said, "I would say it was probably like ten times larger than a star."

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Tennis also asked, "I wondered how you were able to get in touch with us, the MUFON people?"

"I called the FBI," said Elosequi.

In fact, they gave him the UFO

Information Center number in Seattle, Washington. Bob Gribble, director of that hotline, immediately called Charles Flannigan, State Director of Florida MUFON.

The credibility of the officers' testimonies lent to this case makes it extremely important and highly legitimate. We at Florida MUFON would like to thank both Officers Elosequi and Weems for their cooperation. Their professionalism and calm observance made

their descriptions of the objects remarkably useful in our investigation.

Bland Pugh is a MUFON Assistant State Director for Florida, and is also the Editor of the 'Florida MUFON News,' a bimonthly publication available by subscription. 1 yr. — \$12.00, P.O. BOX 6111, Gulf Breeze, FL 32561-6111.

UFOs Over Chukotka

by Paul Stonehill

Director, Russian Ufology Research Center

Chukotka, as we also call that land in Russian, is located at the meeting point of two continents, two oceans, and four seas. It is a forbidden, hard-to-reach and sparsely populated Russian area, yet it is only a short distance away from the United States. Powerful Russian Air Force units are stationed in that harsh, rugged land.

UFOs are no strangers to the Chukotsky Peninsula. Fifteen years ago, a defector from the Soviet Navy told me about UFO sightings over Chukotka in 1965. Recently, I received an up-to-date account of UFO sightings in Chukotka from my Vladivostok colleagues.

Winters are long in Chukotka, and the Arctic night seems endless. Due to the severe and bitter frosts, hellish cold weather and darkness, local inhabitants must spend most of their time indoors. Hence, sightings are rare, but do occur. The encounters take place

mostly along the Uelen-Vankarem line. Local hunters, who dwell along the Arctic Ocean's coastline (in such places as the Inchoun Village), swear that along the Uelen-Vankarem line, there exists a mysterious route where strange objects are seen flying by. The UFOs fly at various heights under any weather condition, absolutely noiselessly, and on occasions display green lights.

A description, given by a local hunter after an encounter in December 1989, tells of a large object and its dim, strange reflection. The object moved noiselessly. It had a powerful effect on the

The UFOs fly at various heights, under any weather condition, absolutely noiselessly, and on occasions display green lights.

Mr. Etinkeu noticed that the strange object illuminated the dog sled and the snow around it with a violet-blue light.

human and his canines. They immediately became sleepy and groggy. Before completely dozing off, Mr. Etinkeu noticed that the strange object illuminated the dog sled and the snow around it with a violet-blue light.

The hunter was out for a short time. He knew this because his head did not freeze in the icy wind after his hat had fallen off during the induced sleep. When the hunter managed to get up, his whole body ached, and he felt tired. His dogs hardly moved. Yet shortly before the encounter, they had a good breakfast and were full of energy. Now neither he nor the young dogs wanted to move on. When his story was related to other hunters, no one seemed surprised. Many of them had encountered UFOs in the area. Some had bad headaches for days after their encounters.

Early in the year is when the Northerners see UFOs. During the "white nights," when the Sun doesn't leave the sky, such encounters are rare. However, there was one exception.

In the summer of 1990 (please recall that there were many UFO sightings that took place that summer in other parts of the world), the crew of a ship, harbored in the Ust-Belaya Village, noticed some cumulus clouds that suddenly formed in a perfect circle. In the center of the circle one could

observe the clear blue sky. The officer on the watch, Mr. Alexander Polorotov, took pictures of the event that was unfolding. Groups of airplanes were exiting the circle and flew on to disappear in the surrounding clouds. The Russian seaman had worked in the Air Force before and knew his airplanes. The "airplanes" had appeared nine times. He was only able to take a few pictures and then the camera malfunctioned. When the pictures were developed, a cigar-like object could be discerned on some of the photos. It had a strange illumination, and some black dots were visible at a distance. The airplanes, seen by seven crew members on board the ship, were not on any of the photos. The crew members felt weak and had headaches after their encounter.

What's more interesting is that UFOs seen in the vicinity of Ust-Belaya were determined to be coming from the mysterious Elgitgitgin Lake area. There are many legends about that lake — strange disappearances, appearances of beings unknown, etc. According to the local legend, a shaman capable of levitation lives in the area. From the description provided, the shaman is dressed in something that to modern researchers may look like a space suit. The legends have been analyzed by a noted Russian "paleoufolog" V. Avinsky,

When the pictures were developed, a cigar-like object could be discerned on some of the photos.

and the Center will publish his findings in the future.

In the area of Chukotka that is bordered by Providenje, Lavrenti, and Uelen, UFOs allow themselves to be photographed. In the area of Cape Shmidt, they seem to be invisible to the naked eye. However, various devices do register their presence. In the winter of 1991, radar at the Shmidt Airport (as well as the radar of a lone helicopter in the vicinity) registered the presence of a strange object. The UFO was thirty kilometers away from the settlement, at a

According to the local legend, a shaman capable of levitation lives in the area.

height of about a kilometer and a half. The helicopter began to approach the object, coming to within a kilometer of it. The indicator on the helicopter's radar clearly showed the object's presence, yet the pilot could not see anything outside. There was also much radio interference.

In the areas of Vankarem, Ust-Belaya, and Elgitgitgin Lake, people are adversely affected by UFOs. For some reason, UFOs tend to be aggressive there. But those areas have few inhabitants. Mr. Yevgeny Rozhkov, who had written about the Chukotka UFOs in the July 1992 issue of *Vostok Rossiya* (a Russian newspaper), thinks that there may be some secret UFO bases there. In the areas of Shmidt and Anadir UFOs are hardly visible. Are "they" afraid of an encounter with the Russian Air Force? Or, is there

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Alien Encounters: One Child's View

by C. Leigh Culver, Cl.H.

I had originally planned on writing an article on hypnosis and its use in the abduction phenomenon. I promise that I will write this article in a future issue. However, I felt that readers would find this case of interest. All of the information presented here was obtained without the aid of hypnosis, using only cognitive interview techniques (see last issue of UFO ENCOUNTERS, Vol. 2, No. 1).

As a rule, I do not use hypnotic regression when I work with children. Even with therapeutic intervention, adults have enough difficulty integrating their abduction experiences into their daily lives.

He has portrayed his experiences with vivid clarity, sometimes as dreams, more often as actual events.

You can imagine the difficulty that a child who is still in the developmental stages of life, and who has less developed coping skills, might have with some aspects of this phenomenon. So if a child has conscious memory of the abduction experience, then I deal with it on that level without attempting to revivify or enhance the memory with hypnosis.

This case is unique in that Peter (not his real name) remembers all details of his experiences, none of which appear traumatic.

Peter is a typical ten-year-old

boy. He has all of the usual interests of a boy his age. He is very outdoor- and nature-oriented, he studies karate, is extremely bright and has a keen sense of humor.

For years now, Peter has been telling his mother that he is an alien. He has portrayed his experiences with vivid clarity, sometimes as dreams, more often as actual events. Peter's mother is a federal agent, who only recently has learned of her life-long abduction experiences. Most of her life, she characterized many of her experiences as ghost and/or poltergeist-related phenomena. Peter has an older sister who appears to have had these experiences also, although no present attempt is being made to explore her experiences.

Peter's experiences, as far as he can remember, started when he was about four or five years old. He describes the "aliens" (his term) as having "dark blue skin . . . with large heads . . . without ears . . . small mouths . . . long, slanted, yellow eyes . . . little necks . . . long arms that reach to the knees . . . and hands that have long fingers." When asked to describe the hands, he says "they had five fingers." He further states that the "aliens" are "skinny and bony . . . especially about the ribs," and that "at the hips you can see where the bones connect." He says, "The aliens look kind of like lizards" (See Figures 1 & 2).

Peter depicted the "aliens" as

looking "all the same." He says that "one is an inch taller . . . he's the one that tells me where to go . . . he's a leader or something." He characterizes the "aliens'" personality as "friendly" and "curious." His description is that they are not wearing clothing. I asked whether or not he could tell the difference between male and female "aliens." He said, "that you couldn't tell by looking at them . . . that you just know."

The "aliens" communicate to Peter usually by tapping on his shoulder and then pointing to where they want him to go. When asked about this, Peter said that the "aliens" do make sounds out of their mouths when they communicate to each other or to him,

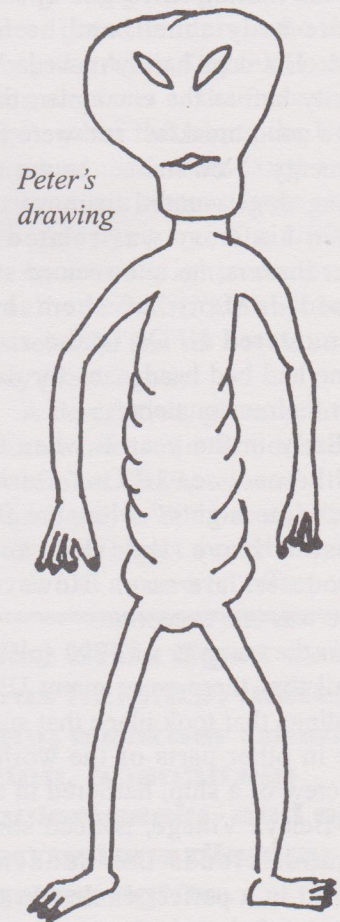


Figure 1

although he doesn't understand the sounds. Peter says, "They talk weird . . . but they are real nice." In explaining further the way they communicate, Peter says, "They usually tap my shoulder and point to something or somewhere . . . I just know what they want me to do."

Peter describes the place where he is usually taken as "the library." The room is "oval shaped with books everywhere . . . with a bench in the middle." On one side of the room are books that are apparently written in English. On the other side of the room are books written in other languages. It was not clear as to whether these other books were human books written in different languages or "alien" books. He said that he didn't go to that side of the room often. The "library's" floor and ceiling are a light "blue/gray color." Peter remembers the illumination in the "library" as such: ". . . there is always enough light to see, but you can't tell where the light is coming from."

Peter says that the books seem to deal with "the Earth . . . our planet . . . nature and people." I asked whether or not he remem-

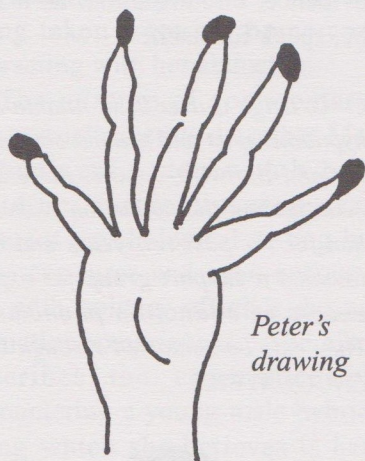


Figure 2

He further states that the "aliens" are "skinny and bony . . . especially about the ribs," and that "at the hips you can see where the bones connect."

bered any titles and he recounted what he remembered: "Earth, the Living something . . . Mars, Does it Have Any Plants? . . . Earth and its Environment . . ." and other titles dealing with "nature and the ozone layer." He said that the "aliens" would bring him to this room just to read, and that they would watch and observe him as he read.

Peter said there were two other rooms or doorways leading off from "the library." One he called the "yellow room" and the other the "white room." The reason for these descriptions being that whenever the "aliens" opened one of these doors, bright yellow or white light would shine into "the library" from behind them. He said that he had never been into either of these rooms, but that the "aliens" would often go in and out of them (See Figure 3).

He has never seen human children or adults while having these experiences. His encounters seem to occur about once a month. On many occasions he has been given many different types of toys to "play" with. Peter stated that one such toy was like a "Rubik's Cube . . . with a round type of shape . . . and you had to figure out where the things went . . . and the shapes and colors." He then said, ". . . and they [the "aliens"] would sit and watch me . . . like they're trying to figure out if you're smart enough to do this."

Usually Peter is inside his home when he is taken aboard what he calls "the spaceship." Sometimes, however, he will be outside playing and he will "know" to go inside the house so that he can be taken aboard. He says that the "aliens" know how to do things with time. He has reported situations where he was playing outside with friends and that he would "know" to go inside his house. Peter would then find himself in "the library." When the visit was over, he would find himself back inside his home at the same time that he had originally been taken aboard the "spaceship." Even though several hours had passed, there was no missing time! He could then go back outside and resume his play, and his friends would never know what had transpired. In Peter's own words, "My friends would think that I had gone inside to get a drink of water,

He said that the "aliens" would bring him to this room just to read, and that they would watch and observe him as he read.

or . . . gone to the bathroom."

One humorous incident occurred when Peter was out playing with his friends. While he was having a "water gun fight" with friends next door, he said "that a flashing type of thing went on . . . a bright light flashed three times . . . it flashed everywhere outside." He then found himself aboard the "spaceship." Peter was there for some time when he remembered that he still had his squirt gun in his pocket. He pulled out the squirt gun and, as Peter put it, "squirted the tall one." Peter said

The "Library"
- Peter's drawing

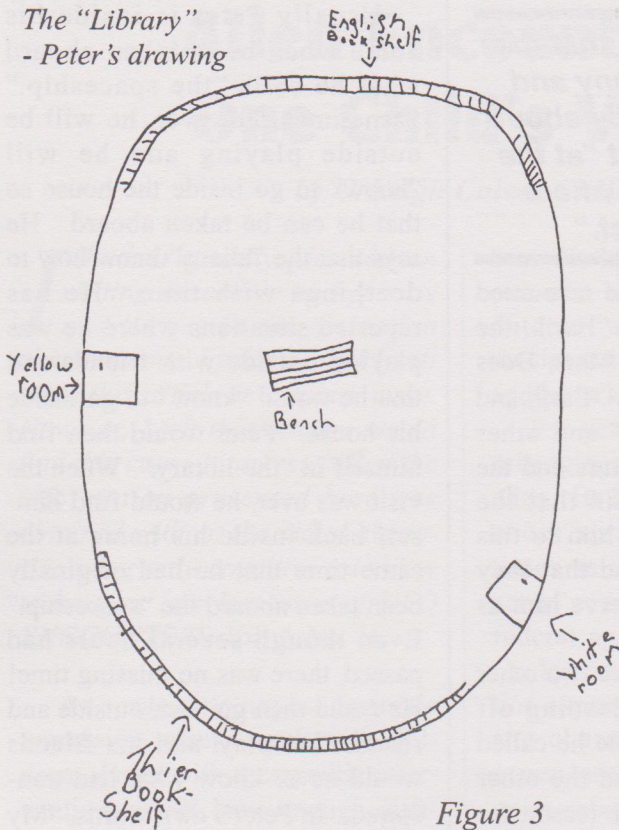


Figure 3

that, "... he [the tall "alien"] screeched and started shaking . . . and then he ran back to the yellow room . . . they started talking again and then they came out and they started saying stuff and told me to sit down."

Peter then attempted to explain that he was just playing and that the gun only had water in it. Before he could explain further, he found himself inside his home, it was now considerably later, and his friends had left. The "aliens" didn't perform their trick with time. He was not happy about being unable to go out and continue his play.

Several times Peter has been aware of his mother's abduction experiences. His mother had never mentioned her abduction experiences to her son. However, on one occasion, just after an

experience that left her badly shaken, Peter came into the room to console his mother. He knew that she had been abducted and returned, and he wanted to make sure that she was okay.

Peter's mother doesn't share the same "friendly alien" view as her son. In her own words, she doesn't "want to be a baby factory." She is concerned about what might happen to Peter when he gets older, and perhaps doesn't wish to participate in their agenda.

Upon concluding our interview, I asked Peter, "Do you know

why they [the "aliens"] are here — what their purpose is?"

Peter said, "I don't know what their purpose is, except, the only thing that I can think of is to maybe save the Earth and other planets from the harmful things that are happening to them . . . because they have these books about the environment and the bad things that are happening."

Peter said that, "... he [the tall "alien"] screeched and started shaking . . . and then he ran back to the yellow room . . ."

In many cases that I have researched, I have found that many experiencers have had similar encounters of what might be termed "alien ecology lessons." This is especially true in their ear-

lier encounters as children. Many individuals have described "alien Romper Room" type settings where many children are gathered together to play and learn about the environment. In some of these cases children were shown books that pictured animals that had once lived and became extinct on the "aliens'" home world. They were then shown books depicting similar themes involving animals here on Earth.

Something that I find interesting in this case is what Peter says the "aliens" do with time. The idea of controlling and moving through time has been related in several cases that I have researched. However, Peter is the first individual that I have worked with who has directly stated the idea that one could be abducted at, say, 9:00 p.m., and then returned at 9:00 p.m.

In future issues of *UFO ENCOUNTERS*, we will profile many interesting and unique cases including those which do not always fit the *mainstream abduction scenario*. In other words, we are not going to "throw out the baby with the wash." Let all of the evidence, circumstantial as it may be, speak for itself.

C. Leigh Culver is an Atlanta-area hypnotherapist and trauma counselor. He and his wife, Lynne, have been investigating the abduction phenomenon for the past two years and have founded a support group for experiencers of abduction phenomena. They may be contacted through UFO ENCOUNTERS.



The Alien Jigsaw

Reviewed by John Kirby

By Katharina Wilson, *Puzzle Publishing, P.O. Box 230023, Portland, OR 97281-0023, 1993, 330 pp. \$26.95 (including s&h), ISBN 0-9639916-0-4*

Over the past several years, numerous books have been published about the abduction phenomenon, notably *Intruders* and *Missing Time* by Budd Hopkins. Of course, both books are excellent works and "must reads" for those who are seriously interested in the phenomenon of abductions.

Mr. Hopkins' books and many others are written from a researcher's perspective and describe/analyze the experiences of others. However, this book, *The Alien Jigsaw* (the introduction of which was written by Budd Hopkins), discusses the phenomenon in the first person by the author, Katharina Wilson, an apparent abductee. It is based on her personal journals, dating back to childhood, in which she recorded, in great detail, bizarre events of being taken from her home and interacting with her abductors.

The mixture of commentary and journal excerpts describes Ms. Wilson's encounters with hybrid children, surgical procedures, apparent psychological testing by alien creatures and even encounters with military officials during abduction experiences. She also describes the experience of encountering a young male hybrid being which she believes is her child.

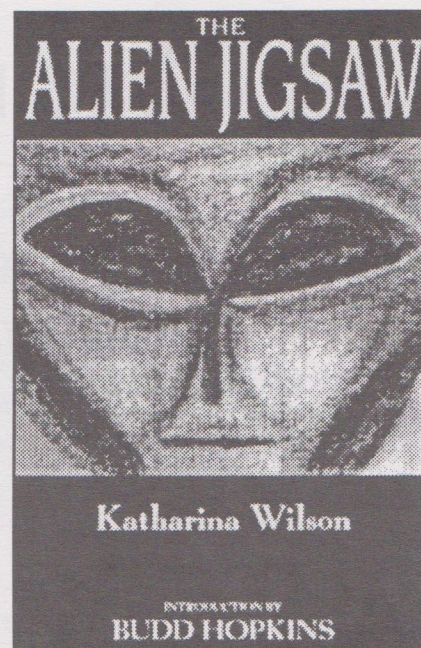
The Alien Jigsaw is complete with footnotes, an index and several appendices. Of particular interest were her descriptions of the psychological and physiological effects of encounters, a section which lists and describes fifteen distinct types of beings in detail, and sixteen pages of illustrations including sketches of the various being types, alien surgical instruments and craft interiors and exteriors. Ms. Wilson also describes many experiences which she refers to as "teaching dreams." These are deeply emotional and sometimes traumatic experiences apparently manufactured by the beings to challenge the abductee and permit the abductors to study various human emotions.

Although the book lacks the drama of "hard-to-put-down" books such as *Communion*, its lower-key style is filled with details which, to the knowledge of this reviewer, have never before appeared in print. For this reason alone, I highly recommend the

However, this book, *The Alien Jigsaw*, discusses the phenomenon in the first person by the author, Katharina Wilson, an apparent abductee.

book for those who have read the more popular books on the subject and want to know more, and for those researchers who need to increase their depth of knowledge on the subject.

Another positive aspect of the



book is the author herself, Katharina Wilson. Her educational background, which includes a bachelor of music with a second major in psychology, add to her credibility. Also, having met Ms. Wilson several times, I have been impressed by her intelligence, stability and sincerity. I believe she is reporting these events as she believes they happened. She has also been instrumental in helping other abductees in the Portland area deal with their experiences and has established local support groups to help others who have had similar traumatic encounters.

The Alien Jigsaw is privately published, but has the polished look of professionally published books. It is certainly a worthwhile investment of money and time.

John Kirby has a B.S. and M.S. in electrical engineering. He is currently a project manager for a high technology company and Field Investigator for MUFON.



UFO Investigations

Abduction Research In Australia

A New Catalog And Analysis

by Keith Basterfield

Research Director, Australian UFO Abduction Study Center

Introduction

Australia is an island continent. In size it is some 80% of the area of the United States, but has a population of only 16 million. Its coastal areas are more densely populated, with vast inland areas being isolated desert.

Australia is a multi-cultural society with the population initially of native Aboriginal, then immigrants derived firstly from the United Kingdom, then Europe, and now Asia. It has a Westminster system of democracy, with a central federal government and eight state governments.

The mass media regularly carries items about UFOs. However, the subject is rarely taken seriously. Abductions are far from an everyday topic of conversation; for example, no Australian abductee has ever been featured on a prime-time television chat show or in the mainstream press. On occasion, overseas UFO documentaries do appear with segments on abductions.

Although books by Randles, Vallee, Strieber, Hopkins, Fiore, Jacobs and Schnabel have been carried by book sellers, only

Strieber's *Communion* made an impact. Books typically arrive in Australia some four to six months after release in the UK or the USA.

Catalog

Recently, I have completed the compilation of an updated catalog of Australian abduction cases. The catalog is intended to provide brief summaries of abduction accounts which have been collected from Australia and New Zealand. It has been produced from a larger catalog of cases of missing time, abduction and abduction-like reports, the fifth edition of which was compiled in December 1993.

To select the cases for this catalog it was necessary to arrive at a definition to use for an "abduction." I decided to use that described in an article titled: "Psychosocial Characteristics of Abductees: Results from the CUFOS Abduction Project," authored by Mark Rodeghier, Jeff Goodpaster and Sandra Blatterbauer, which appeared in the 1991 Volume 3 of the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies' *Journal of UFO Studies*.

This definition is:

1. A witness must be taken against his or her will from normal, terrestrial surroundings by nonhuman beings.

2. These beings must take the witness to another enclosed space that is not terrestrial in appearance and is assumed or known by the witness to be a spacecraft.

3. In this place, the witness must either be subjected to various procedures that are examinations of some type, or engage in communication (verbal or telepathic) with the beings, or both.

4. These experiences may be remembered consciously or through various means of focused concentration, such as hypnosis, or by a combination of the two.

*See Note 1

In comparison to the United States, little coverage of this subject appears in the Australian media. Items carried on television are mainly in the nature of imported specials on UFOs which feature, in part, abductions. However, the mini-series "Intruders" did appear as a two-part series in mid-1992. Interestingly, no new cases came to light as a result of the showing. A UFORA search for Australian abductees was conducted in late 1992, which received

Abductions are far from an everyday topic of conversation; for example, no Australian abductee has ever been featured on a prime-time television chat show or in the mainstream press.

Many of these accounts reveal complex narratives involving multiple episodes of abduction, missing time, and/or psychic/paranormal events. The latter aspect has often been overlooked by American abduction researchers.

wide media exposure, and resulted in several additional new cases being received, details of which have been incorporated into this updated catalog. In addition, last year, late-night chat shows featured interviews with Travis Walton who was here in Australia to promote the film *Fire in the Sky*.

There continues to be no broad appreciation of the abduction phenomenon among health professionals in Australia. Consequently, only about a half dozen in the whole country, to my knowledge, have taken an interest. UFO Research Queensland is working with an industrial psychologist, and recently initiated an abductee support group. Bill Chalker and Robb Tilley in Sydney have teamed up with several psychologists. An abductee support group also exists in Sydney. In Adelaide, Peter Jones and I have enlisted the assistance of a psychologist and a psychotherapist.

Theoretical work as to the nature of abductions has been undertaken by myself and Bob Bartholomew, an American sociologist, and Bill Chalker. *See Note 2

Two case studies have been published, one on abductee "Susan" in IUR 16(2):4-6 & 22, and one on the Puddy abduction appearing in the IUR 17(3): 13-14

& 23. We plan to document and publish others as time permits. Many of these accounts reveal complex narratives involving multiple episodes of abduction, missing time, and/or psychic/paranormal events. The latter aspect has often been overlooked by American abduction researchers.

Analysis

The compilation of missing time, abduction-like and abduction cases, netted a total of eighty-three reported events from Australia and New Zealand.

An example of an Australian missing time event is as follows:

In September or October 1970, in Sydney, New South Wales, a man noticed a red/orange glow in the bushland close to his home one night. He took his dog and went to investigate. Getting closer to it, he saw a glow illuminating the area. His dog became excited and dashed into the bush. There next is a discontinuity in his physical and emotional reactions — an apparent period of missing time. He next recalled seeing an owl fly past him, and he could hear his own internal thoughts:

"There's something I should remember." Strangely, although previously very curious about the glow, he then lost interest and went home.

An example of an Australian abduction-like experience is one investigated by my colleague Bill Chalker of Sydney:

The event took place in 1976, in rural New South Wales. A 31-year-old woman was vacuuming about noon one day when she felt

ill. Suddenly three little beings just appeared in front of her. One being was some five feet tall, very slender, with a very elongated face. The other two were much shorter, with chubby, broader faces. All three had large eyes, with a hint of a nose and a mouth. Each wore shroud-like cloaks. Telepathically, the taller being spoke to her, telling her she had to go with them. The woman refused. The next thing she can recall is her fiancée' arriving home at 5.30 p.m. A hypnotic regression session revealed little beyond that of her conscious memories.

Using the CUFOS definition for an abduction, this number of missing time, abduction-like and abduction experiences are reduced to just thirty-nine.

The following presents an analysis of the data from the thirty-nine known abduction cases:

1. The witnesses

Forty-six individuals were involved in the thirty-nine cases. Of the thirty-three individuals who participated in single witness events, ten were male and twenty-three were female. There were six multi-witness reports, of which the following is perhaps the most interesting:

The location was Adelaide,

All three had large eyes, with a hint of a nose and a mouth. Each wore shroud-like cloaks. Telepathically, the taller being spoke to her, telling her she had to go with them.

Entering the lounge, he saw his son in the arms of a strange being, some five feet, ten inches tall. The being was a greenish/white color and appeared human-like.

South Australia, and I was the prime investigator. It occurred in July 1989.

A man was lying in bed trying to sleep when a low pitched humming noise was heard. His wife, lying alongside him, apparently asleep, said he was not to worry, to do as they say. He couldn't work out what she meant, and suddenly found himself paralyzed. Next, he was floating along the hall passageway into the lounge. Entering the lounge, he saw his son in the arms of a strange being, some five feet, ten inches tall. The being was a greenish/white color and appeared human-like.

Next he recalled lying down in a dark room. In this room was a nonhuman being. He described it as having an oval-shaped head and big black eyes, the shape of eggs. There was no nose, just two holes, and a small slit of a mouth. He then was floated back and went to sleep in his own bed.

The next morning, both he and his wife felt very strange. She remembered talking in her sleep, but couldn't remember what she had said. The wife had felt a presence during the night but wasn't afraid. She remembered being on a table with some people looking at her. She felt she had been investigated, then drifted back to her bed. Hypnotic regression of both persons confirmed the above details.

Where age is given, (twenty-eight individuals), only two are over forty years of age, with one being sixty-three at the time.

In what setting do Australian abductions occur? An analysis shows just over 61% occur in suburban bedrooms, and 36% in rural, outside environments.

A typical bedroom intrusion was reported from Melbourne, in Victoria, in 1979. A man named Mark retired to bed one night at 11 p.m. Shortly after closing his eyes, he lost all sense of sound and feeling, and found himself traveling in a tunnel through space. Looking forward, he noted a light at the end of the tunnel. His next awareness was of lying on a table in a "craft." He was medically examined by three beings. One of the beings was a human female, with long blonde hair. The other two were some 150cm tall, fat, and of a dark brown color. These latter two had plumpish faces, large eyes, a large nose, and bigger lips and ears than us. They addressed him in English, and seemed like scientists. When they introduced a "scanner" to check him over, he "freaked out" and woke up in his own bed. All his teeth felt numb and his knuckles were white.

A representative rural event was that investigated by Mark Moravec of Ballarat in Victoria, occurring in September 1979 at Jindabyne, New South Wales.

Two young men who were out hunting, reported seeing a bright white, spherical light on the ground a little distance away. On the next night it was seen again. In 1983, one of the men recalled a two-hour time lapse on one of those nights.

He consciously recalled that they were both surrounded by a blue light as they went near the object. They were floated through a hatch into a gray colored, rectangular room in the UFO. After being put on two "benches" they were examined by several tall beings. The beings were hairless, gray, and had gray bulges where we have eyes. The man said the beings also had slit-like mouths and flat noses, with no ears. During the examination, and without tearing their clothes, the beings connected "wires" to the men. The individual felt "used" as if a specimen. They were then returned to the original spot where they had been taken.

2. What of the entities reported?

Unfortunately, perhaps due to fragmentary recall, data is complete in only seventeen cases concerning the physical description of the entities. There is almost a 1 to 2 ratio of reported humanoids to non-humanoids. Heights are spread from below 90cm to 240cm. Large heads are reported in eight cases. There are nine reports of alien eyes being large. Eye color is predominantly black.

3. Use of hypnosis

Almost all Australian abductees have fragmentary conscious

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During the examination, and without tearing their clothes, the beings connected "wires" to the men. The individual felt "used" as if a specimen.

recall of some, if not all of their encounters. Hypnotic regression was used in fifteen cases. Only in three instances were there no conscious recollections of an abduction. In one instance, a girl in a hypnotic state spontaneously "jumped into" a "flying saucer." Amazingly, this last case occurred in 1955 and was documented at that time.

4. What of communication?

In fifteen cases, comment is made about communication by the entities to the abductee, with nine mentions of telepathic means for this communication.

5. Family connections?

Beside the July 1989 episode mentioned earlier, involving husband and wife together, only one other case clearly records an attempt at involving more than one member of the family:

In April 1991, a married Melbourne woman related to me a series of events extending back some fourteen months from that time. These included her six-year-old son reporting that five to six little men entered his bedroom and shone a "torch" at him. He felt paralyzed, and while there, the men telepathically told him they would not hurt him. They then examined him and pushed some-

thing up his nose. He described them as having gray skin, big heads and big black eyes.

The woman recalled an episode where something physically tried to pull her out of her bed during the night. She also recalled an episode at age seven, which she thought was a dream, where three pixies entered her room and abducted her.

In 1991 she was regressed and the following was revealed:

At age seven, six beings entered her bedroom and took her away to a room somewhere. After examining her, they pushed something up her nose. The girl was told that she had been chosen for some task, not revealed to her yet. She did not feel they were going to hurt her. She was floated back home and into her bed. She woke up and thought it had been a dream.

At age thirty-six, in 1991,

He felt paralyzed, and while there, the men telepathically told him they would not hurt him. They then examined him and pushed something up his nose.

beings again came to her bedroom and tried to take her away, but she refused to go. Shortly after this, and while she was in bed with her husband, three small beings returned. They scraped both her and her husband with a silver "knife," telling her this was the last time for a while.

The beings told her that at some stage she is to spread knowledge when they are ready. They also told her the device up her nose was to keep track of her.

Continued on page 29

Upcoming Events

Aug. 17: The UFO Phenomenon – Milford Gallery at Weld Town Hall, Weld, Maine. Call (207) 585-2535.

Aug. 27: UFO Conference – Holiday Inn, Holidonn, Tucson, AZ. Call (602) 882-9544.

Sept. 9-11: Third Annual Midwest Conference on UFO Research – Hotel Raddison, Springfield, MO. Call (417) 882-6847.

Sept. 11: 4th Annual New Hampshire MUFON Conference – Yokens Convention Center, Portsmouth, NH. Call (603) 436-9283.

Sept. 14-18: International Forum on New Science – Mariott Hotel, Fort Collins, CO. Call (303) 482-3731.

Sept. 16-17: 31st Annual National UFO Conference – Radisson Inn, near Cleveland Airport. Call (216) 826-1357.

Oct. 8-9: "The UFO Experience" – Holiday Inn, North Haven, CT. Contact Omega Communications, P.O. Box 2051MJ, Cheshire, CT 06410-5051.

Oct. 14-16: 2nd Annual Gulf Breeze UFO Conference – Pensacola Grand Hotel, Pensacola, FL. Call or write Project Awareness, P.O. Box 730, Gulf Breeze, FL 32562; (904) 432-8888 24 hours.

To be included in this section, send info to: Aztec Publishing, P.O. Box 1142, Norcross, GA 30091-1142.

An Appeal To The UFO Community

by Leah A. Haley

Leah A. Haley, a CPA and an abductee, currently devotes her time to writing and speaking about the contact phenomenon and offering support to other experiencers. She has lectured all over the United States and is now working on her second book about her encounters.

"Time is of the essence. . . . Get rid of all fear, anger and worry. They create mind noise. . . . Negative forces are running rampant in the universe. Do not give in to this negativity. . . . Humans put unnecessary constraints on their thought processes and ought to unleash them."

These are a few of the instructional messages I have received from unknown external sources over the past two years, since I woke up to the fact I am an abductee. I feel both the need and the responsibility to share these messages with the UFO community with the request that everyone at least give them careful consideration.

I have been told on more than one occasion, by what I call my silent voice, an invisible, telepathic communicator, that time is running out, that Earth will soon meet with geological destruction. I don't know what "soon" means. But one only has to take a good look around — at our polluted waters, our polluted skies, seismic tremors, and other Earth changes — to know we "Earthlings" are in

for some rough times ahead. We should spend what time we do have pulling together and pooling our knowledge in an attempt to find the answers to this puzzling phenomenon.

I believe the answers are available. However, they exist in the form of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, and no one individual has all the pieces. We stand a better chance of putting the puzzle together if we take the following actions:

1. We must stop bickering among ourselves. We waste valuable time criticizing others involved in this field of study and refuting their arguments in defense of our own works. In thumbing through UFO journals, I've thought about how much time some of us waste scooping up enough mud to sling at someone else. Then the recipient wastes time scooping off the mud little by little and slinging it back. Wouldn't it be better to spend this time sticking to the more important task of solving the jigsaw puzzle?

2. We must acknowledge that both positive and negative forces are at work in the universe. For example, the silent voice told me that fear, anger and worry are neg-

In thumbing through UFO journals, I've thought about how much time some of us waste scooping up enough mud to sling at someone else.



Leah Haley

ative emotions that create mind noise. In other words, these negative emotions, when allowed to fester, will clutter up one's mind and hamper productivity. The silent voice warned me that these and other negative forces are running rampant in our universe. It warned me not to give in to this negativity and allow it to put me down. It might be easier for us to avoid diversions from the tasks at hand if we are aware that these negative forces are constantly working very hard to prevent us from finding the truth. We must not let them succeed!

3. We must avoid hoarding pieces of the puzzle. I do not propose violating essential confidentiality or unnecessarily exposing anyone to danger, but withholding information for one's own personal gain will only slow down the process of solving the puzzle.

4. We must open our minds. The silent voice said that we humans put unnecessary con-

straints on our thought processes and we ought to unleash them. The UFO phenomenon goes far beyond spaceships, landing traces, scoop marks and hybrid babies. The silent voice once explained to me that the core of this entire phenomenon is the struggle between good and evil. Perhaps, as some people have pointed out to me, this silent voice was lying. I don't think so. Regardless, what it has taught me about knocking down artificial boundaries and narrow walls of thinking and expanding my consciousness has only been of benefit to me. We cannot afford to throw away some of the puzzle pieces just because we do not at present see how they fit

5. We must not fall into the trap of believing that our way of thinking is the only right way. Until all the pieces of the puzzle are put into place, no one individual will know what the entire picture looks like. There are both abductees and researchers who proclaim that all abduction experiences are positive, and if the abductee views the experience in a

negative light, there is a problem with his perception. There are other abductees who proclaim just the opposite. Having had both positive and negative encounters, I can attest to the fact that they both exist and the type of experience is not a result of one's perception or personality. (And, no, I am not a schizophrenic.) Blindly refusing to examine all sides of an issue can preclude seeing the big picture.

We can solve this gigantic puzzle more efficiently and effectively if we all work together. Let's put aside our differences, be cognizant of our obstacles, lay out the puzzle pieces we have in our pockets for all to see and keep an open mind.

Time is running out.

Reprinted with permission from the 'Contact Forum,' P.O. Box 9386, Columbus, MS 39705.

Leah Haley's first book, 'Lost Was the Key,' is available for \$19.95 + \$2.50 s&h from Greenleaf Publications, P.O. Box 70563, Tuscaloosa, AL 35407-0563.



One problem is that many British UFO researchers simply refuse to believe that a genuine cover-up of UFO information by the British government could possibly exist.

Secret and Alien Liaison, leading British researcher Timothy Good has provided good evidence concerning clandestine UFO investigations carried out by the Royal Air Force, much of which appears to be centered around RAF Rudloe Manor, Wiltshire.

For the most part I have concentrated my research on securing official documentation relating to a British cover-up of UFO information. This presents a problem which many foreign researchers may not be aware of. The United States has a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) which allows its citizens access to government documents if they are deemed releasable. Here in England we have no FOIA. All documentation, whatever classification, regardless of content, is classified for at least thirty years. In fact, many official British documents dating from the 1940s and 1950s are classified until almost the beginning of the next century! Therefore, those who say that the British Government cannot keep secrets are sadly deluding themselves.

Given the restrictions of the British Government's thirty-year ruling, we are forced to rely on the 900 or so pages of documents which have now been released and date from the late 1940s to the early 1960s. During the past six years I have conducted an inten-

UFOs: A British View

by Nick Redfern

Note: *I hope that the enclosed article will dispel several myths concerning British UFO researchers and the subject in general here in Britain.*

To those not fully aware of the UFO situation in Britain, it would appear that our two countries are poles apart. From the U.S. we hear of Roswell, cattle mutilations, underground bases, grays etc. Yet

to an outsider it would seem that British UFO research revolves solely around ball lightning, earth-lights and the like. This is simply not the case. One problem is that many British UFO researchers simply refuse to believe that a genuine cover-up of UFO information by the British government could possibly exist. The evidence, however, suggests otherwise. In his books *Above Top*

All documentation, whatever classification, regardless of content, is classified for at least thirty years. In fact, many official British documents dating from the 1940s and 1950s are classified until almost the beginning of the next century!

sive study of files held in the British Public Record Office, our equivalent of the National Archives. Having examined the aforementioned files in detail, I can tell you that extreme interest and concern were shown by the British Government with regard to the UFO phenomenon. Many of the reports centered on sightings which occurred near military installations, airfields etc. Perhaps more important is the fact that many such sightings occurred during highly significant military exercises. One well-known example is the series of sightings which took place during a NATO operation off the coast of Britain in 1952. Cited by Good, Ruppelt and others, the events are described in detail in a chapter I submitted for *The UFO Report 1992*, edited by Timothy Good.

Is there any evidence to suggest that there was true cause for concern? Yes. A document from 1953, titled *Reports On Aerial Phenomena*, states in part, "personnel are to be warned that they are not to communicate to anyone other than official persons, any information about phenomena they have observed, unless officially authorized to do so."

Events similar to the 1952 case occurred with alarming frequency

during the 1950s, particularly in 1956 and 1957. Many "flaps" were reported. Unfortunately, government departments known to have been involved in the UFO subject on an official basis continue to deny release of their files. There is no way to appeal this decision and no way to obtain what could be crucial information.

In a similar vein, it should be noted that various FOIA requests, lawsuits etc. have been leveled at the National Security Agency. The British equivalent of NSA is the Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham. GCHQ works very closely with the NSA and it seems safe to assume that given the long involvement with UFOs by the NSA, there would have been some kind of exchange of information on the subject. However, in public, GCHQ absolutely denies any involvement with UFO research

Unfortunately, government departments known to have been involved in the UFO subject on an official basis continue to deny release of their files.

whatsoever. Despite this, I have it on what I consider to be very good authority that GCHQ has most definitely communicated with the NSA about the subject. Once again, though, access to GCHQ files outside of official channels is strictly forbidden.

Another point worth mentioning is the very significant fact that we, as British citizens, had to look to the U.S. to obtain the report filed by Colonel Halt on the Rendlesham case. This speaks volumes about British Govern-

ment secrecy.

Think for a moment of the scenario U.S. researchers would have faced had there been no Freedom of Information Act. There would have been no release of the 1100 pages on the subject which have been released by the CIA — no release of the papers found in the vaults of the NSA, the FBI, the DIA, AFOSI, the Atomic Energy Commission, etc. This is precisely the situation we find ourselves here in England. Although there have been many steps taken to reduce the overwhelming secrecy that exists in government, for the most part it still exists.

What does the future hold for us as British UFO researchers? I feel we are at the stage that U.S. researchers were several years ago. We are beginning to see documentation released and we are beginning to see alarming confrontations taking place between UFOs and our military. I have nothing but respect and admiration for U.S. researchers who have worked tirelessly to get information released. If similar events occur here in Britain, then our knowledge of what may be the most important phenomenon facing humanity today will only increase.

However, the way forward will not be easy. I believe that evidence of a cover-up of UFO information by the British Government is now uncontestable. Given the new findings related in *The Truth About The UFO Crash At Roswell*, by Don Schmitt and Kevin Randle, we are left in no doubt that the American Government has been aware, since at least 1947, that there is an active, extraterrestrial presence on our planet. Given this, I believe that a team of dedi-

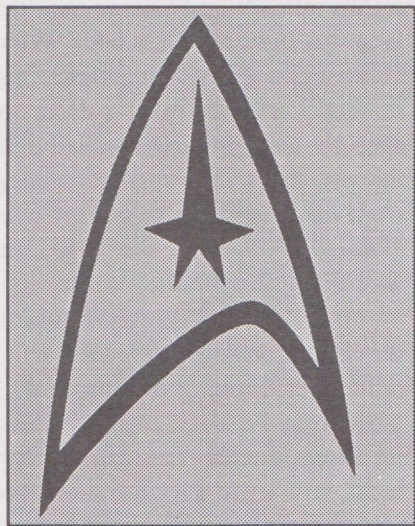
Continued on page 30

Star Trek & UFOs

by Celeste Giraud

According to UFO researcher Jacques Vallee, the UFO-nauts are most probably inter dimensional creatures because of their ability to dematerialize and rematerialize on the spot and to penetrate physical objects such as doors and windows. Perhaps they are accessing a window to another mode of reality as he suggests, or perhaps their technology is just far superior to ours and we cannot comprehend it, similar to primitive natives viewing airplanes buzzing overhead as gods.

Maybe the very answer to this high form of technology lies within the realm of our own science fiction, as in "Star Trek," both the old and new shows. First of all, the technology depicted on "Star Trek" is not only practical, but also may make good scientific sense. Tractor beams have been used by the Enterprise very often to beam other craft aboard, just as



UFOs do. The transporter system beams people by disassembling molecules and reassembling them upon arrival in a matter of seconds. Perhaps a similar device is used by the UFO-nauts when they are observed pressing a button on a box at their belt before and after going through a window or wall.

Would the antics of a UFO really seem so surprising after watching an episode of "Star Trek," where these seemingly miraculous feats are commonplace, except to a more primitive alien culture perhaps? The universal translator in "Star Trek" relates to the telepathy and mastering of languages these UFO-nauts seem to use. The holodeck brings to mind the many images the UFO-nauts cause the abductee to witness. The cloaking device used by the Romulans and Klingons is also similar to the instant disappearance and appearance of UFOs.

There have even been episodes that deal with alien races that experiment on genetics, including cloning. The clones began to run out of raw genetic material and have resorted to abducting members of the Enterprise to replenish their supply of genes.

In another episode, Counselor Troi became pregnant mysteriously and within a few weeks gave birth to a ball of light that was actually a different type of life form trying to experience human birth. In one show, several officers are abducted by turtle-like entities that perform medical

experiments on them, and Commander Riker has his arm surgically removed and replaced, reminiscent of some experiences reported by abductees. On the show, the aliens slipped into a window hole from their dimension and would abduct humans in the night without them realizing it, just as in contemporary abduction accounts.

Another life form, the Borg, are part robotic and part biological, and operate on a collective conscience, which may explain the robotic action of some of the real aliens. In an older episode called, "In the Wink of an Eye," the aliens exist in a different time frequency and can only be heard as a buzzing sound. When joining the aliens' level, humans view their own level as if it's in slow motion. Perhaps

In one show, several officers are abducted by turtle-like entities that perform medical experiments on them . . .

this is what happens to abductees who claim time displacement, slowed down time, timelessness and the Oz factor. Vallee suggests their manipulation of time is not perfect because of the missing time factor for abductees, but perhaps they are able to travel in time, as in several of the TV episodes.

And yet, another parallel may exist between "Star Trek" and UFO/alien phenomenon — the reason for not interfering with other worlds, the prime directive. In one episode, the Enterprise saves a village from a doomed planet and transports the people to the holodeck. An image of their home planet changing to a new

Continued on page 30

Abducted: One Woman's Experience

by Sharon Beals

Sharon, a well respected health professional and mother of three, has experienced abduction phenomena all her life. We have explored many of her experiences using hypnotic regression. Her experiences have ranged from almost spiritual in context to those that cause extreme anxiety and fear. Her husband and two-year-old daughter have also shared in these experiences. She has two sons that we suspect have had similar experiences, although, we haven't explored these yet. Here is one experience in Sharon's own words.

— C. Leigh Culver, Cl.H.

Over the past two years, my mind has reworked every event of my life leading up to the present. Even my Ozzie and Harriet style upbringing is being placed under close scrutiny. Previously inexplicable occurrences would have caused me to merely shrug my shoulders, but events have taken a turn toward serious. It's the difference between a tap on the shoulder and a slap in the face.

First of all, I'd like you to know that anything I say here is exactly as it happened. Writing it isn't easy, nor is it enough. I feel the need to look you squarely in the eyes as I tell you this for fear you won't believe me. I want you to hear my young daughter's voice as she fearfully calls out at night. With all the traditional ridicule surrounding UFO sightings and

abduction phenomena, I'm not convinced that even my being a respected health professional, considered to be on the cutting edge of my field, would have much bearing on my credibility.

Yet on the other hand, it's time to find out what's going on. When your own children are being manipulated, it's another ball game altogether. As a parent, there is a feeling of helplessness, anger, apprehension, and a downright willingness to confront all issues head on. Anything that may have happened before no longer raises curiosity but demands outright confrontation.

Because my two-year-old daughter, Kelly, had been having difficulty sleeping for quite awhile, I decided to take her

Many a night my husband would go to her room to reassure her that she was safe. She'd be sitting up crying, "I don't like the monkeys. Monkeys in the sky here."

upstairs to sleep in my bed. My husband was away that night. At 9:30 p.m., I shut off the lights — but neither of us slept. I had become accustomed to the strange events that often took place; however, I usually felt a certain degree of anxiety anyway. My daughter on the other hand, was absolutely frightened. Many a night my husband would go to her room to

reassure her that she was safe. She'd be sitting up crying, "I don't like the monkeys. Monkeys in the sky here."

That particular night I felt a general sense that something would occur. Now, I have studied a great deal about the mind and suggestibility, so I really was making a solid attempt not to be suggestible to strange sounds, thoughts, etc. Yet I chose to bring my journal and pen right into bed with me. Something I'd never done before.

At 3:31 a.m., after hours of tossing, turning and sitting up to look around, my daughter screamed, "No! No!" while reaching upward. "I want my mommy . . . I want my mommy!" She was looking at the side of the bed crying, "I don't want her. She comes upstairs and takes me." She was terrified of something. Soon she pointed toward the stairs and asked, "Monsters here?" All night she kept her eyes open, just watching.

At 4:31 a.m., I heard what sounded like an ultra-light aircraft or a lawn mower coming toward the house from the Northwest. I sat up quickly and peered into the large skylight over the bed. What I saw was a fairly large white light moving very slowly. I cursed my eyesight as I gingerly reached over my daughter attempting to keep from disturbing her to get my eyeglasses. Following the first light was a slightly smaller white light moving in a apparently random, wavelike, irregular pattern. I remember thinking of how badly I wished my husband could see this. As I went directly beneath the skylight, my little girl hurried over and anxiously grabbed my legs. I

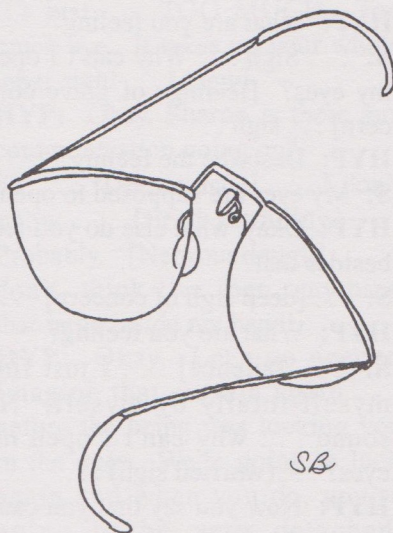
picked her up.

The next thing that I'm aware of is we're both lying in bed, yet I had absolute knowledge that I never fell asleep. In fact, if you can imagine yourself watching a videotape wide awake, which becomes completely black, and then after a few moments returns to normal, that's what it was like. Strangely, the feeling I had was not the previous sensation of excitement/anxiety at what we'd seen, but an absolute sense of peace. It was a sense that I no longer needed to wait up all night.

Then I had a dream. We were in a bathroom. My child was in a bassinet. I said to her, "What's the matter honey?" She replied with fear in her eyes, "I'm scared." I said, "What are you scared of honey? Mama's here." The door of the bathroom then opens. A man in a gray suit walks right in and closes the door behind him. He looks familiar. I became scared and woke up immediately. In fact, I was very surprised at my actual physical fear.

At 5:23a.m., I heard footsteps at the base of the stairs. Since we were both awake again, it seemed to be a good time to change Kelly's diaper. The first stop downstairs was a bathroom break for me. While washing my hands, I looked down to see my eyeglasses, completely mangled, laying on top of a bowl of potpourri. Trying to put them on was futile. They were twisted in such a manner that they could not be worn at all. Another one of those shoulder shrugging events? It was definitely becoming irritating.

Gently, I picked Kelly up and placed her on her bed. As I started the diaper routine, my mind was



still focused on those broken eyeglasses and the unresolved circumstances surrounding them. I was suddenly shaken from my musings by a curious discovery. As I pulled back her diaper, I noticed a thin layer of fresh pine straw concentrated in the crotch area of the diaper! My first reaction was, "What the heck . . . ?" My second thought carried more weight. "I've had enough!" I felt a rush of indignation and firmly resolved to take the matter into my own hands.

Within three days, I found myself preparing for a hypnotic regression which hopefully would shed some light on the events of the other evening. I felt I had every right to remember anything that may have occurred. Yet another side of me wrestled with the concern that any knowledge gained here might result in a complete shattering of all my previously held viewpoints of life in these United States; of all the shoulds and should nots given to me by society in general, even those ever-nagging spiritual questions constantly tugging at the back of my mind were up before the judge.

The following are excerpts from the actual hypnotic regression:

HYPNOTHERAPIST: I want you to tell me what's going on now. You and Kelly have gone to bed and I want you to start from there.

Sharon: I forgot those interesting sounds on the stairs and seem to be aware of beings at the top of the stairs. A light in the hallway is shining up . . . I left the light on, that's it. And I get the impression one of them is female. No clothes on.

HYP: What's the general feeling?

S: No feeling . . . [pause] . . . But now I'm feeling concerned.

HYP: Did you ever look over at the clock and note the time?

S: I don't think so . . . no, not at this point.

HYP: What happens next?

S: Seems like there's one person on one side of the bed and one person on the other side of the bed and they're lifting Kelly and me out of the bed.

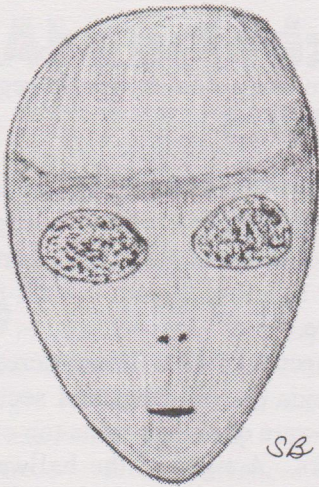
HYP: The one you described as female, where is she?

S: By me. It's almost like we're being lifted out like we're rag dolls.

HYP: What are you feeling at this point.

S: Conscious . . . I want to fight this. I want to fight this. Feeling like . . . Fight this. It doesn't seem

"Now I'm up in the air and I see something in the sky. For some reason I feel like I'm not myself. I want to say weightless, but that's not it."



One of the beings that Sharon encountered.

to fit anything.

HYP: What do you mean?

S: I don't know exactly . . . My mind doesn't want to think about any of this.

HYP: You can pass through all of this. What is going on now?

S: Now I'm up in the air and I see something in the sky. For some reason I feel like I'm not myself. I want to say weightless, but that's not it. Almost like I am stretched out. Like my body's being stretched into nothingness. Like its nothingness. Now, right now, its just nothing. Just little specks. Just little tiny particles or little specks. There's a greenish yellow light or something. Little specks. Now it's like inside. All the little particles are coming together inside the light.

HYP: Do you see Kelly?

S: No.

HYP: Do you see anyone else beside you?

S: Not right now. But it seems like something is twirling in my head. My eyes want to open but they don't open. Can't open my eyes.

HYP: What are you feeling?

S: . . . Sigh . . . Why can't I open my eyes? [feelings of grave concern] . . . sigh . . .

HYP: Describe the feeling?

S: My eyes are supposed to open.

HYP: Okay, what else do you feel besides that?

S: . . . [deep sigh of concern] . . .

HYP: What are you feeling?

S: . . . [silence] . . . I just find myself totally by myself. No sound . . . why can't I open my eyes? . . . (worried sigh) . . .

HYP: Now you say that you can't open your eyes. Can you move any other part of your body?

S: I can move my head a little bit. I can't move anything else, really . . . [concerned sigh] . . .

HYP: Try to become emotionally detached. Do you see any signs . . . any people? [We knew from the cognitive interview what was next, so we would move on and come back to this later. CLC]

S: Signs and people.

HYP: What kinds of signs?

S: Some kind of writing or symbols and people around.

HYP: How many people?

S: Four or five.

HYP: What do they look like?

S: Long neck. Long arms. Quiet . . . faces. Simple, very simple looking person, people.

HYP: What color is their skin?

S: Pale.

HYP: Are they wearing clothes?

S: Not that I am aware of.

HYP: What are they doing?

S: Working machinery, monitors.

It is very quiet. Like everyone has a job and they are very focused and there doesn't seem to be any emotion.

It is very quiet. Like everyone has a job and they are very focused and there doesn't seem to be any emotion.

HYP: Do you see Kelly?

S: No. I feel I could find her though. See, the trouble with it is I think I can get to her with my mind. I may not be physically with her but I think I can get to her somehow. It looks like, from where my mind is showing me, is that she's being flipped over from her side to her back and she's not liking it and she's resisting. And now they're placing something up her bottom. Almost like she's really conscious. Really totally aware that . . . doesn't have any clothes on. Looks like there's cloth under her.

HYP: Where are you in relation to her?

S: I want to tell you it's in my mind but its like I'm right there . . . [sigh] . . . I don't know . . . [sigh] . . .

HYP: Besides you and Kelly, is there anyone else there that you recognize?

S: Yes.

HYP: Who is that?

S: Actually, it seems to be the being himself.

HYP: Is there anyone else?

S: Two or three right around her. Two trying to help hold and one at the head. And it seems like, particularly the one to her left, as she's now laying on her stomach, seems to be someone I'm familiar with, some person. They actually, from an emotional standpoint, don't seem mean, or happy, or anything in particular. Almost like they want to be gentle . . . can't explain it really. Like they have work to do and if they were talking I think they'd be saying, "I'm

“...There’s one being looking straight in my eyes. CLOSE to my face... [deep inhale]... Wow... Those eyes are huge. They took up the whole inside of my eyesight. My inside sight...”

sorry, I’m sorry.” I don’t hear them actually saying it but I feel that thought. Kind of feeling... “It’s okay. Don’t worry. It’s okay.” Especially the one on the left.

HYP: Are they all the same size?

S: Pretty much so. The one on the left is a little larger. Slightly different in appearance. Maybe a little wrinkled... [pause]... I almost feel like I’m at the foot of the table. I remember saying to Kelly, either in my heart, that I would stay with her as much as I could. Somehow I’d stay with her.

HYP: Okay, I want you to go back now to whatever you were feeling that was associated with your eyes.

S: I don’t feel anything... [sigh]

HYP: Remember, it is only a memory. What’s happening?

S: [whisper]... I don’t know. My body is reacting now.

HYP: I want you to imagine a curtain. When I count to three, we’re going to open the curtain and that thought will come into your mind concerning your eyes and you’ll make the connection... 1...2...3...

S: [startled gasp]... There’s one being looking straight in my eyes. CLOSE to my face... [deep inhale]... Wow... Those eyes are huge. They took up the whole inside of my eyesight. My inside sight... [exhausted exhale]... [Phew]... [Phew]... Not scary.

It’s just... TOO MUCH. Too much eye. It takes up your whole inner sight... [phew].

HYP: Okay. Sharon is there any communication going on?

S:... [Deep exhale]... I don’t know... [tired sounding]... Probably. [Nervous laugh]... I don’t think I’ve seen anything that large inside my head!

HYP: Okay. Let’s go deeper. Imagine that curtain again... before the being was looking you in the eyes. We’re going to look again and when you do, you’re going to be very detached. There’ll be no emotion. At the count of three we’re going to open the curtain and you’re going to remember any communication or thought and you will be very detached from it. 1...2...3...

S: I want to say it has merged with my mind. I feel complete, almost like no feeling but very comfortable, totally neutral and... a feeling of clarity. And my mind is free and my body is free. Like it’s all a blank slate and there’s an inner gentle light...

HYP: Is anything being said or communicated?

S: About to.

HYP: Okay, what is it saying?

S: “There’s no harm coming to you, to your baby... no harm. No hurt...” [several deep, distressed sighs followed]... They’re playing with my mind somehow... [distressed sigh]... They want to control my head... [sigh]. It’s turned away from me, irritated. It’s like the being is irritated with me, but not really. There’s no emotion... like it’s taking a break or something [sigh].

HYP: You said that they were playing with your mind. What were they trying to do?

S:... Want something from me... sigh... Like they keep trying. It’s just so sickening and boring... and frustrating at the same time... like they are interrogating me and there’s nothing I can give them and they’re sure, absolutely positive I have some information to give them. Impossible, it can’t be given to them. It’s not for them. It’s not theirs.

HYP: Do you know what this information is?

S: I seem to — yet it feels like it’s deep inside [sigh].

HYP: Look around the room again. Tell me what’s going on.

S: Roundish. Dark. Roundish around me. Darkness over there. I’m tired of it. Enough already...

HYP: Let your mind go back to Kelly. Where is she now?

S: Kelly appears to be asleep on a bed-like thing and there’s a blanket over her. It’s a very flat thing and there’s another person on one as well with a blanket over them. It’s swaddled around Kelly. The other person is a boy. It’s somebody I know. This person is on their side with dark hair and it’s a child, a boy that looks like Tommy, similar at least [Tommy is her youngest son. CLC].

HYP: Did you ever...

S: Figure the eyes are looking. You know. I don’t want to open my eyes because they might do, they’re gonna do that again. You know it’s pitch black. Total blackness. It’s as black as I can imagine.

“They want to control my head... [sigh]. It’s turned away from me, irritated. It’s like the being is irritated with me...”

HYP: After the complete blackness, what happens?

S: . . . [Long pause] . . . Umm, I feel kind of worn . . . [sigh] . . . I want to tell them they're going about this all wrong. It's almost like they're following orders or something. Having to create something.

HYP: Do you know what they are creating?

S: Another species. Another . . . what they would say are our new friends . . . and they have to do it.

HYP: Why? Because they're following orders . . . or is there another reason?

S: The time has come to get it done. To get it finished. Trouble. Some kind of trouble ahead or something, and they've got to get it finished. They just have to keep going.

HYP: What is going on now?

S: You know, it's like they continue trying to merge with my head. I have really, really strong resistance. It doesn't hurt at all . . . ahh! . . . ahh! . . .

HYP: Okay, were going to move forward, move past this. Let your

mind move forward a little. Look around you.

S: . . . [Long silence] . . . Spotted a craft. It has a . . .

HYP: A craft?

S: I'm being brought into that place and it's like . . .

HYP: Okay, hold on . . . describe getting there. You said you're being brought to this place. Describe how you're getting there. Are you walking?

S: Yes, but it's not much of a walk. It's very light, like a drifting walk. A little different than walking. There's somebody on either side of me.

HYP: And as you look around what do you see?

S: Like a dark grayness. A hallway type situation. Walls. Walls that are rail-like, curved. I'm being brought or walked into a room that opens up . . . [long pause] . . . sat down.

HYP: What do you mean sat down? Describe.

S: Just a functional little round stool like thing, and I'm waiting.

HYP: Waiting for what?

S: I don't know.

HYP: Do you see Kelly?

S: No.

HYP: What do you see?

S: A desk like thing in front, further ahead of me. [Silence] Feels like there's a window.

HYP: Can you see out of the window?

S: Yes, it's dark out. There's a sense of shininess to the glass. Like it's reflecting some sort of light. It's dark outside.

HYP: Is there anyone in this room?

"The time has come to get it done. To get it finished. Trouble. Some kind of trouble ahead or something, and they've got to get it finished. They just have to keep going."

S: [Silence] . . . [sigh] . . . There's somebody now behind the desk.

HYP: Can you describe this person?

S: The person has authority. Has a uniform on.

HYP: Can you describe it?

S: Okay, red. Red on top. Blue, red. My eyes hurt! Ow! . . . [sigh] . . .

HYP: This person with authority, does he look like the rest of them?

S: No.

HYP: Describe him to me please.

S: . . . [Sigh] . . .

HYP: Try to be detached . . . describe him to me. All of this is a memory. You'll be able to remember and draw this person later.

S: Okay . . . Oh! . . . pain . . . ahh! . . . pain.

HYP: What's happening?

S: . . . [Sigh] . . . [deep sigh] . . .

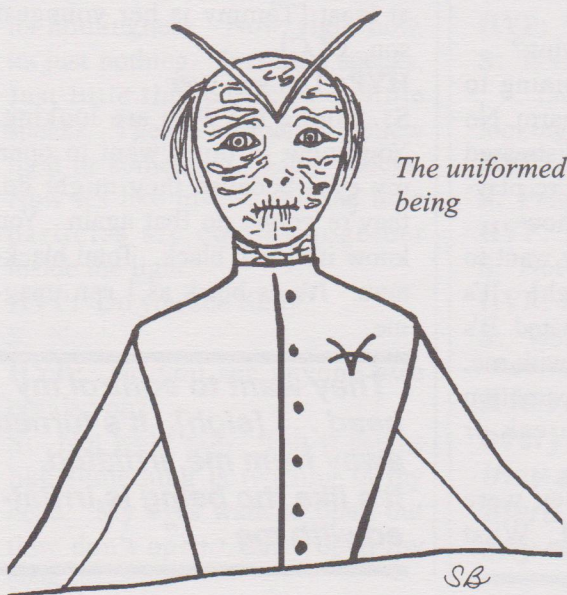
HYP: What's going on?

S: . . . [Long series of sighs] . . . trying to control me. Can't stand it. Oh, it like the guy behind the desk knows. I can't do this, yet, he's still trying to see if he can . . . he has a more human-like build, less of what we would call alien.

HYP: What color is his skin?

S: Tan, rumpled, more rough, bumpy.

HYP: I want you to freeze frame this image within your mind now. Your going to hold this in your memory. It's right there in front of you. I want you to describe this



The uniformed being

person from the very top of his head to his feet.

S: Okay.

HYP: Does he have any hair?

S: Yeah, he has faint hair . . . umm . . .

HYP: What color is it?

S: Medium colored. Light to medium brown. Fuzzy, yet, missing some right up here [points to her head]. There is something that makes a "V" on his forehead. It's golden.

HYP: What do his eyes look like?

S: Normal, blue. Not quite human-like. Blue eyes. A little more crystalline blue. Crystal blue. He's not particularly attractive, yet more human.

HYP: Describe his head?

S: It's human-head sized. He has a little bit of emotion to him, and when he is talking to me . . . he's talking to me more with his head . . . [Although he seemed to be able to communicate verbally, he chose not to. S.B.]

HYP: What does he say?

S: "We've been over and over this. You're safe. You know nothing can harm you. We've been over and over this."

HYP: How do you see yourself in this situation?

S: Boring, just going along . . . [silence] . . . He's saying, "You shouldn't be fighting me. You shouldn't be fighting us. We're your friends. We share with you. You share with us. Do you want to save it or not? Do you want to save the planet? Do you want to fix . . ." Now he's talking about fixing something.

HYP: Describe his face more. Does he have a nose?

S: Sort of, not much of a nose.

HYP: Describe his mouth.

S: Not a whole mouth, but

almost. I don't see lips, per se, but more like the fascia coming into it. I don't see teeth.

HYP: What about the chin?

S: I'd say it's pointy.

HYP: How about his body's build?

S: Actually, it looks pretty much average in the clothing.

HYP: Tell me about the uniform.

S: I see a wrinkled neck and then sort of a collar. Not too high, and then the uniform carries this "V" and it's fairly fitted. It's behind the desk. It's red up in here . . . Oh my eyes . . . You know, I think it's supposed to make me feel like he's the boss [a reference to the uniform. CLC]. That's what I

"You shouldn't be fighting me. You shouldn't be fighting us. We're your friends. We share with you. You share with us. Do you want to save it or not?"

think it is. I think it's like psychology of some sort.

HYP: Let your . . . [microphone rattled] . . .

S: I feel the need for Kelly. I'm missing her. It's like a part of me is away . . . [silence] . . . I feel tired. I want to go home . . . [silence] . . .

HYP: Do you see the boy?

S: He's waiting. I feel like there are other people waiting too, though.

HYP: Look around.

S: Yes.

HYP: Do you recognize anyone else?

S: Actually, I recognize a lot of people. I seem to just know people. You can see it around their bodies. People I know, but, some I

don't. It's not like I even know their names or anything. But certain people I do.

HYP: Do you know them by name?

S: Maybe a few.

HYP: When I count to three, you will remember their names . . . no conscious filtering. One, two, three.

S: Mary, Steven, Roy, Ron, Kevin, James, Rodney, Patrick, Evan [very quick recitation].

HYP: What else is going on? Can you see Kelly?

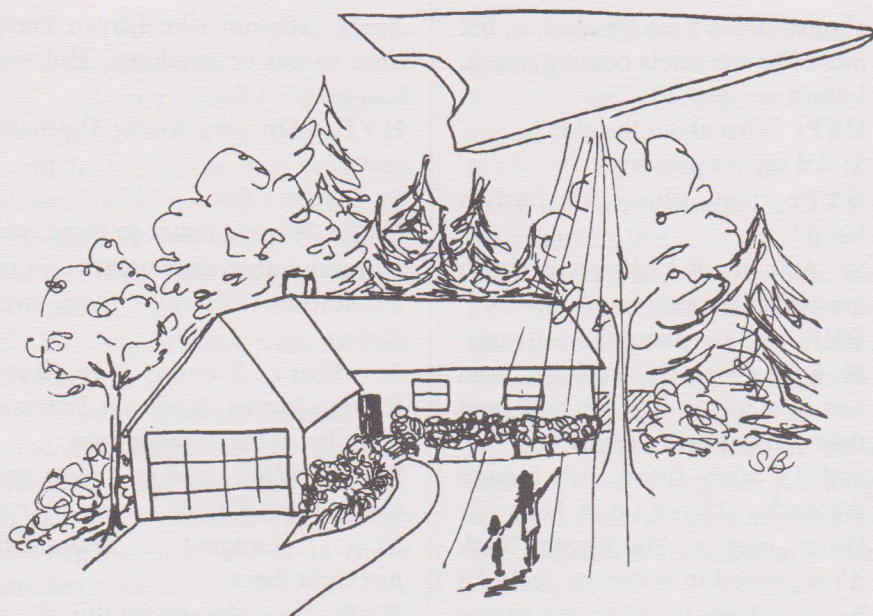
S: . . . [Laughs] . . . Yeah, she's just right there.

HYP: Does she say anything?

S: Smiling . . . [laughs gently] . . . She's holding on and loving me.

HYP: Where is everyone else?

S: We're all, all of us, all these people are on a separate craft being returned. And boy, this is totally familiar. This has occurred many, many, many times. Everybody is quiet and calm. There's a sense of energy in the room. It's not a cloud people can see, but it's a yellow form of density within the craft itself. As though it permeates the air. It might be a way of keeping us breathing. I don't know, but it's not clear. I'm concerned because some people here . . . it's a bit much for them right now . . . or something . . . within their lives. You can tell, or I can tell, but it's just what they're going through. I guess nobody seems disturbed at all though. I seem quite fine. I am definitely, totally aware, where some of them don't seem so aware. They don't seem like zombies, but they seem like, you know, like people on a bus. They're just kind of lulled. Kelly is leaning up here [indicating on side].



HYP: Are you sitting or standing?

S: We're all sitting. Circular. I almost feel like I am the only one awake or alive, or not even that. It's bothering me as I'm telling you, because it sounds as though it couldn't be true, but, that's what it seems like.

HYP: What's the next situation that you find yourself in?

S: There's an opening . . . [giggle] . . . It's like we're being dumped out. You know, like a laundry chute. [laughs] I'm sure that's not really what it is.

HYP: How long does it take?

S: Not very long . . . speckled . . . It's like I'm aware . . . it's pretty funny . . . I'm outside.

HYP: Outside, where?

S: Near something.

HYP: Where are you outside?

S: There's something wrong with this though. Going up the stairs with Kelly. I can get the screen door open, but I can't get the front door open. It's locked. It won't open.

HYP: How did you get inside the house?

S: Pick her up . . . [long pause] . . .

HYP: Where are you now?

S: . . . [Sharp gasp] . . . You're not going to believe this . . . I've gone into the sky again . . . [exhale . . . whisper] . . .

HYP: Describe what is going on.

S: It doesn't seem like the same vehicle at all . . . [emphatic] . . . The ship I saw in the sky looked more like a fighter jet . . . bigger than a fighter jet. Shaped different. More like a double wing, like a triangle.

HYP: Where are you now?

S: My thought right now is looking up at it.

HYP: Move your thoughts a little bit forward. How do you get inside of the house? You had tried the door . . . the door was locked . . .

S: Walk down the stairs. Walk back out into the front yard. Look up at the sky and there is a ship passing over the house. It's dark in the sky. It's different.

HYP: And what happens next?

S: It's pulling us up from . . . how I can't tell you right now, I feel pulled, but I don't know what's

happening. I feel pulled, but, I don't know what's happening . . . [sigh] . . . something's different.

HYP: You said that it's pulling you up. Up where?

S: That V-shaped, winged-shaped thing. It's like a facilitator, it's . . . that's the name for it . . . facilitator, or it facilitates.

HYP: Describe how you feel. Describe what is happening.

S: It's able to change shape, change or shift things, alter things, and shift things . . . like that.

HYP: Okay, what is happening to you?

S: It's able to get me in . . . shift me through. I feel I'm being pulled up and pushed down. I want to say through the roof, that's what I want to tell you.

HYP: When did you find yourself in bed?

S: Not immediately. I'm standing right at the foot of my bed. Underneath the skylight. And I feel solid, real solid, and solid within.

HYP: Do you remember if you had your glasses on or when you broke your glasses?

S: I didn't realize Kelly sat up, just as I was reaching back with my glasses. I was stretching too far and too low. When I got my glasses, they were too close to her head, and her head smashed against my glasses. I still had them, but they got hit.

HYP: Okay, do you remember how your glasses ended up in the bathroom?

S: All I remember, is going to the bathroom, sitting on the toilet, getting up and my glasses were there.

Thank goodness the session ended when it did. I felt overwhelmed by the new-found infor-

mation. After all, I'd started out with a couple of lights in the sky, broken eyeglasses, and pinestraw in a diaper.

I went to bed that night pondering everything in the universe — God, spaceships, alien beings, the future of our planet. Lying there, I committed myself to finding the truth behind these life-long experiences.

Exper.; Continued from page 6

at the door. She scolded me for not just going to the hospital as she led me to an examining room. We had no insurance or money to pay for such things. After an exam, I was told that from all appearances, I had aborted the baby. A pregnancy test could confirm this. The urine sample came back negative. Somehow I knew it would.

Although I knew I was no longer pregnant, I never considered the dream to be of any significance other than my subconscious trying to prepare me for reality. In fact, it would remain so today had I not watched the movie. Since then, memories and dreams have come back to me one at a time. I don't know for certain what is going on. I may never know, but although this may sound strange, thanks to the publicized experiences of others, at least I am at peace with it! For those of you who have just discovered your secret life, I urge you to seek out as many reputable sources on the topic as you can. It is important, for your own sake, that you meet with an abduction investigator or counselor before

your research. You don't want others' experiences to mesh with your own before you get your true experiences recorded. If for some reason you cannot find an abduction counselor, get a tape recorder and record it on tape yourself. Don't wait around for someone to discover your secret.

So my fellow abductees, compassionate ones, and nonbelievers, this is a tiny piece of my story. It is a scary thing exposing oneself for ridicule and humiliation — not what I wish to do — but if there is a chance I can help one person it is not in vain.

One of the weekly TV magazines had a Canadian professor, who stated the phenomenon could be explained by stimulating certain locations in the brain. My question to this man, if he really believes this is true, is why are you wasting so much time trying to debunk this phenomenon, rather than trying to come up with a treatment? I watched a movie with Patty Duke which would express my feelings perfectly if such a thing could be found. It was a movie about her life and her struggle with her manic-depressive disorder. She responds, "You mean all I have to do is take a pill?" to a doctor who just told her about lithium. The doctor goes on to tell her that she will need to continue counseling, but she will be okay.

Many abductees wish that it would be that easy to put an end to their nightmare. Instead, they live with the fear of, "When will the visitors come next?"

Chukot.; Continued from page 9

some research project being carried out there, akin to Area 51 in Nevada — some Russian "Dreamland" too distant and impenetrable for most people to reach?

Whatever it may be, because Chukotka is so close to North America, we should pay close attention to that land.

Austral.; Continued from page 17

Summary

In summary, although Australia has generated only a few abduction cases compared to the United States, the accounts are extremely similar to those from other parts of the world.

The author would welcome comments, and exchange of data. He may be contacted at GPO Box 1894, Adelaide, South Australia 5001.

*Note 1:

Australian researchers have in recent years been slowly documenting these reports and the reader is directed to the following:

1. Basterfield, K., Godic, V. & Godic, P. (1989). "The Abduction Phenomenon in Australia." *International UFO Reporter* 14(4):11-13 & 24.
2. Chalker, Bill. (1989). "Abducted?" *Australian Penthouse*. Nov 89. pp 35-39 & 113.
3. Basterfield, K., Godic, V. & Godic, P. (1990). "Australian abductions: An update." *IUR* 15(3):10-12 & 22-23.
4. Basterfield, K., Godic, V., Godic, P. & Rodeghier, M. (1990). "Aus-

tralian Ufology: A Review." *Journal of UFO Studies* n.s. 2:19-44.

5. Basterfield, K. (1991) "An Australian Abduction." *IUR* 16(2):4-6 & 22.

6. Basterfield, K. (1992). "Australian Abduction Research 1990-1992." *IUR* 17(5):13-15.

*Note 2:

1. Bartholomew, R. E. & Basterfield, K. (1988). "Abduction States of Consciousness." *IUR* 13(2):7-9 & 15.

2. Basterfield, K. & Bartholomew, R.E. (1988). "Abductions: The Fantasy-Prone Hypothesis." *IUR* 13(3):9-11.

3. Clark, J. (1990). *The UFO Encyclopedia: Volume 1*. Detroit. Apogee. pp 5, 12, 111-112 & 183.

4. Chalker, Bill. (1990). "Alien Abductions." *Nature and Health*. Autumn 1990. pp 20-26.

5. Basterfield, K. 1992. "Implants." *IUR* 17(1): 18-20.

6. Basterfield, K. 1992. "Present at the Abduction." *IUR* 17(3): 13-14 & 23.

British; Continued from page 20

cated, funded, informed researchers, cooperating on an international basis, could blow the lid off the cover-up once and for all.

While on the subject of Roswell, I have often been asked if similar events have perhaps occurred in Britain. The answer to this is yes. For many years rumors have circulated about several UFO crashes here in the British Isles. I am aware of one credible case concerning a "fragment" of a crashed UFO allegedly "loaned" to the British Govern-

ment by the Americans. Similarly, there are rumors suggesting that a "foo-fighter" may have crashed in Britain in World War II, that a UFO crashed in Scotland in the 1950s and that a section of a UFO crashed on British soil in 1964. I am currently looking into all of the above and will report on any conclusive findings at a later date.

In closing this article, I hope that I have shown that there is a genuine cover-up of UFO data by the British Government, and that valuable research is being carried out in this area so that doors will slowly be opened. What lies behind those doors remains to be seen . . . for now.

Any reader who feels that he or she has any information which has a bearing on this article is invited to contact Nick Redfern at the following address: 20 Paradise Lane, Pelsall, Walsall, West Midlands, WS3 4NH, England.

St. Trek; Continued from page 21

one is created on the holodeck so that no shock or interference is created. Perhaps this can explain why the aliens don't approach us openly and directly . . . yet.

Editorial; Continued from page 3

exist.

On another newsworthy item, Richard Hoagland, who has long argued that NASA photos show monuments and other artifacts on Mars, now claims that NASA photographs of the moon's surface reveal structures from a long-extinct alien city.

Hoagland says that pictures taken by the Surveyor 6, the lunar orbiter, and the Apollo 10 and 16 spacecrafts, show an ancient lunar metropolis beneath a broken, transparent dome in a basin known as the Mare Crisium — the upper right part of the moon as viewed from Earth. Hoagland has named this ancient dome "the

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Shard." We'll update readers as we learn more.

So, until the next time, keep watching the sky!

Michael Norris

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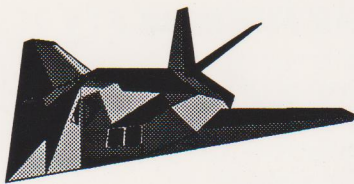
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