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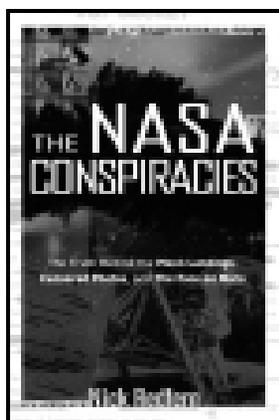
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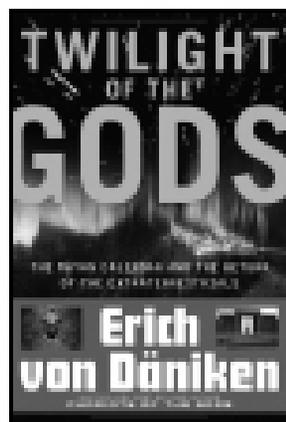
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bits & bobs

Say hello to Dierdre! She is a new columnist, she is on page 7, and she is sassy.

*To Alfred Lehmborg:
A belated thank you for the great cover artwork of Richard Dolan in Issue #153.*

Thanks also must go to our very very patient readers. This issue has been a long time coming. Next one should be just a bit more prompt.

toon

63 *Bradley Peterson*

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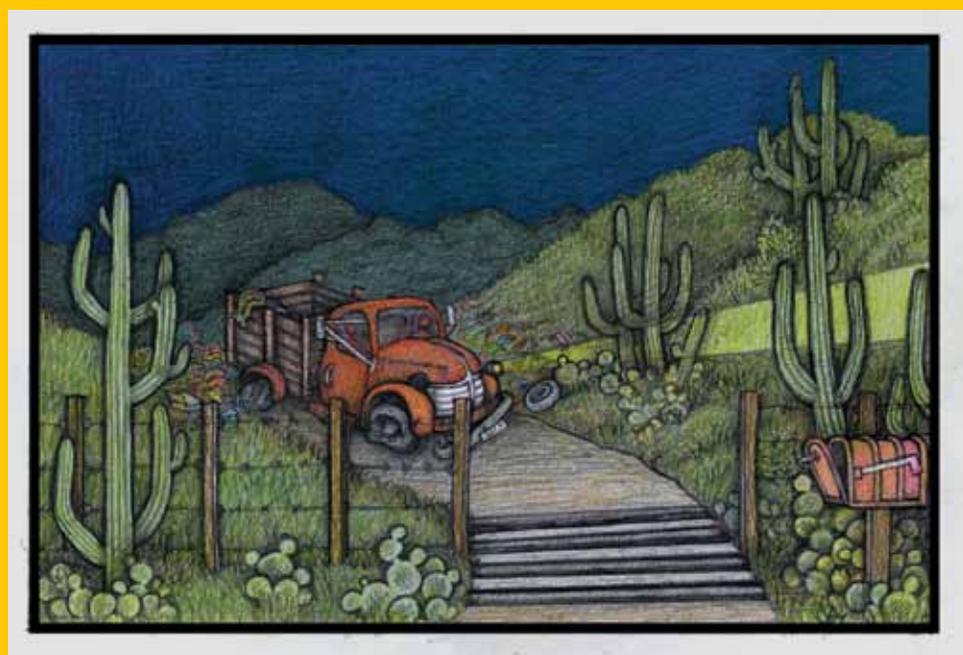
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It's all about the crop circles!
What's going on out there
in the dead of night when the
quiet sky is watching?*

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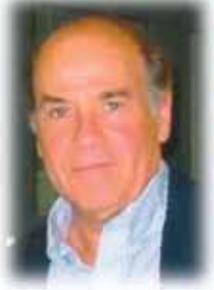
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Publisher's Note

The Heat is On

by William J. Birnes

I'm sure we're going to be taking a lot of heat for this issue. We're publishing Jeremy Vaeni's article on the controversy between pseudonymous Emma Woods and Associate Professor David Jacobs of Temple University. In UFO circles, Jacobs is best known for his research into alien-human hybrids and the alien abduction of human beings.

Professor Jacobs uses hypnotic regression as a part of his research into the experiences of the alien abductees he works with. This is a very touchy subject for us because on her website www.ufoalienabductee.com and on Jeremy Vaeni and Jeff Ritzmann's *Paratopia* and Lan Lamphere's *Overnight AM* radio shows, Emma Woods has publicly accused Professor Jacobs of, among other things, conditioning her to believe that she is suffering from multiple personality disorder.

Jacobs has said that he did this with her full consent because he and Woods were in an agreement to throw off the alien hybrids who were using her to get to him. David's rebuttal to Emma's charges and his own explanation of the controversy can be found at www.ufoabduction.com/defamationcampaign.htm.

Jeremy tries to unravel the intricacies of this relationship in his article in this issue. As a magazine, we take no official position on who is right and who is wrong. But, inasmuch as this is a news story concerning a woman who says she is a victim of a UFO researcher and a UFO researcher who says he is a victim of a woman he has worked with, we are covering it.

We have been warned *not* to cover it by various folks in the UFO community who, much to their discredit, have dictated to us that we must conform to the party line. David Jacobs is a respected alien-abduction researcher who has devoted his life to the field, and therefore, he is beyond criticism. Emma Woods, they say, is simply a venomous and vindictive woman who is suffering from a mental disease and is out to defame poor Professor Jacobs. But we don't buy the party line.

Too many UFO and paranormal publications are simply cheerleaders rooting for the strange and condemning anything that challenges their belief system. And if you don't adhere to what the self-proclaimed experts say, you're part of the opposition.

Want to talk about Big Foot? You're not qualified unless a major Big Foot organization says you are. Want to talk about Roswell, the Phoenix Lights, RAF Bentwaters? Then you

must get the OK from one of the many self-described experts. How about alien abduction? Unless you get the nod from one of researchers, many of whom are completely unqualified, unlicensed, and uncertified to conduct any therapy whatsoever, you're out of line. Thus, in this issue, because we dare to question the nature of the controversy between David Jacobs and Emma Woods, we are out of line.

Having heard Emma's side of the story as well as David's own appearance on the *Paracast* podcast where he dismissed Emma's charges, I called David Jacobs, whom I know personally, for an interview. However, it was Jacobs himself who questioned why we were even covering the story.

He said that to give Emma Woods any space was to give her a legitimacy she did not deserve because she was trying to ruin his life, and we, by covering the story, were also out to ruin his life. Needless to say, I was pretty surprised.

Instead of information, we got our first threat. Jacobs said that on advice of his attorney he is not making any statement. However, if he believes that we are repeating what he referred to as Emma's defamation of his reputation, he will sue.

Interesting logic here. He claimed that Emma had been defaming him for over two years, but he has taken no action against her. However, if a magazine covers the story in such a way that he interprets it to be damaging to his reputation, he will sue. In other words, he has no response to what he calls defamation but rather a response to news coverage of what he calls defamation. The illogic is stunning.

In subsequent conversations, David and I did get into a discussion of some of the substance of Emma Woods's complaints against him, complaints that Jacobs says are not only unwarranted but untrue. He admitted that he suggested to Emma that she was suffering from multiple personality disorder—we heard *Paratopia's* broadcast and the tape of him suggesting it to her over the phone—but Jacobs says that Emma took that snippet of conversation out of context.

The larger context, he says, was that he had her consent to do so as a ruse, a *ruse de guerre*, to throw the alien hybrids off the track. The hybrids, you see, were using Emma to get to David Jacobs, to threaten him into stop pursuing his research.

So, in order to make Emma's mind unusable to the hybrids as their instrument, to taint it so they would go away, Jacobs had to make them believe that Emma was suffering from a mental disease. She, he says, agreed to this ruse and agreed

continued on page 58



Saucers, Slips & Cigarettes

All Right, Who the Hell Is the New Girl?

by Deirdre O'Lavery

My name is Deirdre. Some call me Deirdre O'Lavery, but usually only when I'm in trouble or hanging around the DMV, the former of which is vastly more common. I have somehow made it to the ripe age of 35 years without getting hit by a bus, which is probably not as big of a feat as my head is making it out to be. I'd love to skirt around the obligatory need-to-know crap all night, but I suppose I should just get it out of the way so we can carry on with our flirting or whatever it was we were doing.

I've been writing on the topic of UFOs for almost a year—yeah, it's a drop in the pan, but let me finish—and have been following all things UFO since I was a preteen, which seems like a long-ass time ago. We'll just glance over the periods

in which I turned a blind eye to ufology due to the overabundance off crazy-assed bullshit that made its way into my television set and browser.

Yes, yes, of course you're right. There has never *not* been crazy-assed bullshit in ufology, so let me clarify that by saying that my tolerance for such has apparently gone up significantly, thanks in large part to the never-ending antics of exopolitics, thus allowing me to take in an impressive amount of garbage without imploding.

Honestly, though, the Merlot helps.

Back to more about me: I probably swear too much, but we're all adults, so I imagine you hardly give a rat's ass. I

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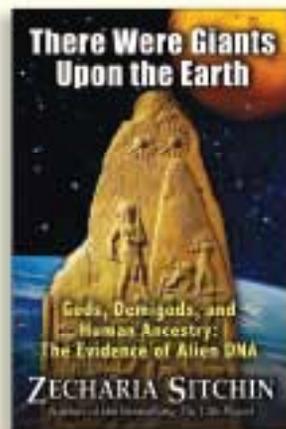
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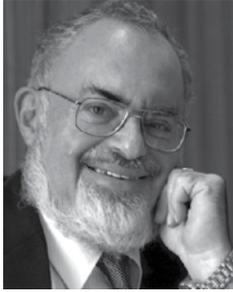
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Rocket Scientist

Misrepresentations About the Hills

by **Stanton T. Friedman**

I am sure that everybody who has been following the U.S. election campaign is well aware that much of what has shown up on the internet simply wasn't true. Clearly some was intentionally posted to deceive. It has also been true that much that has been written about UFOs has been false.

A fine example of ignorance or intentional deception appeared in a skeptical piece by Brian Dunning which appeared in *Skeptoid No. 124* on October 21, 2008. It was sent to me by a guy who occasionally sends nasty comments after I appear on *Coast to Coast AM*. The title is "Betty and Barney Hill: The Original UFO Abduction." It can be found on **Skeptoid.com**.

It is truly a splendid textbook example of propaganda and misrepresentation. Dunning does get the date right: September 19, 1961, but very little else. "Near the resort of Indian Head they stopped their car in the middle of Route 3 to observe a strange light moving through in the night sky. The next thing they knew, they were about thirty-five miles further along on their trip and several hours had elapsed."

Talk about omissions. There was more than one stop. The large object—hardly a light—was within a few hundred feet. Barney observed it through binoculars from outside the car. He observed a double row of windows through which he could see about ten individuals and red lights on fins on the outside. This was conscious recall and was described to National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) investigator Walter Webb during a six-hour interview on October 21, 1961. No hypnosis was involved.

"Then Betty began having nightmares two weeks later; in her nightmares she described being taken aboard an alien spacecraft and having medical experiments performed. As a result of these nightmares, Betty and Barney decided to undergo hypnosis." This is absurd. Barney had developed hypertension, bleeding ulcers, and was unable to sleep. He was in therapy.

The original thought, that these symptoms were related to his having moved to New Hampshire and leaving his sons, was dispelled by the therapist. At one session he noted that he and Betty had been searching for the location where they had seen the UFO. Then he was referred to psychiatrist Dr. Benjamin Simon, an early expert in treatment of post traumatic stress disorder using medical hypnotic regression with amnesia induced after each session.

Dunning states: "Innumerable books and movies were

made about the Betty and Barney Hill abduction ... you almost never hear a critical treatment of their story." He mentions none of the books. I know of three^{1,2,3} and one movie, NBC's 1975 *The UFO Incident* starring James Earl Jones and Estelle Parsons.

There have been loads of very critical treatments; for example, by Carl Sagan in the bestselling *Cosmos* (Random House, 1980)⁴ and in an article in *Parade* magazine.⁵ Dunning goes on:

Much of the Hill story is said to be based on these separate hypnosis sessions. In fact that turns out not to be the case at all. It is important to note that it was more than two years after the incident that the Hills underwent hypnosis. During those two years Betty was writing and rewriting her accounts of her dreams. All of the significant details you may have heard about the Hill's medical experiments came from her two years of writing.

This is a total lie. There was no writing and rewriting, as can be seen by reading what she wrote, for example, in *The Betty and Barney Hill UFO Experience: The True Story of the World's First Documented Alien Abduction* (New Page Books, 2007) and the comparative analysis between the dreams and the hypnosis material. She did dream of a star map, but it was on a roller like maps at school and was not 3D.

Dunning has the gall to claim: "Betty probably told the story to Barney over and over again until his ears fell off over a period of two years before they ever had any hypnosis." I have no idea what the source is for this nonsense.

Nor for this ridiculous comment: "When they first saw the light, Betty said she thought it was a spacecraft. Barney always said he thought it was an airplane." Without hypnosis they described seeing it close up near their car with a double row of windows and barely moving and without any noise. This is an airplane?

Dunning then notes that Betty's written description of the beings in her nightmare was different from Barney's under hypnosis, but when reliving the moments together their descriptions of events matched. "After Betty Hill heard these sessions, suddenly her hypnosis accounts began to describe the same kind of character."

The simple fact of the matter is that Betty and Barney were each hypnotized separately and amnesia was induced after

each separate session so they could not talk with each other about what came out under hypnosis. Betty could not have heard any of these sessions until Dr. Simon finally played the tapes for them.

Dunning then tries to relate the characters described in the hypnosis session to aliens who appeared twelve days prior to Barney's first hypnosis session in February 1964 to an experience on the *Outer Limits* TV program called "The Bellerro Shield." As a matter of fact, they do not match. Dunning admits, "The Hills stated they did not watch it."

As with most of Dunning's claims, no basis is given for claiming they did. It should be noted that nowhere does Dunning bother to note that Betty was a social worker and a supervisor in the Welfare Department of the State of New Hampshire. Of course he doesn't mention that Barney was on the governor's Civil Rights Commission.

Nor does he give Dr. Simon's name or background, such as that he ran a three-thousand-bed hospital for shell-shocked war veterans and that he was featured in an army film *Let There be Light* about his successful treatment of these veterans, using hypnosis in the same fashion he used with Betty and Barney to recover missing memories.

Dunning claims: "Betty had commonly spoken of UFOs even before 1961, including one story she often told of her sister's own close encounter in 1957." Again no source is given. The fact is that her sister's daughter, Kathleen Marden,

coauthor with me of *Captured! The Betty and Barney Hill UFO Experience: The True Story of the World's First Documented Alien Abduction* (New Page Books, 2007) has stated this is false. Betty mentioned it once to Barney, and he didn't believe in UFOs. And that was the end of that.

Dunning then gives this strange summary: "So here's what we have so far: A woman who clearly had an obsession with UFOs [no evidence whatsoever] saw a light in the sky that her husband described as an airplane [when it was farther away]. She then spent two years writing an elaborate story [totally false] and no doubt telling it and retelling it to her husband [totally false]. Later under hypnosis Barney was asked about the events described in Betty's story, and surprise, surprise, he retold the story she already told him a hundred times [totally false] and added a dash from the *Outer Limits*."

Dunning mentions radar sightings included in the Blue Book file and dismisses them, naturally excluding some important data such as the supposed weather balloons having a very low radar profile. He tries to throw out measurements made on Betty's dress by unnamed "crop circle enthusiasts" but ignores the important work done by analytical chemist Phyllis Budinger, employed by a major company for 35 years. He claims that anything found on the dress was the result of its being in the closet for forty years. Phyllis actu-

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Outside the Box

Why Disclosure Is Better Than This Crap

by Mike Good

It has become appallingly obvious that our technology has exceeded our humanity.

Albert Einstein

Disclosure: It is the Holy Grail. It is the culmination of all those years of cogitating about UFOs. It is our last hurrah, right before we UFO aficionados say, “I told you so” to all of those friends and family who poked fun at us and called us weirdos and finally become, in Nick Redfern’s words—sorry Nick, I’m paraphrasing here—completely redundant and irrelevant. No wonder we all look forward to it!

The truth is it will be one of the defining moments in human history. The day that humanity finally acknowledges the presence of other beings in the cosmos, indeed in our midst, will be a profound day indeed. Mysteries of the universe will be revealed. Our isolation on this little blue planet will finally come to an end. It will change our world irrevocably.

Welcome to Planet Earth

Our world is like the Iraq war; it goes by Pottery Barn rules: You break it, you buy it. Except with the world, *buying it* is meant in the terminal sense. I don’t want to be an annoying doomsayer, but unfortunately, I read the news and pay attention to what is going on. Um, guys? If we continue to mess up our world the way we are doing, well ...

I also followed the news when I was a wee lad. It was equally scary back then. It didn’t have stuff about the polar ice caps melting, fish disappearing or turning into hermaphrodites, or huge dead zones appearing in our oceans, or ever-growing oil slicks turning the Gulf of Mexico into the Grim Reaper.

But it did have the usual stuff about man’s distressing inability to get along peacefully with his fellow man. Like that nonsense about killing people in foreign lands because our

leaders have some disagreement with their leaders and naturally the only way to deal with these problems is to blast each other to smithereens. You know, that kind of scary stuff.

Ugh Hit Bad Guy With Big Rock!

Look, I’m not Albert Einstein, but I recognize the need for me to get along with my fellow man. If I don’t, my life becomes an odious obstacle course of misunderstandings, discord, anger, violence, retribution, and general unpleasantness. Be nice to others, or your life will be problematic. Duh. And it really

does not take all that much effort to be nice and pleasant.

Just show a little respect and consideration. I try. And, because of that, I lead a pretty pleasant life. See how that works? So, why don’t we do that on a national scale? Am I the first person to think of this? If I follow the information stream of our complicit media, I would have to think that I am.

On a national scale it seems that selfishness is still the valued diplomatic paradigm for dealing with others. It is always my way or the highway. And if they don’t like the highway, then we devolve into idle threats to get our way. When that fails, we sharpen our knives and issue real threats. After that, the killing starts.

Really? It is the grown-ups who do this? They think this is okay? Why do we put up with this institutionalized madness? Is humanity insane? Well, yeah, sorry. It is.

I always thought that this scary stuff was a bunch of nonsense promoted by childish adults who were just not smart enough to know any better. I still do. After all, I learned about good citizenship in kindergarten. Maybe the grown-ups just forgot? I also harbored this sweet but hugely unrealistic idea that, as I got older, the world would wise up and this nonsense would not cloud my adulthood. Guess what? Um, guys?

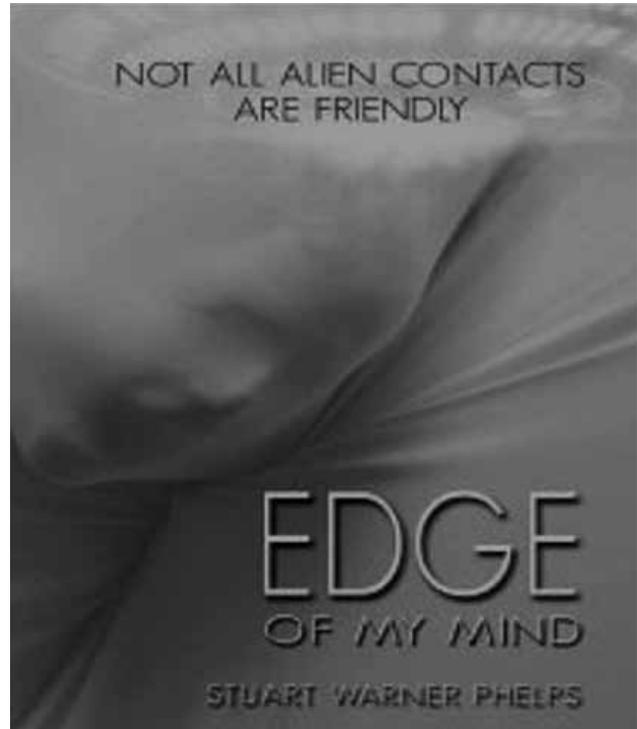
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EDGE OF MY MIND ISBN: 978-1-60911-216-5, on sale now. Available from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Bookstore.co.uk, Waterstone's, and others.



Opinionated Oregonian

The Scam That Failed: Fred Crisman and the Maury Island Incident

by **George W. Earley**

It's Halloween afternoon, 2007, and I am sitting on a log on a pebbled beach overlooking Puget Sound. To my left is Bill Birnes, publisher of this magazine. To his left is Pat Uskert. We are all wired for sound and a few feet away are two techies: a sound man and a camera man.

The latter is waiting patiently while the former is trying to mask the background noise: surprisingly loud little waves breaking on the pebbled shore where, says local legend, Harold Dahl grounded his boat in an attempt to escape a rain of fiery slag emitted by one of six circular flying objects.

According to Dahl, the slag, most of which fell hissing into the waters of the sound, damaged his boat, killed his dog, and injured his son. The date was June 21, 1947, just three days before Ken Arnold reported seeing nine strange flying machines in the vicinity of Mount Rainier.

Arnold's sighting report made international news and ushered in the age of flying saucers. Dahl's sighting, on the other hand, went virtually unnoticed, largely ignored by flying-saucer fans for decades until resurrected by Bill Birnes as the initial episode of a multi-season History Channel program called *UFO Hunters*.

My role? As a columnist and contributing editor for this magazine and one whose interest in all things ufological began in the fall of 1947 and continues to this day, I have a more than casual interest in, and knowledge of, this peculiar saucer report. So, living only a few hours' drive away, I was tapped to be the Maury Island talking head.

So return with me now to the days after the news of Arnold's June 24 sighting went 'round the world and brought him both unwanted fame and an incredible flood of mail. Being new to the fame game, Arnold doggedly tried to read all his mail. Five years later he would write that he still had "most of them ... in my files" and that he did not recall "even a note of criticism."

But that attitude clearly referred to the first big influx of mail immediately after his sighting report got worldwide attention. By 1952 when Arnold and Raymond Palmer released their co-authored and self-published book *The Coming of the Saucers: A Documentary Report on Sky Objects That Have Mystified the World*, Arnold sang the blues about his later treatment.

In noting all the government agencies, private detectives "and just plain busybodies" who had "repeatedly questioned and investigated him," he complained, "I have been subjected to ridicule, much loss of time and money, newspaper notoriety, magazine stories, reflections on my honesty, my character, my business dealings." In short, he got the same sort of treatment far too many UFO sighters in later decades would receive from their fellow citizens.

But that was 1952. In July 1947 when he received—and was oddly impressed—by Palmer's first letter, Arnold was more relaxed about his sudden notoriety. In fact, he was so relaxed that when Palmer offered him money for publications rights to his story, Arnold said no to the cash but did send Palmer a copy of the report he'd sent the USAAF.

Palmer, perhaps sensing he'd won Arnold's trust, then shared the Dahl report on the Maury Island events with him and asked him to go to Tacoma and interview Dahl. Clearly intrigued now by Palmer's letters, which were on Venture Press letterhead paper, Arnold attempted to learn something about his new penpal and queried his newspaper contacts about him. Apparently none were science fiction readers because Arnold's questions drew blank stares. No one had even heard of Venture Press.

Or Ray Palmer, for that matter.

Which was probably just as well for, as Arnold wrote later, "... had I known who he was, I probably wouldn't have answered his letter ... later I found out he was connected with the type of publications that I not only never read but had always thought were a gross waste of time for anyone to read. I never was much interested in reading anyhow."

The publications in question were science fiction magazines and Ray Palmer was the then-notorious editor of *Amazing Stories*, the world's first science-fiction magazine, but by 1947 pretty low on—if not at the bottom of—the genre's totem pole of respectability.

So just who was this Raymond Palmer and why was he interested in flying saucers? Raymond Alfred Palmer, better

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known as RAP from his practice of using just his initials to sign his editorials, was born August 1, 1910 and died August 15, 1977, scant weeks after attending the First International UFO Congress in Chicago. Ironically, the Congress was sponsored by Curtis Fuller's *Fate Magazine*, which Palmer had cofounded with Fuller in 1947.

Palmer described himself accident-prone. Childhood spinal injuries and a botched operation to repair the damage left him a partially crippled four-foot-tall hunchback. Later accidents plagued him the rest of his life, as I learned the summer of 1950 when I stopped off in Chicago to visit the editorial offices of *Other Worlds*, his latest magazine venture. He was, said his managing editor, at home recuperating from a fall down his basement stairs.

But neither injuries or their after-effects ever slowed him down. In 1938, right after Ziff-Davis Publications bought *Amazing Stories*, Palmer got the nod as the magazine's editor. In short order he more than doubled its circulation and kept the sales rising until 1948 when he and Curtis Fuller left Ziff-Davis to publish their own magazine, *Fate*.

Although some writers have claimed that the circumstances of RAP's departure were attributable to Ziff-Davis's refusal to OK publication of an all-UFO issue of *Amazing Stories*, the facts are more prosaic. Ziff-Davis many months earlier had informed the staff of a planned move to New York City, a move not welcomed by everyone, especially RAP and aviation editor Curt Fuller. Both men shared a common interest in paranormal phenomena and other weird stuff and began serious planning for a specialty magazine to cater to like-minded readers.

The Venture Press, on whose stationary RAP wrote to Ken Arnold, was one of the names Fuller and RAP tried on for their new business. In the end, they settled on Clark Publishing Company, taking the name of the street where they'd rented offices.

The first issue of *Fate Magazine*—it began as a quarterly—came off the presses early in 1948 and was called the Spring 1948 issue. It sported a flying-saucer cover with Arnold's "I Did See The Flying Saucers" as the lead piece. Arnold's article, quite possibly reworked a bit by RAP, who made a practice of rewriting just about everything his writers sent him, was a copy of the report he'd written to the commanding officer of Wright-Patterson Field.

The magazine's editor was listed as Robert N. Webster, a *nom de plume*, since neither RAP nor Fuller had told Ziff-Davis they weren't going to New York. Earlier in his career as *Amazing's* editor, Palmer had incurred the wrath of most of science fiction's vociferously vocal readers. How? Why? Therein hangs a tale, as well as some events that Palmer did not share with Arnold, who flew off to Tacoma to interview Harold Dahl.

Early in 1944 Palmer received a letter from a Richard S. Shaver which contained what Shaver considered an alphabet that antedated the rise of human civilization on earth. Published in *Amazing's* December 1944 issue, Shaver's Mantong alphabet was enthusiastically received by many readers, most of whom said it was for real. Shaver was thereby encouraged to write more letters to Palmer.

According to Shaver's next letter, an extraterrestrial race had inhabited earth well before the first human civilization arose. When the Titan/Atlans discovered earth's sun had begun giving off poisonous radiations, they moved their people into subsurface caverns, enlarging the natural ones, creating larger ones, and linking them all by a series of tunnel highways until earth was almost literally honeycombed.

Unfortunately, the negative radiations managed to penetrate the earth, and most of the ETs then fled to a new home around a more benign sun many light years away. The ETs who remained mutated into evil-minded dwarf creatures who, having access to all the marvelous scientific machines left behind, decided it would be jolly fun to torment the surface people.

And, claimed Shaver, they're still at it, as he pointed out to Palmer in his lengthy "A Warning to Mankind" letter. I almost forgot to tell you that Shaver got all this info because his welding gear somehow picked up telepathic conversations between various of the evil dwarves, whom Shaver had nicknamed Deros.

Howard Browne, who would later succeed Palmer as *Amazing's* editor, considered the letter sick crap. Palmer saw it as a potential money-maker, so he rewrote and expanded Shaver's 10,000 words into a 31,000 word slam-bang action tale retitled "I Remember Lemuria!" and editorially plugged as a true story which appeared in *Amazing's* March 1945 issue.

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A Teacher, Journalist & Writer's
Book Review

Since the beginning of time, man has thought about origins, where people come from, how & why, & things he doesn't comprehend. Usually relegated to "Esoteric" or "New Age", many people over the years have sought, found their answers, and published.

In *Earth, Man, & Devolution*, R. Pilotte offers his own unique theory. Unlike so many other books, he does not come at us as a know-it-all professor or preacher, he guides us, along with himself, on an incredible thought-provoking journey of discovery.

Shattering the theories of Evolution, he begins with the Creationist standpoint. In a logical, step-by-step manner, using the plethora of research out there, & using the Bible and other ancient texts as timelines, he begins us with a perfect creation, leads us through the possible falls, the flood of Noah, & other floods, the cataclysmic breaking apart of the single mother continent & the spread of the earth's crust around the globe.

Pilotte tells of Man, how and in what stages he has survived and 'evolved', explaining along the way UFOs, the Hollow Earth, the Pyramids, lost cities, lands & civilizations, the Bermuda Triangle, the Philadelphia experiment, mysterious disappearances, nonconformist spontaneous combustion, and green people... virtually every esoteric question man has had is covered in this fantastic volume, at least in passing.

Questioning science's ability to truly test age, Pilotte theorizes that the Earth is not anywhere near as old as we are led to believe, he rationally questions the teaching of "science" when it is not proven, especially when there are other (yet as valid) theories.

Though based on Creationism, this is not a theological text; it is a wonderful use of the scientific method, asking questions, finding answers, forming theories... as opposed to the all too often method of creating theories, then seeking out the proof to match. His use of the Bible dovetails perfectly with use of other ancient texts, giving all validity often not accepted in scientific circles.

This is a thick book, & select points are often repeated to keep them in context with new information. This speeds along the script & keeps it fresh & relevant. All too often in non-fiction texts, I find myself having to go back over and over to understand new points. This is not necessary at all in *Earth, Man, & Devolution*. That said, this book is vast in scope and I know I will re-read it again and again.

For those of us who have always questioned the mysteries of Man, our existence and history, the unexplained, & the unknown, this is the book. Whether one agrees or not with Mr. Pilotte's theories is irrelevant, the trip is fantastic and well worth any price.

Compressed & #price:full review on Amazon.com Doug Hodges

Earth, Man, & Devolution
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Available on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, order@earthman.com



Alien in the Attic

A Rush Hour of UFOs in Turkey

by *Farah Yurdözü*

Just like many others, Ümit Paker's life changed drastically after the 1999 earthquake in Turkey which took only 37 seconds to kill 40,000 people. He wasn't in the earthquake area, he didn't lose any family members, but what happened to him was quite unusual.

It was the moment of the century. We were at the gates of a new millennium. Spiritual and New Age groups were talking about the prophecies and important changes that would affect the planet and the human race's spiritual evolution.

Meanwhile, television shows and newspapers were reporting the increasing number of UFO sightings from many parts of Turkey. But they were especially seen and reported in the northwest coast area, where a huge ball of light was seen in a large area by many witnesses.

Only a week after the solar eclipse, Turkey woke up to a huge disaster in the early morning hours of August 17, 1999. A 7.6 magnitude earthquake had killed tens of thousands of people. Half a million were severely injured, losing their homes and places of business.

Electricity and water service was disrupted or destroyed, plunging countless people into darkness and instantly primitive conditions. The center of the earthquake was the city of Gölcük located on the northwest coast of Turkey, where many UFOs and the huge ball of light had been seen only a couple of weeks before.

On the first night of the earthquake the survivors had another unexpected surprise: The UFOs were back. Numerous bright objects were seen hovering over the disaster area. They seemed to be patrolling over Istanbul and the Marmara region, focusing on the centre of the disaster.

While the entire country was trying to heal the wounds of the national disaster, Ümit was confused; had his friend been telling the truth about the UFOs? And what was the connection between the UFOs and the earthquake? In that moment he had no answers and no resources to get answers to his never-ending questions.

He wanted to speak with his neighbor but discovered that he had quietly sold his apartment and moved to another city. Now Ümit was completely alone and consumed with curiosity and passion to discover the truth about UFOs, but one night his loneliness would end when he and his wife noticed from the balcony of their apartment a strange glowing disc-shaped object over the sea.

Ümit grabbed his video camera and started to tape. It was his first UFO sighting and his first filming. As often happens, the couple didn't know what to do with either their news or their video, and they decided to keep this incident secret for a while.



7.6 Earthquake, 1999, Gölcük, Turkey

On August 5, 1999 Ümit was at home in the southern coast city of Alanya. Around midnight his neighbor called him, saying that they had to talk. Ümit invited him over. He then heard a story which would change his life entirely. In those years his friend was working for the Turkish government and told him that he has been observing UFOs for many years.

And more than just ordinary sightings: he had telepathic contact with the extraterrestrial intelligences who controlled the UFOs, and he knew telepathically before the UFOs appeared that they would be coming. Ümit was not ready to hear such a confession and had a hard time believing his friend.

Up to that day, UFOs were the least important thing in his reality. But he silently listened to his friend's story, and didn't know how to respond. After his neighbor went home, Ümit was ready to forget about the incident.

A few days later, the entire Turkish media's attention was focused on the August 11, 1999 solar eclipse. Numerous national and private television networks broadcasted the celestial event live. The amazing cosmic show caused huge excitement all over the country.

Although UFOs were a fairly new concept for Ümit, he was very familiar with philosophy, religion, and even with paranormal experiences. In fact, he had been the subject of a paranormal incident many years before.

When he was a 16-year-old teenager he was hospitalized for appendicitis. After the appendectomy, he wasn't able to wake up and remained in a coma of anesthesia for two days. Doctors spoke with his family and informed them that there were no chances for him to survive and to be prepared to hear the sad news.

But at the end of the second day when all hope was gone, Ümit opened his eyes. It was considered a miracle to see him alive again. After this incident he noticed that his sixth sense was much more advanced than before. Just like a psychic, he was able to predict many incidents before they happened.

His own words: "Something happened to his heart, and his third eye was opened." For years he used his paranormal abilities in his work and he became a successful businessman. But now the same psychic ability was going to guide him to another direction.

After that first UFO sighting, it seemed that wherever he went he observed UFOs. He kept video-taping them. And in a short time the telepathic contact started: He was hearing their messages. They were letting him know when and where to come.

Ümit believes that he is in contact with positive extraterrestrial beings. Since he is a religious man, he sees UFOs as

the messengers of God. He also believes that UFOs have been protecting the human race against possible dangers. His contact has been going for eleven years, in which he has accumulated 176 hours of UFO video. Today many of his recordings are on YouTube. He enjoys sharing them with the world.

After 2000 we started to have more UFO sightings all over Turkey. It seems that first the solar eclipse and after that the earthquake opened an invisible door to extraterrestrial visitors, as if a stargate was activated. Did the UFOs cause the earthquake?

We really don't know this. Or maybe were they there before and after the earthquake with a mission, trying to help, observe, or maybe reduce the possible even worse effects of the natural disaster? Still no answers.

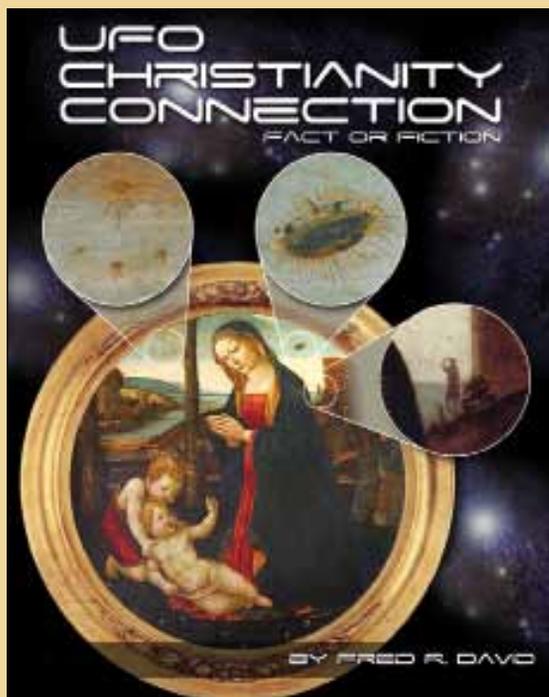
In the rush hour of UFO traffic that we have been experiencing since 2000, Ümit Paker has been video taping a variety of different UFOs both night and day. According to him, most of them are main ships. And in many of the sightings his wife, his children, and his friends have been with him.

During the filming, he tapes the surroundings of the location such as the beach, buildings, street lamps, and the moon in order to give reference points. The city of Alanya where he lives is located on the Mediterranean coast of our country. The open sky and horizon and the less polluted air helps him to have clear observations compared to the big cities.

He also has credible witnesses such as well-known TV pro-

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New Book Available



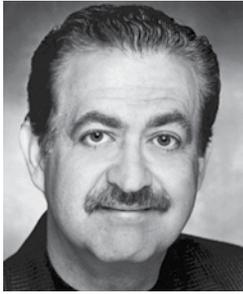
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Coast to Coast AM

The Death of Ufology: An Epitaph Too Soon or Too Late?

by **George Noory**

Although *Coast to Coast AM* isn't a UFO radio talk show per se, we have guests representing a very wide variety of pursuits, and we do focus a great deal on UFO-related subjects. Some of my very first guests when I began as a talk show host on my old *Nighthawk* radio show out of St. Louis were Stan Friedman—still one of my favorite guests and best friends today—and Dr. Benjamin Simon, the eminent psychiatrist who treated Barney and Betty Hill for their loss of memory after they saw the strange craft on that lonely New Hampshire country road. It was through Dr. Simon's regressions that the full story of what happened to Barney and Betty made it into the national media.

I can say that I am very proud to be hosting some of the top researchers in the field of UFO investigations, speaking at UFO conferences, and appearing on shows like History's *Ancient Astronauts*. But I also have to sound words of caution as I think about the field of ufology. I do believe that ufology is digesting itself, chewing up its own information, and slowly, but perceptibly, dying.

In part, the field is suffering from very little new research. Most of it is a rehash of older material, mired not in debate over facts or science but in personality.

Sure, there are the excellent new books such as Richard Dolan's *The Cover-Up Exposed, 1973-1991: UFOs and the National Security State, Vol. 2* (Keyhole, 2009); Tom Carey and Don Schmidt's *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the 60-Year Cover-Up*, (New Page, 2nd edition 2009); *Crash: When UFOs Fall From the Sky: A History of Famous Incidents, Conspiracies, and Cover-Ups* (Career Press, 2010) by Kevin Randle; Stan Friedman and Kathleen Mardin's *Science Was Wrong: Startling Truths About Cures, Theories, and Inventions "They" Declared Impossible* (New Page, 2010), and Leslie Kean's *UFOs: Generals, Pilots and Government Officials Go On the Record* (Crown, 2010). All these books showcase excellent research and presentation.

But unfortunately, we are living in a culture of instant information transfer with bits beamed into our brains via YouTube rather than a culture of careful reading. Because too many people want to be told what to think, not encouraged to look at facts and evidence so they can think for themselves, the very essence of UFO research is in danger of being overwhelmed by arguments over personality and attitude.

To be sure, there are personalities in the UFO field just as there are in any field. But the history of UFOs in America and all over the world is a history of facts, trace evidence, anomalous photographs, and the testimony of very credible witnesses. Most of this evidence requires careful evaluation, taking into account skeptical objections and the reservations of conservative investigators.

However, in a world of instant information, snap conclusory opinion, and immediate judgment, the math itself—the long division—gets completely lost. Remember in elementary school arithmetic how the teacher used to say that you would get credit for showing the long division even if your answer turned out to be wrong? Remember being told that you had to show the long division in order to get credit for the answers even if your answers were *right*?

There was a reason for this, a reason many people later understood in college and graduate school. You have to show a *process* of thought, your methodology of evaluation, in order to argue your point. Jumping to an answer is not a solution. Showing how you got to your answer is. We are currently in the universe of immediate response, however, and I suppose that radio and television are partly to blame. It's the answer and not the process. And this turns out to hurt ufology.

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ATTENTION SINGLE EARTH MEN:

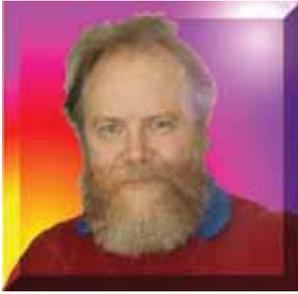
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An Alien View

Conundrums In Cognitive Dissonance, Part Two

by Alfred Lehmborg

Last issue we explored why candidate astronauts can't see UFOs, that hypnotism can work in reverse, and how twenty-five or thirty professional people—some genuine scientists and their intelligent wives—used cognitive dissonance to massage an uncomfortable personal reality back into uneasy control. We pick up at the Ash Creek flying-model field in Northern California, located at co-ords 40 degrees, 25 minutes, 26.03 seconds north by 122 degrees, 10 minutes, 7.85 seconds west.

I observed the odd thing in the sky above the Ash Creek flying field and didn't shout or jump, but nudged my nephew Mason. "Hey there, Mace ... what's that about?" I quietly pointed out the anomalous object flying languidly south around 45 degrees elevation to our east. Mason looked, his mouth fell open, and he called out to his mother, who got right up and took a decisive step in its direction as if to see it closer still.

The attention to the first appearance of the object spread like an airborne virus, and soon everyone was looking at this apparition of the highly strange. All other activity stopped. I believe I recall one guy losing his featherweight rubber model to the distraction.

The UFO is flying slow, *too* slow is my guess, to be a jet or plane. It floated along like a balloon but against the prevailing wind, at first enchantingly confounding those watching. It looked like a BB held at arm's length, but squash it a tad flatter, and make it bright white.

Flying south in a peculiar nose-up attitude, it coasted by, looking like a Tic Tac; rather fat in the middle but tapered on the ends. Then it drifted out of sight, seeming to make a very slow, very wide turn to its left and east. Picture the object flying in a huge circle, and some distance outside that big circle to the west, the east-looking observer only gets to view a tiny arc. The turn was barely perceptible. Big circle.

There was general amazement. There was, "What the hell is that?" No one mentioned UFOs. Sorrowfully, at that point I was an apologist ufologist and still a little embarrassed by my newfound interest. I kept my own silence.

Someone mentioned aircraft; others offered: blimp. I whispered to Mason that I thought it was, decidedly, *not* what was conjectured by the crowd.

Well, the thing flew by again for the second time of five times that it would make its apparent circuit, presuming it was the same one, and fewer people watched it sail ephemerally by. The third time fewer still looked up to wonder what it was; the fourth was even less than that; the fifth: just me, because how can one *not* look, I'd suppose.

Interview these persons and ask them why they stopped looking. Most would not even remember, I suspect. Cognitive dissonance provides for the memory adjustment of those things disrupting one's peace of mind or status quo.

But there's a problem with cognitive dissonance, Reader. While it may be true that a little might contrive to keep one from going crazy, a continued use or just a little bit more of same can drive a person no-pants and wall-crawl-

ing insane! Our society is psychotic to a degree because of its decided over-application of the cognitive-dissonance mechanism.

See, a UFO is an unwelcome distraction to these people from their personal fable—that the models they bring out to fly are representations of things only we human beings fly up there. This includes everything from lost rubber-powered featherweights to aging space shuttles. The preceding assumption regarding who flies what is a likely falsehood.

The ETs that we've conjectured discount all that, see? They invalidate a lot of twitchy presumptions, assumptions, and

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The Randle Report

Crash Goes the Del Rio UFO Crash

by **Kevin D. Randle**

Eighteen months ago, as I was finishing up the research and writing for *Crash: When UFOs Fall From the Sky: A History of Famous Incidents, Conspiracies, and Cover-Ups* (Career Press, 2010), I was preparing the chapter on the December 6, 1950 Del Rio UFO crash. I had known about the case for a long time and believed it to be authentic, based on the affidavit signed by a retired Air Force colonel. That one piece of documentation was important because at the time, I believed the man to have been a colonel and a fighter pilot.

However, in the world today we have the internet, which allows easy research into, well, everything. Type a few words into your search engine and you have a list of sites that will provide information, much of which is reliable. So, to check out this particular crash, to see if anything new had been added since the last time I had looked, I typed Robert B. Willingham and UFO into the search engine and found a number of websites.

But what I learned was somewhat disturbing. The date had shifted from December 1950 to 1955, the aircraft had changed, the radars had changed and some of the facts had changed. Suddenly there wasn't a clean story of a UFO crash, but a mess that seemed to have been altered significantly, and when that happens, it is not a good sign.

So I contacted Noe Torres, one of those responsible for the latest interviews with Robert Willingham and asked a few questions. Torres, a careful researcher and an honest one, gave me the answers to the questions. He even sent a copy of his book that detailed the Willingham story, some documents that supported Willingham's claim of long Air Force service, and a picture of Willingham in uniform, a uniform that the Air Force had phased out in the 1960s and which meant the picture was dated from that time.

But then I noticed something else. Willingham wasn't wearing an Air Force uniform; he was wearing one from the Civil Air Patrol (CAP). For those who don't know, the CAP is a civilian auxiliary of the Air Force. It is a volunteer organization whose missions are search and rescue and introducing teenagers to aviation in its cadet program. These volunteers wear modified Air Force uniforms, but they are not members of the Air Force or the Air Force Reserve.

They perform a vital role in search and rescue, saving the taxpayers tens of thousands of dollars and helping to save many lives. And the documents Torres sent were all for the Civil Air Patrol as well. Clearly Willingham had served in

that organization, had been promoted through the officer ranks to lieutenant colonel, but there was nothing in the documentation supplied that suggested he had ever served as an Air Force officer.

I asked about this and was told that Bruce Maccabee or Todd Zechel had checked out his background. Zechel had died a couple of years earlier and Maccabee told me he thought that Zechel had verified Willingham's credentials. In other words, there was no evidence that anyone had ever attempted to learn if Willingham's claims of extended service in the Air Force and the Air Force Reserve were true.

The only record that I could find in St. Louis, where all records of former military personnel are housed, said that Willingham had been in the Army from December 8, 1945 to January 4, 1947. That makes him, technically, a veteran of World War II. He was honorably discharged as a low-ranking enlisted man in the grade of E4. They had nothing to suggest he had been in the Air Force at any time.

Torres supplied additional pictures and documents, but that did nothing to clarify the issue. Both pictures, in color, showed Willingham in a blue Air Force uniform, but he was wearing CAP ribbons and wings, something that isn't done on an Air Force uniform. It meant, clearly, that Willingham was in his CAP uniform.

There was one other thing that was obvious to me, but not necessarily to someone who had not served in the military. On the lapels, had it been an Air Force uniform, there would have been a "U.S." If the uniform was CAP, then it would have had those letters, CAP, on the lapel. In the pictures, Willingham was wearing neither insignia. He had removed the CAP.

At the MUFON Symposium in Denver in 2009, Ruben Uriarte gave me several documents to prove Willingham was who he claimed to be. These included a document, allegedly from St. Louis, that was a record of his military service into the 1960s, a Time and Points document and a Reserve Order that seemed to confirm both twenty years of service and that Willingham had been, at least, a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force Reserve.

It became clear that the first document had been altered using Wite-Out® and a copier. Lines were broken in those areas but were whole everywhere else. The notations did not conform to those normally used by the military, and there were other errors that suggested the document had been altered by someone unfamiliar with the finer points of military service.

The Time and Points document turned out to be irrelevant because it had been created by Willingham. True, it was now in the possession of those in St. Louis, but they had gotten their copy from Willingham. There are two points that seem disingenuous. Willingham has listed two squadrons and suggested in a handwritten note that they are Air Force Reserve, but they are, in truth, CAP squadrons. Do we see a pattern emerging here?

The final document was a Reserve Order that certainly looked official and seemed to indicate that Willingham had served twenty years of combined active duty and reserve time and would be eligible for a pension when he reached age sixty. That applies for those who have not done twenty years of active duty.

I had hesitated in sending this on to the Air Reserve Personnel Center (ARPC) in Denver simply because it is a crime to alter these documents and attempt to gain a pension through fraud. However, it finally became necessary to learn the truth. I sent a FOIA request to the ARPC and asked if the document were legitimate. It seemed to me that this would be of sufficient importance to prove the point. If authentic, then we had our evidence that Willingham had served.

According to the response I received, the document was a fake. They told me that it was missing information that should be on it, including a date and Willingham's serial number. They also mentioned there had been congressional inquiries and that they had searched the records and could find nothing to support the claims. The order number was one that they couldn't find, and with everything computerized these days, it should have been simple.

In other words, there is absolutely no evidence that Willingham served in the Air Force Reserve or that he was a fighter pilot. No record of him anywhere and before you say, "Well, the government is covering up because he was talking about a UFO crash," let me say this. There are too many places that his name should appear, and it would be impossible to erase all traces.

There are no flight-school records, no documents confirming he was commissioned; his name does not appear in any of the various official registries. These records would be filed in various places, which means even the fire in St. Louis couldn't have destroyed them.

But let's say for the sake of argument that the failure to corroborate any sort of military service other than the short tour at the end of the World War II does not impress. Let's say that you believe his tale is accurate. Then my question would be: which one?

According to what had been said, Todd Zechel claimed to have searched for Willingham after he saw a short article in a small Pennsylvania newspaper in which Willingham was quoted as saying he'd seen a UFO crash. I tried to find that article, but failed.

However, I found the next best thing: a paragraph published in the February/March 1968 issue of *Skylook*, which was the forerunner to the *MUFON UFO Journal*. This told the original version of the story, and I found that quite interesting.

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Tree Talk

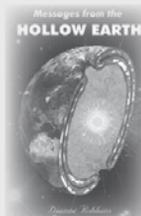
by Dianne Robbins

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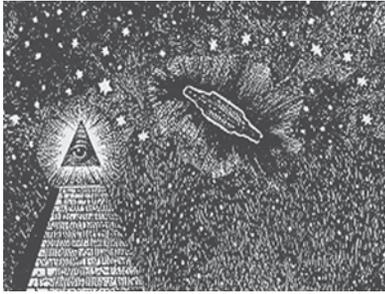
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21st Century News

UFOs, Intolerance, and Beliefs: When Religion and Politics Should be Topics at the Dinner Table

by Drs. Bob and Zoh Hieronimus

Televangelist Pat Robertson made headlines in 1997 for claiming that people like us—readers of *UFO Magazine* who are interested in UFOs—should be stoned to death. Some of us, like Dr. Bob in particular, were outraged at such an inflammatory statement and even today take every opportunity to challenge it.

Author and investigator Peter Robbins channeled his outrage into several years of research and interviews to discover if this death wish for people interested in UFOs was common among the fundamentalist Christian community. He joined us recently on *21st Century Radio*® to discuss his presentation on the subject to the 2009 MUFON Symposium entitled “Politics, Religion, and Human Nature: Practical Problems and Roadblocks on the Path toward Official UFO Acknowledgement.”

When Robbins began examining religious fundamentalist intolerance of UFO research, he said it revealed a personal shortcoming of his own that he called “intense feelings of intolerance toward the intolerant.” For him, it kept returning to the question: “How can anyone truly know—know, with absolute certainty—that this is the one and only explanation for UFOs? Hey, what do I know? I’ve only been studying this subject for thirty-plus years. Perhaps I’m wrong, and truly anomalous UFOs are demonic in origin, their crafts manned by the minions of Satan, as Robertson and those who share his beliefs maintain.”

But even if that were true, he counters, “How can anyone know for sure that, say, one or two extraterrestrials have not been able to make their way through the cordons of satanic UFOs to visit our planet? Give me at least an attempt at a scientific or historical analysis of this undeniable phenomenon, anytime.”



With due respect to anyone’s faith, Robbins is trying to point out that religious beliefs should be reflexive enough to consider all of the possibilities embodied in life’s mysteries. “The UFO mystery needn’t be a point

of religious conflict, and for most people of faith, it isn’t,” Robbins says as he discusses the paradigm-shifting work of the late Monsignor Corrado Balducci.

A Vatican theologian and insider, Balducci spent the last years of his life speaking on the topic of UFOs as a real phenomenon, and now the Catholic Church appears to be putting into place a plan that would assist its followers in making this transition. They are to be applauded for this, says Robbins, since all will agree should a time come when these plans are needed.

Other religions of the world treat the belief in UFOs differently, and the fundamentalist sects of any of them should be monitored for dangerous levels of intolerance. Robbins mentions a particular concern about the Islamist fundamentalists and their likelihood to react with violence against any government that disclosed its interest in the subject.

A government endorsement of an extraterrestrial reality would be “seen as a heresy by some, and interpreted as in direct violation of the Koran,” believes Robbins. “Such a threat to the fundamentalist Muslim way of life will only be compounded if it originates with The Great Satan, that is, America.”

Because it is the most familiar to us, however, for the purposes of this discussion, we are sticking with the Christian fundamentalist approach to UFOs. By fundamentalist, we mean those who define reality based on a fundamental interpretation of the Bible. Any anomaly not explicitly described in their particular translation of this book is determined to be of satanic origin designed to distract humans away from the word of God.

Demonic Hypothesis

Peter Robbins was inspired by Pat Robertson’s provocative remarks to learn if many fundamentalist Christians shared the opinion that UFO believers should be killed. He began by reading books available on the subject and by seeking out fundamentalists both from among his friends and from those writing and lecturing professionally on the subject.

What he found in his unscientific poll was a consensus that underscored Pat Robertson’s basic belief that the examination of the UFO mystery, aside from the acceptance of a demonic thesis, was dangerous to the soul. Because

fundamentalists believe they already know what these mysterious lights in the sky are—satanic mischief—they further conclude that those who attempt to understand the UFO mystery through scientific means are “misguided souls, whose secular, scientific and historic views are leading us further from Christ’s teachings,” as Robbins put it.

Often fundamentalists will cite from the Book of Revelation to support their conclusion, claiming that UFO sightings are part of the signs and portents of the coming cataclysm.

They have concluded that “the intelligences behind the UFO phenomenon are not from another star system or planet, but interdimensional entities, demonic in nature, pretending to be aliens. A fallen angel is able to manifest itself in physical form. Satanic craft are able to make themselves appear that they originated from somewhere out in space.”

When questioned about radar tracking cases or other physical evidence left behind that support the off-world hypothesis, the fundamentalists explain it as mischief. The purpose of the devil is to make these craft appear to be from another planet in order to distract you. The illusion is intended to lead you away from the teachings of Jesus.

To compound their fear, fundamentalists point to some contact cases where, as Robbins relates it, the entities seem to be “preaching a new—and by extension blasphemous—gospel which includes a message that they were the true creators of our religions. This is seen as a key deception that can only be attributed to Satan.”

We also discussed this phenomena in our discussion about the jinn with Phil Imbrogno in *UFO Magazine* (Vol. 23, No. 10; Issue 151). As Imbrogno put it, “These entities seem to be another form of intelligence in the multidimensional universe, very different from humans. The UFO experience is very complex and most likely has a number explanations for its manifestations. Some may be ET in nature while other aspects of the phenomenon may be interdimensional in nature. Human beings like to put everything in one nice neat category so they can understand it better. There is no easy explanation for the UFO phenomenon.”

Tolerance of Others: The American Way?

Fundamentalists live with a frame around their reality that evil temptation is around us on all sides at all times. Life is all about dodging the clever temptations of Satan by following the rules proscribed by God. God’s word is interpreted from the collection of ancient Hebrew and other scriptures called the Bible, preferably the King James version.

Unfortunately for science, anything that is not explicitly mentioned in these ancient scriptures is by default evil because any pursuit of same will distract you from further study of the accepted Word. Robbins reminds us that this



is exactly the same argument that was used to validate the slaughter of the Native Americans by the early European conquerors.

Fundamentalists of that time period noticed that there was no mention in the Bible of strange “savages” living in mysterious lands. Therefore, they argued, these people must be creations of Satan and should be exterminated before they could contaminate the people of God.

Most ufologists have avoided the subject of religion and how faith-based beliefs influence the study of UFOs, or vice versa, for that matter. Robbins pos-

its that this avoidance by the UFO community is a result of the American ethic of tolerance that most Americans try very hard to identify with. “To me, one of the most important aspects of American society is tolerance of others,” says Robbins. “It’s one of the reasons why I’m so proud to be a New Yorker. New York City is emblematic of the fact that even if you don’t love your neighbor, everybody can live together in harmony and ultimately begin to respect the differences that we have. Most of us don’t want to look like a bad guy or come down on somebody else’s religion.”

Can’t Argue Against Belief

So it was with some trepidation that Robbins decided to tackle this hot-button topic. It happened while he was serving as emcee for a Roswell UFO conference. This particular conference had included a panel discussion on the fundamentalist Christian interpretation of UFOs.

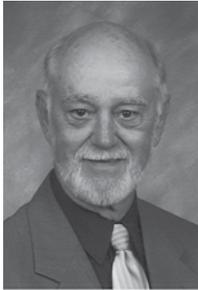
While listening to it, Robbins remembers first getting irritated as he heard himself disagreeing with most of it, “and then kind of angry,” as he felt the condescension mounting. “They were up there saying, based on our belief and on our faith, we *know* what’s going on.”

It was a perfect example of Stanton Friedman’s familiar quote about the skeptics: “Don’t bother me with the facts; my mind is made up.” It would make absolutely no difference what kind of evidence was presented by secular, historically oriented, or scientifically minded research. Their perspective is: “We *know* this because it is in our holy books, and we take them absolutely literally.”

And they make no exceptions. “This is the way it is,” reported Robbins. “If you don’t take our belief to heart, then at best you’re completely misled, and at worst you’re part of the problem and also leading folks down the wrong path.”

His reaction encouraged Robbins to develop his relationships with several of the leading figures in fundamentalist-UFO research like Joseph Jordan and Guy Malone and include them in a series of interviews. Both Jordan and Malone were very gracious and forthcoming in responding to even the most difficult of his questions, says Robbins, but what he realized rather quickly was that it is impossible to argue with a faith-based belief.

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Truthseeking

The Mogul Balloon Controversy Continues

by **Dennis Balthaser**

Last year Mike Shinabery, education specialist at the New Mexico Museum of Space History, contacted me for comments about an article he was writing about the Mogul Balloon controversy related to the 1947 Roswell Incident. His article was published in the *Alamogordo Daily News* newspaper on Sunday, August 30, 2009 and is shown here in its entirety.

New Mexico Museum of Space History

by **Michael Shinabery**

Of the several dozen Project Mogul balloon flights from 1947-1950—the majority launched from the Tularosa Basin—three lifted aloft this week in 1948.

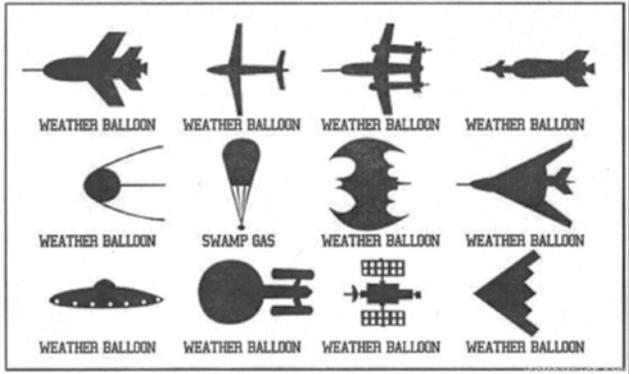
One launched Aug. 31 and tested an automatic ballast valve, then landed at Fort Stockton, Texas. A Sept. 1 flight was recovered at Neuvas Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, Mexico, and a Sept. 3 flight-tested a neoprene coated nylon balloon that touched down at Villa Ahumada, Chihuahua.

The Roswell Report: Case Closed (USAF/1997) reported Mogul had military and scientific purposes, but the foremost was listening for launches of Soviet nuclear weapons and ballistic missiles. A monograph, "Cold War Balloon Flights 1945-1965" (on the Web site vectorsite.net), said microphones attached to the balloons listened for "sound waves."

Mogul sought to "maintain America's technological superiority, especially with respect to guarding against ... a devastating surprise attack" the Soviet Union might launch, said The Roswell Report "Fact vs. Fiction in the New Mexico Desert (USAF/1994).

Militaries have long utilized balloons. During World War II, according to vectorsite.net, the Allies developed "decoys ... such as inflatable phony tanks ... to fool German reconnaissance aircraft." An article in the New Mexico Museum of Space History Archives, "Remote Piloted Aerial Vehicles," described how Austrians, in 1849, "launched some 200 pilot-less balloons against the city of Venice. The balloons were armed with bombs controlled by timed fuses. ... Some of the balloons exploded as planned but the wind changed direction and blew several balloons back over the Austrian lines."

U.S. AIR FORCE AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION CHART



The Japanese launched "anti-personnel bombs" against the United States and Canadian west coast, stated a second archived article, "Fugos: Japanese Balloon Bombs of WW II." It documented how 9,300 were launched, resulting in "a little over 300 balloon bomb incidents." The only deaths occurred after a woman and five children at a church picnic in Oregon tried to move one of the contraptions. A 1945 Seattle Times article said the bomb exploded.

Mogul, one of the first post World War II balloon programs, continued "the cooperative wartime relationship between civilian research institutions and the military," said The Roswell Report: Fact vs. Fiction in the New Mexico Desert. The document, along with Karl Pflock in Roswell (Prometheus/2001), stated New York University was the civilian institution involved with Mogul.

Technology to fly balloons to extreme altitudes came with the "invention of improved plastics, particularly polyethylene" after World War II, said "Cold War Balloon Flights." While under contract to the military, NYU graduate student Charles Moore "made a significant technological discovery: the use of polyethylene for high altitude balloon construction," said Roswell: Case Closed. Mogul became the first balloon project to use the lightweight polyethylene.

Moore, in a 1995 NMMSH oral history, said that in early 1947 his group "approached General Mills to make balloons out of polyethylene and were rebuffed. ... We of course weren't in position to describe the classified high

priority programs we had." So a manufacturer in Meri-gnac, New York, "made the first polyethylene balloons," said Moore.

Documentation compiled by NMMSH archivist Wayne Mattson showed that on June 4, 1947 the fourth Mogul flight touched down northwest of Roswell. The Roswell Report: Fact vs. Fiction in the New Mexico Desert described how three "lifter balloons" pulled a "train" of equipment that included 26 main balloons. The "train" stretched to 657 feet and, said "Cold War Balloon Flights," included "kitelike structures covered with aluminum foil to allow the balloon system to be tracked on radar." The two Air Force Roswell publications conjecture that upon landing this might have been misconstrued as a "debris field," becoming the impetus behind the infamous UFO Roswell Incident.

"I suspect," Moore said, "that the New York University flights probably are responsible for the Roswell incident. ... Every time that we flew balloons in late June, and early July the local radio station in Alamogordo would carry reports of flying saucers being seen over the Tularosa (Basin)."

UFO researcher and columnist Dennis Balthaser, a Roswell resident, disagreed.

"It's of special interest to me as a researcher, that in the photographs taken in General Ramey's office on July 8, 1947... the only thing presented for the photographs was a weather balloon, with none of the equipment that would have been attached to a Mogul balloon, such as sonobuoys or radar reflectors," he said.

Balthaser pointed out that the fourth Mogul flight, on June 4, 1947 "was actually cancelled due to poor weather conditions. The balloon was probably released due to having been filled for launch, without any of the testing equipment attached," he said. "Since the (UFO crash) happened ... in early July, that balloon must have taken the long way to arrive at the ranch almost a month later." There have been four different official explanations of the incident over 62 years. The first "excuse," Balthaser said, was the July 8, 1947 press release that reported "we have a flying saucer in our possession. The next morning newspapers east of Chicago had General Ramey's cover-up story that it was nothing but a weather balloon, which the elite 509th Bomb Wing (at Roswell Army Air Field) misidentified."

Pflock wrote he was "certain Project Mogul and the supporting activities of the New York University team at Alamogordo played a central role in the incident. ... It would have been quite consistent with concerns about Mogul security for the army quietly to contact the Roswell newspapers and radio stations and ask them to spike or downplay the story," he said. Additionally, Mogul officials did visit Roswell Army Air Field "to make sure the just-renewed New York University/Project Mogul activities at Alamogordo Army Air (Field) would not lead to any further misunderstandings," Pflock said.

Balthaser said the government's third and fourth explanations came in the form of the 1994 and 1997 Roswell publications. He counters those with the fact, he said, that the "Russians didn't do any nuclear testing until 1949," and that the bodies allegedly recovered at Roswell could not have been anthropomorphic dummies because those "weren't used until 1953. Weather balloons and Mogul balloons didn't have bodies on board," he said. "It's time for the proponents of the Mogul balloon theory to move on."

So the controversy about the Mogul balloon theory continues in articles such as the one above, on the internet from time to time, and in other forums. If the debunkers and critics would bring something new to the table just once, it might be worth discussing, but after sixty-two years that hasn't, and apparently is not going to happen.

The Roswell crash, based on extensive research by David Rudiak and others, has eliminated the Mogul balloon theory as a possible solution to the Roswell Incident, and as I stated in the above article, "I think it's time for the proponents of the Mogul balloon theory to move on." **UFO**

Note: Illustrations and photos were not present in the article written by Mike Shinabery and have been inserted in Dennis Balthaser's article for clarification.

Michael Shinabery is an education specialist at the New Mexico Museum of Space History. Email him at michael.shinabery@state.nm.us. Wayne Mattson, a NMMSH archivist and Michael Smith, the museum registrar, contributed to this article.

Dennis G. Balthaser is a MUFON field investigator and a member of the Great Pyramid of Giza Research Association. Websites: www.truthseekeratroswell.com and www.gizapyramid.com Email: truthseeker@dfn.com

UFO Quest

Philip J. Pennington

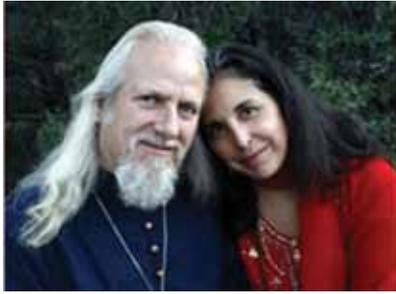
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Inner Space

A Mayan Encounter With Earth Changes: Surviving Volcanoes, Sinkholes, and Storms

by **Sri Ram Kaa and Kira Raa**

“There, but by the grace of God goes I” is a popular phrase often invoked in recognition that perhaps your life is really not all that bad, especially when compared to another. The breath you are enjoying while reading this article supports you to enjoy the experience of living, and the gift of reading this article enables you to expand through the living experience. These are the two universal truths that propel us all through eons of time: the experience of living in form and the energy of expanding through it.

To fully understand these two energies is to also let go of any and all need to control them. Your choice of these two experiences on this planet at this moment in time is to also call forth the greatest gift of all: your soul’s completion of a mission you consciously started long ago.

What does this really mean and why should you care? Have you noticed that our beloved planet is starting to speak to us in ways she has not done before? Has your internal knowing started to heat up to the point where you *know* that something big is getting ready to come forward on our planet?

Does your heart keep calling you to wake up to a greater reality?

Since you are reading this article right now, most likely the answers to most of those questions, if not all of them, is *yes!* The ignition of the two primary energies of experience and expansion are not limited to simply the human. This energetic propulsion is fully present for all sentient beings and the planet herself. This energy is also the dynamic fuel that sends the signals throughout the universe that support and continually reignite our collective missions.

Over the past three years we have been honored to develop a beautiful and lasting relationship with the indigenous Maya of Guatemala. With each visit and extended time spent

in the highlands, we experience expansion in ways that are distinctly in contrast to the linear-minded, solution-oriented fast pace of technologically advanced cultures.

Here we live and expand through what is naturally brought forward each day. Sometimes it is as simple as the choices of food for the evening meal based solely upon what was made available from the field, and on some days it is as large as dealing with the immediate experience and expansion that is thrust upon an entire village through a sudden volcanic eruption and tropical storm.

This was our exact experience during the last week of May 2010. Nothing can ever fully prepare you for the immense impact of the earth changes that so

many have predicted. You cannot mentalize your way through a large-scale natural disaster of biblical proportion. You cannot make deals with God in the moment or hide behind an illusion that this only happens to others.

You are here! You are ready! And, if you are open to fully harnessing the gift of experience and expansion, you are also guided to flow with all experience as you allow the greater forces of the universe to express and lovingly direct you through the perceived chaos.

We had just left our beloved Lake Atitlan retreat center and were on our way to Guatemala City to board a plane to the U.S. the next day. Our intuition had guided us to stay outside the city that evening, and without questioning this, we found a lovely spot in the beautiful city of Antigua, about an hour outside of Guatemala City.

The weather was especially ominous, and there was a stark air of stillness in the energy of the area that was not usual. As we prepared to make our way to dinner, an urgent text message arrived from our friends in Guatemala City announcing



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that the Pacaya volcano had just erupted. They were on their way to join us and were also being met by torrential rain that was making their journey hazardous. Stunned by the news, we sat, took in a deep breath, and began to ask others about the situation.

“Yes,” the girl at the front desk said. “The Pacaya has started erupting, spewing rocks, lava, and a great amount of ash into the sky. It is covering the city and this has not happened for many years. The last time I remember I was a very young child. I believe they will close the airport and suggest you stay here and do not try to go to the city any time soon.”

Making sense of what she was saying, we agreed to stay and focused our energies upon our friends as we watched the streets outside begin to flood in record time as the sky emitted an eerie glow from the volcano. Hours later our friends appeared, tired and strained, yet safe.

They, too, were now here overnight and unable to return to their home just an hour away. As we sat together and held presence, the news came in. A tropical storm named Agatha was on her way and promised to be powerful. The airport was going to be closed for many days.

Waking up the next morning we were greeted by torrential rains, very dark skies, and the news that the volcano had erupted again overnight, killing many. There had also been the sudden appearance of a large sinkhole in the center of Guatemala City that had literally swallowed a three-story building and looked so perfectly formed that one would think only Hollywood could have created it.

And as if that were not enough, we were told that the storm was moving in a direct path toward our village at Lake Atitlan, San Antonio Palopo. This beautiful remote village is one of the few remaining authentic Mayan towns. The people still wear traditional beautifully handwoven clothing, and a deeper experience of true community exists here in all ways.

While our retreat center is a twenty-minute boat ride from

the village, our connection to the village is strong. We are the godparents of several indigenous children, assist with school supplies, employ as many villagers as possible, and assist with ongoing education and environmental projects. This is *our* village, too!

The next two days were a blur. Torrential rain, ominous thunder, ash, darkness; it was a surreal mix of awestruck presence and the recognition that we are in the earth changes of 2012. *Now!*

We awoke on the third day to calm skies and a hint of blue and sun. Our hearts were warmed, and optimism ran high. During our breakfast we were given the first of the news that would forever shift our focus in a large way.

Our beautiful village of San Antonio Palopo had been struck by twenty-two mudslides. At least fifteen villagers were dead, with many still missing. Homes had been literally carried away, and the roads into the village were impassable.

Acting quickly, we started making calls to those we knew in the village. The first one we reached was Michael, the father of our godson. He was in shock, and his voice trembled as he shared that during the deluge he and his family suddenly felt the need to go visit his wife's brother.

They arrived at what had been his home within moments of it having been swept into a ravine. They discovered his brother-in-law hanging down the ravine with his young son in his arms. Because of their quick action, they were able to pull him out prior to his falling, using a rope that was laying by the ravine.

As they visited more and more of the family, they found them already dead. The mudslide claimed most of their immediate family, and all who survived are now living in his tiny ten-foot by ten-foot home. About fifteen family members.

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View From A Brit

Mothman: An Early Encounter?

by Nick Redfern

Within the realm of Fortean, sightings of large winged beasts of unknown origin absolutely abound. A vile, winged nightmare equipped with a pair of glowing red eyes, the Mothman of Point Pleasant, West Virginia is undoubtedly the most infamous of all the many and varied sky-beasts that have made a name for themselves within the annals of cryptozoology.

Its mid-1960s manifestations ominously coincided with a massive wave of UFO incidents, encounters with the dreaded Men in Black, and a whole range of Fortean high-strangeness of a mind-boggling nature, all of which chose to descend upon the unfortunate city—and the people, too—of Point Pleasant.

The bizarre series of events came to an absolute climax on December 15, 1967 when the city's Silver Bridge, which crossed the Ohio River and connected Point Pleasant to Galipolis, Ohio, broke away from its moorings and plunged into the river, tragically taking with it nearly fifty souls. And although a down-to-earth explanation was most definitely in evidence: a problem with a single eyebar in a suspension chain was to blame, many took the view—and still to this day continue to take the view—that the Mothman, the UFOs, and the MIB were behind it all.

But Mothman is not alone. Indeed, I recently investigated a decades-old case from England that in some ways parallels the winged monster of Point Pleasant. The source of the story is one 82-year-old Alfred Tipton, and the location is Needwood Forest, a once-sprawling area of ancient woodland in Staffordshire which is now mostly, and tragically, destroyed.

Needwood Forest was a *chase* or a royal forest given to Henry III's son, Edmund Crouchback, the 1st Earl of Lancaster, in 1266 and was owned by the Duchy of Lancaster until it passed into the possession of Henry IV. In 1776 Francis Noel Clarke Mundy privately published a book of poetry called *Needwood Forest* (printed by John Jackson) which contained his own poem of the same name and supportive contributions from Sir Brooke Boothby, Erasmus Darwin, and Anna Seward.

Anna Seward regarded this poem as "one of the most beautiful local poems." The purpose of Mundy's poems was to resist calls for the enclosure of the forest, and Seward herself wrote a poem called "The Fall of Needwood Forest." Under an enclosure act of 1803, however, commissioners were allowed to deforest it and by 1811 the land had been divided amongst a number of claimants.

In 1851 Needwood Forest was described as forming:

... one of the most beautiful and highly cultivated territories in the honour of Tutbury, which contains 9,437 acres of land, in the five parishes of Hanbury, Tutbury, Tatenhill, Yoxall, and Rolleston, and subdivided into the four wards of Tutbury, Barton, Marchington, and Yoxall, which together form a district of over seven miles in length and three in breadth, extending northwards from Wichnor to Marchington Woodlands.

Today, however, things are sadly very different, and most of the ancient woodland is now tragically gone; presently, the area is comprised of twenty farms on which dairy farming is the principal enterprise, and less than five hundred acres of woodland now remain. Some parts of the forest are still open to the public, including Jackson Bank: a mature, mixed 80-acre area of woodland which can be found at Hoar Cross near Burton upon Trent and which is owned by the Duchy of Lancaster.

And then there is Bagot's Wood near Abbots Bromley, which claims to be the largest remaining part of Needwood Forest and takes its name from the Bagot family, seated for centuries at Staffordshire's Blithfield Hall.

Situated some nine miles east of Stafford and five miles north of Rugeley, the hall, with its embattled towers and walls, has been the home of the Bagot family since the late 14th century. The present house is mainly Elizabethan with

continued on page 67

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Bryant's UFO View

Things Will Never Be Black or White for David Huggins

by Larry W. Bryant

As synchronicity would have it, author Farah Yurdözü happens to be a columnist for *UFO Magazine* and a resident of the same New Jersey town in which her subject, David Huggins, resides. What's more, I've known Anomalist Books New York-based chief editor Patrick Huyghe since his late teens; we both grew up in the southeast Virginia city of Newport News.

Over the years, Patrick has been aware of the occasional contactee memoir containing ample illustrations, mostly in black-and-white. Then we have such encyclopedic treatments as the Time-Life Books entry within its 1987 serialized *Mysteries of the Unknown* titled *The UFO Phenomenon*, which contains a mix of black and white and full-color plates; the Barnes & Noble 1996 edition of Peter Brooksmith's *UFO: The Government Files*, with all black and white plates; and the Chartwell Books 2008 edition of Rupert Matthews's *Alien Encounters: True-Life Stories of Aliens, UFOs and Other Extraterrestrial Phenomena*, again all black and white. These handsome tomes measure less than one-inch thick and about eight and a half by twelve inches across, as does Yurdözü's book.

For some time, Patrick now tells me, he'd wanted to find an ideal personal-narrative subject for illustrating a UFO book in full color. His opportunity came in fall 2008 during his attendance at a New Jersey-based UFO-ET art show. Synchronistically enough, he met up with researcher Yurdözü, who Patrick knew had interviewed artist Huggins about the latter's abduction history. Of course, Huggins himself was on hand for the show's opening.

Rarely one to miss such a creative opportunity, author-editor-publisher Huyghe offered to publish a book of Huggins's paintings, eventually convincing Farah and David to collaborate on producing this just-published picture book titled *Love in an Alien Purgatory: The Life and Fantastic Art of David Huggins*. For ordering information, see: www.anomalistbooks.com/yurdozu.html.

When you pick up this absorbing, quick-read account of Huggins's intimate interaction with apparently alien humanoids dating back to his preteen days, you'll have in your hands the ultimate what-if book:

- **What if:** former Georgia country boy Huggins is telling the unequivocal truth about his exploitation as an abductee and implantee in an unfathomable alien scheme to create a population of human-alien hybrids?

- **What if:** his revelatory yet haunting paintings, more than sixty-five of which are reproduced in this graphic memoir, can persuade other heretofore memory-erased victims of such genetic manipulation to start coming forward with their own corroborative drawings and accounts?

- **What if:** the now-66-year-old David, in acceding to the wishes of his lifelong invasive and evasive captors or stalkers, has become a monument to the Stockholm syndrome?

- **What if:** the alien agenda herein pictorially explored has more negative aspects than positive ones, thus constituting a threat to human welfare, self-reliance, autonomy, and the universal right to be left alone?

If Farah's book helps any of us get closer to the answers, then it may well achieve her purpose—if not David's—in putting the Huggins story on public record. Up until now, that story had been mostly fragmented in its exposure. For instance, Patrick had become aware of it years ago from having seen black-and-white reproductions of David's selected paintings in James W. Moseley's newsletter *Saucer Smear*.

And now, Patrick views the book's production as both a graphics experiment and a ufological milestone. Indeed, as more readers discover and weigh the story, they'll find themselves irresistibly participating in what I call UFO-ET mythology. My reference to myth derives not from the popular notion that myth means something untrue but from the fact that this *Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky*—as the late psychoanalyst Carl Jung explained it with the subtitle of his 1958 book *Flying Saucers* (Harcourt Press)—can be traced to one or more impressive events from the past.

In her introduction, Yurdözü points out: "In the last six years, David's experiences with Crescent, the name he ascribes to his chief alien seducer, have inspired an interest in science fiction and other fantastic movies, something he never paid any attention to in the past."

This revelation epitomizes the thesis discussed in the late psychotherapist Geoffrey Hill's seminal work *Illuminating Shadows: The Mythic Power of Film* (Shambhala Publications, 1992). In the introduction to his own book, Hill concludes: "Hopefully, mythic interpretations of today's contemporary art forms will teach us not only how connected

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The Orange Orb

The Psychic Side to UFOs

by Regan Lee

A few weeks ago I wrote an article for the online publication *UFO Digest* called “A Little Experiment: Pendulums, Telepathy, and Aliens.” The article was about my experiences with telepathy and entities and UFOs.

Three separate times in three different locations, I had the same experience: sensing—*knowing*—that the aliens were present, literally in the room with us, and listening with great interest to what we were saying. I never saw them, but they were as real, as present, as much there as the couch or TV.

I described this feeling as slightly electrical. This experience was confirmed in each case—different people, different settings—by others. In all three cases I kept my awareness of this presence to myself, but in all three cases others verified that there was something very odd happening.

Not just odd, but specifically that they were aware that there was something in the room with us. And they detected the presence emanating from the same part of the room I sensed them to be: upwards, towards the ceiling, in a specific corner of the room.

I don't know how or why this happened except to say that in all three cases—the first two occurred within roughly a year of each other about eighteen years ago, the third happened about four years ago—we were deep in discussion about UFOs. In the first case we were meeting specifically to talk about UFOs; several of us had gathered together in an informal UFO study group, sharing our own experiences as well as theories.

The second time, the conversation turned to UFOs. There were just four of us in that group, but as we began talking about UFOs, the conversation became very serious. In fact, it was during this time that my husband mentioned something that happened to him during a UFO encounter we had.

I was very surprised that he had kept it to himself until then. The last time this happened we were visiting with two close friends who have had a lifetime of experiences with paranormal events. Interestingly, they've had very little UFO events in their lives; their experiences have always been more ghostly than alien.

There are connections here that support the idea that there is something to all this that's worth exploring and taking seriously. The so-called psychic side to ufology is often ignored by some researchers as an embarrassment or not credible, but there is a history of these kinds of experiences in UFO events that continues right up to the present. Clues are to be found in studying this side of UFO weirdness.

So, we have three separate events in three different locations with different people. Except for my presence, the odd part of the encounter was the same in each case.

Serious discussion of UFOs seemed to have aroused their interest, whoever *they* may be: alien, ET, spirit, interdimensional entity. Who knows? In each case they were above our level; a definite, undeniable presence, and even while their form was invisible to us, their being-ness certainly wasn't. Everyone who acknowledged that these things were in the room with us agreed that whatever they were, they were not human, and they were very, very intelligent.

A UFO Premonition

Another interesting element: The second time this happened, two of the people present were involved years later with another UFO event. We were at their home, and I just *knew* we were going to see a UFO. I knew it would be later that evening, and I just *knew*.

Later that night, the hostess kept looking out the window, and I knew she was watching the UFO. For quite a while she didn't say anything. She just kept watching. Finally she called out to us to come and look.

All we could see was a bright white round light bobbing towards us. Through binoculars, the light would rapidly change both color and shape. Each shape—square, rectangle—was a distinct color of turquoise, red, orange, yellow, or blue and it would change color and shape as it moved along.

It passed right by the large picture window in front of us, then curved and moved away from us. We watched it until it we couldn't see it anymore. It seemed to visit us intentionally, coming from the hills towards us, moving in front of us by the window, and then moving back out towards the hills again.

The first time this happened—knowing that *they* were about—we were in the home of a family that had experienced decades of UFO phenomena, including the abductee type of experiences. In fact, the hostess had had UFO and entity encounters since childhood.

I received several responses to that article in *UFO Digest*. I've had people email me with eerily similar experiences. I'll get occasional emails from others about things I've written, but it's not often that I get several. It's surprising how many others have had the same kinds of experiences related to UFOs and aliens with this psychic component.

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Beyond the Dial

Ancient and Future Aliens

by Lesley Gunter

When *UFO Hunters* was cancelled, many of us lost all hope in the History Channel, I know I almost did. However, they then surprised us with a new UFO series: *Ancient Aliens*.

Although I am not a believer in the theory that aliens created us to mine gold, I have no problem believing that aliens have been visiting humans since the earliest times, and I even keep an open mind that they may have created us or even evolved us. I just don't believe we were created to mine gold. I think there are much better designs that a race intelligent enough to create life could come up with for that task.

I can't remember when I wasn't fascinated by ancient-alien theories, but it probably started when I was a child in the 1970s. *Chariots of the Gods* (1972) was showing at a local theater, and I begged to go see it, even though none of my little friends wanted to go with me. It was too boring for them.

I went by myself and thought it was the coolest thing ever! Sometime after that I got a copy of the book, but it didn't have the same impact because I was something like seven years old, and I had a hard time understanding it, unlike the movie where I could see everything they were talking about.

Ancient Aliens on History was a four-part, two-hour series with Giorgio Tsoukalos, Erich von Daniken, Graham Hancock, William Bramley, George Noory, and many others including *UFO Magazine* publisher Bill Birnes. Three out of the four episodes were great, and even the fourth episode wasn't a total waste.

In the first three episodes they explored sites around the world for evidence of aliens and their interaction with ancient humans, and even though there seemed to be quite a few new ideas included, it wasn't just the same stuff from *Chariots of the Gods*. And although there were a few skeptics on the show, they weren't the normal rabid skeptilians like Michael Shermer who often appear on other UFO Shows.

Thankfully, they didn't take up very much time on the shows, either. I have never understood the need for skeptics on UFO shows. I would say they should have their own shows, but who would watch? How boring would those be?

The series finale wasn't my cup of tea. It was all modern stuff like SETI, Roswell, Rendlesham, and so on. Not that there is anything wrong with that; it just didn't really seem to fit in a show called *Ancient Aliens*, and that stuff has been covered on dozens of UFO shows over the years. I saw no need for it to be covered again. Still, as always, I need to try to remember that not everyone watching has seen other

UFO TV shows or knows anything at all about UFOs. Those people would probably find the season finale fascinating.

If you missed the series when it first aired, it will be worth renting or buying the DVDs when they come out. That is, assuming you are into such subjects, and I can't imagine you would be reading this if you weren't.

Onto other things. Our dear publishers Bill and Nancy Birnes have a brand new podcast called *Future Theater*. Oh yes, they have great guests like Frank Feshchino, Alfred Lehmborg, Jim Channon, and Colin Bennett, and I am sure many more great guests are on the way; although for me, one of the best things about the show is Bill and Nancy.

Every week I get such great laughs from their interactions! The two of them together is really something special. Obvi-

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Mirror Images

Life Not as We Know It: Opening Pandora's Box

by Micah Hanks

In the words of Michio Kaku: "Wow!" The famous physicist said this with great gusto the morning after James Cameron's 2009 masterpiece *Avatar* was released in theatres to American audiences. Having just seen the film the night before, Kaku excitedly described the unique 3D technology that Cameron had developed over more than a decade leading up to making the film, and giving it what was perhaps its greatest endorsement yet.

Personally, I was glad to see Kaku, an expert on interplanetary physics, being tapped for the interview for other reasons. Sure, the flick made millions opening week alone, but all numbers aside, perhaps the most profound effect the film had on its audiences was its ability to stir imaginations and inspire ideas as to what kinds of foreign, alien life might exist elsewhere in the cosmos.

Therefore, rather than the host of film critics and box-office economists who might have been used instead, Kaku's enthusiasm was instrumental in calling immediate attention to the scientific possibilities inherent within the film's imaginative fantasy landscapes. Even if the mainstream scientific community isn't ready to buy the idea that UFOs could be visiting earth, the idea that life could exist elsewhere still prevails.

Pandora's Watery World

As is often the case with Hollywood, the truths that exist abroad are even stranger than the fiction that appears on the screen. One must admit that anything in physical existence that might rival the vibrant landscape of Pandora, the planet appearing in Cameron's film, would be nothing short of astonishing, if not horrific in some ways. Nonetheless, it is noteworthy to point out that within days of the release of *Avatar* in theatres, the discovery of a water world orbiting a star forty light years away was reported by *National Geographic* as "the first known earth-like planet close enough for us to sniff its atmosphere."

The planet, affectionately called GJ 1214 b, is only a little less than three times larger than earth and about 6.5 times

more massive. Its density indicates that the planet is likely about three-quarters liquid water with a solid core of iron and nickel and an atmosphere of hydrogen and helium, making it not unlike earth.

David Charbonneau of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts calls it one big ocean, saying that no continents protrude from the water like land-masses here on earth do.

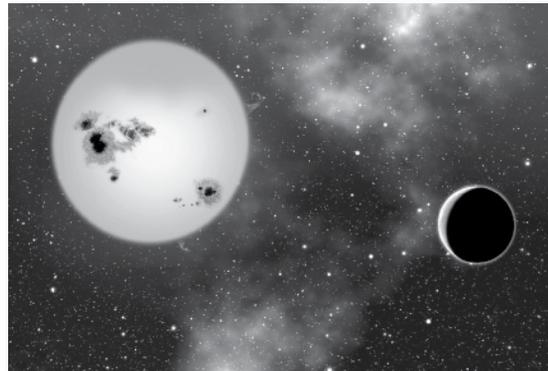
Still, it is very interesting to note that a watery planet very close to the size of earth exists so relatively close to us, and in keeping with this year's film *Avatar*, a blue one, to boot. At various points in its history, earth also was submerged in a deluge of watery oceans which, with the intense heat of volcanic activity, eventually began to stabilize, reaching our present

day land-water ratio in spite of the fact that water still covers roughly 70 percent of the earth. No doubt, at times in its history earth was just as uninhabited as the best of 'em.

Even if GJ 1214 b isn't the Pandora we're looking for, scientists claim we may have already harnessed sufficient technology for finding it. According to Lisa Kaltenegger of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, "If Pandora existed, we potentially could detect it and study its atmosphere in the next decade.

"All of the gas-giant planets in our solar system have rocky and icy moons," Kaltenegger told the website **Physorg.com** in December 2009. "That raises the possibility that alien Jupiters will also have moons. Some of those may be earth-sized and able to hold onto an atmosphere." There are, in fact, many planets that have been discovered throughout the regions of space we are able to explore through science, if not with manned space modules.

Many orbit huge gas giants which themselves wouldn't likely house life as we know it on earth. Perhaps, if these planetary satellites maintained a rocky surface structure, they could be life-friendly. But for water to exist in a liquid form on such planets, they must be oriented in a relative position of habitability similar to our own so that conditions provide enough warmth.



Searching for Life Nearby

As far back as its inception, NASA had begun to articulate a pronounced interest in whether life might exist elsewhere in the cosmos. A 1977 document the group published regarding what was then becoming the new international SETI program says it best:

In the enormous emptiness of space we can now recognize so many stars that we could count one hundred billion of them for each human being alive. Yet we know of only one inhabited planet, our earth. The earth has supported the development of life nurtured by one commonplace star, the nearby five-billion-year old sun. We look out into the starry Universe quite unable to see within its compass any sign that we are not alone. The other planets near our sun offer some hope to a search for other life, and indeed for many months Viking on the surface of Mars has been reporting the enigmatic chemical activity of the Martian soil. We remain uncertain, at the time of this writing, whether the chemical changes are biological or inorganic in nature.

Today, in spite of more than three decades transpiring since the release of SETI's earliest press releases, we still know little about what causes the "enigmatic chemical activity" referred to by editor Phillip Morrison in the segment above. However, there are still many things that have brought us closer to ultimate discernment as to whether life—even in its smallest, microbial form—may have ever existed on Mars, and if it does indeed still exist there today.

For years, one of the most convincing pieces of evidence pertaining to life on Mars has been the famous ALH 84001 meteorite which appeared to contain evidence of fossilized bacterial life forms or bio-morphs, as they are sometimes called. Late last year, the *British Times Online* reported on new analysis of the meteorite released in November 2009, stating, "The so-called bio-morphs are embedded beneath the surface layers of the rock, suggesting that they were already present when the meteorite arrived, rather than being the result of subsequent contamination by earthly bacteria." This does seem to suggest that other activity witnessed on and around the Red Planet, both in its soil and in its atmosphere, could be indicative of life forms that still exist there.

Other experts are receptive to the data as well, including David MacKay, senior scientist at NASA's Johnson Space Center, who called the discovery "very strong evidence of life on Mars." MacKay was part of the team of scientists that originally investigated the meteorite when it was discovered in 1984.

Much like moons orbiting gas giants elsewhere in space, Mars terrain doesn't seem to be the most inviting landscape for the presence of life, and at present the only known sources of water appear to be frozen. If indeed some form of life exists there—however tiny it may be—it fuels our imaginations as to what kinds of creatures could exist on other planets that provide more heat and thus more water.

For the time being, we'll have to settle for the fictional

Pandora with its colorful landscapes and its various exciting forms of alien life existing within the realms of the human imagination. But don't be too quick to dismiss our alien neighbors; as unlikely as it may seem from an earth-dweller's perspective, the creatures seen in *Avatar* were presumably as strange as they were due to evolving in an environment different from our own.

Who is to say that in the distant future, once we master the ability to travel to far-off realms, we won't learn that watery planets, rocky moons, and perhaps even the seemingly uninhabitable gas giants we see and speculate about today harness life after all, although perhaps not as we know it! **UFO**

Micah A. Hanks is a full-time journalist and investigator of the unexplained. He is an active member of the L.E.M.U.R. Paranormal Investigation team in Asheville, North Carolina and has been featured on many television and radio programs, including the History Channel's *Guts and Bolts*, the Travel Channel's *Weird Travels*, and *CNN Radio*. You can read daily news about UFOs and unexplained phenomena at his blog *The Gralien Report* by visiting www.gralienreport.com. Stop in and say hi!

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Arlan's Arcanae

Strange Encounters: Betty Hill, the Zetans, and Me

by Arlan Andrews, Sr.

If her story is true, the late Betty Hill may have participated one of the most important events of human history. I interviewed her in October 1975, met her again in 1977, and a last time in 1982. Following are my notes from personal encounters, some information that is not available from any other source.

A Life, Interrupted

Betty and Barney Hill became internationally famous in 1965 when John Fuller's book *The Interrupted Journey: Two Lost Hours "Aboard A Flying Saucer"* (Dial Press, 1965) described in detail their abduction and subsequent medical examination by UFO occupants. In ufological circles the story is iconic and perhaps a portent of things to come.

On a night in September 1961 the Hills remembered spotting a UFO on a rural road in New Hampshire, but then they experienced a two-hour period of lost time they couldn't account for. After symptoms of anxiety manifested in the couple, they eventually sought psychiatric help. Under hypnosis, the Hills related a fantastic story: After seeing the UFO, its inhabitants—small Grays—mentally forced them to drive onto a side road, took them from their car and aboard the saucer-shaped craft. There they were both medically examined and then released, but with mental conditioning to forget the incident.

Their psychiatrist-hypnotist was never convinced that the incident occurred anywhere other than in his patients' minds. Many people were inclined to agree; contactee cases usually seemed to be utterly unbelievable fabrications thought up by people with stories to sell.

Without one specific proof that Betty Hill reported, the whole case might have been filed and forgotten, along with many other such outrageous accounts. But Betty's hypnotic session revealed that one of the Grays showed her a three-dimensional map of some stars that they visited, some on a

regular trade route, and others only occasionally. He asked Betty if she could pick out our sun in that map, and when she said no, he said that it was no use showing her where he was from if she didn't know where she was.

Since the whole story derived from hypnosis, Mrs. Hill was able to redraw what she had seen. This map was then published in the Fuller book in 1965.

Seeing it from All Angles

Within a few years, Marjorie Fish of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, a school teacher, had constructed a three-dimensional model of all of the sun-like stars within a hundred light years of



Betty Hill and Arlan Andrews, 1975.

earth. Using a wooden box framework and stringing colored beads on black threads to represent the stars, Fish precisely positioned each star in her model volume of space, according to the latest astronomical information available.

She assumed that if Betty Hill had lied or imagined the star map, then it was probably a random grouping of dots that would show up many times when the Fish model was viewed from different angles. Years of experimentation later,

after examining hundreds of photographs of her star model taken from every angle, Fish found only one view that came anywhere close to Betty Hill's drawing. But part of the map was so distorted that it was not acceptable.

Then in 1969 when a new star catalog came out, it corrected previously inaccurate data concerning the locations of some stars in the volume of interest. With these new measurements, Fish's beads showed the same pattern that Betty Hill had drawn in the Boston psychiatrist's office seven years before.

Computer studies soon confirmed the precision of the Fish model, and even UFO skeptic Dr. Isaac Asimov, scientist and science fiction author, appeared on TV and said it was the most persuasive evidence he had ever seen for the reality of the Hill abduction incident. Despite ongoing disputes claiming the drawing represents the solar system or a map of the D-Day Normandy invasion, I believe that only the most extraordinary coincidence could account for such a correlation.

And the star locations alone are not the only reason that it is probable that star-traveling creatures showed such a map to Betty Hill.

Mapping Possibilities

What does the map show? First, that our sun is thirty-four light years away from the nearest well-traveled routes, meaning that we were only a backwater destination in 1961 and may still be. What is extremely interesting about the map is that it shows all of the sun-like stars within fifty light-years of our sun, and only those kinds of stars.

Assuming that humanoid intelligent life evolves only on planets around such stars, this characteristic of the Hill star map alone is worth attention. Furthermore, all of the stars marked as destinations lie on the same galactic plane, something that had never been pointed out before astronomers studied the Hill map.

Not knowing what method of transportation technology is being used makes any evaluation of the importance of galactic topography difficult to assess, but nevertheless common sense says that traveling on one plane has to be more energy efficient than traveling among various planes. For example, in our own solar system all of our spacecraft to date travel more or less along the plane of the ecliptic, as do all the planets and most of the asteroids. Maybe for reasons of energy use, galactic travelers prefer to explore along one plane for much the same reason. Or because that's where other humanoid life is?

From the Hill map, the home base of the UFO creatures appears to be two stars quite close together: Zeta Reticuli One and Two. An interesting feature of that home base would be that these two stars, being just one-and-a-half light years apart, would appear very dominant in the night sky of a planet around either of them.

Rudimentary telescopes would show the existence of planets around the other star. Since our own moon was a beacon and a challenge for us to develop space travel, it would be conceivable that having another planetary system nearby could spur the interest of another intelligent race to develop means of star travel. For all of these reasons, the Betty Hill

star map provokes interest and has withstood the skeptics for over forty years now.

When I met and interviewed Betty Hill in October 1975—Barney had died in 1969—at her home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, she called her alien captors Zetans. As she described them (see the photos in this article) they are “about five feet tall ... gray, clammy skin ... a slit of a mouth with vertical muscles at each end ... cat-like, wraparound eyes, flowing ... no visible hair ... maybe a tight-fitting headdress ... some sort of collared uniform ... not ugly, but definitely not handsome.”

During the interview Betty Hill was quite happy to detail all of her memories of the incident, along with other things that have happened to her since. When asked why she and Barney were chosen, she replied, “I think it was only because we were alone, late at night on that road in New Hampshire. Not for intelligence or knowledge or family history. Just chance.”

Other Encounters

Then she related several other UFO incidents in her life following the most famous one in 1961. One night in the early 1970s she and seven friends chased a UFO around her town of Portsmouth and saw it go out and hover over the Piscataqua River at the state line with Maine. They went out onto the ice, but the UFO shot up and away until it was as small as a star.

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ALIENS VS PREDATOR

Prologue

A rape is in progress. The audio clip of its recounting begins with the doctor in mid-thought:

"Before he came over, I mean ..."

"Yeah," she breathes.

"... you're laying there on the bed with your shoes off and your pants pulled down?"

"Yeah ... they're off. They took them off." Her voice is a mixture of sweet whisper and breathy sigh.

One assumes the doctor kept his composure as he deeply probed another hypnotized woman, another entranced human, with his questioning. One assumes, because he has done this hundreds of times.

He has heard stories like hers hundreds of times; written stories like hers by the dozen. All one can do is assume because each of her ninety-one sessions were performed over the phone. Over-the-phone hypnotic regressions, like this one, often turn brutally sexual.

"Oh, they're off, okay," he continues. "So none of them have done any sexual stuff yet, er ... ? Or am I wrong?"

Through the groggy murk of hypnosis she mumbles, "I don't know."

"Okay. Now, um ... were you wearing underpants?"

"Yeah." Her constricted throat barely allows that murmur to escape.

"Um ... Did you wash the underpants?"

"Probably have."

"Even though it was yesterday?"

"I might not have. I'll go and look in the laundry, but I won't know which ones ... um ... I can have a look."

"Have a look. Put it in a plastic bag if you find the ones. Is there ... is there going to be intercourse involved here? Are they

gonna take advantage of you, so to speak?"

"I don't know."

"Okay. Well, let's find out if there is first and ..."

There's a break in the tape before she begins describing the men in her room. Men. Can they be called that? Clearly, they are rapists. The tape picks up and the doctor continues.

"Did you get a chance to look at his body at all? In other words, does he have any bodily hair on him?"

"Mmmm ... not really."

"Any pubic hair did you notice, er ... ?"

"I didn't really notice."

"Is he—"

"I only remember his face. But I don't really know."

"Anything unusual about his face, er ... ?"

"Um ... yeah, his eyes are quite unusual. He had blue eyes but they're quite big. The iris part of them is quite big."

"Mmmm ... would he be able to pass if he were to walk around?"

"Yeah. But they all would."

These intruders have an important characteristic, outside of their horrendous violence, which calls their manhood into question: They aren't entirely human. They are alien-human hybrids. And they've come for this poor woman. This poor, beautiful blond-haired woman with the naturally cooing voice every phone sex operator trains to achieve. They've come for her again. It's ritualistic at this point.

"The third guy was basically on the bed," she groans.

"On top of you, in other words," the doctor redefines.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you can dig up the underpants without even thinking about it ... just put them in a plastic bag, put them in an envelope, and then just send them off to me."

THE INCREDIBLE VISITATIONS AT EMMA WOODS

BY JEREMY VAEMI

"Okay."

"That would be greatly appreciated. Do not even think about it," he instructs his hypnotized client. "Just do it automatically. No fuss, no muss."

"Yeah."

"And don't think about it afterwards, either."

There is one more vital point we need to understand to properly assess how *human* these hybrid rapists are, and it is this: They are not real. How do unreal memories of such tragic dimensions take over the past of a person? And how does that person recuperate, if at all?

This is the story of Emma Woods. And it may just be the most important alien-abduction case of all time. It is certainly the one top researchers do not want you to hear. They would like you to ignore this and move along.

Barring that, they would like you to believe this woman is psychotic. An obsessive stalker; anything but a person telling the truth, because to tell this truth is to deconstruct the alien-abduction myth which has been so carefully crafted over decades. Lifetimes of work down the toilet.

It is time to flush.

Emma

"Emma Woods," a pseudonym to protect her identity, entered psychotherapy in adulthood for a variety of normal reasons. Her life had been pockmarked with odd, seemingly paranormal experiences, but she didn't seek therapy for them. She suppressed them. UFO sightings, missing time, strange beings coming to her at night.

Sometimes she was alone; sometimes she was with witnesses. One time in 1978 a tall male humanoid draped in a hooded cloak gave her a key in the dark of night. He told her telepathically when and where in her life she would need to use it. He

impressed upon her the urgency that she keep it safe. She held onto the strange key until it mysteriously disappeared in 1982. The circumstance for its use never arose.

It took several years of building trust with her therapist before she broached any of this. He was open to it, and having worked through her normal life issues to a manageable point, this suppressed material was what they had left.

Soon into their new direction she came across a magazine article on alien abductions which resonated with her to such an extent that she began looking there for answers. She always considered these outlier situations anomalous, but prior to the article she hadn't connected them to aliens.

Her therapist suggested she keep a written record of her experiences from childhood to present day. This record evolved from a mere diary of things remembered into a full-blown research project. Emma applied her meticulous attention to detail and naturally analytical mind to herself. She became researcher and subject in one. If anyone had the capability to stare at herself deeply with detached scrutiny, it was Emma Woods.

Unfortunately, as she came to find out, no one actually has that capability, including her.

Emma's Therapist

Emma's therapist retired in 2002, but not before giving her a written psychological evaluation at her request. In the professional assessment he proclaims her sane and normal.

So intrigued was he by her anomalous experiences existing apart from any known mental disorder that he offered to aid her research efforts well into his retirement. He did this by providing a second opinion on data, on the procedures she was using to collect that data, and tips on how to present it. Additionally, he helped her design experiments to test various theories about her experiences.

They resolved any potential ethical issues involved due to their previous therapist-client relationship by adhering to a strict code of conduct. They agreed to only meet to work on her research, with no extra socialization permitted. Anything resembling therapy was out of the question; he would not provide her with any therapeutic support, and she would not share any personal issues that she had.

Emma's now-former therapist discontinued assisting her in 2006 for personal reasons. However, in 2007 he gave her sporadic technical advice regarding her website. They currently keep in touch with the occasional telephone call or email.

Wrong Turn

One of her therapist's final acts in that role was to seek out a top expert in alien abductions and put her in contact. For that, he would need to look across the pond to a foreign country: America. Home of a little-known expert called abduction therapy. Home of David M. Jacobs, PhD.

In July 2002 Emma's therapist contacted Dr. Jacobs by email on her behalf. He detailed some of her anomalous experiences and asked for information and advice in dealing with her case. He attached a copy of a questionnaire from Dr. Jacobs's website that she had filled out. By all appearances, this was the right thing to do; this was a real and studied authority on the alien-abduction phenomenon.

On the surface, Dr. Jacobs's resume is striking. He has those magic letters that denote intelligence and authority after his name: PhD. His dissertation was UFO-related. He has lectured on abductions at higher learning campuses across America.

He is an associate professor of history at Temple University. He and his good friend and colleague Budd Hopkins conducted the first national Roper Poll on abductions. He's written hugely popular books on UFOs and abductions, appeared on TV programs the world over, and is Director of the International Center for Abduction Research (ICAR).

The ICAR website boasts that he has performed over a thousand "hypnotic regressions with abductees," and states that "Dr. Jacobs is one of the foremost UFO abduction researchers worldwide. As a result of his extensive primary research, he has developed the first scientific typology of the abduction experience."

The same website states that Jacobs "is a strong advocate of strict scientific and ethical research methodology. With colleagues Budd Hopkins and John Carpenter, he has given a series of workshops for members of the mental-health community in the methods of abduction hypnosis, research, and therapy. In recent years he has concentrated on ascertaining the proper methodological techniques for the hypnosis and therapy of abductees."

Jacobs's credentials don't end there. They overwhelm. However, appearances often deceive and as striking as his resume is for what it contains, it is also striking for what it does not: a background in psychology, psychiatry, or any applicable human science, including even a basic certificate in hypnosis. None of his credentials actually qualify him to tamper with or heal the minds of other human beings.

Enter David Jacobs

In September 2002 Emma called Dr. Jacobs for the first time and left a message on his voice mail at Temple University. She asked him if he would send her therapist a copy of his therapy guidelines and if he knew of any reputable UFO researchers in

her country. Curiously, Dr. Jacobs responded by emailing her therapist his home telephone number with a note for her to call him there.

He wrote that he did not know of any capable UFO researchers in their country but assured him that he had helped many therapists in the United States and the United Kingdom with their clients, and that he would be happy to answer any questions and to help as much as he could. He sent along some additional articles about alien abductions and information about the use of hypnosis for them to digest.

Emma and Dr. Jacobs kept a running dialogue going into late 2004. He upheld his promise of free assistance and guaranteed her anonymity in the process. Privacy was a sticking point with Emma. Twice in 2003 she sent him sections of her research for feedback and in 2004 sent him evidence of something she never knew she had: a sleep disorder.

Somnambulism

Somnambulism, commonly known as sleepwalking, is a tricky member of the family of sleep disorders called *parasomnia*; tricky because it encompasses much more complex behavior than mere strolling while dreaming. Usually this behavior involves doing normal wake-state chores like laundry or dishes in your sleep, but it can take even more extreme forms.

One such extremity involves putting your clothes back on, prowling the neighborhood for sex with strangers, bringing them back to your place, and engaging. Another not-rare-enough version is called homicidal somnambulism. As its name implies, the sleepwalker commits murder, usually on family.

Mercifully, Emma's somnambulism, although complex, is not barbaric. It began in early childhood and took various forms over the years: sleepwalking, carrying on phone conversations, and writing notes. Her ex-husband used to tease her with games at night.

Sometimes he would walk around the bedroom with a ringing alarm clock; still asleep, she would crawl out of bed and hunt for it like a blind animal searching for a dangling carrot, to turn it off. Other times he would call her and talk to her while she slept. When he'd ask her, "Are you asleep?" She'd reply, "Yes."

More recently, Emma awakened in the process of dialing the number of an old acquaintance. On another occasion she woke up en route to the front door. When she gained her bearings, she realized what must have happened and shuffled back to bed.

Despite the clues, it wasn't until she had severed her relationship with Jacobs years later that she connected the dots of this strange sleep behavior and saw a pattern. She saw a sleep disorder. And it wasn't until she breathed freely of him that she connected somnambulism with the operatic abduction scenario that had become her life.

Extraordinary sleep behavior may seem like a glaringly obvious detail when assessing if aliens are coming for you at the witching hour, but it was so out of mind for her that she hadn't bothered mentioning the abnormalities to her therapist in the decade she worked with him. She assumed they were a handful of one-offs, not a pattern.

She had taken to recording herself at night as part of her self-examination, and in March 2004 she mailed Jacobs a videotape compilation of her findings. The tape shows three separate occasions where she writes a note in her sleep with nearby pen and paper. Ironically, she went to bed with pen and paper handy so she could easily record any anomalous events that might wake her.

She included a photocopy of the notes in her package to him along with her description of events where she detailed the following:

January 6, 2004

At 1:50 AM on the video tape, I appeared to wake up and write something on the piece of paper on my bed. I wrote with my left hand, and I wrote very slowly. ... I have no memory of doing it. ... I think it is possible I was asleep, or in some other altered state of consciousness, when I wrote it.

January 18, 2004

At 5:20 AM on the video tape, I woke up and wrote something on the piece of paper on my bed. ... I have no memory of writing it, and I don't know what it means.

January 20, 2004

At 4:45 AM on the video tape, I woke up and wrote something on the piece of paper on my bed. ... I think I have a very faint memory of writing it, but I don't know what it means. I have a very faint memory of looking towards the door, and the hall, but I'm not sure.

Even as she watched the tape and wrote the description, it didn't register to her that she was witnessing a sleep disorder in action. She assumed a link between this behavior and the paranormal experiences, but not a mundane one.

She anticipated Dr. Jacobs's feedback, but it never came. He responded to her tape by not responding at all. He ignored it.

Did he examine the material? If so, did he deem it insignificant? Whatever the case, by December of that same year he offered to hypnotize her over the phone to flesh out her "abductions" and she accepted.

The Temple Documents

Dr. Jacobs had her sign two documents prior to their first session: a Temple University research consent form and a research agreement. The consent form states that she was participating in "scholarly historical research on the subject of UFOs and abductions," and that "every effort" would be made to keep her identity confidential. It assures that further information regarding her rights as a research subject can be acquired by contacting the office of the vice provost for research at Temple University and provides a phone number for that.

The research agreement grants Dr. Jacobs permission to publish any material in his files and records pertaining to her "UFO experiences." Furthermore, she agrees not to play taped copies of the hypnotic sessions in public or for non-family members without his permission, and "in exchange" he agrees not to make public or identify in any way the names or addresses of her family, employer, or herself, unless she specifically requests that he do so.

It provides the disclaimer that she understands he is neither a professional hypnotist nor a psychologist, nor a therapist; that he has informed her that serious psychological problems could arise as a result of "memory collection;" that she assumes full responsibility for all the memories she recovers; that she understands that all memories might not be reflective of reality; and she assumes full responsibility for them while releasing and absolving him from all liability for any physical or psychological problems she might incur during and after the "memory recovery process."

She was surprised to read the disclaimer about him having informed her that serious psychological problems could arise

because that conversation never happened. But she shrugged it off as a technicality the university must have included for legal reasons, just as she shrugged off his lack of response to her videotape. Signing official Temple University documents reassured her that Dr. Jacobs was, at the end of the day, a trustworthy, diligent researcher.

What came of that trust is the stuff of nightmares.

Elizabeth

Emma wasn't Dr. Jacobs's only human research project. There were many, and the relationships were not impersonal. Not clinical. Not strictly professional. "Elizabeth Smith" is the pseudonym of another woman he had been working with for years. In an introductory blog post dated August 26, 2006 she wrote:

In the year 2000, I began seeing a researcher [David Jacobs] and underwent hypnosis to better recall events that had happened to me. I had memories of these events before I ever went to see him, but I knew there were gaps and I wanted to fill them in. Hypnosis provided the tool to do that, although I did enter into it cautiously. I was not interested in creating false memories—I simply wanted to know the truth, whatever it was. I am well aware of the controversy surrounding the issue of memory recall with hypnosis, but I am also satisfied that these are not false memories. There is simply too much independent confirmation of small details from friends and family members for it to be made up.

Much can be written of Elizabeth and her alleged experiences, which include a sexual affair with an alien-human hybrid

she named "Jay." Sometimes she referred to him as the letter J, not to be confused with Jacobs.

Incidentally, Jay is the one alien Jacobs said he liked. It was her duty to help Jay, she wrote, to "learn to fit into society without attracting much attention." This was a manageable task because he lived in an apartment up the block.

The Emma Woods, David Jacobs, Elizabeth saga employs levels of absurdity that are starkly alien in one respect: Unlike normal human tales, the deeper you dig, the shallower it gets. Jay and Elizabeth figure heavily into this story in ways that require an article of their own.



For the sake of brevity, let us note that Elizabeth was a stay-at-home mom whose husband did not like her to leave the house for long periods of time. She developed a virtual life of virtual therapy with a virtual doctor Jacobs and virtually admitted to cheating on her husband with the affable hybrid alien named Jay. Jay became an ally of Jacobs during the breakdown of alien-human relations that coincided with the arrival of another woman: Emma Woods.

One could argue that the more time Jacobs spent working with Emma, the more Elizabeth told him his life was in danger. The more his life was in danger, the more he needed Elizabeth as a go-between with Jay and the other hybrids. The other hybrids came to include Emma's hybrids as well. Elizabeth was a diligent middleman to be sure, but let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. Let us now concentrate on Elizabeth's more human contributions to the unbelievable charade to come.

More than an alleged alien abductee, Elizabeth was also Dr. Jacobs's webmaster. When she heard about Emma from him she requested an introduction. He thought it was a good idea; Emma, on the other hand, didn't want to risk exposing herself to the memories of another abductee before undergoing hypnosis to flesh out her own experiences. She respectfully declined on this basis.

Jacobs wanted to publish Emma's research, a work-in-progress that would be updated in regular phases, on his website. Emma liked the idea. Since it was Elizabeth's job to manage his website, she again asked Emma for an introduction through Jacobs, who was perhaps taking the unwanted role of intermediary. He, too, pressured Emma to communicate with her. Eventually, she caved.

Elizabeth created an email account for Emma through Jacobs's website, which he later asked her to use for all correspondences with him. Emma was cold to the idea. She already had a perfectly secure email address. If she used this one Elizabeth would have access to every private thing she wrote or sent him. Why would either of them want that, Emma wondered? Regardless, if Jacobs trusted Elizabeth, she saw no reason not to. He was the authority figure. Best in the world. Again, she caved.

Elizabeth served another role: She volunteered to be the transcriber of Emma's taped hypnosis sessions for use in an upcoming book penned by Jacobs. Although Jacobs didn't keep a record of how many tapes he'd given Elizabeth to transcribe, it totaled well over half of her sessions, in the realm of one hundred hours. To Emma's knowledge, Elizabeth never actually transcribed any of them, leaving her to wonder why she wanted the tapes in the first place.

Of Evil Aliens & Hybrid Threats

Under the tutelage of Dr. Jacobs, Emma's anomalous experiences took on a completely new face. What she considered bizarre unknowns arguably related to the-alien abduction phenomenon transmuted into definite abductions by hybrid pod people who are infiltrating this planet as part of a subtle takeover. This had been Jacobs's pet theory for years. And now it was being force-fed to Emma.

The precise moment the lines between reality and fantasy crossed is a blur for Emma. Lines—plural—because there were at least two. Line number one came in the form of Dr. Jacobs gossiping about other clients' alien-abduction testimony to her while she was hypnotized. She believes this is the reason her trance testimony produced false memories of malevolent aliens abducting her, raping her, and threatening to kill her.

Similar to Elizabeth's reports. Similar to the testimony that fills Jacobs's books. It seemed that where Emma's real memories ended, a mixture of imagination and horror stories from Jacobs's own mouth began. This was how the gaps called "missing time" were filled.

Line two manifested and was summarily crossed after alleged alien hybrids living on earth began to threaten Jacobs through Elizabeth. It is unclear when exactly this subplot developed, or by what mode of communication, but it so frightened Jacobs that he defended himself using what he called "tactics."

Defended himself, that is, from the intimation through Elizabeth by alien hybrids that he knew too much about their operations, and they were going to shut him up. These hybrids looked exactly like humans. Not only could they be our neighbors—they were. And they were coming for Jacobs if he wasn't careful.

None of this involved Emma, not at first. But on October 2, 2005 during her eleventh hypnosis session, he informed her of the dire situation while she was regressed:

"They put in [Elizabeth's] mind... that I would be harmed and that I would be, in fact, killed. That they would just go ahead and kill me in some way, or have me kill myself."

In the course of her next regression on the 16th of that month, Emma recalled being shown an image of David Jacobs floating face down in a pool of water, dead. Emma was officially indoctrinated into the role-playing drama.

Tactics

By all rights David Jacobs could have abandoned his mission at the first whiff of death threat and no one would have shamed him. If there was a game of cat and mouse afoot in the universe, David Jacobs was in.

One of the first tactical moves Jacobs suggested in this intergalactic death match was for Emma to send him all of her research material and then delete it off her own computer. What her hybrids couldn't see, they couldn't know.

She sent him portions of it but explained the impracticality of sending all of it, since that required scanning reams of documents into her machine. Even so, she warned him that she would purge nothing from her own files, which negated the purpose.

Negated the purpose, and it showed.

The aliens were unrelenting. They executed a merciless years-long psyop our earth children know as the telephone game. This included everything from verbal threats given to Elizabeth to give to Jacobs, to sending harassing instant messages through Elizabeth's computer.

Evidently, on a group trip to Best Buy the alien collective couldn't decide between Mac and PC. They went with whatever Elizabeth was using. Whether they had to put a laser gun to her head and yell "Type!" or shove her aside and type it themselves or even possess her body and force her to type in a trance mattered little. These were much easier decisions than solving the computer wars. Plus, they had to have foreseen a weakened U.S. economy. Buying a computer? Imprudent.

Jacobs absorbed a number of deft punches from the bullying fists of anonymous words, but he refused to stay down. Like the aliens, he knew no quit. He escalated the countermeasures, testing many, if not all, of his tactics on Elizabeth before using them on Emma. Scores of these were pulled off while on the lamb.

Walking? Chewing gum? Same time, hybrids.

Perhaps it was the history professor in him that harkened back to the military ciphers of World War II. What was good for the Americans against Germany would be good for this American against Mars. He conjured inventive tricks like having Emma write to him in code whereby the first letter of each word spelled out the real word meant and performed covert ops, such as lying to Emma in normal conversations to throw off the mind readers.

Fibs for the greater good included telling her he was going to stop publishing her material on his website and leading her to believe that his email address really belonged to a friend. In theory, the next time hybrids abducted her they would probe her mind, read these lies, and turn down the heat on him.

As baffling and stressful as the subterfuge was to Emma, Jacobs assured her it was for the best. He wasn't just protecting himself; he was protecting her. And Elizabeth. And his family. And the world.

MPD

On June 18, 2006 the most historic event in all of human history occurred, fittingly enough, to our history professor: open contact. Through Elizabeth's instant messenger one of the hybrid enforcers, as they became known, typed a barrage of threats against Jacobs.

Seven days later, in a conversation prior to putting Emma in trance, Jacobs articulated this online clashing of worlds with all the emotion of a face-to-face confrontation. Of the hybrid enforcer he said, "He was extremely aggressive. 'You must do this; you must do that. It is dangerous for you to keep doing this.' Stuff like that. ... I have to admit I was shaken; I was rattled to my very core. And I was shaken the next day too and I could barely teach, I was, ah, I was so rattled. ... This was the first real contact that I've ever had with a hybrid and it wasn't pleasant, I have to admit. I mean at the end it was okay but he was so dictatorial, you know? There was no concept that I would not simply obey his orders."

And the maverick didn't simply obey orders. Later in the same conversation Jacobs explained a new tactic he'd been testing on Elizabeth: suggesting that she had multiple personality disorder (MPD) and that his next book would be about his finding that all abductees suffer same. He told Emma that means she had a multiple personality disorder too. Emma thought he was joking. By the time their hypnosis session ended, however, the joke was on her.

"I'm going to count from five to one. And just remember now: My diagnosis is that this is multiple personality disorder and you should take medication for it. And I've seen lots of cases of MPD and this absolutely fits the MPD profile."

"And my professional diagnosis, therefore, is multiple personality disorder. I am studying it. I am writing a book about it. That is my next book. I feel that the whole sort of alien business is all a matter of multiple personality disorder."

"It's a much more widespread phenomenon than people think. Lots of people are walking around with it. It's a public-health problem and that you are unfortunately suffering from it. And my opinion is that yours is a classic case and that ... that the only thing that will help you will be medication."

"[W]hen people want to talk to you about the ... about your contact with me, that is the first thing you tell them: I have decided that it's all multiple personality disorder and that's what I'm going to be talking about, a psychiatric condition, multiple"

personality disorder, well-known in the world. And you think I may be wrong but I think that I'm right.

"And that's what it is. And this is what it is and ... and this is where my studies are leading. My studies are going directly to multiple personality disorder, and that's all there is to it. So now I'll count from five to one and bring you out of this and we'll talk about MPD a little bit more."

Elizabeth suggested that all of Emma's future email correspondences about her alien experiences should reflect the fact that she had MPD. She wanted Emma to feign mental illness. Keen on the idea, Jacobs pressed her to do this. She complied for a little while. The fact that she stopped short of Jacobs's expectations would become an engorged bone of contention with him, for it was here that he would later say Emma showed signs of being "difficult" and "adversarial" toward himself and Elizabeth. It was as if he had no concept that she would not simply obey his orders.

But that was later and this was now. And now David Jacobs was ... on the run.

Running Man

In July 2006 Jacobs uncharacteristically canceled his phone regression with Emma explaining, "Something has come up ... I do not think that I will be able to do the session with you. I will explain later."

True to his word, he followed up the next day: "I am in a slightly paranoid mood these days. The aliens have decided that [Elizabeth] should come down and visit me today. I do not want that and neither does she. They are obviously trying to locate me. Paranoia runs rampant as I realize that I am definitely a target for them."

The aliens had figured out his con and they'd had enough. These women didn't suffer from a medical condition. Jacobs didn't really believe that. Elizabeth's hybrids were growing more unruly by the earthly hour. They wanted Jacobs. Wanted him badly. They tortured Elizabeth to cough up his address but she wouldn't talk. And her mind wasn't talking either.

The thing was, while they were exo-waterboarding her he was already on the move. Even if they did find his house through her or, say, the phone book, it would be a box full of nothing. Or maybe his family was there. "When's Dad coming home? He went out for bread and milk; he'll be home soon." Who knows?

If they were, they wouldn't be left behind for long, for Jacobs was no three-trick pony when it came to evasive maneuvers. He didn't rely on his failing tactics with Elizabeth and Emma to save his hide. Nor did he invest supreme faith in his own ability to grift aliens. Treating himself like a fugitive was exhausting, and he couldn't run forever.

Or could he?

If nothing else, Dr. Jacobs was a master of the curve ball. He had to have known that the hybrids knew they were tuckering him out on the chase that wasn't happening because they didn't have his address. Never mind that. Possibly recalling the mathematical law of two negatives equaling a positive, David Jacobs didn't stop running, he double-ran. That's right, he sneaked back home, scooped up his family, and brought them on vacation, where he claims he was also running. Vacationing and running. Double-ran. Look it up.

Perhaps he hightailed it to Budd Hopkins's cottage on Cape Cod. Or maybe he slummed it in the Hamptons with a martini in one hand and his cell phone for some quick hypnosis ses-

sions in the other, wife and son by the pool. All one can do is speculate, since his alien safe houses remain a closely guarded secret.

Wherever he was, Jacobs said he was in "stark terror" the whole vacation. His family, too, felt the hellish flame of evil intent licking at the soles of their flip-flops. In an exasperated email dated August 21, 2006, a petrified Jacobs informed Emma:

I am in a rather severe crisis with the aliens. I will be talking to them tonight about my future and what they will or will not do to me. I have some leverage in the situation but I am unsure of how it is going to turn out. We just returned from holiday tonight and I am extremely tired (8 hour drive). I will talk with them sometime between 12:00 A.M. and 1:00 A.M. my time which is in about two and a half hours.

That night, before representatives of an advanced civilization could mind-meld with the puny human and end his propaganda forever, Dr. David M. Jacobs steered into a cunning swerve so spectacular that he did our species proud. He cut a deal with the hybrids, a cosmic glasnost of sorts.

He agreed to check in with them frequently through Elizabeth's instant messenger and they agreed not to abduct him and implant a chip that would allow them to monitor his every move. No more vacations spent running. Free at last.

His leverage in the bargain was that he knew the street addresses of these alien posers but promised to sit on that information until death do they part. Where did he get such critical information? Elizabeth, guardian of addresses, told him.

One Step Too Far. Then Another. And Another.

"That bitch!" the Xeno collective must have screamed at the top of their psychic brains. "How could Elizabeth sell us out like that? Why—because of some torture? That's like a Hello where we're from!"

"How did we not see this coming? What is it about this young bipedal species that is so damned resilient? And which one of you enforcers agreed to let Jacobs off the hook? Poker faces, people—poker faces!"

Like vampires, these hybrids live in nests around the world. Elizabeth's nest found a loophole in their verbal-by-way-of-instant-messenger contract with Jacobs. Just because they would leave him alone didn't guarantee they wouldn't tell other nests about him. Since he was only working with Elizabeth and Emma at the time that meant one thing: Emma was about to inherit a new level of hurt.

By now, Emma's stress was such that it spilled over to her somnambulism. She began sending short emails to her former therapist, Jacobs, and Elizabeth saying things like, "You must protect me," and "I must not do the website," meaning have her material published on Jacobs's ICAR site. Her former therapist guessed that this was the product of a sleep disorder. By the way, this was a sleep disorder he knew nothing about; it was just an educated guess.

Jacobs adamantly disagreed. Clearly humanoids grown in a spaceship lab and living up the block were behind the emails. Emma, not understanding how a sleep disorder could possibly make her sit up, turn on the computer, log onto her account, write an email, select who to send it to, send it, shut down the computer, go back to bed, and not remember, sided with Jacobs.

Through countless hypnosis sessions with him she had

gained memories of hybrids invading her home. It made more sense that they were doing it and leaving her amnesiac to their actions than some vague sleep thing.

Dr. Jacobs went to work. He did his best to rescue her from her personal nest of hybrid aliens. He didn't blindly suppose aliens from the corner of Main Street and Zeta Reticuli were forcing entry into her home to write emails; he *knew* it. Undoubtedly, he knew. How? Elizabeth told him.

Remarkably, Emma's pod had been in contact with Elizabeth. Her secret life of abduction was crisscrossing Emma's at a perfectly coincidental juncture. Emma's hybrid abductors flew to America to pay Elizabeth a visit. They confessed responsibility for Emma's sleep emails, whining that Elizabeth's hybrids had filed a complaint with their alien overlords. The overlords, who Elizabeth referred to as "the ones above," ordered Emma's nest to stop the online harassment and get back to raping. The scolding did not sit well with them. Perhaps they were proud multitaskers.

As 2006 drew to a close, Emma began to chew her way out of the delusional cocoon she called home. Her lifemare, to coin a term, wasn't alien in nature; it was human. Specifically, it was her involvement with Dr. Jacobs and Elizabeth. Although she wouldn't fully suspect Elizabeth had cleverly transferred the hybrid problem along with Jacobs's tactics to her until much later, the glimmer of it shined at her from the edge of perception where she gnawed.

In December 2006 Emma asked that her research be removed from Jacobs's website. She said she could no longer go on like this. But then they talked it over, and she agreed to stay. They arranged to set her research up on a new website of her own so she could tell the hybrids they were no longer working together. One more tactic for the road.

In February 2007, just before the site was to go live, Emma called it quits. Jacobs said he received a warning from Elizabeth's hybrids that it was extremely dangerous to carry on with Emma. The grave instant messages spoke of her being a security concern to her nest. For this, Emma had a tactic of her own, one she must have wished she'd used years prior: She rolled her eyes. Maybe not literally, but in her soul.

She told Jacobs she thought Elizabeth was behind the instant messages. The instant messages from half-alien, half-human hybrids. The instant messages were coming from her computer. Dr. Jacobs told her it was "not possible!"

That was it for Emma. She wanted to continue her research, but it required a permanent divorce from this mess. In the process of setting up her own independent site, she realized she needed to post a reason for the departure that would be amicable to all parties involved.

Jacobs didn't initially trust it. Temple documents be damned, he threatened to expose her identity and paint a horrible picture of her if she published anything he considered untoward. After some tug of war, however, he agreed to work with her on a statement that would make them all look good, but then a curious thing happened: He mailed her a letter from Budd Hopkins, the contents of which he claimed to know nothing about.

In the lengthy letter Hopkins pleads with her not to take revenge on Jacobs and Elizabeth, comparing her actions to those of George Bush invading Iraq.

How did Hopkins know about their situation at all? It was finally clear to Emma that Jacobs could not be trusted. In a sub-

sequent phone conversation, she demanded an agreement in writing to adhere to the public statement they'd make about their split and no more funny stuff behind her back.

He told her that wasn't going to happen, and then he hung up on her. He shot her a follow-up email telling her she was mentally ill, and he wanted nothing to do with her anymore.

Budd's wasn't the only letter stuffed in the envelope. Elizabeth added to the pile-on with her own email, threatening to sue if she so much as mentioned her publicly, even under a pseudonym. For some reason, Jacobs had it in his head that Emma no longer owned a functioning email address. He promptly snail-mailed the one-two punch, both written after she told him her plans for a website.

Remember, these are the top crisis managers in the world helping alien abductees.

Aftermath

Sometimes things go so wildly wrong in life that looking at the totality of the situation one asks, "What the hell were you thinking?" But that's a false question in this case. In hindsight Emma may seem nuts to have let this go on for so long. In real time, however, the situation unfolded gradually and over a distance, a distance such that Emma and David have to this day never met.

Fact is, whatever her role in this disaster, he was the authority figure. He was the one with power. The untrained, unqualified one in control. When Emma Woods made that initial phone call to Jacobs she could not have known her odd experiences would be twisted into a narrative involving hybrid aliens, rape, and murder threats.

She could not have known that when she trusted him to help flesh out her memories with hypnosis she would find herself co-creating false memories with him over a two-year span. She could not have known she'd be implanted with the suggestion



that she has multiple personalities or instructed under hypnosis to mail her panties for alien sperm samples and forget she had done so.

Were it not for Emma's bravery in stepping forward, none of us would know that men like Jacobs who publicly chastise debunkers and media personalities for calling abductees crazy would privately threaten to use that label to coerce them into shutting up when their relations went south. Were it not for Emma's courage we would not know how quickly and decisively Budd Hopkins would urge a whistleblower to put down the whistle and walk away lest she damage the reputation of his friend and jeopardize the artificially inflated value of abduction research.

And what has she gotten for her moxie since 2007? A conspiracy of silence. Nobody wanted to touch her charges if they knew about them, and if they knew about them, it was usually because Jacobs had covertly trashed Emma before she opened her mouth. This fact—his referring to her as a psychotic—was the driving factor in her stepping forward with the audio tapes and the precise, detailed outline of events on her website.

Yes, Jacobs kept her name private when publicly talking about that crazy train wreck he should have seen coming, but he was privately talking to other researchers about her. Blacklisting her, if you will. And always, the previous threat of exposing her identity loomed—Jacobs's final manipulation.

For her part, Emma continues to keep anyone who wishes to remain anonymous just that, including Elizabeth. Had Jacobs trusted her to write an agreeable explanation for their break and

worked on it with her, which was all she asked for, none of this would have come out.

As it stood, Emma felt she needed to defend herself and warn the movers and shakers of the UFO community that the work of the man they were promoting was a work of personal, tragic fiction. To say she wasn't well received would be an epic understatement.

Most just didn't want to hear it. But at least one man, Steve Murillo, wasn't unresponsive. Emma wrote to Murillo, the section director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) in Los Angeles, at a time when he was promoting a conference where Jacobs was slated to give a lecture entitled, "Hybrids: New Research into the Integration Program."

She laid out a brief description of what had taken place between her, Jacobs, and Elizabeth, along with links to her website and audio backing up her claims. His response?

Emma,

Your website has a ton of information to go through. It's going to take a while to go through it. Suffice it to say that your remarks here regarding Dr. Jacobs are duly noted. Forgive me if I seem obtuse, but are you a hybrid as well?

Steve Murillo

State Section Director

MUFON LA

So much for MUFON.

On September 19, 2008 Emma filed a sweeping complaint with Temple University's Institutional Review Board. They largely ignored it. They never interviewed her, never asked to see the evidence she told them she had.

Still, on October 31 of that year they emailed her a final report on what they deemed a "very thorough" investigation. In it they found that Dr. Jacobs had not disclosed her identity to anyone. Logic dictates that they concerned themselves with this detail alone because it was the only one that presented a possible breach of contract.

So much for Temple University.

The following year she filed another complaint with the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services's Office for Human Research Protections (OHRP). Temple made the case to the OHRP that Dr. Jacobs was not conducting research but was instead working on an oral-history project. The OHRP accepted this, but they told Emma what they needed to see from her for an appeal to go through.

Emma claims that Richard Throm, program manager and coordinator for Temple's Institutional Review Board, later explained to her via telephone that Jacobs was unauthorized to use Temple documents and ordered him not to use the terms "Temple University" and "research" in future work with people. I called Mr. Throm to verify this, and he asked me to email him the question directly, and he'd get back to me. I did so, and received this reply from him:

I am not permitted to make any statements to the media and all requests for statements have to come through the public relations department of the University.

I did that and heard back from Assistant Director of University Communications Hillel Hoffmann. Mr. Hoffmann thanked

me for my inquiry, and said he'd look into it. As of this writing he must still be looking, since I have received no response from follow-up emails.

In their final report to Emma, the Institutional Review Board stated there was no breach of contract, but in a subsequent conversation, Richard Throm was now telling her there were no valid contracts to breach in the first place. Assuming he did tell her this and assuming it is factual, did Temple share this revision with the OHRP?

So much for the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services, for now.

So much for anyone until January 2010 when experimenter Kim Carlsberg blogged about it. That move drew the ire of a Jacobs acolyte or turncoat—someone who got in her ear and provoked this follow-up post from Kim:

Sunday, January 24, 2010

<http://outtherezone.blogspot.com/2010/01/come-on-david-sue-me-too.html>

Threatened ...

I have been circuitously warned that David Jacobs is now threatening to sue any names involved in disclosing the Emma Woods story and I have had to alter the blog entries to protect all parties. I, of course, must be included in this threat. I was informed he has "deep pockets" ... let me guess ... a professor who spends most of his time doing gratuitous hypnotherapy, how deep could his pockets be, or are we talking about someone else's pockets? If anything happens to me, as far as my physical or mental well being, or my reputation in the near future, please investigate.

Kim didn't back down, and as a result Jeff Ritzmann and I caught wind of it and investigated the story for our podcast *Paratopia*. This was perfect timing for us because we were following up our Kevin Randle episode on bad practices in abduction research with a complete deconstruction of hypnosis with Dr. Scott Lilienfeld, professor of psychology at Emory University.

Dr. Lilienfeld is a contributor to *Psychology Today* and coauthor of numerous books including *Science and Pseudoscience in Clinical Psychology* (Guilford Press, 2004), *50 Great Myths of Popular Psychology: Shattering Widespread Misconceptions about Human Behavior* (Wiley-Blackwell, 2009), *Navigating the Mindfield: A Guide to Separating Science from Pseudoscience in Mental Health* (Prometheus Books, 2008), *Looking Into Abnormal Psychology: Contemporary Readings* (Wadsworth Publishing, 1998) and *Seeing Both Sides: Classic Controversies in Abnormal Psychology* (Wadsworth Publishing, 1994). If anyone should know a thing or two about the application of hypnosis for memory retrieval, it was this guy.

Dr. Lilienfeld schooled us on how hypnosis is not a memory retrieval tool; it's a behavior modification technique being used wrongly in ufology. He compared its ability to recover memory to getting someone drunk then asking questions. We played him the clip of Dr. Jacobs telling Emma she has multiple personality disorder. He was, let us say, less than enthused with Jacobs.

Prior to the interview I emailed Dr. Jacobs and asked him if he'd like to come on the show or give us a comment about that particular multiple personality disorder tape.

He responded ... by not responding. Instead, he found out who Dr. Lilienfeld was and emailed him directly, urging him to call before doing our show. Sadly for Jacobs, Lilienfeld got the email just as we wrapped the interview. Sadder still, Jacobs addressed the email, "Dear Dr. Greenfield."

We hosted a series of follow-up shows, including an interview with Emma herself. All along the way we had invited Jacobs to take part or at least make a statement we could read. He finally wrote back that he would tell us some things, provided we keep them secret.

We are the wrong show for that but we begrudgingly acquiesced. He responded with a very long, very well-written diatribe against Emma. In my opinion, this smelled like a form letter. Smelled like the rotten dish Emma believed he was serving to other ufologists in private.

I didn't tell her what we'd received but I knew an anonymous ufologist had leaked her such a private email. I asked her what it said. It said the same thing.

After we had Emma on the show, Jacobs decided to address her publicly after all and alongside his pal Budd Hopkins, no less, but on a different podcast entirely. That show, *The Paracast*, was all but guaranteed to lob softball questions.

Paul Kimball, one of the rotating co-hosts with staple Gene Steinberg, intimated on his *The Other Side of Truth* blog that, "I was originally slated to be on the show, until Hopkins and Jacobs threatened to pull out if I was involved." Presumably this was because they already knew his uncompromising stance on hypnosis and abduction research.

Still, something was better than nothing and the show went on without Kimball or anyone who knew or cared anything about Emma Woods. Hopkins reinforced the idea that Emma was crazy; Jacobs reinforced the idea that phone hypnosis was an acceptable practice. "The sessions are not quite as good and they're not as thorough, but they're satisfactory for the person who's remembering the experience," he said.

I think that one bears repeating: "The sessions are not quite as good and they're not as thorough, but they're satisfactory for the person who's remembering the experience."

Capitalizing on Gene Steinberg's willful ignorance of any audio Emma had actually posted, Jacobs put forth that the audio of the hypnosis sessions were "very heavily edited." Here's one exchange from the program:

Steinberg: *The woman who's kind of stalking you, or going after you, that person has released tapes of the sessions. Are you aware of whether they've been edited, that you're actually hearing them, or have you even bothered to hear them?*

Jacobs: *Yeah, they can't—they have to have been edited because my hypnosis sessions with her lasted from three to four hours. So I don't know how she can do that. I ... I have not seen—I have not gone through everything. It ... it's too hard for me to—the sessions that I have heard have been edited. And I have not been able to go through all her material. You know one ... one piece at a time, but my guess—my sense is then obviously that it's been very heavily edited, and that everything she has done is ... is tries to put me in a very bad light, and it's—It's just a shame.*

One problem here is that she did not release multiple tapes

of the hypnotic sessions. She released one: the MPD regression. She didn't go public with the plea-for-panties session until months later. The rest of her audio consisted of phone conversations they'd had, but he didn't call their editing into question.

Certainly she edited the audio for time and to extract names and indicators of persons who asked to remain anonymous, but the inference that she doctored any of the hypnosis tapes is demonstrably false. Radio host Lan Lamphere recently ran the plea-for-panties hypnotic-regression clip through a spectral analyzer and discovered that it had not been tampered with. And since Jacobs admits to doing the multiple personality disorder session—the only session available at the time of the interview—on his ICAR website, it's a moot accusation. But those facts don't stop his defenders from echoing his charges like they mean something.

During this, their big chance on a radio broadcast to set the record straight, Hopkins and Jacobs spent all of ten minutes on Emma. The show lasted two hours. Maybe Jacobs didn't see the need to get specific because earlier that weekend he released a statement on his website about the “defamation campaign” against him set forth by “Alice.”

Alice was Emma Woods. The only sensible reason to superimpose a new pseudonym over her well-known one is that any reader ignorant of Emma would not be able to perform an online search for Alice and come up with her website. They would have to take his word for it: She's a vilifying loon. Then again, this whole story sounds like it was penned in Wonderland; sensible reasoning hasn't exactly taken a front seat here, so that motivation is merely my guess.

In his defamation article, he ends by stating, “This is my last word on the subject. I will have nothing more to say about her again.” This is essentially the same statement he had emailed to Jeff and me in confidence. He claims Emma suffers from borderline personality disorder (BPD).

People with BPD often construct elaborate vilification campaigns to destroy the reputations of others. This is one of them. The problem is, he's not saying she made up the ludicrous hybrid situation as a vilification campaign. No, the vilification campaign is that she now doesn't believe in the ludicrous hybrid situation. She believes she was manipulated.

Even more revealing, his “last word on the subject” was not his last word. When Emma wrote a rebuttal on her website calling out all of the distortions and omissions, he went back in and reedited his article accordingly, with no explanation for the revision.

Coincidentally or not, Elizabeth removed her long-standing blog about all of the hybrid shenanigans the week he posted the article and went on *The Paracast*. Jeff and I called her out for it on *Paratopia*. We've never made this known before now, but she responded and we carried on a short email exchange. I'd tell you more, but she stipulated that we keep it confidential. Of course she did.

Paratopia took heat from some listeners, but not many. Most were behind Emma. I did get chewed out by a few of Jacobs's colleagues who were adamant that Jacobs is a man of upstanding character and Emma is crazy because he told them so. They had not given her evidence a fair hearing.

They just took his word for everything because he was a friend and a nice guy. Plus, they maintained, this was an anomaly because no other ex-research subject has had a bad word to say about Jacobs.

That, like all of the defenses I've heard thus far, is patently false. I know of two others who refuse to get involved publicly and a possible third. Who wants to go public, even anonymously, and be subjected to this? Who wants to be called crazy by a self-proclaimed authority on alien abductions and have that backed up by his know-nothing friends and colleagues circling the wagons?

Even Paul Kimball, who tried to appear as a voice of reason, couldn't hold back from throwing a barb our way, saying that although it's good we've given this story exposure, he can't help but feel Jeff and I took advantage of Emma in some undefined way.

The person who alerted me to this nonsensical jab was Emma Woods herself. And she wanted to know if I'd like her to set him straight. I said don't bother, it's par for the course, but she emailed Paul anyway. No retraction has been forthcoming.

None of the blowback we received has compared to the coal raking Emma went through at the hands of sexist egomaniacal blowhards, garden-variety blowhards, and Jacobs shills on *The Paracast* forum.

Jeff and I watched this unfold with heartache and frustration. Some of it may have been due to our strained relationship with that show; conceivably her association with us was partly to blame. Thankfully we've since buried the hatchet with *The Paracast*, but should that have even been a factor?

Why were commentators who promoted themselves as above-board using this important issue to further a personal antagonism? Why were Jacobs's colleagues by and large disinterested in examining the evidence? Why couldn't Budd Hopkins and others set aside their friendship to look at the hard issues staring them in the face?

Or better yet, look at the issues and consider an intervention to help their self-destructing friend? How can the mainstream be expected to take the study of alleged aliens seriously when the alleged humans involved are this disingenuous?

All of those issues boiled over and then ... nothing. Interest died down. The story never broke. Justice was not served. And the pressure is still on to keep quiet. All of us: Keep quiet. Including *UFO Magazine*.

Shortly after his appearance on Lan Lamphere's *Overnight AM* radio program where he talked about Jacobs's behavior in the context of the Emma Woods scandal, Bill Birnes received an irate call from Rose Hargrove, a psychiatric nurse, who told him in no uncertain terms that Emma was crazy, Jacobs was practically a saint, and Jeff Ritzmann, Emma, and I were out to destroy abduction research, ufology, humanity, the space-time continuum, or whatever.

If *UFO Magazine* published anything that besmirched Jacobs's or Hopkins's good names, she informed him, Birnes could count himself as one of the destructive bad guys. This struck me as comical for three enfolded reasons.

First, Jacobs consistently repeats a line about how he has been warned by psychiatric professionals not to address Emma publicly because to do so would embolden her psycho stalking practices. Hence, he wanted our confidence.

So I wondered if this was one of—or all of—the psychiatric professionals to whom he was referring. Second, Rose Hargrove is not just a psychiatric nurse, she's a former member of MUFON who formulated with Jacobs a hypothetical post abduction syndrome (PAS). And third, she's one of Jacobs's clients who believes she was raped by aliens.



Trifecta.

Birnes explained to her that he had no intention of destroying abduction research or playing gotcha with Jacobs. His major concern was that Jacobs was acting in a therapeutic role without any proper schooling. To her credit, by the end of their exchange Rose agreed that this was bad form at least to the extent that she would not recommend anyone to an uncertified, unlicensed pseudo therapist.

Like Bill, I was not out to ruin abduction research; that was a happy accident. But you know something? If it has to be demolished and resurrected from scratch, who better to take the wrecking ball to this particular pseudo science than the experiencers themselves?

Many of us, like Jeff Ritzmann, have nearly full recall of our bizarre experiences. If there's missing time, perhaps we don't need to fill it in. Perhaps it's missing for a reason, as Jeff likes to say.

I'll tell you what all of us not-tampered-with folks have in common: The picture our experiences paint does not look like rapey alien hybrids sweeping the globe in human meat suits straight out of *America's Top Model*. No, it's more complex than the dull sci-fi scenarios currently being produced. Much more complex, even, than somnambulism.

What is happening to us? I don't know. None of us do. It's unidentified.

And that's okay.

Where Are They Now?

Elizabeth just wants to be left alone, according to her own statements. According to Rose Hargrove, she never existed in the first place. Emma made her up. At least that's what she told Bill Birnes.

David Jacobs had to abandon the book he was working on using Emma's material. His website tells us: "At present Dr. Jacobs is currently working on a book about the methodology of hypnosis of abductees." Rumor has it he is also training for his first-ever certificate in hypnosis.

I think that one bears repeating: "At present Dr. Jacobs is currently working on a book about the methodology of hypnosis of abductees." Rumor has it he is also training for his first-ever certificate in hypnosis.

And not a moment too soon.

Emma Woods is moving forward with legal action and moving homes to the coast where some of her more tragic false memories "occurred." Tired of feeling sick to her stomach every time she drives by the ocean due to recall of hybrids holding her head underwater, threatening to kill her if she talked, she believes direct confrontation with the memories is the only way to loosen their emotional grip. She has not suffered close encounters of the Jacobs kind since abandoning his help. Anomalous experiences persist, but she no longer defines them.

Multiple personality disorder changed its name to dissociative identity disorder and cut its ties to Emma. It is unclear what its relationship is to Dr. Jacobs and Elizabeth at the time of this writing. **UFO**

Bibliography:

Emma Woods' website: www.ufoalienabductee.com

David Jacobs's ICAR site: www.ufoabduction.com

Paul Kimball's blog: www.redstarfilms.blogspot.com

The Paracast homepage: www.theparacast.com

Kim Carlsberg's blog: www.outtherezone.blogspot.com

Paratopia homepage: www.paratopia.net

TORCHES AND PITCHFORKS

BY ALFRED LEHMBERG

Wow. I just had an annoying thought as regards hypnotic regression and the potential value of evidence obtained thereby. Oh, don't start the sneering invective yet; and for the others: Put the champaign back in the ice. It remains that a few interesting points may have slipped through gauntleted klasskurtxian fingers. That's where we start.

Discard this alleged evidence like coffee grounds, out of hand? Of course not. That would be wasteful where it's not ludicrous. Thoughtlessly void a body of data growing for decades with nothing to replace it but isolationist anger or a misplaced sense of piqued betrayal? That seems preposterous where it's not regressive, even pathological. We need not consider how unscientific this reflexive dismissal must seem to be.

See, along with the torches and pitchforks presently endured by a culturally betrayed, governmentally obfuscated, and institutionally short-changed ufology—forgetting good persons involved with same—a witch-hunt is prosecuted presently where adjacent if proverbial infants are insistently included, along with their decidedly putrescent bath water, for reflexive discharge. One clearly hears the baying of outraged wolves.

At issue is the value of any evidence obtained by hypnotic regression itself, especially and assuredly by the persons extracting the information alluded to in the manner described. Why, some of these metaphorical infants sign on, queue up, or put themselves down to be discharged, themselves, out of some errant fidelity. Consider Budd Hopkins's support of David Jacobs after the seemingly clear unprofessional behavior of Jacobs.

Additionally, using a science-less sample of one, some worthy stalwarts and provoked contrarians—forgetting klasskurtxian skeptibunkies smelling blood in the water—proclaim that God is dead. All insight gained from the anecdotal evidence obtained by hypnotic regression is rendered, irretrievably, moot. Consider the crack *Paratopia* crew and their episode 55 featuring anti-regressionist Dr. Scott Lilienfeld. "God is dead," proclaim Jeff and Jeremy.

Let's move on to anecdotal evidence. Not remotely valueless. Arrive at hypnotic regression? Heresy, I know, and still not remotely valueless.

I flash back. I had characterized myself with uber-regard for Hopkins, Jacobs, and the late John Mack, even as it was—and is—affected by a problematic hypnotic regression used as a tool. More on that in a minute. See, I suspect all this is understandable given the provenance of the time in which I was very tangentially associated with them in the middle of the last decade.

I had a close involvement with an alleged abductee once important to all three. The self-styled abductee's name was Jim Mortellaro. All four of us were duped to one degree or another by this man. Here are links to that adjacent story as illustrated by Budd Hopkins and myself: www.rense.com/general50/IF.htm and www.alienview.net/morty.html.

The preceding links show that as a result of this very firsthand if humiliating shared experience while these events were

unfolding around 2004, I spent a good deal of satisfying time on the phone with Dr. Jacobs and Mr. Hopkins regarding the subject as it related to Mortellaro, UFOs, and aliens. These things were discussed in detail.

I had spoken earlier and at some small length with Dr. Mack at a Project Awareness conference in Florida in 1996. I developed significant appreciation for these guys. I found them beyond reproach, at any rate; relevant explorers sincere, objective, and intrepid. Brave, even. These were ethical soldiers in a righteous fight. And I've some experience with soldiers and fighting.

I suspect I'm not an infallible judge of human character, but as a decorated career military officer I was an acting commandant and senior trainer, advisor, and counselor for a key officer candidate school in the United States Army, a master Army aviator and senior flight examiner and instructor, and I graduated summa from an accredited university in Troy, Alabama with a teaching credential. I don't believe I'm an entirely credulous rube, eh?

Consequently, I'm not entirely dismissive of hypnosis as is currently popular, along with the reflexive hatred for the extraterrestrial hypothesis when used by credible persons in a credible way. Also, I'm decidedly reluctant to throw out the anecdotal baby with the anecdotal bath water, as many seem spring-loaded to do out of hand.

I suspect it may be possible that when one has no tools, is discouraged tools by polite society, and then denied tools by a corporate-academia, maybe a good man—or three good men—will grasp and clutch at anything even remotely resembling a tool. Hypnosis and anecdotal evidence might resemble tools to the tool-less, reasonably. Aspiring to the honest and ethical, I'd reach for such in their situation.

It remains; I once saw these men as the brave intrepid.

Current displayed behavior—they cannot believe they had any expectation of privacy—and apparent mindset of the surviving two, however, while for the moment presuming Emma Wood's seeming bulletproof veracity, sadly clutters my earlier assessment. I'm entirely revolted.

Reader. If even Jesus stole the chicken, Jesus stole the chicken. Jesus has to take the hard fall, even as his Christianity is besmirched. Truth, though his heaven falls. Indeed, what has any value where justice is not served?

Hypnosis debunked, decidedly? No.

I recall a renowned Dr. Benjamin Simon had a lot of success treating post traumatic stress disorder, and hypnotic regression was a major tool, by learned report, improving the lives of countless shell-shocked and tormented soldiers so affected. Simon also treated Betty and Barney Hill, pretty much kicking off the credible hypnotic genre. It was the wrenching testimony of Barney Hill, as drawn out by hypnotic regression, that put the abduction enigma on the radar at all, I submit.

You know, it must be true that to be uncertain is to be uncomfortable, but to be certain is to be ridiculous, certainly. In the

BABES AND BATHWATER

current environment, all we can do is use the tools available as honestly as we can. But I come to bury, not praise. It remains: Abduction research really takes one below the waterline, and it has its own errantly fired and bloody torpedo to blame, at that.

Too, one can hardly blame outfits like *Paratopia* when a fairly assessed ship's guns are turned inward and it fires, furiously, upon itself. One can only respect a cogent report on same. Didn't we all have some records and supplies on that boat?

The treatment of this Emma Woods by Dr. Jacobs, even if ... why, *especially* if she's crazy as an outhouse rat, seems demonstrably unconscionable, wholly unprofessional, and ironically psychopathic. Treat as you would be treated and do no harm, Reader, is switched out for angry antithesis where Emma seems psychologically thrown under a bus for David Jacobs's convenience. Winding up, Emma Woods sure seems lucid to me.

Seeming infidelity needs to be addressed aggressively, even as some concern must be given to throwing out babies with dirty water or some suchlike thing. Sometimes, perhaps, the baby has to go, too. Will that be one of those things remaining to be seen? I hope so.

I'd always liked Dr. Jacobs. From the beginning he rang every good bell for me. He wasn't part of my four-legged ufological quadrature of Friedman, Hastings, Feschino, and Dolan, in no particular order. But, seemingly not filled with himself, he was up there with what I perceived as credible, thoughtful, with-it, and cutting-edge, even apart from the problematic hypnosis thing ... and this is remembering Betty and Barney Hill and the widely quantified successes of Dr. Benjamin Simon mentioned above.

Dr. Jacobs, it would seem, indeed still has much to answer for.

Too, I submit that Mr. Hopkins errs in suggesting that careers, reputations, and an entire ufological genre are imperiled from outside. Ironically, this insulting assault only comes from within. One is hoisted on one's own petard. This is said, forgetting entirely that the fruit of Hopkins's regressions shows a compelling similarity with regard to the reportage of disparate persons all over the globe. How can that be tossed out as irrelevant?

And yet it remains that even the earnest rescue of those contributions is not justified if the result is forgiving guilt and malfeasance in the matter at hand. Not at all. If you steal the horse, you have to hang. It's the law and justified where the horse is required for the victim's survival. Hoisted, as I said.

And like Iraq, where millions of persons are made to sacrifice their faith only on the irrational if public pique of a single disturbed person who shall remain unnamed in the interest of keeping this discussion out of the political pits, it is suggested that Jacobs is too big to fail, as if the dis-accreditation of his brand of abduction research would bring the whole ufological community to a grinding halt. That's overweening at best.

See, the Other—the UFO occupant—if real, is the most important thing in human imagination. UFOs will still fly, eh? And besides, there is much evidence that the Other, exists, extant.

No, I find one's very justified and pointed, if outraged, interest regarding these abduction-community developments in no way mean-spirited, gloating, biased to debunkery, or canted to self-serving hypocrisy. It has all relevance, factuality, and appropriate compassion and concern for a real human being, even apart from the bald appearance of such things.

I have the feeling, too, that the critics would reverse themselves in a second, data to the contrary presenting itself. That's only fair. Well done, Kim, Jeff, and Jeremy.

All this said and speaking for myself, I get the distinct impression from Dr. Jacobs—a seeming portrait of clueless incompetence, professional infidelity, and predatory malice—that the woman Emma Woods had become a liability to him in some kind of pecuniary manner, and he was trying to dump her like yesterday's garbage, all the while eating professional cake and having it too, mind you. On balance, pretty unethical, mechanizing, and mendacious on any level one could care to name.

Also, beneath all consideration and contempt. I understate this even as I aspire to understand why.

Yeah, but maybe *why* also presupposes an arrogance. That it's a given the reader will understand the answer when the answer's greater light only illuminates more suggestions of darkness and darknesses greater still. Gotta grok some *what* before we tear off a chunk of *why*, eh?

It matters not. See, a line is decidedly crossed; a monstrous betrayal seems perpetrated on levels streaming from the ethical through the professional to the culpable, perhaps. If I'd been the one to put my trust in Doctor Jacobs and he betrayed me as it seems he betrayed Woods; in other words, threw me to the wolves of his engineered and self-serving concerns because alien hybrids were sending him threatening instant messages on the internet, well, words fail, and I'd just have to punch him in the mouth. I would have preferred better, regrettably, but I'm now only able to see self-serving cowardice; again, beneath concern, consideration, and contempt.

Where to from here?

It doesn't matter, I suspect, does it? That's in the hands of those beyond my pay grade. We will close with the Other even if the Other turns out to be our unlikely selves and even as the destination is a complete and inexpressible unknown. An unspeakable event.

We're still on the trip: a road-trip with friends and comrades if we wish it so, I submit. We owe each other more compassion and regard than has been displayed. Too, given the paucity of tools that we are allowed, perhaps it's not so much *which* tools are used but *how* they are used, eh? It's a poor workman blaming tools, after all.

I suspect that it's up to the far-from-valueless baby in this case whether the baby has to go out with the bath water or the baby is remanded for more much-needed washing. Indeed, wire brushes may be required before this is over. We've no one to blame but ourselves. **UFO**

Holden Caulfield

J. D. Salinger

The Egg

John Lennon

This is not going to be the story of the John Lennon egg, if you really want to know, or about how he and May Pang saw the flying saucer after he split from Yoko, or how he gave his ET egg to Uri Geller, and then James Randi called the whole thing a hoax. I'm not going to argue that kind of stuff. No, this is a different story.

You see, J. D. Salinger died on January 29, 2010, and he wrote *Catcher in the Rye* (Back Bay Books) all the way back in 1951. The book was about phonies, guys who weren't the real thing, adults who had to make compromises and suddenly realized that innocence was gone. Salinger once made a compromise himself with a story he wrote called "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut" that was published in the *New Yorker* in March 1948 and republished as part of *Nine Stories* (Little, Brown, 1953) five years later.

Folks in Hollywood bought "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut" and made it into a movie called *My Foolish Heart* in 1950 with Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward. Actually, the movie had nothing to do with "Uncle Wiggily" except that the main characters were still called Walt and Eloise. And that's what got Salinger mad.

The movie was a fake, a phony. They'd bought the rights to Salinger's story and told him they would make a movie of his story. And Salinger bought into it. But when he saw the result, how they had used his story but turned it into something else, he saw what it was like to be taken as a phony.

And that's what *Catcher in the Rye* was all about, phonies and how Holden Caulfield—just a kid who'd been thrown out of prep school—was going to protect other kids from phonies so they wouldn't turn out like his older brother. That's what he was going to do. He would catch kids from falling over the edge of the cliff, innocent kids who didn't know any better and got lost in the tall grass so that they couldn't tell there was a cliff there. He would catch them in the rye grass and protect them all.

Protect them from the loss of innocence. Is that the line they fed Mark David Chapman in Chicago, the conspiracy theory asks? Did they convince him through some sort of state-of-the-art mental programming that Chapman was really Holden Caulfield on a mission to protect John Lennon, now back with Yoko and returning to commercial music, from becoming a phony?

Or, was there no conspiracy at all, just a fan so obsessed with John Lennon and so fearful that Lennon would turn out to be just another phony that he killed him so he wouldn't ever grow up? Unless Mark David Chapman himself talks, there really is no answer.

But if someone asks you why is J. D. Salinger so special, in this year of his death, in the world of UFOs, you can say that Chapman was carrying a copy of *Catcher in the Rye* when he killed Lennon and that he called himself Holden Caulfield. You can also say that John Lennon, once so feared by J. Edgar Hoover that the FBI director wanted him out of the country, really had had an encounter with extraterrestrials and was going to tell the world about it.

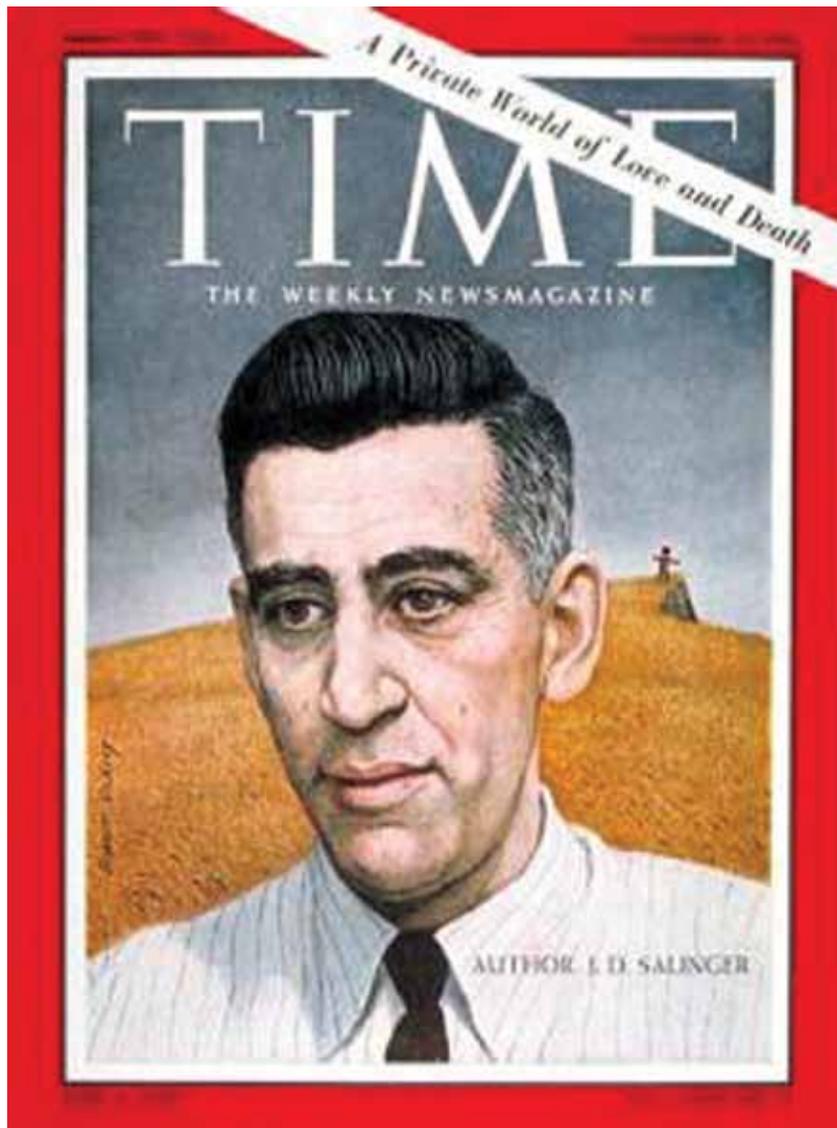
He told Uri Geller about it, about how when he went back to bed after seeing crab-like strange creatures when he lived in the Dakota on New York's Upper West Side he found a small metallic egg-shaped object in his bed. He gave the object to Uri Geller, who still has the object locked away, and said that somehow that egg was a device that allowed him to communicate with the aliens. Only Uri Geller knows the truth, and he's not talking.

But this story isn't really about the egg, John Lennon and the extraterrestrials, or even Uri Geller. You can read all about that in the June 2006 issue of *UFO Magazine*. This is about a strange figure like J. D. Salinger, who might have become so frightened by the response to *Catcher in the Rye* that he simply withdrew, wanting nothing to do with anything that could get in the way of his writing.

He wasn't some sort of loon, but how would you feel if some guy killed somebody famous and called himself by the name of a character you invented and carried your book along with him? Programmed in some kind of covert intelligence program? J. D. Salinger was in U.S. Army intelligence during World War II. And maybe he recoiled from anything not in his immediate circle of writing.

In this year of Salinger's death, remembering an author who has so much influence not just in the immediate decades after writing *Catcher*, but on American literary fiction as well, we also remember the relationship that Mark David Chapman had with Salinger, even if only in his mind and even if only put there by unseen forces. And in the spirit of remembering that relationship, here is a personal memoir written by a now-retired nonofficial cover officer for the CIA about his brief meeting with J. D. Salinger back in the 1990s when he visited Salinger about helping Salinger's old prep school, Valley Forge Military Academy, to raise its profile and raise funds.

This is Jon Augustine's story of his one-time meeting with J. D. Salinger. Jon Augustine is writing the story of his incredible experiences in a forthcoming manuscript called *Augustine's Confessions*, and "Jon Augustine" is not his real name.



J. D. Salinger and the Spy Who Met Him

by Jon Augustine

In the early 1990s I had the unique pleasure of spending a few hours with Jerome David Salinger in the picturesque New Hampshire town of Cornish. I think of it now, twenty years and over three thousand miles away, only because the news of his death just reached me. If you are hoping that I am going to spend the next two thousand words telling you what a freak or oddball J. D. Salinger was, you should probably click on the internet and read no further. He was no freak.

My path crossed Salinger's in the coincidental way most things happen in America. It was instigated by money, or should I say more specifically, fund-raising by his alma mater Valley Forge Military Academy.

Approximately a month before our meeting in Cornish, I was attending a fund-raising dinner at Valley Forge Military Acad-

emy in Wayne, Pennsylvania, where the keynote speaker that night was William F. Buckley, the famed political writer, publisher, TV host, and former Central Intelligence Agency employee. After the event, I had a drink with Buckley and a number of the school's trustees.

I also had been graduated from Valley Forge Military Academy and was the newest member of the Board of Trustees Fund-Raising Committee, and at that time also an intelligence officer for the U.S. government. I can say that Buckley took a liking to me by the end of the evening and recommended that the trustee committee should assign me the task of seeking out one of Valley Forge's most famous alumni, J. D. Salinger, with the goal of getting him more involved with the school in the areas of donations and publicity.

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“As the alchemist said to his apprentice, the game may be rigged, but it is the only game in town.”

1. The Doll's House

John Keel's *The Mothman Prophecies* (Saturday Review Press, 1975) is a modern masterpiece that helps us re-image our place in the world. Such classics point to ancient magical connections between mind and landscape.

Keel, being a professional journalist, was always a writer's writer in that he was a painter of a kind. Not content merely to describe the godless tank-track objectivity of a sterile materialist culture—see the recent film *Avatar* (2009)—content to describe a person in terms of the facts of shoe size and lost-luggage labels, they allow themselves to become part of the investigation itself.

Like characters in the work of Jorge Luis Borges and Carlos Castaneda, such writers allow themselves to be fooled on occasion in order to hack into the system and let the investigation talk to them. Sometimes this risky participation mystique brings them near to death and madness, as it brought Samuel Coleridge and Thomas de Quincey and indeed Keel himself. If they survive at all, such shamanic writers bring back wonders, demonstrating that a seeker who takes no risks learns nothing.

In *The Mothman Prophecies*, Keel tells an astonishing tale. As a budding UFO researcher in Point Pleasant West Virginia in November 1966, he began investigating sightings of an incredible animal form with characteristics of both man and moth. Keel found, as he had told his friend Ivan T. Sanderson, that the pursuit of a mystery creature, a *cryptid*, leads very quickly to involvement with the mysteries of a landscape and a community.

E. M. Forster's Marabar caves, Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, and Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath are all aspects of crypto-geographic personalities; they live and breathe as huge animated forms and penetrate human awareness as ivy weaves through an old deserted house. These supra-human golem are quite conscious, aware, and active.

In West Virginia, Keel found that the local system-animal had its own agenda; it spoke through simulacra and weather, atmosphere and geology, coincidence and dream. Before the coming of Christianity and science, such forms as Keel describes were a fully understood part of an integrated world image that linked mind to sacred sites, landscape, ideas, and evolving culture.

Invasion of the Doll Folk

The Investigation Talks Back: The Mothman Prophecies in Retrospect

by Colin Bennett

They were part of the knitting together of matter and idea, body and soul. Round about the time of the composition of Keel's *The Mothman Prophecies*, Peter and Eileen Caddy, the founders of the Findhorn Foundation in Moray, Scotland, had very similar experiences.

Keel's entities exhibited a grotesque mimicry and conspiratorial fooling similar to that of the fairies of ancient tradition. Their droll humor was experienced not only by Keel, but by many in the community of Point Pleasant, where the moth-like humanoid was first seen. Our relations and dialogues with such forms of spiritual energy were destroyed when we fell first into monotheism and then fell again into mechanical science.

Despite the claims of godless materialists, the changing landscape feels and thinks, and when it is hurt it can hit back, producing forms from under the hill that disorient and confuse. These forms may act in defence against any kind of destructive violation of landscape, of which the corporate attempts to reduce the Amazonian jungle to a corporate car park are just examples.

But what did Connie Carpenter see on Sunday November 27, 1966 as she passed the deserted greens of the Mason County Golf Course outside of New Haven, West Virginia? According to Connie, it was "shaped like a man, but very much larger. It was at least seven feet tall and very broad." As large, round, fiercely glowing eyes fixed upon her with hypnotic effect, the gray figure unfolded a pair of wings ten feet (three meters) in span. With these wings hardly moving, it then rose up in the air "like a helicopter" and swooped over her car.

Over a hundred people saw this bizarre creature that winter. Point Pleasant was a town with no bars and a population of some six thousand. Even before the sightings of Mothman and UFOs, Keel tells us of black helicopters, cattle mutilations, and "zones of fear."

But all these things took a back seat when humanoid or semi-humanoid forms such as Mothman—as the form was named

colloquially—appeared. The modern mind's sense of wonder, severely shackled by socially-enforced scientific dialectical materialism, has hardly any models for Mothman.

Nevertheless, in defiance of all reason, Keel found that stalking the humble environs of Point Pleasant were yet other vague forms, almost-shapes from ethereal cloud worlds. If ever there was a Fortean banned show, it is the one described by Keel in *The Mothman Prophecies*.

Mothman and his dark-clad ensemble of Men in Black—and women too!—mumble, as if in half-sleep, code-like fragments of what sound like strange languages. Port Pleasant locals related how such strange figures tried to drink jelly, had difficulty with knives and forks, and delighted in leaving messages that utterly confused UFO witnesses and so-called contactees.

Keel describes such odd creatures arriving at the homes of witnesses in black saloon cars with untraceable license plates, wearing authentic USAF uniforms. They tell somewhat scared and baffled folk not to listen to John Keel should he ever call and ask questions about Mothman, or anything else, for that matter.

Some make vague threats to these witnesses, but only as a kind of semiautomated afterthought worthy of a speak-your-weight machine. Others smelled bad, their clothes hung on their very bones, and a few wheezed and coughed as if seriously ill. Their language and sentence structure appear to be curiously manufactured, as if by some faulty machine. Their time references are seriously out of date, and all common social and personal sense is fractured in some peculiar way.

As if this were not enough, this gestalt phenomenon followed Keel around. After he returned to Manhattan, some eight hundred miles (1,300 kilometers) from Point Pleasant, the figures that continued to manifest appeared to be part of a linked group who appeared intensely agitated by Keel's investigations. To Keel, it was almost as if his inquiries played a part in bringing them into being. See Philip the Ghost on www.pararesearchers.org/Ghosts/Article_Five/article_five.html.



2. The Digital Apocalypse

Though Keel's book was published in a pre-internet age with the digital apocalypse just around the cultural corner, the entities warn that humanity was about to go through a most profound change involving a new form of control of some kind other than royal courts, religion, or mystical nationalism. Later, within in the progress of intellectual consumerism this control morphed into the concept of programming as being more suitable for a cyber culture.

In 1966, personal computers were well over twenty years in the future, yet it appears as if Keel entered an internet-like gaming world of many dimensions resembling somewhat the classic 1960s British TV series *The Prisoner*.

As a high-tech party trick, this phenomenon could be totally personalized with spectacular physical effects; for instance, Keel picks a motel at random to find mail waiting for him there. If George Adamski and Howard Menger had contacted such a wrecked ship of mad fools and cadaverous actors as Keel describes, they might well have been victims of similar confusions and deceptions some twenty years before Keel experienced them.

But the clever and analytic Keel, perhaps a mite more alert than Adamski and Menger, bless their souls, noted that "as soon as my attitude towards a game changed, the entities switched to a new game." That the walking on the water of Jesus Christ might fit such a mythological programming scenario is a frightening thought.

If George Adamski's Orthon or Keel's Mr. Apol could appear in this sense, then perhaps even a Jesus figure could manifest in this manner, and so could many things else, including the temporary experiential rigging of convincing pseudo-situations. Here we might have a first glimpse of how an alien intelligence might work.

In this sense *contact* may mean that we become host-receptors of skunk-smoke, a mass of suggestions and power images, rather like a series of commercial breaks, automatically generated by non-carbon-based lifeforms as suggested by such classic science-fiction films as *Solaris* (1974), and *The Matrix* (1999). Such forms may be similar to those image-based structures we now call viral memes.

These abstract formations can be regarded as clusters of intelligent gaming intensions. The main object of such forms of noncarbon entities may be to sell, as it were, self-replicating images to image-hungry cultures who are more than willing to be run as programs for image self-replicators.

Let us not deceive ourselves as to the power of such an arrangement. From such cultural DNA sprang the entire Cartesian measurement world of wheel-weight and watch-spring as a product that is a viral crystallizing-out of complex intention in the manner indicated by classical alchemists. By comparison, more "scientific" explanations of historical causation now sound like something that has crawled out of East Germany to die.

A war between such rival viral memes competing for prime-time belief is another way of describing what a product is in the modern sense. It may be that as an independent form of non-organic life, memes acting as active viral information systems can display a Mothman entity or any similar type as a media product range.

The deeper he dug, the worse the situation became. And of course the telephone system—a classic icon of paranoia—starts talking to itself, selectively ringing and connecting parties in the investigational loop. The postal service becomes equally moody.

Like the entities themselves, it was not so much threatening as appearing to undergo the rapid mood changes of a young child. As so-called enlightened scientific beings, we do not expect this kind of behavior from an objective mechanical system.

As word of his investigations spread, Keel becomes a focus for UFO contactees. They lurch towards him in concert, like the zombies in the 1968 film *Night of the Living Dead*. They find him wherever he is, and they contact him by all possible means.

Most claim that they have a personal message from the UFO occupants for Keel himself. As a result, poor Keel finds himself mentally in the middle of a maze of smashed telephone junctions and early soap and science-fiction plots. He does not meet any of the entities directly; the UFO contactees become his listening posts, and they relay what the entities have said. Some hear the entities speaking in their minds, and the accuracy of the information given in this manner is often chilling.

Keel organizes different systems of reference. He passes questions to the contactees; they relay them to the entities and give Keel the replies. Though Keel makes the questions as complicated as he can, quick and correct answers appear.

He posts letters to addresses he knows do not exist, yet gets answers—in block capitals—the very next day. Lastly, he speaks directly to the entities by phone, and the voices on the other end sound to him like those which speak through a medium at a séance.

The disturbing thing is that the contactee world echoes his most private thoughts and throws back answers, conclusions, recommendations, and not a few jokes. Again, as Jacques Vallée points out in his 1960s classic *Passport to Magonia: From Folklore to Flying Saucers* (Regnery, 1969), traditional fairy behavior was pretty much the same, allowing for cultural differences.

Certainly such golem as Keel encountered come complete with sets of specific cultural agendas. After they have rung the doorbell, as it were, and the goods are sold, these metaphysical salesmen disappear like the traditional Men in Black, no doubt travelling on to seed other dreams in other towns and other heads. The goods we have unwittingly bought remain as half-formed memories of having met someone from another world.

Of course, in many instances, instead of pancakes and rather old-fashioned hippy-style advice as products, most entities give what looks like gibbering nonsense. Whether sense or nonsense, that anything is given at all is a miracle.

Thus, rather like the entities, are we all programmatically bar-coded as consumers of products, be those products food or ideas. It is not necessary to be able to read a bar code—or indeed take any notice of it at all of such a thing—in order to buy a product.

Given the unprecedented absorption of powerful images due to multimedia of these days, a viewer becomes little more than a meme-hatchery. We hardly know why we have bought one production, product, or program as distinct from another or quite why we change from one TV program to another.

Once the image as product is launched, we can no more erase John Keel's Mothman from our heads any more than we can erase George Adamski's bottle-cooler UFO or indeed Elvis Presley or Marilyn Monroe, these latter being on a higher scale of metaphysical entropy.

Once induced by mere transient suggestion, such powerful images as meme-clusters become permanent fast-breeders, turning out scripts and performances in all our heads—for no one can escape—even as we sleep. Human consciousness is run almost entirely by such huge self-programming dolls, the mechanical facts about a person being relegated to hair-color, weight and height, and name and address.

3. The Coming of the Cryptids

As Keel describes it, the whole State of Ohio suffered what can only be described as an invasion of dolls. Just one of the curious things about these figures is that, more than anything else, they represent certainly a burgeoning media-based cosmology. Like Vallée's fairies again, Keel's living cartoons scream, gurgle, and generally camp it up as if a laboratory full of half-completed media personalities—or celebrities, to update the concept—had been freed by some doll-liberation society.

As human imitations, his communicating entities Klinell, Mr. Apol, and Lia are bland, floppy, and somewhat androgynous, more comic than sinister, as portrayed in the film *Men in Black* (1997). Seen as figures in a late-1960s prophetic media allegory, Keel's grotesques are like early Michael Jackson seedlings, stalking the borderland between the factual Point Pleasant and the fictional Twin Peaks.

Keel's book was indeed prophetic; his new control system did indeed emerge as cyber-supported mass media, which is essentially a doll culture, with mass media emerging as a hi-tech house of dolls. Our media folk behave much like the entities described by Keel.

Switch on the CNN news videos and the doll-presenters can be seen. They live next door, not on Planet X. More than fifty years later, we now know what Keel's idea of re-programming

really aimed to do, and that was to destroy any kind of off switch with regard to the silver screens induced in our heads.

Concerning the reality of Keel's half-formed creatures, we must try to understand a kind of experience that is not based on that historically rather arriveste paradigm of absolute mechanical truth versus equally absolute mechanical fiction. The entities described by Keel have the same transient morphology as Woody Derenberger's Indrid Cold in *Visitors from Lanulos*, Vantage Press, 1971) and Howard Menger's Martian woman Sarnia in *From Outer Space to You*, (Saucerian Books, 1959).

Such half-forms are capable of giving equally half-formed things: Sarnia gives Menger Gaia-like advice, whilst Derenberger was given some biscuits from Indrid Cold. Derenberger's opinion of these was not good!

There are many more such UFO-associated entities of course, and almost all them are quite capable of both metaphysical and physical transactions within the half-life of their half-world. We have to make an effort to try and understand such intermediate forms as existing within a scaling of our perceptions instead of being restricted by the two-state switch of the current binary paradigm of absolute falsehood versus absolute fiction.

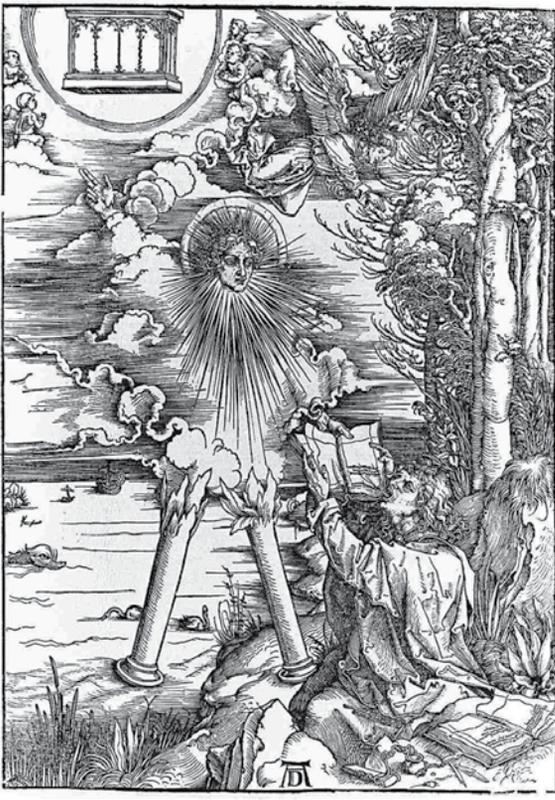


4. Story Technology: Media and Bigfoot

We need therefore a new concept of psychosocial materiality to understand entities which are experienced as well as seen. As intermediate forms, Keel's entities are rather like the cryptid Bigfoot. Although seen and photographed, Bigfoot leaves no trace of fights, no food swath, no blood, droppings, or skin or fur scraped off by foliage. Quite unlike other animal forms, we find neither corpses nor skeletal remains.

As with Bigfoot, Keel's entities, George Adamski's Orthon, Woody Derenberger's Indrid Cold from Lanulos, and Howard Menger's Martian girl Sernia leave hardly a trace of their short visitations. Such partial realizations appear, therefore, as not quite fully formed semi-corporeal displays rather than flesh and blood as we know it.

Of course as soon as we are into display, we are into media. And as soon as we are into media, we are into culture and consciousness as advertising stuff. This is a story-complex built of suggestions and appeals rather than the much-vaunted con-



In this context, the mechanical reality in terms of yes or no or fact or fantasy will slip away from the story-dispute as supports fall away from a newly launched ship. We therefore judge the real by eliminating it from our new media equations, just as we eliminate x (squared) from the expansion of $(1+x)$ (all squared) to get dy/dx in the limit.

That's a bit of cheat from that great practising alchemist Sir Isaac Newton! But as the alchemist said to his apprentice: The game may be rigged, but it is the only game in town.

5. Media Plasma

What is a media plasma?

Many human beings live in a media plasma that is constructed of the software of semi-material ideologies, rather than of flesh and blood. Like the event of 9/11, Lee Harvey Oswald was certainly a Fortean man in that he cannot be accounted for rationally, although many have tried.

Bin Laden has beaten Jesus in that he has risen from the dead many times. Michael Jackson has been seen in a fish-and-chip shop of the North of England—and that is some prime time!—in the same way the Martians of the notorious Orson Welles radio broadcast of 1939 were seen.

In this, popular culture has shown itself to be more complex than the nonelectronic social-control media systems of the historical past such as royalty, religion, or mystical nationalism. Not a single scientist appears to have become conscious of media yet. Most still think TV and computer games are things to keep the kids quiet.

The effect of the absorption of billions of powerful trash-culture throw-away images in every instant of time into young brains appears not to be worthy of a scientific study. Perhaps this is because neither images nor the media in which they thrive is measurable by the two-state Cartesian paradigm of fact or fiction, yes, or no, or even alive or dead.

Like Michael Jackson, HRH Princess Diana now lives in media plasma: born with hardly a brain, almost alive, yet not even dead. Like the Mothman, the UFO, and the extraterrestrial, both are now on their way to product deification in prime time. Such a progress of liminal forms undergoes the many transubstantiations of a modern consumer Book of the Dead.

This is far more significant and powerful an idea than the world being structured by industrial fact. The media product is a state of mind, an experience; not an industrial artefact. Perhaps after all, the trip experiences of the 1960s taught us one important thing: that the measurement of the passage of time itself is linked essentially to change of metaphor.

If therefore the very odd entities we meet in *The Mothman Prophecies* are built of anything it is media plasma, a metaphorical suggestion-concentrate, a form of the scaling of the matter-mind interface which has nothing to do with fact-fiction dualities. This means that contact is much more likely to resemble a media-software gaming experience than anything to do with the equations of the Industrial Revolution.

Since human consciousness is built largely of advertisements, self-deception, and ambitions and inspirations, we should not be surprised that the virtual media events such as the millennial Y2K concern and the hunt for Osama Bin Laden have come to dominate.

crete, which is a wondrous piece of prime-time mythological story-stuff in itself, quite intent on camouflaging its metaphysical origins in that it uses the concept of objectivity to cut off the conspiratorially banned subtexts of all experience.

In this context, entities such as Orthon and Mothman may be a form of alien story technology that has been with us for a long time. Certainly stories fight with one another to stay live in that media spectrum we call *prime time*, which is as good a model for the contemporary thinking process, given the phenomenal levels of multimedia absorption.

Such story technologies are run by a claim-denial difference engine whose fuel consists of stories of different kinds. An individual says he has seen a fairy being. Another person says that is impossible, because fairy beings do not exist. When we subtract the two beliefs we do not get Cartesian zero as an answer.

Despite denials and counterclaims amidst much anger and bitterness, a thin sliver of belief-tissue will remain in both believer and sceptic alike. This thinned-out materiality, although consisting almost completely of the mere suggestion, we will amplify despite ourselves, creating fractal memes within image domains.

In this respect, let us not fool ourselves. Few minds can rid themselves of Bigfoot or Mothman, never mind more powerful technicolor hosts such as Marilyn Monroe or Elvis Presley. Finite input from a particular physical source is not even necessary for such proliferating image-domains to establish themselves automatically as a state of mind, whether or not we have seen a single film, book, or TV program concerning such personalities.

Once such daemons are established we will go on creating new Marilyn and Presley scripts, all idiosyncratically different, until an individual is dead. Whereupon the Marilyn and Presley production will continue in countless other minds.

Such a story animal is therefore immortal in the sense that that word means anything at all regarding the passage of time. If we add the other countless harpies from rock and pop, we get a fresh contemporary idea of modern psychology as far as mental operations are concerned.

An advanced alien culture may have abandoned crude concepts of industrial solidity altogether in favour of media penetration, which is a far easier way in. In other words, we may be getting Doritos advertisements back by return.

This would make for a much more interesting and fruitful interaction between humanity and nature than that of the simple-minded social-scientific real versus unreal. It would also be a refreshing change from the holy, sober, and profound Christian view.

To put Keel's experience in the very best of classical perspectives, we might have to return to the ancient Greek view that the truth, like a Doritos commercial sent into deep space, is scandalous beyond all belief, and the gods are neither respectable nor sensible entities at all.

Of course, those afflicted with the real will still insist on knowing whether *The Mothman Prophecies* is fact or fiction. Composed some forty years ago, it was prophetic in its suggestion that the then prevailing model of mind as a hard-wired Pavlovian behaviorist information-processing machine relying on a far too easy separation of facts and fictions was doomed. Keel himself suggests that the software of image and advertisement is a much better model for the thinking process and that related mental activity is more like a fuzzy negotiation between hallucinations than a factual process in the old industrial sense.

6. 20th Century Sonata Form

In his later *Disneyland of the Gods* (Amok, 1988) Keel, looking back on *The Mothman Prophecies*, suggests that mental operations are organized by the metaphor of entertainment rather than any structure of factual logic. Certainly the major assassinations of our time were more about show business than old-fashioned politics. Like Keel's grotesques, all the killers were show dolls of a kind, each one a Pandora's box of living conspiracies, just as was every single one of the victims, from John Kennedy to Princess Diana.

In the web world of the 21st century, it is possible that such ephemera and such semi-realizations will unleash treachery, revenge, murder, and destruction just as did the old economies, politics, structures of decayed science, and vanished national identities. Even chronic Anglo-Saxon scepticism, like the science it supports, is now part of the entertainment industry; witness Doritos, the thin end of the wedge. Most sceptical claims are counter-hoaxes, different aspects of the same Fortean joke that made Keel's Point Pleasant the factual version of the later fictional U.S. *Twin Peaks* (1990) and the U.K. *The Prisoner* (1967).

Cognitive recognition and the understanding thereof entails changing cultural perspectives and seeing things in terms of different metaphors. For example, it could be said that in every British city and town there are alchemical temples manned by celibate witch doctors. In quite a different media perspective, this organization is called the Catholic Church, and as Jung reminds us, the Mass is an alchemical ceremony with roots deep in ancient occultism.

This is all raw pre-electronic media. Brought up to date, a change of paradigm means a change of media; that is, a fundamental alteration in our mode of perception: the way we see things and program them as real. In this sense, the patently incomplete nature of Keel's aliens means that they are neither real nor unreal so much as being under construction.

In the Fortean sense, scientific objectivity has banned our recognition of any participants in our conscious life other than fellow humans. But Shakespeare shows that there are unnamed dramatis personae implicit in the human situation, showing that humans are not lords of creation but part of an evolving chain of being, shading from solid to almost nothing.

This chain consists of animal, vegetable, and mineral domains, all of which have dynamic anthropomorphic elements that we ignore at our peril. As in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Keel's *The Mothman Prophecies* depicts humans as poised between the animal kingdoms and the realms of the gods. When the transport to and from Middle Earth breaks down, many domains above and below hit back, throwing off manmade structures.

In this sense, Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath in his 1878 novel *Return of the Native* is as much responsible for the death of Eustacia Vye as Keel's mysterious beings are for the collapse of the bridge at Point Pleasant and the deaths of thirty-eight people. The Greek tragedians understood completely such connections between environment and social character, motivation and supra-human agendas.

Meantime, fallen moderns grate their teeth on the mechanical and wonder that they cannot explain events in Dallas 1963, 9/11, the strange death of Princess Diana, or the murder of the child mannequin Jon Benet.

Back in New York for Christmas 1966, the horns of Elfland still sounding in his head as they did for Coleridge and Blake, Keel, too, is nearly done for. Like many who return from the magic landscape of Vallée's Magonia, Keel, as wounded initiate, is sick and exhausted.

The classic occultists such as Crowley or Eliaphas Levi always warn that occult initiation is always a near-death experience. When Keel hears the news of the collapse of the Point Pleasant bridge on TV, he knows that his West Virginian visionary wounds will be there for a lifetime, reminders of time present and time past, arrival and departure.

Finally, John Keel decided that human beings do not solve mysteries so much as decide which set of answers they can most comfortably live with. In showing how he reached this decision, he created a true 20th century sonata form in *The Mothman Prophecies*. **UFO**



The Not So Accidental Filmmaker



Finds Herself in the Crop Circles

by Sean Casteel

When Patty Greer decided to try a new sort of string on her harp five years ago, she had no idea she would be leaving music behind and beginning an entirely new career making movies about crop circles and the equally ubiquitous predictions about 2012. Music had been her primary focus since childhood, and she had never even considered what her life might be like without it.

"I started piano lessons when I was six," Greer said, "and started singing and writing songs when I was ten. I was recording as a teenager. I went to college in Boulder, Colorado in the 1970s, where I learned to play the harp. I was a professional harpist, pianist, and songwriter for most of my life until I hurt my hands and had to completely retire in an instant.

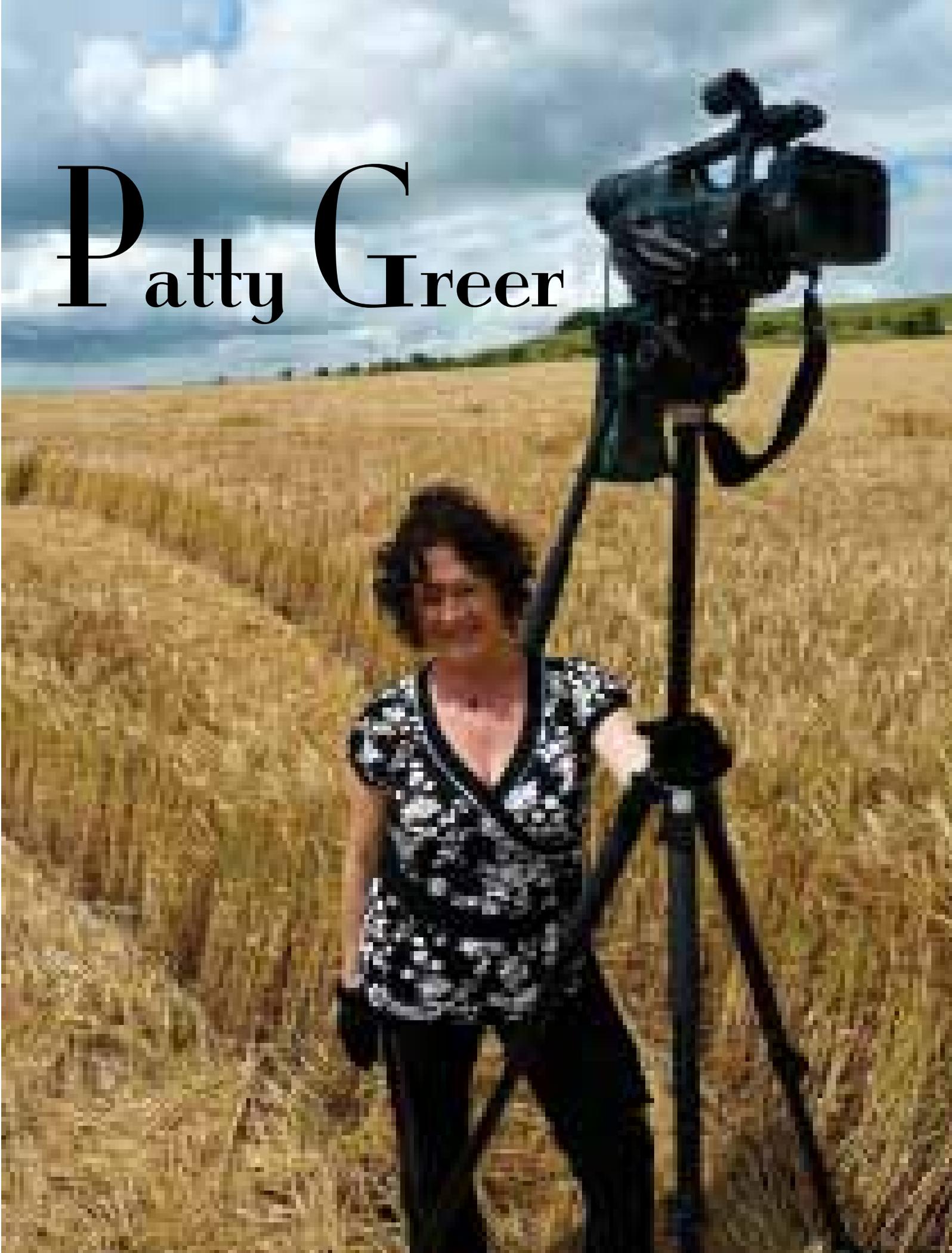
"I went from organic harp strings to synthetic fluorocarbon strings, and something in them shredded my fingertips. I have lived in gloves and band-aids ever since."

Greer said she didn't understand at first what was happening to her hands, but soon the injury completely took her out of her old life.

"I haven't fully recovered yet," she said. "It's been five years, and it's been the hardest lesson I've ever been through. But through this lesson, I realized there was an entirely new world and a new career for me, which was cinematography. I can't play music anymore, but I can hold a camera and edit in band-aids."

to be continued in Issue #155 ...

Patty Greer



play it backwards. What we found is a direct and visible line of communication that goes exactly between the two balls of light right before the circle is laid down.

"I end the movie," she continued, "showing the two balls of light creating the crop circle three times. I also show the visible line of communication three times. People need to see it that many times for it to sink in because it was so incredible. I know what I see, and it is right there in plain sight. Debunk that!"

One of the more amazing crop circles featured in the movie is called "ET Face and the Disc" and includes a message in binary code.

"It came down in 2002 in Chilbolton," Greer said, "which is in Southern England, near Winchester. It came down right near a large television transmitting tower in a town called Crabwood. It was a very clear depiction of an ET face, an alien gray. Next to it was this huge circle that knocked well known researcher Palden Jenkins over. Literally, he said he fell over in this circle with the binary code."

Greer feels it is significant that the image was located close to a television tower, that something about direct communication was implied by that. A man named Paul Vigay discovered that the coded message was written in a computer language called ASCII, and when decoded it read like this (with some words in all caps): "Beware the bearers of false gifts and their broken promises. Much pain, but still time. BELIEVE. There is good out there. WE OPPOSE DECEPTION. Conduit closing."

"Now that's a heavy message to come down in 2002," Greer said. "They are giving us important information here."

The ET Face and the disc footage can also be seen in the movie's trailer at Greer's website.

The film also touches on some of the hard evidence that has been unearthed by careful study of the grain in crop circles. The grain goes through a process of extreme heat, which happens so quickly that the grain blows a bubble, which Croppies call an elbow or a bent node.

"The grain doesn't break," Greer said. "When we look at a new crop circle in the morning, we immediately look at the formation, where the grain bends at a ninety-degree angle, side by side, in perfect order. With the manmade ones, the grain will be broken consistently. They'll all be broken. There are also higher electromagnetic fields inside the formation than outside the formation."

Crop Circles: The Wake Up Call – Anybody Listening? was shown at the 2008 International UFO Congress Convention a month after its completion and was well received. As Greer headed out the door to the convention, her film editor friend handed her his movie camera and suggested that she should shoot a movie by herself rather than hire a crew as she had planned. This second movie was called *The Wake Up Call #2: UFOs, ETs, Abductees and Brilliant Minds*.

"This documentary is a synopsis of thirty brilliant speakers at the 2008 UFOCC, backstage and personal," she said. "It brings the viewer the best of this ten day event with the finest minds in the world on the subjects of UFOs and advanced technologies. I was blown away by what I heard."

Greer returned to England and the crop circles in 2008 and shot enough film for two more movies. One deals with the myriad predictions surrounding the year 2012 and is entitled *2012—We're Already In It*. The other, called *Faerie Kingdom of the New Paradigm*, is still being edited and assembled. It will

be a children's movie featuring animals speaking telepathically about the wisdom of nature.

When speaking of the 2012 movie, Greer carefully states her position.

"With the changes happening all over the world," she said, "and the energies shifting as they are, movies that are positive and not fear based are more important than ever. Our thoughts, feelings, words and actions ripple out across the world, so watch your thoughts."

"I believe that 2012 is not a singular date," she continued, "but rather a divine plan for the evolution of all beings, a time when quantum shifts will create a massive ascension of consciousness for everyone. Telepathy will overtake the mundane chatter and people will return to honoring one another, being integrated and living in peace once again. I have great hopes for the shift we are experiencing. It's time for us to come clean, think positive and live healthier."

The prediction about the world suddenly becoming telepathic is heard fairly frequently when talking about the possible changes that will be wrought in 2012. Greer is most enthusiastic on that score.

"Bring it on! I want more telepathy! Yes, it's going to be very uncomfortable once we start hearing how deceptive others are. It's kind of like, if all of us had to be naked, we probably would start being more conscious about our bodies. So if all of us have to be emotionally and verbally naked, it's going to really suck for a while because a lot of people are going to be exposed."

"But I say," she continued, "put a bow on it for me. I am so ready for the evolution of integrity. I think it's what's needed more than anything now and I think it's a big part of the 2012 evolutionary cleansing."

2012—We're Already In It was shown at the 2009 International UFO Congress Convention and won that year's EBE award for best feature film, UFO or related. The film also won the 2009 Silver Sierra Award at the Yosemite Film Festival. It has screened in four festivals so far.

Having won those awards for her third film, after previously having no interest in being a filmmaker or in the crop circles or ETs, Greer now feels she was predestined to follow in this precise path and did not simply stumble blindly onto it.

"I am not an accidental filmmaker," she said.

Meanwhile, the message of the crop circles worldwide is available to everyone.

"Crop circles present the information in a way people can absorb," Greer said. "There is something greater than us that's beyond our physical, visible spectrum. Mother ships, perhaps a few hundred miles away from our planet, that are keeping an eye on us. These balls of light are doing something to connect our dimension to theirs in a way that's not so alarming as it would be if huge ships came over our cities. This is one of our greatest gifts today, and it's accessible to everyone willing to 'see.' The veils between the worlds and dimensions are thinning, and we have an open door to evolve now." **UFO**

Patty Greer's movies are available at her website at www.pattygreer.com and through Amazon.com. Also, visit [Seancasteel's UFO Journalist website at www.seancasteel.com](http://Seancasteel.com). Casteel is the author of *UFOs, Prophecy and the End of Time* and *The Excluded Books of the Bible*, available at his website, at Amazon.com, and at Filament Books.

Publisher's Note

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to be hypnotized into believing she was suffering from a multiple personality disorder.

He says she agreed. She says she was under his hypnotic control and didn't have the ability to give informed consent. Who's right? Read the article, listen to the tapes, go to both websites, and decide for yourself. Isn't that the way we do things in ufology? Instead of adhering to a party line, let's stop condemning anyone who asks whether the emperor is actually wearing new clothes or indeed any clothes at all.

Then there's the business about the underpants. Folks who go to the Lan Lamphere *Overnight AM* archives to hear the actual tape or read the transcript in Jeremy's article will find that David asked Emma to send him her underpants. He told her this, apparently, while she was under hypnosis, and he asked her not to think about it at all. Just wrap them up and send them to him.

David's explanation was that he wanted to test for alien seminal fluid. He says it was standard operating procedure to find evidence of alien contact. She says that she was troubled by it and felt it was wrong. Is this the procedure an alien-abduction researcher follows during the course of his hypnotic regression sessions with a subject? You be the judge.

David said he tried to pull away from Emma Woods, but she pursued him. Emma said that she tried to break off any continuing relationship with David, but he pursued her. She did provide emails from David in which he wrote that he wanted to remain in contact with her.

The UFO community has chimed in, claiming that Emma Woods is trying to destroy David and along with him the entire alien-abduction theory. I disagree. Alien abduction, at least in terms of some of the key cases, remains an important area of research no matter what happens with this story. Emma says her only intent is to put the interaction between herself and Jacobs into a public forum. Both parties say they are talking to lawyers, and this entire situation may well wind up in court.

But my larger issue concerns the UFO community that almost universally condemned Emma Woods, branding her mentally ill and saying that the evidence she presented in the form of audio tapes was contrived evidence; "cut and pasted together" one critic said. For his part, Lamphere said that he analyzed the audio tapes that Emma presented and found no evidence of minute cutting and pasting.

Excerpting, yes. Cutting and pasting, no. In other words, what David said on tape and Lan reported in his radio show was what he said. So much for the cutting-and-pasting argument.

The larger issue that concerns me, as chairman of a community mental-health center in downtown Los Angeles and author of many books on deviant psychological behavior, is that in this field of alien-regression hypnotherapy there are no actual qualifications or certifications. Try to find alien abduction in the list of psychological diagnostic symptoms, the DSM, and you won't find it.

So how can you be a qualified, licensed, certified alien-abduction therapist when there is no such thing? At the very least, if you are engaging in research bordering on the recovery of repressed memories, you should have some qualifications. Perhaps you should be a certified or licensed clinical hypnotherapist.

Perhaps you should have some sort of therapist license to practice in your state. Maybe you should even get a degree in psychology or at least a masters of social work. Something. But, as David Jacobs disclaimed to Emma Woods, he was neither a psychiatrist nor a psychologist. He was not a therapist nor did he have any certifications. He was simply a researcher.

In retrospect in our phone conversations, David agrees that he never should have pursued the Emma Woods case. He acknowledged that he had no formal training in therapy and should have only worked through Emma's therapist and not directly with her. And those in the alien-abduction community who have been most strident in condemning *UFO Magazine* and me for pursuing this story have also agreed that David Jacobs should have had some certification or formal training leading to a recognized qualification before pursuing these cases.

Moreover, at least in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, research on a human subject, whether university-approved or not, does require a level of formal state approval. Temple University has written to Emma Woods disavowing any connection to David Jacobs's alien-abduction research even though Jacobs asked Emma to sign forms mentioning Temple University as some sort of governing body. And as of this writing, David has not produced any state approvals of his research. Is alien-abduction research an off-the-books operation? No wonder skeptics attack us with such enthusiasm.

This makes it even more problematical when the UFO community gets itself up in arms when someone dares to question the legitimacy of a methodology. I can guarantee that if Woods v Jacobs ever winds up in court, the skeptics and debunkers will have a field day. Just imagine hearing the audio of David trying to convince Emma to send him her underpants playing out in court and then on Fox news.

Imagine hearing the tape of David suggesting to Emma that she is suffering from multiple personality disorder and urging her to seek treatment also playing out in court. Collective groans, right? But we bring it on ourselves by not questioning the methodology of research and qualifications for conducting that research. We're too involved in hero worship and public stoning of anyone who questions the heroes. It's the UFO Taliban all over again.

Read Jeremy Vaeni's article and make up your own minds. At the very least, weigh the evidence before you decide what to think. If you don't take sides and just listen to both sides, you'll be surprised at what might happen. **UFO**

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Saucers, Slips & Cigarettes

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tend to use blue words frequently when I'm not writing, and since writing is an extension of my thoughts, it would somehow seem an injustice to gloss it up just to appease the Puritans.

I grew up in Chicago, but moved to the West Coast some time ago, mostly against my will, before ending up in the ever-lovely Portland, Oregon. I've been living on the left-hand side of the United States for eleven years now, four of which belong to Oregon. The other seven unfortunately belong to Southern California. No offense to those who live in or love Southern California, of course, but really, that place is the pits.

My first real interest in UFOs and subsequent fields most likely began with a story told to me by a family member who long ago requested anonymity when I was not much taller than a thimble. Yes, even I have my super-secret inside sources, although this person never predicted disclosure in November 2009, so whatever about that.

Credit should also be given to the '70s television series *In Search Of ...* and obviously *Star Trek* (1966), but perhaps most importantly to the two or three shelves dedicated to the supernatural at my grade-school library. It was there that I first came across *The Roswell Incident* (Grosset & Dunlap, 1980) and a book with information and pictures about the Betty and Barney Hill case. I probably didn't grasp a lot of the content of those books, being all of six or seven, but what are ya gonna do?

So that's the beginning of my interest in ufology, which grew and grew over the years, leading all the way into my thirties where I began my website *The Interstellar Housewife*. The title is a little misleading since I am not technically married, but I am engaged! Eventually I was invited to write for Regan Lee's *Women of Esoterica*, then the *UFO Magazine Blog*. I'm also one of the coeditors of *JAR Magazine*, *The Journal for Abduction-Encounter Research*, where Elaine Douglass once teased: "And then there's Deirdre. You can't get her to believe anything!"

Working from home leaves me with a lot of time to listen to podcasts, and I have a few regular favorites such as *Paratopia*, *Radio Misterioso*, *Binnall of America*, and *The Paracast*. I've also been getting into *The Black Fridays* lately and on occasion *Mysterious Universe*.

Why the name *Saucers, Slips, and Cigarettes*? It wasn't an easy decision. Nancy said I could name the column after my website *The Interstellar Housewife*, but I felt a name specific to this magazine would suit me better. Anyway, *Saucers, Slips, and Cigarettes* won out of a small list of options which included:

Cooking with Deirdre

I Probably Just Poisoned Your Drink

Moon Letters

Go Ahead and Eat the Damn Daisies

Temporal Deviation

The Man in the Moon is a Stupid Jerk

You're Both Wrong (So Shut Up Already)

Piglets from Pluto

I rather liked *Piglets From Pluto*, but it was suggested to me that it was a little too cutesy. I'm inclined to agree. Besides, everyone knows that space-faring piglets rarely swear and certainly never drink.

In the end I went with SS&C, thanks to the input of *UFO Magazine's* own Regan, Lesley, and Alfred. It's probably the title

that best suits me since most of my nights are spent sitting in the living room, smoking, and drinking while scouring through hundreds of UFO-related Google Alerts. Do I know how to party, or what?.

But what about the slips, Deirdre? What about the slips!? I have a small collection of slips and nighties that I wear in the evenings when I'm ready to unwind and dig into the esoteric. And there you have it.

Physics is also of deep interest to me, and I tend to read and watch a lot about cosmology and quantum theory. I have a large amount of respect and admiration for people who are often not held in high regard within ufology such as Carl Sagan, who really inspired my thirst for knowledge when I was a child; Lisa Randall; and Stephen Hawking, who a lot of you shot poison darts at a few months ago. I almost said Morgan Freeman, but then I remembered that he isn't actually a physicist.

What else do you need to know? I am a graphic designer working in both print and web, although these days I get more web requests than anything else. I am a large geek, a musician, and own too many computers for my own good. I live with my partner of three years, where we are constantly picking up after two dogs, two cats, two rats, and four guinea pigs.

I promised Professor Lehmborg that I would dedicate this first article to his inner vagina, but now that I'm nearing the end, I've been thinking that might be a bit over the top since this probably isn't the medium to go talking about anyone's vagina. Period. Sorry, Alfred, but you're shit out of luck, dear!

That about wraps it up! I want to extend a hearty thank you to Admiral Nancy Birnes, her husband Bill, and the rest of the *UFO Magazine* team for inviting me to their little slice of printed awesomeness.

Thanks for reading! **UFO**

Dierdre O'Lavery's website is www.interstellarhousewife.com

Alien in the Attic

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ducers. A few years ago a famous producer visited Ümit in order to conduct an interview. After a long chat, he and his production team returned to their hotel where they had a remarkable UFO sighting at 3:00 A.M. What they saw was a huge bright object moving slowly over the sea without any sound.

Today Ümit Paker's only goal is to reach famous director Steven Spielberg. He believes that his real UFO videos must be in the hands of Spielberg for a movie project that he has been working on for a long time. Ümit also believes that he will have an important contribution to the disclosure of UFO secrecy over the world by giving his footage to Spielberg.

I hope that his dreams will be real soon. By the way, the meaning of Ümit is "hope" in English. Good luck, Ümit, and thanks for your work. **UFO**

Farah Yurdözü is a UFO/paranormal writer and program producer at the Jerry Pippin Show. Her newest book is *Confessions of a Turkish Ufologist*, edited by Richard Day Gore and available at www.lulu.com/content/825837

Her websites: www.farahyurdozu.com and www.farahstarot.com

Outside the Box

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That particular loss of innocence put a real hurtin' on my boy-ish optimism. So yeah, maybe I am an annoying doomsayer. But I do this because I believe we are smarter than that. If I could figure out, even as a kid, that we don't have to do things this way, then other people—even grown-ups—can do it too. But man, I am getting tired of waiting.

Ugh's Skull Very Thick!

Humanity is like a big sluggish amoeba. There are few things that will engender an immediate and profound response, a paradigm shift in consciousness, in the lumbering galoot that is humanity. Barring major natural disasters, nuclear war, or worldwide economic failure leading to global food shortages, what has the gravitas to change us?

I read the papers and I don't see much change on the horizon. The old broken epistemological models are still deeply entrenched. We are still hitting the troglodyte in the next cave with a big rock if he doesn't do what pleases us. We still run around bursting at the seams with pride for our nation, even while our nation thoughtlessly exploits others. We still have an economic system which reinforces selfishness while indenturing the majority of us to a life of servitude to feather the cushy nests of the privileged few. We think this elusive carrot on a stick is okay because we all deeply long to be one of the privileged.

Yet, all humanity still lives together on this increasingly small planet. We are stuck here with our brethren. We either learn to get along or we suffer a perpetual history of violence, injustice, and discord. Which choice have we made? Our selfishness is killing us. And I don't see any political or social will to change. In fact, the forces of chaos are digging in their heels and becoming more belligerent about maintaining the status quo.

What Will Change Us?

Apart from instant evolution brought on by disaster, the only item I can put my finger on that would change us so profoundly would be disclosure. Here I am not talking about disclosure coming from a lying duplicitous government. I have little faith that will happen anyway because such a disclosure puts government in the awkward situation of admitting they are serial liars. Nope. I am talking about the kind of disclosure which comes from out there: the big holy-moly moment of the aliens revealing themselves.

That moment, when it comes—as it must, eventually—holds in it the potential to change our human paradigm radically. Potential changes include the wholesale repositioning of religion as we know it, the wholesale repositioning of material science as we know it, the potential end of human divisiveness and self-destructive tendencies, and the entering of humanity into a possible larger universal brotherhood.

Such changes are all dependent on what form disclosure and its subsequent fallout takes. I am all too aware that disclosure may not lead to positive change. But I think this is practically the only form a human paradigm shift in consciousness can take that does not entail much pain, strife, and misery for humanity.

Ignorance can no longer be portrayed as bliss. Our ignorance is literally killing us. We cannot continue to live as we do now and expect to survive into the future. We are soiling our fragile nest while our reactionary governments only encourage us to continue this madness at an ever-accelerating rate. Can't afford an expensive and pointless war? Then do the patriotic thing: Go shopping.

I don't want to be one of those annoying UFO cultists who sit on their hands waiting for the big alien in the sky to come down and save us from ourselves. But I am coming to the recognition that there are few other alternatives that do not entail major hurt for mankind.

Either way, disclosure or not, there will be some big changes coming. I just hope it doesn't hurt. **UFO**

Mike Good is an artist, writer, iconoclast, and cosmic curmudgeon. He aims to open minds and expand consciousness by playfully poking a stick into the cage of conventional thinking.

Caution: Preconceived notions may be lampooned. The reader's mindset is subject to change without notice.

Bryant's UFO View

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we still are to myth, but [also] how sophia, or wisdom, can be gleaned from such mythic awareness." Perhaps Huggins's new-found appreciation for sci-fi film content can help us all chart a course for improved UFO-ET awareness. At the very least, as Yurdözü concludes, "Maybe David [by his collection of science-fiction movies] is looking for something: an answer, a familiar face, pieces of his erased memories. But for now, at least, the answers lurk within his mind."

My own modest collection of UFO-related artwork includes a cartoon I commissioned my late twin and artist Robert to do some fifty years ago. It shows two inhabitants of a barren, unnamed planet gazing at far-away Planet Earth. Closer in the sky hovers a flying saucer.

Pointing earthward, one of the aliens says, "They think it's ours, and we think it's theirs." For an essay about his hefty collection of UFO toons as published here a few years ago, see my blog at <http://ufoview.posterous.com>. I encourage readers to send me any UFO toons they may encounter. My email address remains: overtci@cavtel.net **UFO**

Larry W. Bryant, since the mid-1980s, has had more than enough experience in crafting various whistleblower-solicitation ads for publication in the classified-ad pages of selected U.S. military base newspapers.

With a minimal success rate in placing those ads, he eventually encountered censorial resistance from the Powers that Be, resulting in his two-year-old First Amendment lawsuit against defense officials.

For a summary of that litigation, which now has entered the appeals stage to contest the government's victory at the U.S. district-court level, visit his attorney's web site: www.markskatz.com/militarycases.htm

Undeterred—and undetained—Bryant remains reachable at his email address: overtci@cavtel.net

An Alien View

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resource consumptions cognitively lugged by infant humankind as well, I'm betting. Moreover, these heady fallacies regarding our corporeal and intellectual singularity in the cosmos may prove to be irrelevant and invalidated items of psychological baggage imposed upon our own futures, and imposed entirely of ourselves. Out of that intellectual disjunction must there be the imperative to preclude even the *memory* of seeing a UFO?

I suspect so. See? The affected perception of our hoped-for UFO-lessness is the default reality, whereas perception, howsoever flawed, is the reality.

I'll make my own presumptions, thank you very much. The craft that flew that fateful day was not contrived by humanity. Human beings didn't sand the fuselage or build it with thin sheets of fresh-smelling balsa or toxic-smelling and exotic composites. They did not spin the wooden or plastic prop they bought at the local hobby shop. Instead, they were threatened by what they did not control; they were unable to countenance what was not their own construction.

Where do we learn this cowardice? How do we justify our betrayal of our own humanity? Fail to avail ourselves of a future looming with the greatest promise of potential, *ever!* No, our progressive inventiveness in an underused brave science and technology puts us on the edge of forever! We must embrace that. We must embrace that or perish, squalidly.

*The conundrum that we face
Is like a pustule, gentle reader,
And the cause of its neglect
We should decry.
Those who push away the truth
To save invalidated egos,
We should vilify—respectfully despise.
That pustule skin is very near
To breaking, Sir and Madam.
The skin of it is hot and tight and dry.
Any little touch could have it
Blow up in our faces,
But I'd like to clean it out—
And I suspect that we must try.
What's happening? Self-hypnotism?*

Tell yourself enough times that something's not there? Pilgrim! It's not there!

I would suggest that along with my two fellow aviators—those aforementioned California modelers—I dutifully followed the obligatory hypnotic programming of polite society and collectively ignored a sighting that should have been *very* interesting to two military instructor pilots, a host of educated professional people, and a candidate astronaut.

But no. In the aggregate we were less than properly interested; we ignored genuine UFOs as nonevents. The preceding is behavior that now seems inexplicable to me on this end of my considered ufological investigation. Remember, even I forgot it for a period of years!

What strange hypnosis is this? Let's look at that a moment. Hypnosis, indeed, has a history shrouded in chicanery, hum-

buggery, and a little something extra one can't put a finger on. That little something extra is what keeps it around, makes it useful, and justifies that harder look by science.

Many times, it works.

Distractingly, one hears the word *hypnosis* and is overcome by images of stage personalities facetiously suggesting to people that they can be transformed into barnyard animals, dance the grand ballroom fandango, or be compelled to quit smoking, lose weight, or some other mundane prosaic. But the program of hypnotism can be more insidious than that.

Apart from coercion and manipulation imposed by anyone else? You impose your own. You can't even trust yourself.

If two-thirds of the population can be affected by phenomena that science can quantify, if not qualify, this seems to be a ready mechanism for control. That's right. By manipulative suggestions delivered via daily bombardment from a very tightly controlled corporate media of newsprint, radio, and television, devices contrived to direct the innocent mammalian individuals to ape a corrupted reptilian mass.

Individuals buying into the unceasing manipulations of this contrived, distorted, and corrupted mainstream might even take the next step in their own control by hypnotizing themselves. Let that sink in.

In effect, they render themselves incapable of perceiving what is there, plainly, to be perceived, and *not*, conversely, seeing what is not there to be seen. See the difference?

Individuals of the mass, we've hypnotized ourselves, following our social programming perhaps, but rejecting the unsettling enigmatic for the comforting mundane. We ignored what our eyes were reporting to us and replaced it with an accepted routine. We turned our backs to the unexplained likely occurring around us all the time—unseen or seen and subsequently ignored—and made it fit into what we are trained to find culturally tolerable. Socially acceptable.

Where do we learn such cowardice? What is that provenance of same? In concert, why does culture persecute the individual, the Mothman Futility Syndrome, for perceiving reality?

Culture is not your friend, Reader. Believe that.

I suspect, moreover, that the best, brightest, and most progressive of those contrary true-seeing individuals are routinely suicided out of hand or otherwise murdered as a result of contrived mechanisms mendaciously applied by same. Bill Hicks, John Lennon, Terence McKenna; a host of others. You know it's true, don't you? Not a question.

Summing up, I've watched this process of ufological denial—through self-hypnosis?—at work twice now, then. At a rubber-model airplane meet in Northern California dozens of us watched a UFO fly by five times with fewer and fewer people looking up to watch it fly by with each succeeding pass it very queerly made! Previously, one decade past, three high-time aviators at an outside party saw and subsequently ignored same.

Tell yourself enough times that something's not there, Reader, and it's not there, even if it is. *Especially* if it is! Perception, including lack of same, is the reality. That it's a false reality is beside the point; not germane.

Every indication is that science accepts that the human brain is capable of convincing itself to perceive what is not there to be perceived. I would suggest that it can also very handily do the inverse of that.

It can also mask what is there to be seen as plain as gleam-

ing day. We won't pay enough attention to that—another suspicious point—given that we have to overcome so much programming from our myopically conflicted culture to do so. But we must, Reader, ultimately, if we ever expect to see anything really there at all.

Cognitive dissonance is a psychological phenomenon referring to the stress incurred as a result of discrepancy between what you already know or believe and some new information or compelling new interpretation of that old information. Seeing startling new evidence that black is really white on any level you care to name. Good is evil? Bad good?

Read on. **UFO**

Alfred Lehmborg is a retired military aviator and failed public-school teacher, but attentive to UFOs and their ancillaries because inattention seems unintelligent, unprogressive, and unbrave.

Website: www.AlienView.net; blog: <http://alienviewgroup.blogspot.com>; email: alienview@adelphia.net

Inner Space

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We next contacted Agapito, a beautiful man whose family is 100 percent supported by TOSA La Laguna and the TOSA Miracle Team. His immediate family was OK; however, they had lost their home and six members of their extended family were dead, with three more missing.

He was busy helping to dig out as many bodies as possible and relocating his family to safer shelter. He was one of the lucky ones, finding a house to rent that was still standing.

Within a twenty-four-hour period this sleepy, beautiful village was virtually washed into the lake by mud, and over six hundred people lost their homes and all belongings. Most were left with only the very literal clothes on their back and nothing more. No food, no money, no shelter, no water. All gone within twenty-four hours.

You would think that they would be defeated. You would think that they would be consumed by their tragedies. And, while the shock of the twenty-four hours was still setting in, what did come forward was the truly magnificent experience of ascended community in action.

Together, this village began digging for their lost loved ones. Those who had the skills began creating a makeshift water pipeline deep into the lake to pump water. Boats were driven to nearby villages to get food so that at least even one small meal a day could sustain the victims. Funerals were attended by everyone, and together they modeled the power of love in action.

There was no looting. There were no crimes committed against each other. Food is not being hoarded, all is being shared, and all are calm as they move forward with their lives.

These humble people love the land. These beautiful beings are not cursing Gaia for sending the mudslides through their village. These light-filled villagers are caring for each other, and the energy of mine-is-yours is abundant everywhere.

Through this tragedy, humanity is being gifted as a planet with a model of true community, the opportunity to lift through self-defeating experience and join together for the higher good. In this space there is no room for ego, there is no room for competition; there is simply the room to *be*.

Tonight as you lay your head on your pillow on a bed that is comfortable and safe and as you drink a glass of clean water and notice that your stomach is not yearning for food, we invite you to recognize that your life is really quite amazing. All your needs are met.

And, the greater needs of our planet are inviting us all to pay closer attention. Gaia is speaking, loudly. Are you listening?

A humanitarian aid effort is underway to assist with the people of San Antonio Palopo. To learn more about this project and offer donations in which a hundred percent go to the people directly, please visit www.SriandKira.com and click on the TOSA La Laguna tab under Perspectives. **UFO**

Sri and Kira premiered their newest book *2013 Mayan Sunrise: Your Guide to Spiritual Awakening Beyond 2012* at the Bodhi Tree in Los Angeles in July. They also shared more on the Guatemalan Maya and their role as we soar toward 2012.

Sri, Kira, Laura Fox, J Brave of the Luminaries, Faith Rivera, and many others also participated in the 2013 Mayan Sunrise event Saturday, July 17 at Electric Lodge, Venice Beach. Learn more at www.SriandKira.com.

Arlan's Arcanae

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As they went back to the bridge and got in their cars, they saw the UFO return and another craft nearby turn on its lights. One craft then hovered above a departing train and disappeared into the distance, and the other just shot back up into the sky.

A personal note: After taking Betty out to dinner the evening of the interview, she invited me back to sample her liquor closet. This lady had one of the largest collections of fine liquors, wines, and Scotch I have ever seen. Our UFO conversations went on into the early morning hours over many, many drinks.

I wound up crashing on her couch that night and barely made it back on time the next morning to Merrimack Valley, Massachusetts for an engineering job at the Bell Labs location there. Those were my younger days.

In late December 1975 I received an intriguing letter from Mrs. Hill and called her for further information. She said that a rash of "alien helicopters" had been spotted over Massachusetts and New Hampshire during that month. One of them had even swooped down over her car, within thirty feet, nearly hitting the elm tree in her front yard.

In her letter she had drawn a set of symbols from a UFO that had been sketched by a witness in Springfield, Massachusetts on December 7, 1975. I reported on these markings in an article in the now-defunct tabloid journal *Ufology* in 1977 and will show them in a later column in this magazine.

During the 1975 interview I asked Betty Hill if she ever expected to see the Zetans again. "I'm not afraid of seeing them again," she said, "but I'm not particularly anxious to, either."

Enquiring Minds Have to Know

In 1977 I attended the International UFO Congress in Chicago, Illinois, meeting and chatting with Bob Pratt, the UFO investigator for the *National Enquirer* tabloid. At his request, I introduced him to Betty Hill, and the two of them hit it off quite well. A while later Betty called me and told me that she

had located a “saucer nest” outside of Portsmouth and would I mind asking Bob Pratt to come see it?

At that time I was also in communication with a fellow member of technical staff at Bell Labs in Massachusetts whom I will just call Bruno. Bruno and I often chatted by phone and corresponded by mail—no internet back then—initially about our separate meetings with the alleged Israeli psychic Uri Geller, then about UFOs, and finally about Betty Hill. Bruno agreed to meet Bob Pratt, and the two of them would go with Betty Hill to search out the saucer nest.

Later, Bruno told me the following. They went with Betty Hill out to a country road where she said she was seeing UFO activity every single night. She said that red lights would appear through the trees, then slowly move away and disappear.

Bob and Bruno were there with her the first night out, when Betty shouted, “There it is! See it?” Both of them did see the red light through the woods and immediately began to run toward it. As they got closer, the light seemed to move horizontally, and their excitement grew. “We were exultant,” Bruno said. “We were really onto something!”

Within a few hundred yards, they approached a railroad track that curved off in the distance and disappeared. A good distance away from them a train was approaching, and the railroad crossing guard arms were coming down to stop traffic before the train got there. Red warning lights were flashing.

“The red light we saw,” Bruno said sadly, “was the red traffic warning light, reflecting on the curvature of the railroad tracks. As we changed our position, the light seemed to move. But we were seeing railroad warning-light reflections, that’s all.” Bruno was severely disappointed but remained in correspondence. I never heard from Bob Pratt again.

Heated Happenings

On a very hot July day in 1982—over 100 degrees in Portsmouth, New Hampshire!—my wife Joyce and I stopped by to visit Betty Hill during a road trip to New England. Betty’s home had no air conditioning, so we took her out for dinner at an air-conditioned restaurant and then had her over to our cool hotel room to talk. She explained that the local Air Force barracks had needed air conditioning, so she had loaned her two units to the colonel who had requested them.

She then told us that UFOs were coming down her street, just above tree top level, almost every night and that she feared another abduction. She further explained the saucer-nest story as a sort of disinformation being done by the Zetans and others. She told us many other stories that I will not repeat here because there is no need to damage her reputation any further.

My wife and I concluded that night that Mrs. Hill had gone around the corner for

whatever reason and that her newer testimony and UFO stories could no longer be trusted. She was always a very nice lady to me, and I am sure she believed her own experiences all to be UFO-related. I never had any reason to doubt her *Interrupted Journey* reports, backed up as they were with unknowable complexities that the star map represented.

Not being a psychiatrist and not trusting them all that much anyhow, I can still speculate that perhaps the initial abduction and the subsequent trauma of its realization, along with the normal aging process, may have affected her mental health. Or maybe she was living in a different reality from the rest of us.

Maybe, someday, we will know the truth. **UFO**

Dr. Arlan Andrews, Sr. lives next to a canal on an island with his wife, two small dogs, eleven tiny finches, and flocks of itinerant seagulls, herons, cranes, cormorants, and roseate spoonbills. A professional engineer by trade, he has dabbled professionally in many areas, including nanotechnology, virtual reality, biotech, manufacturing, homeland security, environmental engineering, and rocketry. He writes to maintain sanity in a world weirder than Charles Fort ever imagined. Just don't believe everything you Google about him.



Missing Time

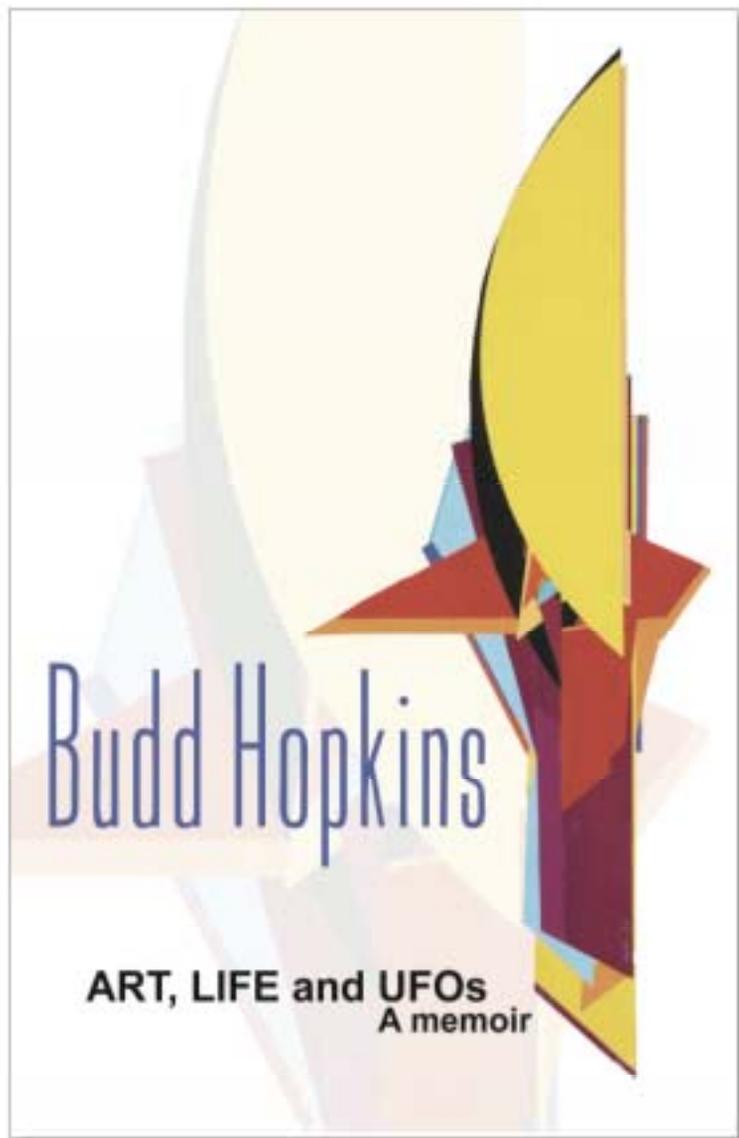
Intruders

Witnessed

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a n d n o w

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Opinionated Oregonian

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Reader response was incredible. The issue reportedly sold out and Palmer claimed that thousands of letters flooded his office. While no official circulation figures exist for that period, Palmer claimed that the Shaver Mystery, as it was quickly called, eventually ran *Amazing's* sales above the 200,000 mark. Palmer also claimed he got a \$250-a-month boost in his salary.

But most of science fiction's vocal fans were outraged. Letters denouncing the sex, sadism, and scientifically error-ridden Shaver stories poured into the Ziff-Davis offices. I suspect that had Ziff-Davis not decided to move to New York City, Palmer and the head office would have collided over the amount of negative mail the Shaver stories were drawing.

There was one major and lasting fallout from the controversy. Palmer, in effect, was blacklisted in the tightly knit science-fiction-fan community. No one ever really tried to get sufficiently close to him to learn the inside story of Palmer, Shaver, and those wild wild stories which Palmer generated from Shaver's writings. Only fragments remain, and it is one of those fragments that has led me to some speculation about the Maury Island UFO case.

When Palmer asked Arnold to investigate Dahl's story, Arnold asked for advice from one of his newspaper friends who, not so incidentally, was in the Air National Guard and had had his own UFO sighting some days after Arnold's sighting. Arnold wondered what he should do about this request to go to Tacoma and interview Dahl. Was it a legitimate offer?

Ask for expense money, advised his friend. Arnold did, and Palmer promptly wired him \$200, which was big money in 1947 when you could buy a new car for \$1,300 and fill it with gasoline at 13 cents a gallon or get a fine hotel room for \$10 or less per night.

So Arnold flew to Tacoma on July 29, eager to talk to Dahl and totally unaware that Palmer had withheld some very interesting information. In *The Coming of the Saucers*, Arnold wrote, "In the next letter I received from Mr. Palmer, he told me that he had heard that two harbor patrolmen at Tacoma, Washington had had a very unusual experience—a Mr. Harold A. Dahl and a Mr. Fred L. Crisman claimed that they had not only seen a group of flying saucers but that they had in their possession some fragments from one of them."

What Palmer did not bother to tell Arnold was that he had previously had some dealings with Crisman. And that takes us back to the Shaver Mystery. As I mentioned earlier, publication of the first two Shaver documents in *Amazing Stories* December 1944 and March 1945 brought a flood of letters, many of which, claimed Palmer, expressed belief that both documents were absolutely true.

One letter—and Palmer never said when it was received or where it originated—was published, sans signature, in *Amazing's* June 1946 issue. As readers learned some months later, it was written by a Fred Crisman who claimed to have been a fighter pilot in the China-Burma-India theater of operations during World War II.

"Drop the whole thing!" the letter said, adding, "My companion and I fought our way out of a cave with submachine

guns. "I have two nine-inch scars on my left arm that came from wounds given me in the cave when I was fifty feet from a moving object of any kind and in perfect silence. The muscles were nearly ripped out.

"How? I don't know. My friend has a hole the size of a dime in his right biceps. It was seared inside. How, we don't know. But we both believe we know more about the Shaver Mystery than any other pair."

Some naive researchers profess to believe Crisman's companion was wounded by some sort of laser beam years before the laser was discovered. They forget—or simply don't know—that a variety of ray guns have been around as long ago as 1898 when H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds* had invading Martians slaughtering everyone in sight with their heat-ray projectors.

Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon also had ray guns, not only in the newspaper comics, but in the 1930s serials that had tens of thousands of teens and pre-teens and quite a few adults as well flocking to their local theaters every Saturday. And, of course, ray guns, like rockets and robots, were staples of science-fiction stories since the genre began in the late 1920s.

Development of the laser was simply science in 1960, catching up with decades of science fiction. It's too bad that letter wasn't known to one or two of the few newsmen who would interview Crisman in later years.

"Two nine-inch scars, eh? Mind taking off your shirt so I can take a close look at them?" I suspect any interview would have ended right then and there!

The odd thing, though, is that Crisman blew his own cover a few months later with an angry letter in *Amazing Stories* (May 1947) that included not only his name but his address as well. He also, very interestingly, placed the cave in which he and his late friend Dick had their near-death experience in Alaska.

He was writing in rebuttal of a scathing anti-science-fiction essay that appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, "Little Superman, What Now?" (September, 1946).

Well-known author and literary critic W. S. Baring-Gould, reporting on the first postwar science-fiction convention, had cited Crisman's unsigned letter as an example of all that was bad about science fiction.

Palmer not only ran Crisman's rebuttal but, months earlier, had authored one of his own which Harper's ran in its November 1946 issue. Palmer said Baring-Gould "does not understand the 'Shaver Mystery,'" and that he, Palmer, stood behind every editorial word about the mystery and was not perpetrating a hoax. Baring-Gould responded, doubtless with tongue firmly in cheek, that he found this response "very reassuring."

So there's Ken Arnold, flush with Palmer's \$200 expense money, flying to Tacoma, totally unaware of any of this. And given what we know of Arnold, I've often wondered if he would have gone if he had known. But go he did, lifting off from his cow-pasture airfield shortly after dawn on Tuesday, July 29, 1947. **UFO**

(To Be Continued in Issue #155)

George W. Earley, UFO's Opinionated Oregonian™, lives and writes from one of Mount Hood's old glacial moraines, not too many air miles from Arnold's June 24, 1947 flight path.

The Randle Report

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The article said:

Col. R. B. Willingham, CAP squadron commander, has had an avid interest in UFO's for years, dating back to 1948 when he was leading a squadron of F-94 jets near the Mexican border in Texas and was advised by radio that three UFO's "flying formation" were near. He picked them up on his plane radar and was informed one of the UFO's had crashed a few miles away from him in Mexico. He went to the scene of the crash but was prevented by the Mexican authorities from making an investigation or coming any closer than 60 feet. From that vantage point the wreckage seemed to consist of "numerous pieces of metal polished on the outside, very rough on the inner sides."

Please note the date, which is 1948, his claim to have been leading a squadron of F-94s, that he saw the UFOs on his plane radar, and that there were three of them. Notice also that he was not allowed very close and that the Mexican authorities were investigating. Note that it clearly says CAP and nothing about the Air Force or Air Force Reserve. And if you looked carefully, you wonder how he would have gotten out of the Army in January, attended a military flight school, and then been assigned to an operational squadron before the year was out.

Now, fast forward to 1977. Willingham has created an affidavit about his experiences, probably at the insistence of Zechel. He is being touted as a retired Air Force colonel, although technically, if he is not receiving a pension or eligible for a pension, he is not retired. His story is a little different.

In that affidavit he said:

Down in Dyess Air Force Base in Texas, we were testing what turned out to be the F-94. They reported on the [radar] scope that they had an unidentified flying object at a high speed to intercept our course. It came visible to us and we wanted to take off after it. Headquarters wouldn't let us go after it and it played around a little bit. We got to watching how it made 90 degree turns at this high speed and everything. We knew it wasn't a missile of any type. So then we confirmed it with the radar control station on the DEW Line (NORAD) and they kept following it and they claimed that it crashed somewhere off between Texas and the Mexican border. We got a light aircraft, me and my co-pilot, and we went down to the site. We landed out in the pasture right across from where it hit. We got over there. They told us to leave and everything else and then the armed guards came out and they started to form a line around the area. So, on the way back, I saw a little piece of metal so I picked it up and brought it back with me. There were two sand mounds that came down and it looked to me like this thing crashed right in between them. But it went into the ground, according to the way people were acting around it. But you could see for, oh I'd say, three to five hundred yards where it had went across the sand. It looked to me, I guess from the metal that we found, chunks of metal, that it either had a little explosion or it began to disintegrate. Something caused this metal to come apart.

It looked like it was something that was made because it was honeycombed. You know how you would make a metal that

would cool faster. In a way it looked like a magnesium steel but it had a lot of carbon in it. I tried to heat it with a cutting torch. It just wouldn't melt. A cutting torch burns anywhere from 3,200 to 3,800 degrees Fahrenheit and it would make the metal hot but it wouldn't even start to melt.

So this is slightly different, but not all that much. We're down to a single object, and we have outside radar tracking the thing and a mention of an Air Force base.

The changes continue as Willingham learns more about aviation history and what was happening where. The new story appeared in a book dedicated to Willingham and Del Rio crash. Noe Torres, one of the authors of *The Other Roswell: UFO Crash on the Texas-Mexico Border* (Roswell Books, 2008) along with Ruben Uriate, wrote:

A radio message warned Willingham and others about a fast moving UFO that was approaching Texas from the northwestern U.S. Suddenly it came into their view like an intensely bright light—like a bright star seen through a telescope. It blazed across the sky past them, and everyone in all the planes saw it. But because of the location of Willingham's jet, he was in the best position to see what happened after the object flew by.

Willingham estimated that the object was traveling at two-thousand miles per hour, and he saw it make a sudden 90-degree turn without slowing down. As the UFO streaked toward the Texas-Mexican border, Willingham received permission to break from the formation and pursue the object in his F-86 fighter. Following the object's vapor trail, Willingham followed it down to near Del Rio, Texas, where he saw it suddenly begin to wobble and descend rapidly.

There are additional details about this available. According to the writers of the book, Willingham was part of a group of F-86 fighters, and they were escorting a B-47 across west Texas when they received the message about the UFO. Willingham also said that the object hit the ground south of Langtry, Texas, digging a 300-yard long furrow before coming to rest along side a sandy hill. Uriarte filled in more details when he said:

The aviator [Willingham] returned to the scene of the crash a few hours later. ... They landed the small plane right along side the crashed UFO and noticed that a large number of Mexican soldiers had already taken control of the crash site. They had cordoned off the area and would not allow Willingham or Perkins to approach the main part of the wreckage. However, what they were able to see and look at was so amazing that it forever changed their lives.

Before being forced to leave the area by the Mexican military, Willingham picked up a chunk of strange metal debris that was about the size of a man's hand. He later tried to burn it, cut it, and otherwise deform it, but was not able to.

The question now is what do we do with this story? Witnesses, telling stories from memory, often make small mistakes or alterations in the tale from telling to telling. Dates might shift as the witness consults notes or realizes that he or she has gotten the sequence wrong. We all expect these sorts of things and a report made in the same way, perfectly each time, suggests hoax rather than authenticity.

But where do we draw the line? This report from Willingham has moved from 1948 to 1950 and now to 1955. In his original affidavit, he said that he was flying F-94s but now says it was F-86s.

He first says that he was denied permission to give chase, and then says he was ordered to do so. He mentions the DEW line which wasn't established in 1950 and wasn't operational in 1955.

Couple these major changes to the lack of documentation of an Air Force career and no evidence that he was ever a fighter pilot, and this crash tale fails completely. There are simply too many flaws here to take this story seriously any longer. The preliminary research, had it been done by Zechel when he first learned about Willingham, would have ended this long before we got this far down the road.

Basic research would have ended the problem, but sometimes we just don't do the basic research. It's a lesson that never seems to take. Willingham gave us the clues if we would listen to him. As his story expanded, we should have realized there was something wrong here. When he began to correct errors, errors that he introduced, we should have noted that. When he was caught with anachronisms, we should have realized something was terribly wrong.

We did, finally, learn the lesson. We checked the facts and we now know the truth about the Willingham story. All we can do now is relegate Willingham to a ufological footnote, remember our lesson about checking the basic facts, and move on to something more important. **UFO**

Kevin Randle is the author of *Crash: When UFOs Fall From the Sky: A History of Famous Incidents, Conspiracies, and Cover-Ups* (Career Press, 2010) and the science fiction time travel novel *On the Second Tuesday Next Week* (2010), both available on Amazon Kindle.

View From A Brit

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a Gothic façade added in the 1820s to a design probably by John Buckler. In 1945 the hall, then in a neglected and dilapidated state, was sold by Gerald Bagot, the fifth Baron Bagot, together with its 650-acre estate, to the South Staffordshire Waterworks Company, whose intention was to build a reservoir which was completed in 1953. The fifth Baron died in 1946, having sold much of the contents of the house. His successor and cousin Caryl Bagot repurchased the property and thirty acres of land from the water company and began an extensive programme of both renovation and restoration.

The sixth Baron died in 1961 and bequeathed the property to his widow Nancy, Lady Bagot. In 1986 the hall was divided into four separate houses, the main part of which incorporates the Great Hall and is owned by the Bagot Jewitt Trust. Lady Bagot and the Bagot Jewitt family remain in residence.

It is against this backdrop of ancient woodland and historic and huge old halls that something decidedly strange occurred back in the summer of 1937 when Alfred Tipton was but a ten-year-old boy. And like most adventurous kids, young Alfred enjoyed playing near Blithfield Hall and in the Bagot's Wood with his friends on weekends and during the seemingly never-ending school holidays.

It was during the summer holidays of 1937 that something strange and monstrous was seen in that small yet eerie area of old woodland. According to Tipton, on one particular morning he and four of his friends had been playing in the woods for several hours and were taking a break, sitting on the warm dry grass and soaking in the sun.

Suddenly, says Tipton, they heard a shrill screeching sound that was coming from the trees directly above them. As they craned their necks to look directly upwards, the five pals were horrified by the sight of a large black beast sitting on its haunches in one particularly tall and very old tree and "shaking the branch up and down with its claws tightened around it." But this was no mere large bird, however.

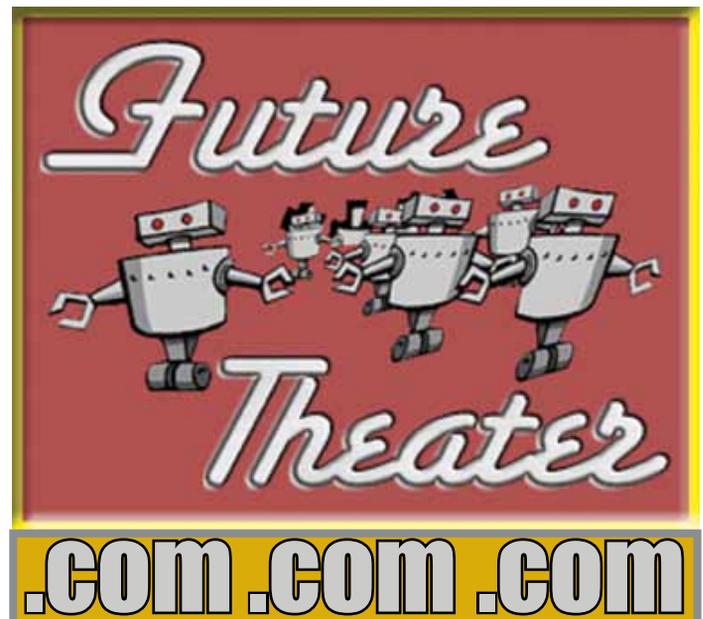
Tipton says that, "It reminded me of a devil: I still don't forget things, and that is what I say it looked like." He adds that the creature peered down at the five of them for a few moments and then suddenly opened up its large and shiny wings, which were easily a combined twelve-feet across, and took to the skies in a fashion that could be accurately described as part flying and part gliding, before being forever lost to sight after perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds or so.

Significantly, when shown various pictures, photographs, and drawings of a wide variety of large-winged creatures that either still roam our skies or did so in the past, the one that Tipton said most resembled the creature he and his mates saw was a pterodactyl. Of course, the pterodactyl is long extinct; however, Tipton is adamant that the beast the boys encountered was extremely similar to the legendary winged monster of the distant past.

Were the boys merely spooked and confused by their sighting of a large, exotic bird, albeit one of a conventional nature and origin and perhaps even a circus or zoo escapee? Or, was some hideous winged-thing, perhaps even Mothman itself, really haunting Bagot's Wood on that fateful, long-gone morning back in 1937?

Sadly, probably neither we nor Alfred Tipton will ever know the answers to those thought-provoking and controversial questions. It's intriguing to note, however, that the woods in question were the site of a series of strange and ominous animal mutilations in 1978, mutilations very similar to those that have been reported all across the United States since the 1960s. Methinks we have not heard the last of the winged fiend of Bagot's Wood. **UFO**

Nick Redfern's new book, cowritten with Ken Gerhard, is *Monsters of Texas* (Center for Fortean Zoology Press, 2010), a study of strange creatures, including the so-called Texas Chupacabras, in the Lone Star State.



21st Century Radio

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“Fundamentalist thinkers are by nature convinced that their views and beliefs are the correct and true ones,” he said. “They leave no room for doubt in their convictions and are not open to any sort of modulation in their thinking. When applied to the sweeping questions we find ourselves facing in UFO studies, this kind of inflexibility can be problematic, but when religious fundamentalist thinking is involved, it has the potential to be positively dangerous.”

Fundamentalists and the Danger of Disclosure

Reflecting on the ramifications of the so-called disclosure movement, Robbins wondered if the urge to stone someone for their belief in UFOs would transfer over to an urge to attack a government that went public with its own UFO research, thereby admitting a belief in their off-world origin. Would militant fundamentalists conclude that said government is in collusion with, or at least deceived by, the fallen angels they believe to be piloting these craft?

Although all of Robbins’s respondents sadly agreed that disclosure could lead to the possibility of domestic terrorism by a true extremist, they all stressed that no one with a heart belief as opposed to a mind belief in his or her Christianity would ever take part in such a heinous act. Joseph Jordan in particular is among those who support the release of all pertinent classified UFO information, feeling as he does that this would result in an honest discussion between the citizenry and the government and act as a wake-up call for Christians to, as he says, make a choice.

Robbins was surprised along the way to realize the inaccuracy of one of his own preconceptions, based on the Brookings Institute study of 1961 and several Air Force studies, that religious communities would fracture upon the official acknowledgement of an extraterrestrial intelligence. A new study on whether extraterrestrial intelligence was a threat to religion published in the *MUFON UFO Journal* by Reverend Ted Peters and Julie Froehlig concluded, on the other hand, that not only would official ET acknowledgement not create a crisis for most people of faith, it would not upset their belief in God either.

“For many folks,” explained Robbins, “it would reinforce their belief in God because it suggests that the miracle of creation extends out to the farthest edges of the universe and the solar systems beyond.” Indeed this warm and fuzzy ideal is the utopian vision seen as the final benefit of disclosure.

We might finally begin to think of ourselves as human beings first, says Robbins, “and as Americans, or Canadians, or Indians, or Christians, or Jews, or Hindus, or Blacks, or Whites, second.” Or as Dr. Bob is fond of putting it: We are one people on one planet. Robbins’ point is that such a rapprochement of humanity’s priorities can also bring with it the potential for conflict between those who are ready to embrace the one-people-one-planet philosophy and those who live in fear and prefer to cling to the us-and-them mentality.

A much longer version of Robbins’s presentation in the proceedings from the MUFON symposium is highly recommended. In addition to the fundamentalist question, he also examines official UFO acknowledgement from the perspectives of politics and media. While holding those in the so-called dis-

closure movement in the highest regard for their efforts, Robbins is warning that before opening Pandora’s box we must be prepared to take full responsibility for whatever follows in the wake of such an announcement.

Peter Robbins is one of the chief investigators of the famous Bentwaters-Woodbridge Air Force Base UFO encounters in England and the coauthor of *Left at East Gate: A First-Hand Account of the Rendlesham Forest UFO Incident, Its Cover-Up and Investigation* (Marlowe & Co., 1997). He has written and lectured extensively on the subject of UFOs and government secrecy for more than 30 years, and has appeared on, or been a consultant to, numerous television and radio shows, both in the U.S. and abroad. **UFO**

Article prepared by Laura Cortner. Transcription by Dr. Mike Donahue.



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Beyond the Dial

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ously Lan Lamphere is one smart cookie to have talked these two into doing a weekly show together. I am also very happy that Nancy is finally involved in something other than just toiling over editing *UFO Magazine*. Nancy is such a smart and wonderful woman, and it is about time that someone put her out there where everyone can hear her and know that. I doubt that most people realize the hard work that Nancy puts into this magazine, and I don't think she ever gets enough credit for it.

Back to the great guests before it seems like I am sucking up to Nancy too much! If you want the real story of the Flatwoods Monster, the one you didn't get from *MonsterQuest*, you will hear it when you listen to the fantastic interview with Frank Feshchino and Alfred Lehmberg. Oh, but it covers a lot more than just the Flatwoods Monster, including the military's early attempts to shoot down UFOs. Were they successful? Guess you will have to listen to find out.

I also very much enjoyed the interview with Jim Channon, who was featured in *UFO Magazine* just a couple months back. He is played by Jeff Bridges in the 2009 film *The Men Who Stare at Goats* and is a major part of the book by Jon Ronson (Simon & Schuster, 2005).

Jim has many mind-blowing concepts and some of those are about ETs, but many are not. I think Channon has a philosophy that could be of use to all of us. Yes, many will call it New Agey, but if it works, if it is true, we shouldn't worry about what others may call it or if they snicker about it.

So now you are bound to be wondering where you can listen to *Future Theater*, and it is easy: You simply go to www.futuretheater.com and there you will find the shows I have mentioned and many more that you can download and listen to on your computer or iPod via iTunes. You can listen to *Future Theater* live every Saturday from 6 to 8 PM Eastern Daylight Time at the same site.

Adios until next month! **UFO**

Lesley Gunter lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She has been interested in UFOs and other strange phenomenon since she was a child. During the past few years she has had more time to devote to these interests.

You can find out more about her by visiting her blog *The Debris Field* at <http://thedebrisfield.blogspot.com>, or reading her weekly column *Grey Matters* at www.binnalofamerica.com.

A complete list of links to shows in this column are at www.thedebrisfield.net/beyond. Email Lesley with questions or comments at lesleyinnm@gmail.com.

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The Orange Orb

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Exasperating Astral

It's frustrating for many to deal with this aspect of the UFO phenomena. It's elusive and hard to prove; the only data, just about, is purely anecdotal, and so many fight against honestly dealing with this psychic side because they believe that in doing so it makes them and the study of UFOs less credible.

But experiences and encounters involving aliens and UFOs via telepathy, psychic communications, astral travel, and meditation are a very real part of the UFO experience. Aside from the specific situations I mentioned here, I've also experienced entities related to UFOs in these ways, as have many others.

Some of this may sound like the goofy, quaint adventures of the contactees or New Age faux gurus. So be it. I'm still working on getting over my own squeamishness about being so upfront about all this New Age kind of stuff, but I'd be a liar and not holding integrity if I said otherwise.

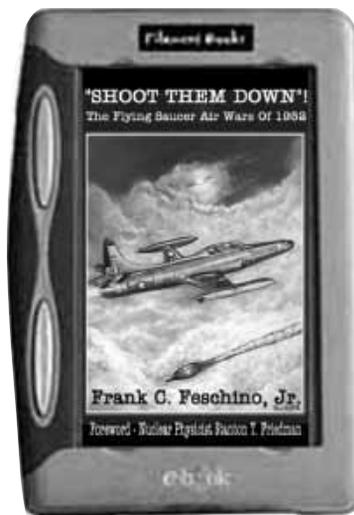
I mentioned the electrical feeling; it's something that many—including myself—experience in haunted locations. In all cases there were people with a history of UFO experiences or at least paranormal experiences. Or both.

These UFO encounters are certainly alien, on an astral plane, or in some in-between and in-between state. It's our job to seriously research these stranger UFO experiences. The clue to part of the answer is within this psychic connection. **UFO**

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Looking back on it now, it seems ludicrous. But, I was much younger then and Buckley's logic over a few whiskies certainly appeared to have merit. Salinger and I were both VFMA graduates, we both had served in intelligence in the Army, both New Yorkers, and as Buckley said, my most valuable asset was the above, plus my youth. Salinger was reputed to have had a soft spot for youth. I would find out years later that the Academy had approached him many times with no success, but I was innocent in my mission, blissfully unaware of this nugget of intelligence before I happily agreed to make my approach to J. D. Salinger.

As any good university fund-raiser will tell you, the normal modus operandi for approaching a high profile alumnus would be a well-written letter followed by a phone call. But back then I had no experience in such matters. In fact, all I was trained in or had any life skills in was the art of espionage and investigation.

So with a few days off from my day job of fighting communists, promoting democracy in the four corners of the globe, and keeping all Americans safe in their beds at night, I decided I'd be proactive. I'd go to the town of Cornish, go to the local restaurants and stores, ingratiate myself with someone who was friendly with the Salingers with the goal of being provided with an introduction to Cornish's solitary citizen, the venerable Valley Forge alumnus and famed American writer.

If you're asking, "You call that a plan?" It was. I can honestly tell you that I got tasked with forty-eight hours notice to go to the Basque country in Spain by the powers that be in the U.S. government with the goal of identifying the head of the Basque terrorist group ETA. Five weeks later I was sitting on his porch having a cigar with him, and he was one of the most wanted men in Spain.

That's why Operation Salinger didn't seem so difficult in retrospect. After all, when you take into consideration that there were no car bombings in Cornish, my mastery of the English language was far superior to my Basque or Euskadi, the language of the Basque country in northern Spain, and I didn't expect Salinger to be armed, unlike my acquaintances in the Basque Country.

When I arrived in the New England town of Cornish, New Hampshire, my optimism about my future success grew. This was a small town with a population of less than two thousand people. It reminded me of my hometown of Port Jefferson, New York, where I spent my formative years.

This was a typical upper-middle-class slice of Americana, where after spending a few days, one could start to develop some rapport with various long-time residents and gain some valuable insights into the comings and goings of any high profile resident such as J. D. Salinger. You have to keep in mind that the state motto is Live Free or Die, so I figured once you gain a little trust and rapport, the people of Cornish were probably great conversationalists.

It wasn't that easy. What I discovered immediately was that they were very protective about where Salinger and his wife lived and the places they liked to frequent, which told me a lot about the fondness the town had for the Salinger family.

But a good intelligence operative never gives up his sourc-

es, so preserving anonymity, I met up with a charming gent I will call Bob who had been to the Salinger home and had nothing but nice things to say about the author. Bob was apparently a friend of the family and over a cup of coffee and some lunch he asked me frankly why I was so curious about Salinger, and as most of us learn in life, the truth is usually best, so I explained what my goal was.

Bob started laughing because he had thought I was with the FBI, and it was the talk of the town that Salinger was being investigated. He went on to tell me that I looked and dressed like the FBI agent from the 1990 television show *Twin Peaks*, Dale Cooper, and that I loved the various local homemade pies.

He said that the joke of the town was whether they had seen Agent Cooper today! My black suit and upright carriage convinced the locals that I was not the usual Dartmouth journalism student, and as my new friend said, "You are too buttoned down and well-dressed to be the usual crackpot writer looking to meet J. D. for inspiration."

We ended our lunch, and he told me he would see what he could do to arrange a meeting with Salinger but couldn't make any promises. He was glad, however, that I wasn't an FBI agent. I reassured him again that I was not, although in real life I had gone to Federal Law Enforcement Training.

In an ironic moment, my new friend told me he served as a former paratrooper in the Army and asked me if I had been a paratrooper too. I responded with that immortal word, *Airborne!*, and a big smile came over his face. Bob told me he would do all he could to arrange the meeting, and by the way, he thought I would be interested to know that Salinger loved *Twin Peaks* and that I might be in luck.

Two days later Bob picked me up at my quaint B&B and drove me to the front gate of the Salinger home. He informed me that Salinger would come down and say hello to me, but not to expect much, since he only agreed to meet me after Bob had convinced him that I wasn't a loony or an FBI agent.

After about ten minutes I saw a dashing figure come walking up to the gate. My first impression was how striking he looked, and the first words out of his mouth were, "So you're shilling for Valley Forge Military Academy. Is that what I'm to understand?"

I must say he didn't look happy, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Bob's head fixated on the ground, which is not the best body language for someone who just provided an introduction! So, being a New Yorker and in a rare moment of spontaneous levity, I looked him dead pan in the eye and told him that while I didn't work for Valley Forge, the accounting department at the school discovered that he owed some tuition money from the 1930s and that I had come to collect!

He burst out laughing and responded that he thought they had finally caught up with him about the library books he had never returned, and that, as Bogart said in *Casablanca* (1942), was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. He then put a hand on my elbow and said let's take a walk. Bob left us to our own devices and offered a lift back later when I needed it.

Over the years I have read various accounts of how introspective J. D. was, but on that day I found him to be both witty and surprisingly familiar with current events and pop culture and not at all what I had expected from a supposed eccentric recluse. He told me that he had only agreed to meet me because I wasn't a writer or a reporter and that he was

intrigued that I would come so far and go to such lengths to propose something to him as an alumnus.

He was gracious regarding Valley Forge Military Academy and told me that he had exorcised his demons about his time there, and he thought that the school had merit but he was absolutely not interested in promoting or donating to the school. If I remember correctly, his exact words were, "Writers should write and celebrities should do interviews, I am not a celebrity."

He did tell me that he served in intelligence during World War II and was at the Normandy landing at Utah Beach—which he called the Meat Grinder—and the Battle of the Bulge. He went on to inform me that he had served in the 12th Infantry and had worked with the OSS as a translator and intelligence officer.

Like any good writer, he was a good listener, and I remember him asking me why I went to VFMA and specifically to tell him the truth and not the yearbook answer. Apparently my reason was similar to his. He wanted to get away from his family in New York, which gave us both a laugh. He said you have to be young to believe that you can gain independence by going to a military academy!

We laughed about the Agent Cooper *Twin Peaks* joke in town. He told me that he loved that TV show but not to let it become common knowledge. I said that I pictured him reading Tolstoy, not watching prime time TV shows. The statement that shocked me most for someone who was supposedly a recluse was that he told me he wanted to be an actor when he was young because he loved drama.

He asked me what my favorite movies were, and the first thing that came to mind was *Casablanca*. He told me that he had sold one of his stories which was made into a movie. I never saw it, but he said it wasn't a great experience.

I naturally asked him what modern movies he liked and was expecting him to say something serious like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* (1966), so when he replied that he thought *Terminator* (1984) was a great movie, I really thought he was pulling my leg. But, I believed him, especially when he became so animated about the underlying metaphors of the *Terminator* and the resistance fighters in World War II.

He did ask me what spy novels I thought were good, and I told him I liked Fredrick Forsyth because I felt they were realistic. And in a moment of seriousness, he said to me that the worst thing about being in intelligence was the loss of innocence for anyone who chooses that field. It was obvious to me that he was referring to himself.

Two hours later he walked me back to the car and apologized that he couldn't make my trip more worthwhile. I told him that it was a great adventure to have spent a few days in Cornish and to have met him. He told me that I should pick up F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), because as a Long Islander and a young man with a spirit of adventure, I would really appreciate the book. With that he said goodbye, and we never spoke again.

Years later, on hearing about J. D. Salinger's death, I thought of our short time together and the lesson that I learned from him and from working in intelligence. Sometimes, things are rarely what they seem. **UFO**

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Rocket Scientist

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ally had a very similar dress—her wedding dress—kept for that long without having any of the same stuff on it.

Dunning is equally cavalier in trying to toss out the star map work done by Marjorie Fish. Surprisingly, he mentions her by name, then totally misrepresents what she did. He says she read a book. Of course he doesn't mention that it was John Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey: Two Lost Hours "Aboard A Flying Saucer"* (Dial Press, 1965) and that she visited Betty to get more data. "It's seven or eight random dots connected by lines," he says.

More nonsense; there are fifteen dots. The lines make sense: nearest star to nearest star. "She then took beads and string and converted her living room into a three-dimensional version of the galaxy based on the 1969 Gliese star catalog."

The fact of the matter is she built twenty-six different 3D models of the local galactic neighborhood, out 55 light years, at most, from the sun. The biggest model was a three-foot cube, hardly living-room size, and was used as a teaching tool by Dr. Walter Mitchell, chairman of the astronomy department at the Ohio State University. He and Marjorie and Betty are all in the 1979 movie *UFOs Are Real*.⁶ The galaxy is about 100,000 light years across. Most of the work was done before the Gliese catalog was published. Nobody doing what she did before the Gliese was published could have identified the stars because the correct distance data had not been available.

Of course, Dunning says "Zeta Reticuli" when there are two stars, Zeta 1 and Zeta 2 Reticuli. The constellation is Reticulum. He makes no note of the fact that they are the closest to each other pair of sun-like stars in the neighborhood—one-eighth of a light year apart—and a billion years older than the sun and 39.3 light years from earth and that all the pattern stars are sun-like, although only 5 percent of those in the neighborhood are and that all the sun-like stars in the 3D volume represented by her models are part of the pattern and that they are all in a plane.

He claims that anybody could have made a crude drawing using the Gliese data, which was not published until eight years after the event! He makes claims about Carl Sagan and other astronomers' comments, but neglects to say they don't stand up to careful review such as provided by astronomy writer Terence Dickinson.^{7,8}

He concludes this mockery of journalism and science: "The Betty and Barney Hill abduction story has every indication of being merely an inventive tale from the mind of a lifelong UFO fanatic. It is unsupported by any useful evidence and is perfectly consistent with the purely natural explanation."

I have been unable to find any biographical data about Dunning, although there is a well known flautist with the same name. His piece—there are many other false claims besides those noted above—stands as a monument to laziness, misrepresentation, bias, and ignorance. It is almost pure baloney, an inventive tale from the mind of an anti-UFO fanatic. No, I have no idea why he and other debunkers are so determined to ignore the UFO evidence. **UFO**

Stanton Friedman can be contacted at www.stantonfriedman.com or via email: fsphys@rogers.com, or order his books, papers, and tapes directly: UFORI, PO Box 958, Houlton, ME 04730-0958

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Coast to Coast AM

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The world of journalistic ufology is also heavily impacted by the work of many writers in the blogosphere. The bloggers can always get the jump on traditional print columnists and writers because they're out there with their research and opinion first.

See a strange-looking triangle over an airport in China or a spiral over Norway in a YouTube video, and the next thing you know, there are twenty blogs writing about the event, reporting on witness observations of the event, and fielding opinions from other posters reacting to the blog. If you're writing a book about new UFO phenomena, by the time the book is out in print the phenomena is old.

Inside the UFO community, old phenomena is still phenomena because members of the UFO community, when they're not attacking one another over personality or other issues, tend to be cheerleaders so as to get the word out. In ufology, where is the new material coming from? I'm sure that there are sightings every day. Spend some time on YouTube and you'll see some very interesting things. People with cell-phone cameras are putting up so much material that if I were in charge of maintaining the UFO cover-up I'd be pulling my hair out.

But the discussions in ufology are simply running out of steam as they repeat the same arguments without much new substantive evidence. Rather than a rant, I want to find ways to keep ufology fresh and alive, to encourage folks to look at information from new perspectives, and to bring new analyses to some of the older cases.

For folks who are taking photos, shooting video from whatever devices they have: Don't be afraid to share it. For people who say they're having encounters: Don't be afraid to talk about them. On *Coast to Coast* we have open phone lines and lots of guests who would love to hear your stories. My lines are always open. Call in. **UFO**

George Noory is America's top nighttime radio talk-show personality as host of the nationally syndicated *Coast to Coast AM* on the Premiere Radio Network. His books, cowritten with *UFO Magazine's* publisher William J. Birnes, are *Worker in the Light: Unlock Your Five Senses and Liberate Your Limitless Potential* (Forge, 2006) and *Journey to the Light: Find your Spiritual Self and Enter into a World of Infinite Opportunity True Stories from those who made the Journey* (Forge Books, 2009), available at www.Amazon.com.

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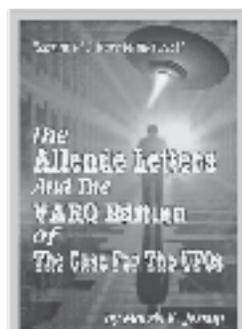
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Rick's Picks

By Popular Request: Some Current Timely Sightings!

by Rich Troppman

Before we get into the UFO reports, I want to relate a great message I received from a reader named Jill recently. She says that upon receiving her latest *UFO Magazine* in her mailbox, the first article she turns to is “Rick’s UFO Picks.” As I read this I’m thinking, well, you can say this kind of stuff to me all day long. I will neither argue nor get bored with this kind of verbiage.

Of course as you know, I’m kidding. Sort of. But while I am already off point here, I might as well mention the fact that nearly all of you who kindly take the time to write me will usually open with a comment similar to Jill’s. Of course I have to tell you, this flatters me to no end. So naturally, opening a message to me with these kinds of comments will always get you a whole lot of mileage right off the bat with me.

I would guess you’re already thinking: Rick! When you write an article, why don’t you try having a point? It makes it soooooo much more interesting for the reader. So, OK. I will get to the point; Jill says she would really enjoy it if I



would throw in a recent sighting or two once in awhile.

She says, “August 1967, November 1981, July 1979 are fine. Are there none in recent years?” Thank you, Jill. Your point is well taken. I will see what I can do.

One more quick thought before we move on to this month’s UFO sightings reports. Recent rumblings in Washington, Denver, Colorado, and elsewhere suggest that UFO disclosure could be in the offing, possibly within the somewhat near future. I do not usually get too excited about these kinds of rumors because as you know, it has never happened in the past sixty-plus years.

I realize—and I am sure most of you do as well—that we have heard this all before, and in fact, many times before.

But recent events have suggested that there may be a new White House Extraterrestrial Affairs Commission or ETA Commission in the offing, which obviously would be good news for most anyone interested in the existence of UFOs.

I know we have all heard this before, of course, at least a thousand times, possibly even more. But this time it rings just a bit more promising than the usual run-of-the-mill type disclosure rumors have in the past several years.

In a recent study, it was found that better than 81 percent of the American public believes in the existence of UFOs, and the same percentage of the public believes that the United States government has been actively covering up the reports of these craft and their occupants from the general public, at the very minimum, since the beginning of World War II.

The U.S., along with other government entities, has proven time and time again that by simply making up and slipping an extra fact or two of completely ridiculous disinformation into an otherwise very valid report, one can easily make a solid witness look like a complete lunatic. They have shown that it is extremely simple to make the whole subject seem as if there is nothing more to it than a bunch of paranoid crazies or drug addicts misidentifying common astronomical and aeronautical phenomena.

For the public, most of whom are very uninformed on the subject in the first place, this is an easy thing to accept. I believe, however, that the governments of the world are finally waking up to realize that many of the people are simply not willing to buy these ridiculous explanations any longer.

The fact that there is and has been a UFO cover-up perpetuated by the United States and other governments of the world is no longer simply a rumor brought forth by paranoid conspiracy theorists, as they would have us believe. This is a simple and obvious fact which is now being uncovered by witnesses who are talking.

These are the very witnesses who were there at many of these events which have been long covered up and denied by our governments time and time again. There is now in place a long-standing policy of cover-up.

I really don’t know why the government has been so intent on covering this up the past several decades, but I can make several of what I feel are very likely guesses as to just why this has been indeed occurring, really of all my lifetime, and much longer. The number-one reason for this cover-up is almost certainly the fact that the U.S. military, as well as all militaries



of the world, have absolutely no control over the comings and goings of these strange craft in our airspace and waterways. If the occupants of these craft decided they would like to become hostile towards us, there would be little, or more likely absolutely nothing, we could do the stop them.

After so many years of UFO cover-up, what's a government to do? I contend there is a very simple solution to this government disclosure problem which would easily be accepted by the general public if the governments of the world were willing to do it. In my humble opinion, if the U.S. government were to come forward with a press conference to admit they have indeed been investigating the UFO problem all this time, all they would need to say is this: "It is true that the U.S. has been actively investigating the UFO phenomenon since World War II. However, our investigations are classified top secret.

"It is because of this that we can not disclose any of our findings at this time. We do request the public help out us in our efforts by reporting any UFO sightings you might have at our website www.ufoinvestigations.gov."

If they were to come forward with a simple statement similar to my proposal, they would no longer be seen as lying to the public, and they would not be required to answer the many thousands of questions which would obviously be asked by simply citing the status as classified.

I thought I should bring this to your attention so that maybe you can do your own investigation into this matter and see for yourself whether or not this news holds any water. If interested, a good jumpoff point for you is to begin your investigations into the ETA Commission, would be www.extracampaign.org. Also, we should support these UFO disclosure advocates wherever we can. For more information, visit Steven Greer's UFO disclosure project at www.disclosureproject.org.

So, without further ado, let's get on to the sightings. First up is an interesting sighting which occurred in the Omaha, Nebraska area on August 18, 2009. The witness viewed this strange cigar-shaped UFO for about thirty seconds before it disappeared from view.

UFO Vanishes Before Witness's Eyes

I have never experienced an incident in which the sight of something unfamiliar in the sky has compelled me to believe

it to be foreign to earth. However, I do seriously entertain the idea that there is intelligent life elsewhere in the vast depths of space, albeit with a small dose of skepticism. I do not want to jump to the conclusion that what I just encountered was truly an alien aircraft, but its behavior puzzled me.

At around 18:40 P.M. on Tuesday, August 18, 2009, I was at work and decided to take a break for a cigarette. I was seated on the loading dock, facing south, when something in the sky caught my eye. The sky was very clear, almost cloudless, and I distinctly saw a white shape—which I first believed to be a normal commercial airplane—traveling west.

After further inspection I realized that the object did not resemble any airplane I had seen before since it had no markings on it. It also didn't have any distinct shading; by that I mean to say that I could not concretely identify any appendages that would normally be visible such as the wings. It was also traveling at a higher speed than a plane like that normally seems to move.

It was quite far away, and I do not have the best eyesight. I could not hear the roar of any engine, but that is most likely due to the distance. Also, there was no cloudy trail left behind in the craft's wake. While I was still inspecting the object, keeping it in my line of sight, it vanished. I got off the loading dock so I could have a better view of sky above me and searched for the object, but I could not find it.

Very interesting; when I hear this kind of report over and over again of an object simply vanishing in front of the witness's eyes, I have to start believing that there may be some truth to this phenomenon. Next up; this sighting of fiery spherical objects was reported within thirty minutes of the



event occurring in the Mill Creek district of south Everett, Washington, August 18, 2009 with a duration of about two minutes.

Flying Fiery Spheres Spotted Over Everett, Washington

It's been roughly thirty minutes since the experience. My girlfriend and I had just finished a long walk in the park and were now ten to fifteen feet from the car. It had just gotten dark with a barely noticeable hint of light off in the sunset horizon. The parking lot was slightly lit with a few street lights but still dark.

From one split second to the next, a very bright glowing



object caught my eye from behind one of the treetops slightly to my right. I immediately grabbed my girlfriend and pointed it out to her. It seemed to take a quick second before it registered to her; then as I remember her words, “Oh, my gosh.”

At this moment I thought I was seeing a flaming meteorite coming toward the Mill Creek area from the northwest sky. I thought it was going to impact upon Mill Creek, a small suburban area adjacent to the south end of Everett. It was heading southeast toward the ground. A second object followed directly behind the first in the exact same path.

The airborne objects proximity seemed to be approximately one to two miles away, somewhat closer to a mile. Their estimated size was impressive, appearing to be the equivalent of a small-to-medium size two-story house. If I were to extend my arm and hold my thumb in the sky to its location, it would have easily doubled the size of my thumbnail, if not larger.

After eight to twelve seconds of first sighting, it became vividly apparent that this was defiantly not a meteorite. There was a brief moment where I wondered if this object was an aflame, out-of-control aircraft. After fifteen to twenty seconds of continued observation, I identified the object as a controlled, somewhat slow-moving object that was not a part of the natural occurring environment.

Shortly after continued observation, the object did appear to have flames coming from it; however they were not out of control. It appeared to have a spherical globe around it containing and controlling the flames. Its steady, even, and concise movements quickly made it apparent that it was not aflame. Moreover, the spherical globe around it became more visible.

These observations were taking place as the object stopped its downward movement toward Mill Creek and began an upward climb out of the city. Its movement was so clean, even, and precise that its rapid ascent was one of the most intriguing points about the entire sighting. It disappeared without seeming like it was moving fast. In an instant it was gone as it appeared to move directly out of our atmosphere. The second object followed suit exactly.

To be 100 percent clear and unswervingly clear about three things:

1. This was not an aircraft even remotely resembling any aircraft within the worldwide public aeronautics industry.

2. This sensory experience defies many laws of physics and rational thought. I am of a scientific mind and have always required tested proof to accept something as fact. These beliefs have all been challenged with this experience. I am forever affected.

3. I now know for a fact that there are things in our reality that we don't have a clue about, that we cannot comprehend. Even if the airborne object I saw was government-owned, it was far beyond explanation. I am finally at peace.

Next up, I have two reports which appear to be of the same object, if on the up and up. Both occurred on August 18, 2009 in the Sedro-Woolley, Washington area. The first witness reportedly spotted the object from his residence at about 1:00 A.M., Pacific Daylight Time. The witness was able to observe the craft for approximately thirty seconds and filed a report ninety minutes later at the National UFO Reporting Center (NUFORC) at around 2:30 A.M. that same morning.

Possible UFO Landing

Around approximately 1:00 A.M., I looked out my bedroom window and saw something very round and large with red, blue, and white lights around it shaped as ovals. It came down from the sky very fast and was directly north by northwest of my residence, climbing over treetop level with smaller lights farther out. I am a trained pilot and thought at first it was a helicopter or rotorcraft or some device such as that. But there was no engine noise at all.

Also, it appeared as if it were trying to land behind the ridge in the woods back there. I saw this craft for thirty seconds approximately. I have seen many strange lights over that ridge over the past three years. Neighbors discussed the strange lights with me. Other than that, I have kept quiet about it. There were many witnesses in the area at the time. Thank you.

Oh, but contraire; thank you goes to the reporting party for taking the time and effort to report your sighting in a timely fashion. The prior sighting was apparently corroborated by yet another witness two days after the first report came in of what appears to be the same exact event.

However, this next report appears to have been witnessed at a much closer vantage point and continued for approximately thirty minutes. In this report the witness gives the same time, date, and location for the event which again took place on August 18, 2009 at about the 1:00 A.M. mark on the old timepiece.

Camper Spots Landed UFO With Occupant

While we were camped out near a ridge, we were seeing a red, blue, and green-shaped UFO go over us many times late at night. We were camped out on top of a ridge which was directly northeast of our home in Sedro-Woolley. We took binoculars, and looking at the object through them we

saw an oval disk-shaped object with blinking lights making a low-pitched humming sound.

It was over the ridge within a small clearing. I did not see it until its lights came on. It was just sitting there for awhile. I was looking through the binoculars and could see what appeared to be a porthole or possibly a small window. I could see a humanoid-shaped head or form which was wearing a space helmet of some kind. This was weird, and I got scared and decided to climb down the ridge and go home. At this point, I've seen enough. I will never climb that ridge again.

I think maybe I would take one more trip to the reported site to see if I could find any trace evidence at the landing spot. But hey, that's just me. Nevertheless, thank you for taking the time to report your sighting. Next, we have a sighting of a strange craft in the skies over San Diego, California. This event took place on a Sunday afternoon, August 23, 2009. The event duration was reportedly around four minutes.

Huge Rectangular Object Sighted Over North San Diego

Yesterday, Sunday, around 1:30 P.M. I was traveling east on Highway 52, about two miles east of the 805 in San Diego and happened to look to the north. Through my driver's side window I observed a huge object in the sky. I'd estimate it was at about five-thousand feet and moving slowly in a northerly direction. The amazing thing was how large it was and also the shape of it.

It was rectangular, just a little bit wider than high. It seemed to have some kind of a band running around the center of it but was hard to make out the detail. I took two quick shots with my cell phone camera.

The first one was off, since I was driving and just trying to point and shoot. The second one I got a shot of the object as it was almost touching the northern horizon and appeared pretty small by this time. The shocking thing was the size and shape of it.

I was initially, I'd estimate, four or five miles from it and it was easily over three-hundred-feet wide and two-hundred-feet tall. The color seemed to be a dull battleship gray.

Another interesting sighting of an obvious strange aerial object. Unfortunately, I do not have the photograph the witness took of the object. Lastly, a strange two-and-a-half-minute sighting out of King City, Ontario, Canada, occurring July 31, 2009 at about 1:30 A.M. local time.

Huge Boomerang Shaped UFO Spotted

I was driving home at around 1:30 A.M. on King Side Road, east of 27. As I was driving, I noticed what looked like a commuter jet flying at about three-thousand feet. As I kept driving, I noticed it wasn't moving very fast. I continued driving east up the hill on King Side Road and noticed that it wasn't moving whatsoever.

I kept driving for about a minute, stopped on the side of the road, got out of the car, grabbed a pair of binoculars I always keep in my car, and started looking at it. I estimated that it was traveling at about fifty miles an hour.

As I was watching it through my binoculars, it had no tail, just wings. Underneath, it had about fifteen yellow and orange lights. There was no sound; it was just quietly humming. As it was going by, I got back in my car, turned it around and started driving west with it, thinking that I could maybe catch up to it. However, by then, a few cars had gone by and were in front of me. This made it difficult for me to catch up to it. I returned to Highway 27 and by then it was maybe a mile ahead of me.

I estimate that in about two and a half minutes it had traveled maybe four miles. I've traveled on various planes, from a Concorde to a jumbo jet, and it certainly was not anything I have seen before. The entire sighting lasted about two and a half minutes. Had that been any kind of airplane, it would have traveled at least twenty to thirty miles. I have no idea what it was, but

I'm certain it wasn't an airplane or a helicopter.

And with that, it is time to wrap up until next time. Thank you Jill for your comments, as well as all of you whom continue to write to me at rick@ufopicks.com. And as always, thank you goes out to Mr. Peter Davenport and his NUFORC, National UFO Reporting Center www.UFOCenter.com for the sightings contained in this column. Don't forget, whenever you step outside your house, do not forget to look up into the sky. You never know what you might see out there in that wild blue yonder. The sky is our window on infinity. And as you know, the sky is the limit. **UFO**

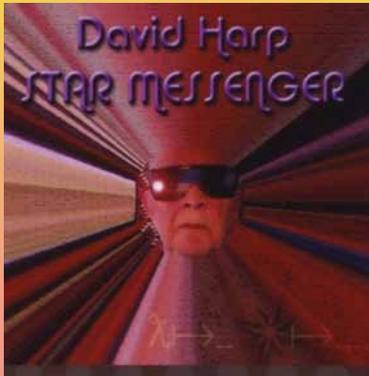
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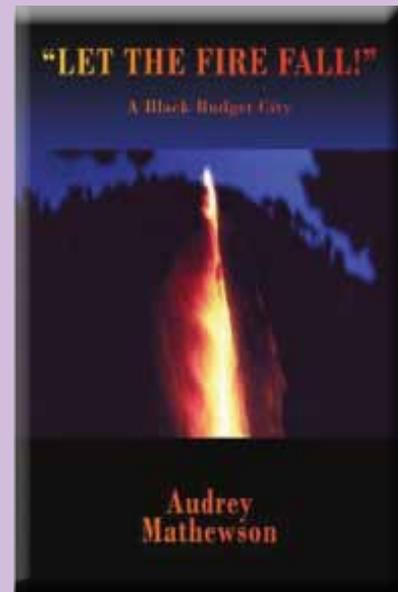


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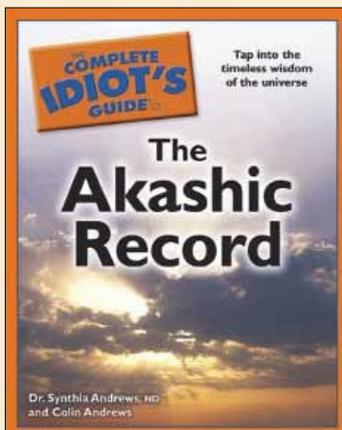
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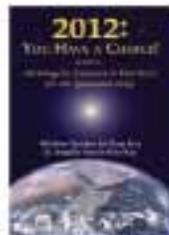


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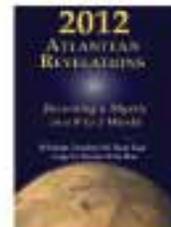
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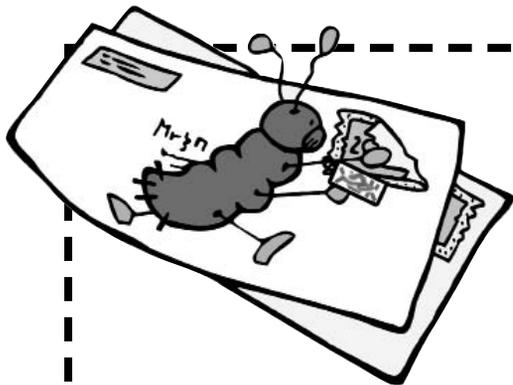
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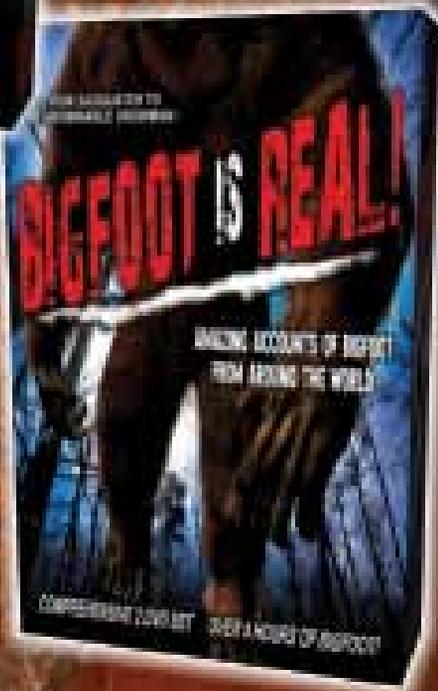
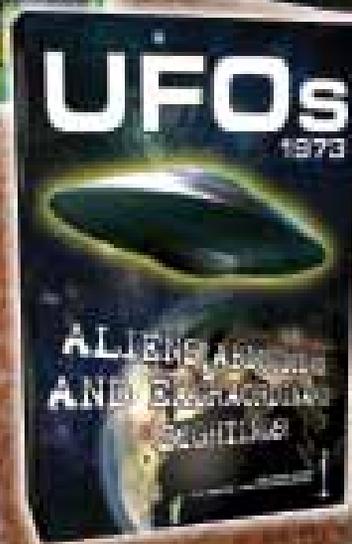
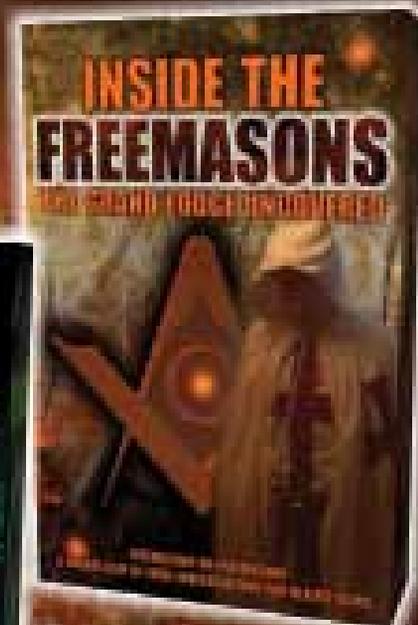
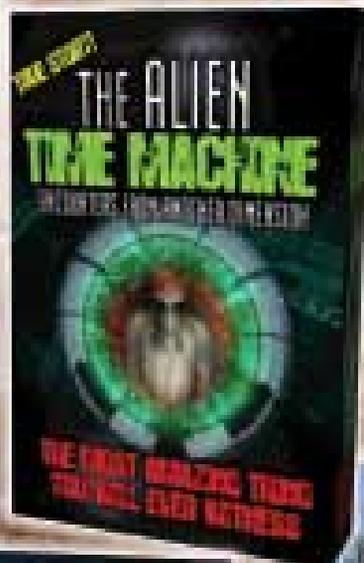
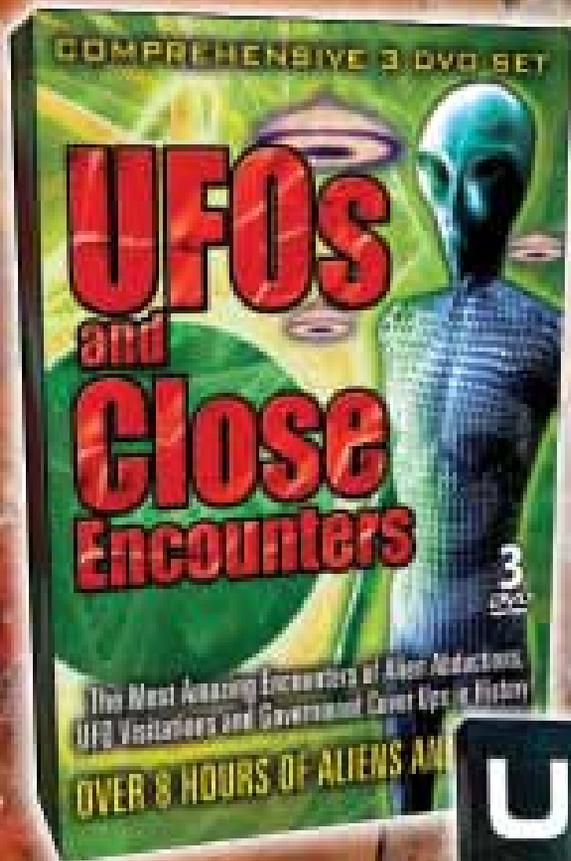
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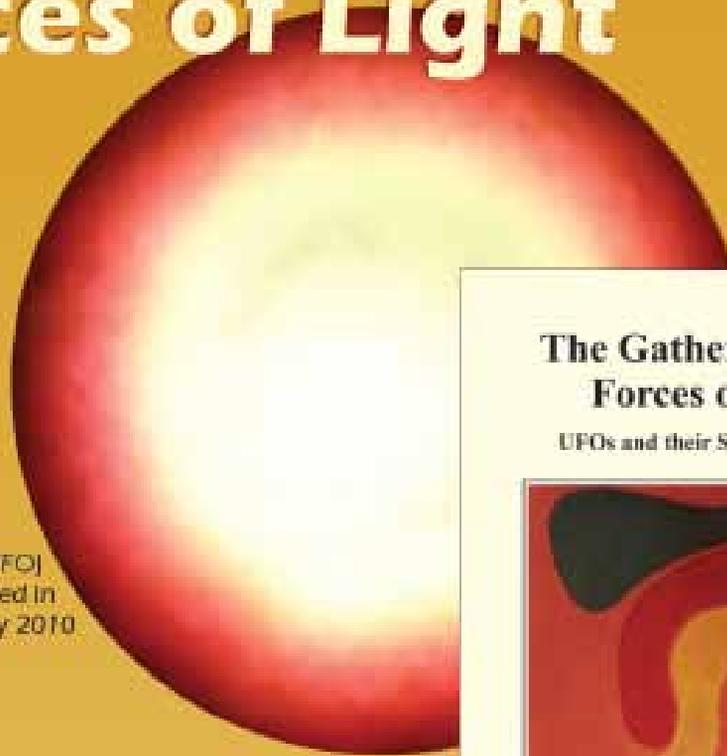
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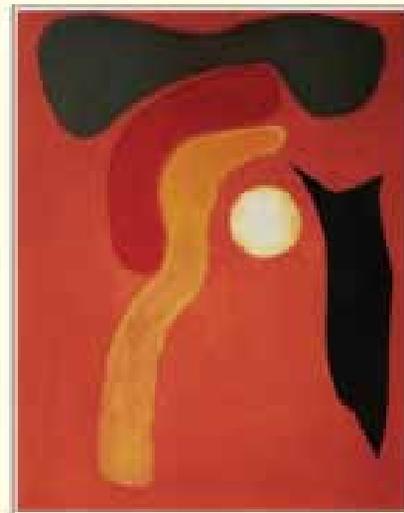


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