

Barbara

The story of a

UFO

INVESTIGATOR

by

**Barbara
Bartholic**

as told to
**Peggy
Fielding**



BARBARA:

The Story of a UFO Investigator

by Barbara Bartholic

As told to Peggy Fielding

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DEDICATION

For Bob Bartholic, who has allowed me to be who I am.

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FOREWORD

When I was a kid growing up in the Ozarks, I lay in mountain meadows gazing up into the stars. I challenged my mind to probe the edges of infinity, a concept I still find impossible to comprehend. It seemed unlikely that there wouldn't be *something* out there other than God. Intelligent life, surely, with an urge as powerful as mine to contact others in the universe. I sometimes pleaded, when very young, for little beings to come down, land, and let me take a look at them. I was disappointed that none ever did.

Skeptics are likely to view with suspicion those among us who believe they have had correspondence with aliens. Who have been abducted, experimented on, taken for flights, or used rather like lab animals by superior intelligences. To the skeptical, what someone believes or, worse yet, feels must come subordinate to what he can see, touch, taste, smell and submit to the scientific rule. The vast majority of UFO sightings and abductions simply cannot pass this test.

However, like Barbara, I became a hypno-investigator. I learned hypnotism while on the police department to use as an aid to jogging the memories of witnesses. Having also possessed a long-time fascination with reincarnation and psychic phenomena. I was soon experimenting with willing subjects in the areas of pre-natal regression and previous life experiences. Although my evidence might not be liable to the scientific rule in any real sense. I soon came to believe in what the renowned psychic Edgar Cayce called "the startling possibility of reincarnation."

Some things you simply have to submit to raw logic without supporting evidence. Therefore, when it comes to UFO sightings, aliens and other related matters. I resort to what I call the "grain of sand" argument.

Walk out onto a long stretch of sandy beach. How many individual grains of sand can you see? Trillions upon trillions. Pick up a single grain, look it over, drop it. Do you think you could ever find it again? More significantly, do you think the entire beach exists for the sole benefit of that one grain of sand?

Change the elements of the argument so that the one grain of sand becomes the earth. The beach becomes the universe of stars and planets. Are we humans SO presumptuous as to believe that the entire universe, infinity itself, was created solely for the benefit of this single grain of sand we call Earth?

Charles W. Sasser, best-selling author of over 50 non-fiction books and novels.

INTRODUCTION

In the early 1980's I had just returned from 21 years of living in countries outside the United States. Newly divorced, still mourning the lost marriage, and finding myself a stranger in my own country, I set about trying to make up a new life.

I resolved to accept any invitation which came my way simply because I desperately needed friends, as well as a way of making a living, and I certainly needed something to focus upon outside of myself.

A man whom I had only talked with a few times, invited me to a dinner party at his house. I accepted, of course. At his townhouse I found him still in the throes of preparing the meal. No other person graced his living-dining room space.

Oh, darn, I thought, or maybe it was, Oh, shoot. After all, I am an Okie. It was certainly one of those epithets. Anyway, I thought, most uncharitably as it turned out, that I'd been lured to his lair with promises of food, talk and friends and I'd been offered none of those things. I was sure I would get the food.

After all, he was madly chopping and slicing and stir-frying just about a foot or so away from where I perched on one of his barstools. I'd been a wife for 21 years so I didn't quite know how I would handle what I was sure would be offered me after the dinner.

Well, John D, let this stand as a public apology for my inner "darns" and "shoots." I answered the door because you had your hands full and I ushered two couples through the narrow hall to the long table you'd set up and in moments we were all sitting down to eat. Your promises, John, were fulfilled. All those folks became my friends. The beautiful, tall, blonde woman was the kicker, though. I, who had always been a thoroughly unregenerate

heterosexual female, could not take my eyes off the woman at the other end of the table. I wanted her to talk and I wanted everyone else to shut up.

As it happened, that woman was Barbara Bartholic and she had my undying attention. I worried a little about myself but not much. I had always been so man crazy. What was it about this *woman* that attracted me so? I learned over the following years, that I was only one of a throng of people who felt the same way. It wasn't a sexual thing at all. It was just that Barbara Bartholic was Big, Beautiful and Beguiling and we all wanted to hear her tinkling laughter as well as her soft, slightly off center speech.

I tend to be straightforward and direct so during the meal I tried putting the woman through the third degree but she slithered right out of my clutches quite nicely, thank you. She threw out fascinating tidbits but never answered any of my pointed questions. She told me later that she was frightened to talk of her work to people she didn't know because she was afraid they "wouldn't understand." In other words she didn't want to be called *crazy* anymore if she could help it.

Our journey toward this book began that night. I have spent many days, weeks, months since then without Barbara's company because I became deeply involved in Tulsa's writers' community, and through my writing I've built myself a good life, but every once in awhile, I'd stop and wonder what was happening with my pal Barbara and when we met it was just as if we had never had those days, weeks, months of absence from each other. For a long time I congratulated myself that our relationship was a rare and special thing. Then I began to notice... everyone who came under Barbara's spell believed that very same thing about his or her relationship with the woman. She has the magic of making the worst clods among us think we are special even if we see her and speak to her for only a moment.

That observation finally gave me some comprehension as to why the suffering abductees clung to her. And why each of them who consulted with her took away something from Barbara which Barbara gave them freely. (Some people may have donated something to her for her work, certainly *I* never saw any money changing hands.) She gave them ease and understanding and demanded nothing in return.

I have tried to follow Barbara's story as closely as possible but interviews and tapes sometimes leave something out or include something that wasn't really in, so I apologize in advance should there be any mistakes or foul-ups. I've known Barbara a long time and have attended many of her meetings. I have also taken suffering friends to her for regressions sessions, which were conducted without my presence, of course, so I tried to come as close as I could to Barbara's true story. I take full responsibility for any glitches that may appear anywhere in her book. She always gave everything to her UFO search and her help for abductees.

That's what she did for me, too, and I'm not even suffering. She tells me I'm probably an abductee myself but I won't admit to that. And she doesn't insist. Anyway, we're still friends and this is her story.

Peggy Fielding
May 2001

Chapter 1

SHOCK

I'd already been investigating UFO phenomena for a few years and had worked with a well-known European UFO scientist when I turned our family room and dining room into a meeting room. My husband, Bob Bartholic, and I began to host meetings in our home about once a month, sometimes oftener.

The people who attended were usually interested in UFOs or some other supernatural field. Usually I spoke, showed videos or introduced other speakers who'd agreed to enlighten us about their specialties.

One of our speakers had been a well-known teacher, hypnotherapist, Dr. Curtis Reeves, who'd traveled regularly across the country sharing his skill with medical doctors and osteopaths, teaching them the art of hypnosis as a useful tool in their treatment of patients. Dr. Reeves' skill fascinated me and I begged him to teach me what he knew. He agreed.

I'd begun my work with him and had progressed to being able to hypnotize a person under his supervision. I really looked forward to the day that I could hypnotize and treat people who'd had UFO experiences. Regressing clients to relive their abduction experience was my goal. Letting people relive a traumatic experience was one way of helping them heal.

For the few years I'd been looking into UFO sightings, cattle mutilations and suspected abductions, I'd always tried to calm the fears and worries that sometimes overwhelmed my clients. I did that by reassuring them that the aliens meant them no harm. Of course, the aliens sometimes did things that frightened or angered my clients

but I assured my friends that the intruders weren't really bad, merely different from us.

During the meetings we held I *always* included the good news that the aliens appeared to be wishing us well, that they wanted only the best for us. Calm, interested, pleasant. That was always the face I endeavored to present to the gathered crowds.

At one of our monthly meetings in 1988, I was, just as usual, assuring the 26 people in attendance that the aliens meant us no harm.

"Of course, we suspect that the aliens are using us for experimentation but even so, most of us in the field agree that, in general, they mean well." I laughed lightly and let my gaze move across the small audience. "They are going to make our world better it seems. Several people who..."

A man, a doctor from Dallas, shouted something. I looked at him. He was someone I had just met. He had come with an older person, a person also unknown to me. He looked to be in his early twenties, wearing jeans and what I thought to be an expensive cashmere sweater. His black hair stood on end because he'd just run his fingers through the curly mass. He took off his glasses and spoke again.

"Lady, you don't know one damned thing about aliens."

"And you do?" This kind of thing had never happened in our meetings before. I glanced at our visiting speaker. He nodded and stood.

"I know what happened to me. You want to hear about that?" The Texan was already out of his chair and moving toward me.

"Well, if Mr. R. will take over for me, you and I can step into one of the other rooms where we can talk privately." I gestured toward my office and he followed me, a frown creasing his forehead. I couldn't understand why this man was so set on disrupting our meeting but I intended to find out. A glance back at the visiting speaker

moving to the front of the room assured me that our other truth seekers were in good hands.

Inside my office I turned to face the man who had interrupted my talk. My suspicion was that he wasn't a skeptic come to make life miserable for us "crazies" as some in the community called us. (I did not want to use the word "crazies" in this context but my co-author insisted. She swears that every time she has heard anyone talking about UFOs or about people who have had any dealing with UFOs, she has heard the word *crazies* or *loons* or something equivalent to those words either muttered or spoken loudly.) More likely, I suspected, the man who had interrupted was an innocent who had had some unexplainable experience for which he wanted an explanation.

Hesitant at first, then excited at the idea, I decided that if he asked I would try to regress this man using my new and hard-earned hypnotic skills. Fear and something else fluttered in my chest. What could we discover together?

"Well...?" I looked at him questioningly. *Let him do the talking* I reminded myself.

Again he ran his fingers through his black hair. He turned slightly away as if he were hesitant to confide in me. He remained silent for long moments.

"Do you believe you've had some sort of UFO experience?" I asked. Maybe he'd need a bit of drawing out. "Have you had some missing time?" No answer. "Do you think you've been abducted?"

"Think! Think! I damn well *know* I have been." Fingers through the hair again. "And it's driving me crazy." His haunted looking brown eyes turned toward me again. "I'm going nuts."

This man was no troublemaker. He was *in* trouble and he needed help. My help.

"What would you like me to do for you?"

“For one thing I’d like you to tell the truth about those guys. They aren’t the guys in the white hats that you say they are. They’re bad news through and through.”

“You’re talking about aliens, UFO entities?”

“You bet your booties.”

I asked if he wanted me to try to hypnotically regress him to explore his experience. He rejected that idea out of hand.

“Why the hell would I want to relive what was the worst moment of my life?”

When I explained that he’d be comfortable and if not, he could be wakened at anytime, I must have said something that reassured him, because in minutes he was stretched out on a pallet I’d made out of the couch cushions and I plopped down to sit on the floor beside him. I’d checked the tape recorder and laid out paper and pencil. I pressed the record button on the machine and so we began our adventure together.

Much abbreviated, this is the story the young doctor began to relive; “My fiancée and I parked in a remote area. We both heard a noise and saw a strange light. We were so frightened that we drove off and arrived at home, still scared to death.”

In essence that is all he and the young woman had remembered afterward. During the rest of the regression session there in my office, he remembered much, much more.

I learned that his fiancée had been raped repeatedly by the “beings” who had abducted them. Those beings he described were clearly not the benign outer space scientists who had only the best in mind for our earth. But that wasn’t all.

Oh, no. To his horror, he had been strapped to a chair much like a reclining dental chair and subjected to repeated electric shock torture for the amusement of the gray aliens. He could hear their laughter every time his body jerked

with an electric jolt. What the man from Texas described, then drew, on several different sheets of paper, during our regression session, almost tore me apart. His drawings, made under hypnosis, shook me to my core. Even though I had never seen the dreadful being he drew, the picture triggered both fear and recognition within me on some deep unconscious level.

I knew I was, at last, looking the enemy square in the face. I also knew that although I had never seen these alien creatures so far as I knew I must have done so. I could not recall any experience with such creatures. Even so, I could not sleep the entire night after our talk. My new client's experiences had filled me with fear and recognition on some deep unconscious level. His recollections had traumatized me.

That moment is when I cracked the egg of all my preconceived notions of reality and UFO intruders. It was at that moment that I truly began to react fully in synch with my clients and with their experiences.

Chapter 2

THE BABY IN THE BUBBLE

The Missouri sky frothed. Clouds wrenched upward, then burst into horizontal columns as explosions of light dashed from one formation to the next. It was August, 1944.

This was a day just two months before 178,000 troops had pushed through the gray fog and landed on the coast of Europe, and one year before the sky over Japan burst into atomic chaos. But here, now, for most of the people of St. Louis, the churning atmosphere meant nothing more threatening than rain.

If anyone had paused to take more than a brief glance at the heavens they might have seen that these clouds were different. Different from the thunderheads that precipitate the air mass thunderstorms, which are so common to the summer skies of the Midwest. If anyone did pause and study the phenomenon, they left no record of their observations.

In Kirkwood, Missouri, just a few miles from St. Louis, I was the five year old girl who stood in her yard and gazed up at the fast changing cumulus. I knew that the strange clouds were the sign that the strangers were coming.

“Um hum.” Better get ready, I thought. I giggled and ran inside, saying aloud to myself. “Dolly.”

My mother, busy with dinner preparations, turned, I suppose, just in time to see me disappearing down the hallway.

“Where’re you... ?”

“Attic.” I called over my shoulder. I was in a hurry. I didn’t want to have to explain. I was sure she knew I visited with those people sometimes.

“Well, slow down.” Mom turned back to her partially peeled potato.

In the attic, I knelt on the rough floor, I clutched the doll and focused my gaze on the empty space in front of me as I’d been taught by them. I focused and concentrated on what was occupying the void between me and the sloped ceiling of the attic.

“Hello,” I said.

I smiled and hugged my doll as I felt myself enveloped by the secure warmth. Like something was around me but I could still see through it. Like... like a bubble, I decided, not really a bubble, what enclosed me couldn’t be seen and even though I could see clearly from inside the space but I wasn’t sure I liked the feeling.

“Yes,” I answered to the unspoken but inwardly heard communication. I remember the light tickling sensation that seemed to fill my stomach. “Yes, I’d like that.”

I felt myself drawn. Drawn away from the familiar muskiness of the attic. I felt drawn to the clear air of glowing space. The earth seemed to fall away below me as I glanced about. I wasn’t frightened. Although I could see everything below, I was inside something, something that protected me. My pretend bubble, I thought.

“Oh. My... what?” I groped for words to express my wonder.

The huge spheres came into my view. Suspended in the emptiness of the sky, were dull aluminum colored globes, the same color as my mother’s old saucepan. The globe closest to me, almost blocked my view of other, more distant orbs.

“We store souls there.” an unseen companion’s voice echoed within my head.

“They live inside?” I turned and looked at the surrounding balls. Looked for windows. I really didn’t want to leave my transparent bubble for their metallic looking ball with no windows. I wanted transparent walls or

windows, something to stare through to see inside, something for the people inside to look out of. But I couldn't see any visible openings.

"How ... how do they see out?" I turned and gazed into the deepening blues of space. "They can't see anything." I felt my companion's answered agreement.

"Nothing to look at anyway, little Barbara."

Again I felt drawn. Drawn, without sensation of movement. I felt as if I were still held in my bubble as I watched the dull sheen of the globes move away from me. I know I didn't feel afraid.

I looked down at my doll which I still hugged firmly to my chest. I'd thought that my friends looked a little like my dolly. That's why I liked to take her along when they came. A warm breeze caressed me and at that moment I felt the rough wood of the attic floor beneath my knees. They'd gone again. I looked upward and peered through the shafts of sunlight spearing the attic vents.

"Bye," I felt a tear trickle down my cheek as I tried to smile at the space above me. "I'll miss you." I whispered the words and hugged my dolly even closer to my heart. "Hope you come back."

It was several days before I finally let the visitors slip from my mind. I wondered and half hoped the strangers would return, but it seemed as if they wouldn't.

Too busy with that old war, I thought, like everyone else. They've forgotten me. So I tried to forget them and let the weeks grow to months and the months to a year. It was in May, 1945 that I heard my mother and father talk about the end of the war in Europe.

And it was in May, 1945 that the intruders returned.

That was the year I found myself again transported to a strange place in the bubble of light. When we went up that time I watched my mother come out into the yard to shake out a rug. Soon we were so far away I could no longer even see our house. During this visit they took me to the big

round room. I was surrounded by the unseen visitors. I could hear their unspoken demands. I was just six but I knew what they were telling me to do wasn't right. I felt heat rising in my cheeks.

"But I don't want to take off my dress," I looked for the being who spoke to me but saw no one. "Not in here. Not in front of everyone. Mama says I should only take off my dress in my bedroom or in the bathroom. I'm not a baby anymore."

The words being spoken into my mind soothed me somewhat and in seconds, before I realized what had happened I stood dressed in only my white cotton panties. I looked down at myself and crossed my hands in front of my chest.

"Why are you doing this to me? I've been a good girl. This isn't fun."

Reassurance warmed my thoughts.

"Special light treatment."

"A very special nutrient light."

"Some of your people call it an ultra violet light."

The ultra violet light was so strong that my panties looked to be a bright glowing white. I stared at the shining beige walls, then at the huge eye-like openings which circled the room high on the walls. Now I understood that it was okay to be undressed.

"Is this your bathroom? It's all tile."

The aliens projected laughter into my mind.

"Not a bathroom. Think of it as a doctor's office. The doctor wants to help you."

"I don't like doctors."

"Then it's okay to call the room a bathroom. You can call your treatment a bath of light."

Something was handed to me. My hands closed around the object. It felt rubbery, with glass in it. I held it up.

"What...?"

The answering thought interrupted my question.

“For your eyes. Protection from the strong light.”

I felt pleased with that explanation.

“Oh, goody. Goggles. Like an airplane pilot.” I lifted the dark green, slightly sticky, stretchy material and stared through the heavy yellow green lenses set in the darker rubber. Hands lifted the goggles and placed them around my head to snap them into place.

“Now, you can stand in the center, on the mat.”

“Can’t I sit down?”

“Yes. In a moment. For about ten minutes we want you to stand up on the mat. For the rest of the treatment you may sit if you like.”

I traced my foot across the soft whiteness of the mat.

“Feels just like a warm blanket.”

The presence of the strangers and their thoughts slowly receded from the place where I was standing.

“Hey, where’re youall going? Don’t leave me here by myself.”

“Don’t worry, little Barbara. We will be just beyond the lights. We don’t need the treatment but you do, so we’ll leave but you must stay.”

“I don’t feel sick.”

“Oh, you aren’t sick. This is to keep you from getting sick. We have found something lacking in your body. The lights will replace the essential elements which are missing.”

I reached up to feel the goggles once again. Maybe they’d give them to me when the treatment was over. My regular doctor always let me take the tongue depressors home after he’d examined me.

“Well, okay.”

I took the light bath but then they wouldn’t let me take the goggles home with me.

I closed my eyes to stop the tears but I was even more unhappy when I opened my eyes to see that I was in the attic again. My mother was leaning over me.

She asked, “Did you go to sleep up here?” Her lips thinned and she shook her head. “I called and you didn’t answer.” I stood up and she brushed dust from my knees and my skirt. “I’ll never understand why you can’t just play in the backyard like a normal child?”

Chapter 3

THE TINY BOX

I hadn't really forgotten my strange adventures in the sky but by the Spring of 1947 it had been so long since my "treatment" at the hands of my visitors that I rarely thought of my forays through space, anymore.

Mother and Daddy and I were planning to move into my grandparent's huge house and I loved exploring their big place, especially the music room. I could be pretty sure that when I was in that room with the grand piano I would be the only one in there. I knew I'd miss the attic in our old house though and one of my favorite occupations was searching through the trunks and suitcases which were full of my mother's discarded clothing.

I thought of her dresses as "lady dresses." My favorite was made of peach colored silk. I'd gotten up enough nerve to put the dress on just as the sun was rising high in the sky. After a quick dance across the room I took off the pale silk and folded it to replace it in the tray of the humpback trunk. It was wonderful to touch and smooth the silk and satin dresses there. A navy blue and an emerald satin dress were nestled into the tray with the peach silk. I tipped the tray up to take one last look at the mass of bright satin, feathers and lace that filled the space below.

"Mama's things are pretty." As I talked I glanced up at the darkening window in the nearest dormer. "I'll choose the green dress tomorrow. To wear when I get to sit at Grandma's piano." I smoothed the satin and silk surfaces once again before I clicked the lid closed. "Gotta hurry. Mama'll be waiting."

The chicken was good but there was the spoonful of green beans that mama had put on my plate and the two slices of tomato. She would never let me be excused from

the table if I didn't eat the whole thing. I ate the beans. Not bad. Then the tomato slices. Pretty good. Lots better than I expected. Now for the porch.

"Can I go to the porch, mama?"

"May I."

"May I?"

"Yes. But stay on the porch."

"Can I go out into the yard?"

"Better stay on the porch."

Just before I let the screen door slip from my hand I turned back and asked her the question I'd been holding back for a week.

"Mama, could I take one of your pretty dresses with me when we go to grandpas?"

"My dresses?"

"You know. The dresses in the attic. The ones you wore when you were a model in St. Louis."

"We'll see tomorrow. Don't slam the screen."

I flipped on the porch light, then allowed the screen door to settle quietly into place. When the light was on the porch seemed more like a platform for performing to me. Maybe the neighbors were looking at me even though it was afternoon. At least I was wearing one of my favorite dresses. The pale blue with the circular skirt. I lifted the side of the skirt and danced a series of pirouettes toward the side banister. When I closed my eyes I could see myself as a beautiful woman in a satin gown, a green satin gown. I could see myself dancing.

"Like Ginger Rogers, maybe," I mumbled, and in my own mind the porch became my lighted stage. Whirl, glide, a tiny run and another whirl. Eyes still closed, I touched the banister at the far end then without looking I whirled the length of the porch, dizzying myself with my wild dance.

I tripped just a little and opened my eyes to the lush green of a wide meadow bordered by trees. The grass was the same color as Mama's satin dress. The meadow looked

like green satin. There was a flash of white, even whiter against the emerald green. Ah yes. My visitors were back and I was off my porch and out of my yard and standing in a green meadow at sunset, surrounded by a grove of trees.

The unseen beings behind me and around me, radiated comfort and protection but still, I felt uneasy, maybe a little afraid. Why were they here now? It was getting nearer to late afternoon back at my house and I just wanted to dance until my mother called me. Mama would worry. She'd warned me, "Don't leave the porch."

"Don't worry," the thought came from the presence closest to me. "You won't be long. We'll take you home in a moment." I could feel the others agreeing with his reassurance. "Your mother will find you dancing on the porch when she comes for you."

I relaxed a little bit. This was different than the times when I was just a baby, different from those two visits to the "doctor's office." The three of them were wearing the heavy linen-like cover-up suits they'd worn before. These were the ones I'd seen before. Back again. And they were talking to me like I was a big girl now.

"Are we going to see the big globes again?" I smiled at the being nearest me who was sending the waves of comfort toward me. Of them all, he was my best friend. I knew he was the leader of the group of three. The one on my left signaled "No."

The one on my right, the one I knew best, the one who was the leader, lifted a lock of my hair. From the corner of my eye I could see my blonde hair curl around his hand. His touch against the skin on my neck caused me to shiver just a little. He was going to put something in my neck, he said.

"No," I shouted out the word in the quiet of the meadow. "No. I don't want it." Now I was changing my mind. These beings weren't "friends," not really.

“It’s just a tiny little box.” Now they were all reassuring me with their thoughts. “A communications box.”

One of the beings took my hand in his. He lifted my little finger. “Look at your little finger,” he touched my fingernail so lightly that I felt no touch. “See? The box is less than half the size of your little nail.”

This kind of stuff didn’t feel like play any more. I shook my head and stepped away from the protective semicircle. I turned to stand facing them. They were making me kind of mad.

“Can’t I just carry it or something? I’ve got to get home. It’s getting late.”

They walked to form a loose circle around me.

“We’ll put the little chip just behind your ear. It won’t hurt.” He showed it again. “There will be a time in your life when there will be great catastrophes and upheavals on earth and this implant will allow you to talk to other people from other universes.”

“Under my skin?” Ugh. I hated that idea.

“Yes. You’ll never even notice it.”

I was then given some sort of vision of my grownup self working with people on a street. There were lots of injured people. I saw myself bend over one person after another, bandaging, comforting, and helping. Somehow I knew that the image of myself aiding injured people was set far into the future when I was in my sixties in age.

“I don’t like seeing myself as an old lady.” I took one step backward.

“Never mind the pictures. This is what will happen to you one day but it will be a long time before it happens so you don’t have to worry now. When you have this little piece imbedded in your neck you will be able to understand languages never understood before. That’s why we want to put the device behind your ear.”

“Why under my skin?” I looked directly at the one who was supposed to have been my friend. “Why? I thought you were my friend.”

“For the future. For the time when you need to know the languages of the universe.”

“You’re not my friends.” I screamed. I clapped my hands over my ears but I could still hear their words. covering my ears didn’t help. They could make me hear without letting their words go into my ears. *They think words to me!* It was the first time I’d realized that. I couldn’t keep from hearing them.

“The little device will allow you to talk to and understand persons from anywhere in space.”

“No. No.” I could hear myself screaming as they closed the circle more tightly around me. “No. I don’t want it!” Blackness overcame me.

“Mama!” I found myself facing the screen door of our house. I flung the screen door open and ran toward the lighted kitchen.

“Mama, mama.” I threw my arms around my mother and sobbed into her laundry apron. I could feel the pockets full of clothespins against my cheek. “It’s my ears. They stuck something in my skin.”

Mother looked down at me, a tiny frown forming between her brows as she examined each of my ears. “I don’t see a thing, Barbara. What in the world is wrong with you?” She lifted my hair and searched the skin behind my ears. She rubbed the back of my neck. “What is it?” She asked. “I can’t find anything wrong with you.”

I tried to tell her what I thought had happened but it was as if the whole incident were fast fading from my mind. All I knew was that I’d been someplace with three men in strange looking suits made of some material that looked like linen or heavy cotton and they had turned out to be not so very friendly.

Later that evening Mama told Daddy that I was... “*quite a fanciful child.*”

Chapter 4

THE MAN AT THE PIANO

In a way it was difficult for all of us to move from our wonderful old, brown, shingled Victorian house into my grandparent's great big place. I especially loved our own house's round tower which, on the second floor, was where my mother had had her dressing room.

I knew I would miss my best friend. She lived near me. Her Father owned a funeral home and she and I made it a habit to visit him every day after school. While she talked with her dad I went to the row of dead people, mostly older people, and touched each of them and wished them well. I'd never been afraid, only pleased that I had a chance to tell the dead people that someone cared for them, that I cared for them. But now my Grandmother was dead and my Grandpa needed us to move in with him. Maybe my Grandmother needed me to care about her also and I did.

On the other hand, there were some things about the move that I especially liked. One of those things was the music room. I had more or less decided, even before we moved, to make the music room my own special place and no one in the family seemed to object when I announced ownership.

The first week we were at my Grandfather's house, I slipped into one of mother's dresses, the emerald satin one, to prepare for my first solo entry into the music room. The hem of the dress which would have been knee length on my mother, touched the floor around me. I stared at the silken folds of green about my ankles. I stared and couldn't seem to pull my gaze from the gorgeous, shining, green. Green grass? Why was green satin making me think of grass?

Something nagged at me, a memory that flickered into my mind and then left before I really caught it. My

acquaintances from the bubbles? No. What did they have to do with my gorgeous satin dress? For a second I felt just the tiniest bit happy that we'd moved, then guilty that I'd thought such a thing. I shouldn't be happy about never seeing them again, but I was. I knew they wouldn't come here because I had never told them that we were moving.

Again something nagged at my memory but the pull of the room with the piano was too strong so I emptied my thoughts of everything but this moment. I just knew if I sat down at the instrument in that glittering emerald dress I could play music that would fill the room.

I lifted my silken skirt and stepped toward the concert grand. When I sat down I traced the golden word on the gleaming black wood with my finger. Steinway. Mother had read that for me the day before. She'd explained that my grandmother once sang with the opera at the Met, and that this very piano had been on the stage at the Met also. The *Met* is the short word for a famous place called the Metropolitan Opera House. Mother explained that my Grandfather had arranged to have the piano moved to the house in St. Louis so it would be there when he first brought Grandmother to Missouri from New York. Grandma had loved the piano and this room, mother said. Grandma was dead but now I loved the room, too.

I ran my hands over the piano keys, then stood and walked around it to trace the glossy black curves of the huge instrument. It seemed as long and as wide as Daddy's black car. Mother had explained that the instrument was what was called "a concert grand," and much larger than most grand pianos because it was built to grace a large stage. I'd certainly never seen such a big piano. Somehow the palms of my hand could feel something special emanating from the piano. As if the curvy black box were vibrating. The touch against my fingers was something almost like breathing. This piano wasn't just wood and

metal and ivory as my mother had explained. To me, this piano was alive.

I moved back around to the stool, then turned in place to look carefully at the whole room. My gaze sought the long sweep of the royal blue velvet of the draperies, then took in the marble busts set about the room upon marble columns. I rubbed my right big toe into the royal blue plush of the deep carpet. Truly a lovely room, but the real object of my adoration was the black Steinway.

I sat down on the bench, smoothed the satin of my dress, and nodded as I poised my hands above the keys to crash downward and in that instant I was lost in the ecstasy of endless creation. The sounds clanged and echoed and vibrated through the large room, filling the adjoining solarium of rubber trees and other exotic plants with my untutored noise. The sometimes ugly sounds returned to beat against my ears. I loved it. Chord after chord swept from my fingers, but no one came to stop my “composing.” It wasn’t music yet, but they were wonderfully loud sounds and I knew I could learn to make real melodies here if I worked at it. Already I was beginning to learn which keys sounded best when played together. The first thing I’d learned was that playing two keys right next to each other made a really messy sound, something my ear couldn’t like. I kept on working to gain mastery of the giant Steinway.

When my arms tired and my passion for sound was spent, I lifted the long green skirts to hold them in one hand, so I could go to each column, there to stand on tiptoe to kiss the marble lips on the busts of Mozart, Beethoven and Lizst. I felt love for each of them but Lizst was the most difficult and I was repelled because of the large mole near his mouth but I didn’t want him to feel left out so I kissed him nevertheless and simply avoided the mole as well as I could. Then I sank to the carpeted floor. From my place on the floor I could look up at the curving lines of the

piano, my beloved piano. I let my eyes caress each curve on the instrument. What was it mother had said about my love for the piano? Oh, yes, she'd called it "obsession" and I guess that was the same as love. I wanted to compose and play great works.

During the next few weeks I never missed a day in the music room. Nobody seemed to mind that I spent hours alone there. Except that one day I found that I wasn't really alone.

At first it was just the piano that I loved. Then I saw something, or should I say *someone*, who changed my life. One day, after I'd played for awhile, I kissed the marble faced composers, as usual trying to avoid Lizst's marble mole, then I sank to the floor to relax into the plush blue carpet. In moments, seated at the Steinway, an image began to form. It was a man, a man who was playing my piano.

It was as if I were listening to music from a distance, piano music, music as transparent as the man as he took shape before me. As he became more solid, so did his music.

He was there and he grew even more real as I watched. Even so, I guess I knew he wasn't truly there, because I understood that even if I couldn't see through him, I knew that if I tried to touch him, my fingers would touch nothing. Every time I finished playing in the days following, I lay on that blue rug to watch for him, to wait for him, to listen to him.

He was the most beautiful man I'd ever seen, in his severely tailored long coat of black velvet over his black velvet trousers. The coat buttoned high to his throat and his angular white face showed to the best advantage in the light from the windows. Above wonderfully high cheek bones, his huge dark eyes appeared to be stealing glances at me even though he gave the piano his full force and attention. His long face was framed by wind-blown, chin length dark

hair. Even now, after all those years I can remember his striking appearance.

I waited for him each day after that.

But the man never again came to my music room. In the year that we stayed with my Grandfather I waited for the man to come again but he never came. I think, perhaps, even then I knew that I would spend the rest of my life looking for the starkly elegant man who had, one day, played the piano so beautifully for me. In my heart, love had welled up for this man. I loved him even more than I loved the composer's busts. I understand now that, even though I was a child, I was experiencing love as a woman feels it, a deep, deep, unforgettable love.

Shortly before we left Grandfather's house, one more thing happened. The piano had been moved to an inside wall for the sake of the sounding board. I still "composed" and played the Steinway each day. As I played this day, a beam of light focused through the tall windows and onto the treble portion of the keyboard. The glancing white ray spotlighted my hands and the keys and my body for several minutes. It wasn't the sun. I don't know what it was but I could feel the brilliant illumination on my hands and on my face.

Something happened to me then, I know. I just don't know what it was.

Chapter 5

ALMOST A GROWN UP

Grade school in Oklahoma turned out to be fun. I got along pretty well with the kids and the teachers at Union School, which was an independent country school district just outside Tulsa. Nothing unusual or earth shaking happened to me during those years. I learned that I could make people laugh. Teachers and students all seemed to agree on that. Whatever I said, they laughed like crazy. I kinda liked being the center of attention, especially since I knew they weren't laughing *at* me but with me.

I really loved being an regular kid in a regular house, going to a regular school. No one from the great globes in the sky came to visit, but I'd expected that. In fact, I felt rather clever. I'd been very careful never to tell them where we were going.

I never saw the man at the piano., either, but I looked for him everyday. of course we didn't have a piano in our house in Tulsa so I wasn't too surprised that he didn't come to visit me.

When I was ready to enter High School, Mother and Daddy wanted me to take advantage of one of the better high schools in Tulsa so we moved into the Will Rogers District. At that school they put great emphasis on art, drama, music and other arts. I loved it. One of the art teachers from another school, a man named Mr. Bartholic, commented on my talent in front of his and our combined classes during an outdoor field trip on drawing and sketching. I was just in heaven. I loved my drawing and sketching and painting courses and I loved my modern dance class even more.

In the new house in town, I'd found one special feature of the structure that pleased me greatly since my parents

had made the rule that my sister and I were to be in our house by dinnertime every night. We usually ate at 8:00 PM. Most of the other kids had dinner with their families at 6:00 PM and then went out again. But my sister and I had our own ways of compensating for our aloneness. I used dance and music.

My bedroom had French doors that led out onto my own private balcony. I thought of that balcony as *my* own elegant stage much in the way I had thought of our front porch as my stage when I was just a little kid in Missouri.

In the meantime, mother bought me a piano and offered to let me take lessons. I yearned to take the lessons and promised to practice until I learned to play the *Moonlight Sonata*. She'd told me that I could quit lessons or keep taking them after I'd learned the Sonata. That wasn't a hardship for me. I really got back into music. I memorized music from records, song sheets and operas.

I also danced. Each night I put some of my classical music records on my stereo, then danced alone for hours, sometimes in my room but more often on my second floor balcony which connected to my bedroom. I was so driven to dance under the moon that I rarely missed a night.

While the other Will Rogers kids, my classmates, were driving up and down Peoria Avenue, going to movies, drinking rootbeer at Weber's drive-in or just being teenagers in general, I felt compelled to dance, sing and play music in my bedroom. Sometimes I was allowed to join my friends for a movie or some other fun but that was a rare occasion. Mostly I stayed home. I tried to be content, to keep my mind away from the fun my schoolmates were having. One of the things I required myself to do was to assume dramatic poses while I looked at the stars and sometimes I felt as if I were in love with an unknown man or as if I were feeling a longing for a person whom I had not yet met.

All alone. My only companions were my glorious records and the bright stars against the velvet of the Oklahoma sky. I didn't know who, what, or why, but I had to be on my balcony dancing, hearing music, and longing for something. I felt compelled to be enveloped in that classical space and my longings focused upon a definite person... I just didn't know who. I had the most terrible adolescent longing for love so I focused that love on the stars.

Both my Mother and my Father asked me privately why I stayed in my room so much of the time but I don't think they really minded so long as I seemed happy. Maybe they were relieved that I wasn't insisting on running around town with the other high school kids. They certainly knew where I was, which is what they wanted.

But as secretive and sober as I was at home, I continued to be the comedienne in school. I really didn't intend that, but it was just as it had been in grade school. All I had to do was open my mouth and I had the students and the teachers rolling in the aisles. Some of the kids called me the "Lucy" of Rogers High. Maybe I needed that reaction since I was always so dead serious at night.

All that dancing at Rogers prepared me for my major at the University of Arkansas, where I enrolled in the modern dance program. After only three semesters I was recalled to Tulsa because of my Father's illness. Nineteen years old, I'd decided I was through with school and ready to be on my own. That was the year I left the nest.

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I put one of my own paintings on the wall of the studio apartment, all the while thinking, my *first picture, my very own, first apartment*. A bubbly feeling of pride swelled in my chest.

"It may not be much," I twirled to look at the single room, which my landlord called a "studio," then flopped

onto the old couch with the saddle shaped cushions. There was no way to keep from smiling at the rest of the space. "But it's all mine." I spoke the words aloud and jumped up to run to the window to look down on Denver Avenue, one of the busiest streets in the city. Life's drama was playing itself out only one story below me. I watched darkness take hold of the evening as the sun settled into the hills a few miles west of Tulsa. I knew that darkness would soften the facades of the scarred brick buildings that lined both sides of the avenue.

Night. My most favorite time. I looked up into the sky and focused on the faint image of the moon. I thought of home, of mother and daddy and wondered what they were doing just at that moment. They were only a few miles from my front door but it seemed a world away to me. I had to do something to help myself learn to be an adult, to be on my own.

For a second I could hear my mother's voice echoing in my head. "No Barbara. Must you move out of the house?" And when I had just kept putting my things into boxes she'd said, "Nineteen is just ... well ... you're so young." It hurt me to hear the pleading in her voice.

I'd answered, "But Mother, what can happen? I'm a grown woman, now. I need to be on my own. I'll get a job. I'll call every day to let you know what I'm doing." She'd sighed and given up, then she'd given me the money to get that first apartment.

The bubbly feeling returned to my chest now, and with the tip of my fingernail, I lifted a tear from the corner of my eye. I hated to admit that I was having an attack of homesickness, even though I'd left my parent's house only this morning. I took a deep breath of the night air. The cool breeze seemed to radiate some emotion I needed to understand. I'll take a walk, I thought, a walk'll feel good. Cheer me up, maybe.

Even though I carried the fantasy of meeting the man from the piano with me at all times, I seldom gave any thought to the strange encounters I'd had as a child. I always looked at tall, dark haired men with interest but I hadn't yet met up with my fantasy man.

Tall was important because I'd inherited many of my mother's features. As a model she'd had to be tall. I was taller. I didn't care much about such stuff and I really am uncomfortable talking about myself but my co-author insists on including a few remarks about my looks.

I'd been told that I had Mother's slim but shapely legs, her high cheek bones and her well defined chin. Some of the people at the university in Arkansas had even called me "beautiful," but caring about personal appearance was as distant to my mind as were UFOs and alien beings at that moment. I pulled the sides of my too small cardigan together in front to ward off some of the coolness of the breeze.

I wasn't at all aware that by taking that walk, I'd embarked upon a journey. What happened that evening, the occurrence which appeared to be coincidental wasn't coincidence after all, but rather synchronicity. A lot of unrelated events came together in that place and at that time, dovetailed, and wove themselves into the fabric of my life. Blind chance ceased to occur for me. Everything that happened to me from that moment on, everything, everyone I met from that moment on, all the people, all the happenings from that evening, each and every part of the coming events soon fit a purpose in my life.

Of course, I didn't know that then. All I knew was that I was free, young, and open to the experiences that life was going to offer me. I had to keep myself from smiling as I hurried to the corner clutching my ugly, worn-out old high school sweater across my chest to ward off the autumn wind.

Chapter 6

THE STONE HORSE

I turned the corner and looked at the street ahead. Lights from inside the drug store splashed a series of parallelograms across the sidewalk in front of me.

Guess they're open, I thought. I paid no particular attention to the man who came from the shadows on the opposite side of the street to walk into the drugstore. I followed him in.

Inside, I looked for the stationery supplies. There must be something there that I could use, something I could afford. I knew I couldn't spend much so I was pleased when I reached for a small green moldable artwork clean-up cube. As my fingers touched the rubber eraser another hand beat me to it and lifted the artist's eraser from the shelf. I stood and stared at the disappearing object.

"Barbara Simon?"

I turned and met the eyes of the tall, blonde haired man who'd taken my eraser, then spoken my name.

"Yes?" I answered and wondered how this good-looking stranger knew my name. "Oh," I felt my face flush warm as I finally recognized the tall, slim, teacher from the rival high school, the one who'd complimented me on my work while I was still a student. "Oh, Mr. Bartholic."

"Bob," he said, "Call me Bob. After all, you're not in school anymore, are you?"

"No. No, I'm not." My tongue suddenly felt large and awkward inside my mouth just because I was talking to this sophisticated, older man. "I've graduated," my dignified tone backfired and sounded childish to my ears. My cheeks grew even warmer. "I even have a year of college." I was almost stammering.

When he asked me to have a cup of coffee with him I gave him some kind of excuse and fled from the drugstore back to my tiny apartment. I raced up the worn wooden stairway to my place, as if something really bad were after me.

When I turned the key and stepped into my room, my mind was in a whirl. *Acted like a fool*, I thought as I wrenched my ugly sweater from my shoulders and flung it at the couch. Why..., why didn't I have coffee with him? He must think I'm an idiot. Well, I consoled myself, I had at least given him my number.

When he calls... *if* he calls, better not act like a child again. Damn. I sat on the couch, pulled my knees up and hugged them to my chest. He's good-looking though, I told myself and I smiled and focused on the air in front of me. And he's an artist. It was at times like this that I wished I had a girlfriend to confide in. No one would ever believe that a *teacher*, an artist, a real artist, had asked me out.

Two evenings later I opened my door to find Bob Bartholic on my landing. He had just lifted his hand to knock on my door.

"How about a walk?" he'd asked.

That was the same casual tone he'd used at the drug store and the spontaneity of his invitation captured me. I had always enjoyed unplanned events. I don't know what happened. Suddenly I felt the insecure feelings rush through me just as they had two evenings before.

"I... I can't... I... I didn't know you were coming." I looked down at myself. I was wearing the same old ugly sweater I'd had on at the drugstore. "I'm not dressed to go out." I tried desperately to think of some excuse, any excuse, to drive this man from my door. "I can't go out tonight."

"Well," Completely undaunted, Bob smiled and tried again. "Well, what're you doing? Were you going somewhere?"

“Oh, nothing really, I guess. I was going to walk down to the drugstore.” I felt goose bumps raise on my arms as Bob’s gaze went from my jeans to my gray sweatshirt, to the hated old sweater tied around my shoulders.

“You look great to me,” He shrugged and gestured. “Come on. Let’s just take a little walk together.”

There was nothing else to say. I swallowed, nodded and followed him down the stairs.

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That evening and through the daily afternoon and evening strolls that followed, I felt my defenses fading. We walked and talked for hours on end. I felt my closely guarded walls-against-the-world fall away, a layer at a time as we delved into each other’s most personal thoughts and ideas.

For the first time since my childhood, I spoke of my years long infatuation with an image. I told Bob of the strangely real figure of a man who’d appeared at my Grandmother’s concert grand piano and of the impression he’d made on me, an impression that still lived inside me.

I also told him about my dreams of someday being a stand-up comic, or a model, or an actress or, I held my breath before I said this one and hoped he wouldn’t laugh at me. “Maybe I’ll be an artist.”

He didn’t laugh. In fact, he said, “Well, I can help you with that one if you’re sure that’s what you want to do. Art is a hard taskmaster!”

Then he shared his dreams also.

Sculptures, oils, constructions. As he talked and explained art as he saw it, I felt myself moving further and further into the world of this man. Our kisses on the street corners became sweeter and more urgent. He lived just two blocks from where I did and I knew that if I let him come into my apartment or if I went to where he lived, that I would be making a declaration of some sort.

But the day came when I visited his apartment after one of our afternoon strolls. I was overwhelmed by the unfinished sculpture of two horses. The huge clay armature dominated the single room. The horses were made of cement and they were at least five feet tall. I'm a big woman and those horses made me feel small. They took up nearly all the space in that room. "Stone Horse" was what he called the huge sculpture. He'd been given the commission by a person who wanted to adorn his fountain with the animals. I was so impressed. I knew he was an artist and now I saw that other people recognized him as an artist as well.

In the corner, the only space not taken up with horses and artist's supplies and finished works, I saw a bed made of an old door with a foam mat on it. This man lived like the bohemian artists I'd read about! He was so different than I'd expected. He was practicing what up until this moment, had been only a dream for me.

"You're seeing a side of me my students don't see," he explained. He kissed me and coaxed me toward the bed. I made myself pull away and persuaded him to go back downstairs to continue our stroll in the street. But I knew something was happening to me, to us. Days turned into weeks, and weeks into a month. The trust I had in this man bloomed. I waited everyday for his call, for his knock at my door. One day I admitted to myself that I'd fallen in love and it wasn't long until we were sharing the old foldout couch in my apartment or his makeshift cot at his place. Mostly we worked in his studio and slept in mine.

The days of couples openly living together had not yet become common in Tulsa. I always felt edgy, worried, and terribly concerned about our lifestyle. I was as totally involved in my art now as Bob was in his, but I felt we both needed something more. We needed to be someplace where our way of life was an accepted lifestyle, not a situation for snickering and comments among our acquaintances.

“Bob?” I stopped and looked at the man walking next to me. I faced him and took both of his hands. “Let’s move.”

“Move? Where? Don’t you like living downtown?”

“I mean someplace far away.” I guess I giggled. “Someplace where nobody knows us.”

“Do you have a place in mind?”

“Well,” I searched his face. “Where would you most like to go?”

“How about Los Angeles?”

“Los Angeles.” I could hear my voice trembling. “I could maybe check out the studios, and you could meet other artists and...” My mind raced as I searched for other reasons to move. “Los Angeles would be perfect.”

Bob took me into his arms.

“Okay,” he whispered, “Los Angeles it is.”

Our Los Angeles neighborhood was flanked by Wilshire Boulevard to the South and Sunset Boulevard to the North. It seemed to us to be the perfect place for me to investigate career possibilities in show business and for Bob to broaden his horizons as an artist.

During the next few months I prepared a portfolio and spent days visiting studios. I began to work at modeling jobs, then I began to model exclusively for BoMel Originals, mostly high fashion eveningwear. I was with the designer for two years. I was her only model and while I worked for her I did show room modeling, runway work, and appeared in magazines.

Even more importantly, I made contacts. I learned that for the people working in the entertainment industry, Hollywood and New York are treated almost as though they border on each other. Travel between the two cities is made as casually as we Tulsans drove to Oklahoma City.

I was surprised the day I answered the telephone and heard a friend who’d gone to New York, speaking to me from the other side of the country.

“I’ve found a job for you, Barbara,” My friend squealed with delight and I echoed the telephone laughter.

“Wow. That’s great!” I tried to contain myself and make sense of the conversation but thoughts were storming through my head. There’s Bob to consider, I realized, and we don’t have any money. “Where’s the job? Doing what?”

“Modeling. Modeling with some of my friends. How soon can *you* be in New York?”

“I’ll ... let me call *you* back.” I couldn’t believe it. My lifelong dream was to go to New York. Now it was being offered to me if I could *just* arrange to go.

“Okay, but don’t fool around. They might find someone else to take your place.”

“I’ll call you back in an hour.” The heavy feeling in my chest swelled as I watched the hurt in Bob’s eyes. We were still living on the meager income from my last job in Tulsa and the \$2000 Bob had received from the sale of his horse statuary and a small amount he’d gotten from a few other sales. We were just subsisting. There wasn’t enough money for both of us to go, I knew. Maybe not enough even for me to go. I called my Mother and explained and she agreed to wire enough money for me to get to such a good opportunity.

Bob didn’t want me to leave, but his open life philosophy meant that he didn’t want to hold me back either.

“You have to go,” he said, and turned away when I picked up the telephone to call my friend in New York.

I’d promised my Mother that I’d stay at the Methodist Girl’s Residence in Greenwich Village so that’s where I went. I met a whole new group of people there, missionaries and the daughters of missionaries and ministers. I was careful to conceal the UFO contacts of my past. In fact, I didn’t even have to try to conceal them. I hardly ever thought about my childhood experiences anymore. I was even more careful to hide my New York

modeling career lifestyle. I'd started as a house model and runway model for a designer and that's where I learned about Dexedrine and then scotch.

I was still only 19 and fairly slim but I was warned that I had to be stick thin for the job so I learned to have my J&B scotch to get to sleep every night. When I left the missionary house I left a whole chest of drawers filled with empty scotch bottles. I had become accustomed to the idea that that was the only way I could get to sleep after taking speed. All the models had to take speed to stay thin, then they had to take something to allow them to sleep. I chose scotch. I've always felt really lucky that I didn't get hooked on any of those things I learned about. When I left New York I left all that behind.

My career as a model was turning out to be just as glamorous as I'd hoped it would be. I was usually ferried to my job in a black stretch limousine. A year passed. I was twenty and excited and happy with my life. I was working in a sought-after field and my job seemed thrilling and exciting. I was where I'd always wanted to be, New York City.

One evening I walked into the residence to receive a telegram that told me my father was dead in Tulsa. I took the next plane home. When my Mother invited me to stay in Tulsa to help her through her period of grief I accepted her invitation. I'd loved my Father more than life itself and I too, was grieving.

In the weeks after the funeral I put aside my mourning and felt my eagerness for life returning. Coming back to Tulsa was sad because of my father's death, but being in Tulsa was thrilling to me. Life seemed better here in Oklahoma, somehow.

One evening I borrowed my Mother's car and drove to a small house in the artier, more bohemian section of Tulsa. At the back gate of a small bungalow, I stood silently peering into the lighted window of the tiny house. A man

stood talking on the telephone, silhouetted against the overhead light. I took a deep breath and pulled my sweater more snugly against my body. I took a deep breath, clicked the back gate open and called to the man in the window.

“Bob. Bob, I’m back.”

In seconds Bob appeared in the doorway.

“Barbara Simon, is that you?”

I felt both sorrow and joy rise within me. I smiled and cried at the same time.

“Daddy’s dead, but I’m home for good, Bob Bartholic.” I took one step forward and he met me with opened arms. I had to laugh later because Bob never did get to the art opening he was supposed to attend that evening. We did something more important. We probably started our family. We married very soon after that and I had one child right after another, four of them. My life became a round of sickness, caring for children and for our too large house and working to try to keep up with my art. Those were lean and difficult years. Both of us tried to make it as artists and there was almost no money at all. Bob had found a new interest in meeting with a UFO group but I had no interests other than my art, my house and our children.

In 1973 we moved to a rural area, a small town near Tulsa.

I think of 1976 as the year I broke out of Turley. (Editor’s note: Turley is a small working class town north of Tulsa, Oklahoma.) Our bodies continued to live in the house we rented there, but our professional lives moved on to The Barking Dog.

Chapter 7

THE BARKING DOG

One morning when I awakened, I patted Bob's side of the bed. He wasn't there. For a moment I was puzzled by his absence then I remembered. Bob and the kids were taking Grandmother Bartholic shopping today, and they were using Grandma's car.

I looked around the attic we had converted to use as our bedroom. I'd never really minded that we hadn't been able to afford to fix up the peaked roof attic to be a bit more like a real bedroom. Even a bucket of paint would have accomplished wonders for the space. However, it had given us just a few feet more room and we had certainly needed that. Right now I didn't even think about what I could do to make our "sleeping space" better as I usually did when I awakened. This morning, there was something else entirely on my mind.

"Today's the day," I said aloud into the quiet of the room. I felt a small ripple of fear because of my own boldness but I shook it off. Bob had already said that whatever I wanted to do would be okay with him, just so long as it didn't interfere too much with his painting. I scooped up my "city" clothes and raced downstairs to our one bathroom. I was nearly 37 years old and I had had all the stay-at-home domesticity I could stand. And I still had that nagging feeling that I had a mission in life.

Sometimes late at night I told Bob that I had a mission. I agreed with him that it sounded crazy since I couldn't say what my mission was, but the need to do whatever it was that I was meant to do ate at me constantly. Art was the only thing that I knew anything about so whatever I was supposed to do must have something to do with art I told myself. And today was my day. Soon I was in Tulsa.

Just off 18th and Boston, I spotted the place. Two stories. Stucco. An awful mustard color. Really ugly. I just looked upward and whispered to my unseen presence.

“Is this my gallery? At last?” I stood silently for a moment until I felt I’d received my answer. I nodded and walked to the address of the place which had been listed on the “For Rent” sign on the front of the old house.

I found the office then introduced myself before I made my pitch. What if he laughed me out of the room? I took a deep breath.

“Mr. Jones, I don’t have any money but I need your house, that mustard colored place at 18th and Boston? I need it for... uh...a... an art gallery. I have to have it.” I reverted to childhood and crossed my fingers behind my back. This man could make or break all my dreams.

The owner of the house looked me over carefully, then, as if he understood and as if he wanted me to start my new life, he nodded.

“All right. I don’t see any problem. You can pay me when you get the first month’s rent.”

“How much will the rent be?” My question came out a whisper.

“Would \$40.00 be too much?” He shuffled some of the papers on the desk in front of him as if he were not very interested in this transaction.

“Wow! No. Okay. I mean, that’s fine.” I felt as if I were floating as I left his office. I then continued to float from my Volkswagen on into the paint store, which was my very next stop.

“Two gallons of white exterior paint, please. I have an art gallery to paint.”

“Two gallons, lady? That ain’t going to cover much.”

“Well, it will have to do. That’s all I can afford right now.” Now, with only one dollar in change in my pocket, I picked up the two cans and walked out to swing the

precious paint cans into the car. I looked up and sent another message. "Two gallons will have to do."

Next day we painted the exterior of our new art gallery to get rid of the nasty mustard color. Bob touched the last spot on the second story with the very last drop of white paint from the second can. I smiled up at him and reminded him of what I'd said to overcome his protests.

"See? I told you it would cover the whole thing." I hugged him when he climbed down to stand beside to admire the paint job. "Now we have to do something to the insides. We have plenty of good paintings, and those small sculptures. Now we have to give them a nice place to be displayed."

Later that same night, outside Don's Carpet Company on Third Street, I found a treasure. I filled the back seat and trunk of our car with throwaway carpet scraps. Back at the gallery I fitted those carpet pieces over the scarred wooden floors on both levels, then tacked them into place.

"Looks beautiful," I stood and pressed my hand against my aching back. "One more thing." I stood silently for a moment. "We need a name." The sound from next door came through loud and clear as usual. I felt laughter bubbling up. "Let's call it 'The Barking Dog.' That's it!" Bob agreed that the name was perfect and it was.

My first show was a hit. I say "my" because Bob was still involved with actually being an artist who painted or sculpted on a project every day. We'd let his work form the backbone of our first inventory of paintings for sale. Of course, he was the real artist in the family so that seemed fair to me. I'd decided that I could be an artist only part of the time. The rest of the time I had dreams of being a mover and shaker within Tulsa's art world. We'd already tried with a gallery and had had some success. We'd become the center of a large group of interested artists and art lovers. I thought that if I worked at it in this new place I

could be the person that artists turned to for justification of their need to paint, sculpt, and create.

And that's the way it worked out. I put in my time on my family or on the gallery. Once in awhile Bob, who was interested in flying saucers, would go to UFO group gatherings but after a time or two with him I never again went to the meetings with him. Dull. Terribly boring. I had absolutely zero interest in that subject. The Barking Dog was my new baby.

At our first showing the crowd flowed through the rooms. Splashes of white wine and cigarette ashes fell and were absorbed by the multicolored jigsaw carpet design. I greeted my guests, both local artists, and the people whom I saw as potential clients. I was just a touch hyper, maybe I laughed and talked a bit too much, but I couldn't help myself. It was too thrilling to look out over the crowd and see the visible excitement that moved through the rooms like electricity through water. I thought, *I've found my metier.*

A man in a black suit stood against an inside doorframe and I could see he was watching me as I moved from group to group. When I neared the spot where he stood, the man straightened and smiled directly at me.

My eyes must have widened in surprise. There was something about this man. The dark suit? His aquiline profile? His dark windblown hair? Was he the man from the piano? He moved toward me and I stepped toward him.

I know him, I thought, but no, I didn't know him. I knew someone who looked very much like him. Something clutched within my chest. It couldn't be! The man at the piano! I had to talk to him. Our conversation that night led to a longtime telephone relationship with the tall doctor, but, as it turned out, he was just a friend. I realized before long that he had been sent just to remind me of my resolution which I'd made in Grandmother's music room, and I promised myself I wouldn't forget again.

#

I was shocked that because of The Barking Dog I actually became one of the arbiters of art and a recognized promoter of arts happenings in Tulsa. Everything was fairly new to me, but everything went well. The gallery won me a job as hostess on a weekly arts show at a local television station. On the show we had guests from all over the world, all sorts of artists, dancers, rock bands, sculptors. I tried to make my show into an ongoing party, with the artists speaking out on their chosen subjects. Sometimes they brought up things dealing with the occult and my station manager never liked that.

About a year after we opened the show, two well known Tulsans, Martin and Margaret Wiesendanger who were noted art critics and art restorers, spoke with me about a form of art they'd seen so I invited them to speak on my show.

On air they told about looking at petroglyphs. (Editor's note: Petroglyphs are drawings, paintings and/or carvings, usually on cliffs or cave walls. The pictures and symbols often tell a story.) They'd seen petroglyphs on a cave wall in the Great Gallery in Horseshoe Canyon in Utah. The markings and drawings which they'd seen, seemingly validated the couple's idea of UFOs extraterrestrials as being among the first Art explorers. What the Wiesendangers felt when they looked at the drawings and paintings in the petroglyphs, was that they'd found proof of extraterrestrials visits to earth.

The first panel they'd discovered was comprised of seven huge spirit figures which float six feet off the ground. To their right an even longer panel shows other spectral figures floating above smaller images of men and animals, almost like gods lording over their subjects.

In addition, right here in Tulsa, they'd seen a cigar shaped craft hovering above their own home. For some

reason their story struck a chord in me. Suddenly, I too became terribly interested in extraterrestrials. I burned to know more. I was struck by an inner command that I “heard,” but only mentally. “Reveal everything you can about the contact of Alien life with earth people.” I didn’t know where that command was coming from.

I didn’t know that that segment with the Wiesendangers discussing art and UFOs was my to be my last show until afterward. When they’d gone my Producer called me in and told me the station was dropping the show and “releasing” me because of my insistence on allowing my guests to speak freely on whatever subject they wished and the producer was disturbed by my interest in UFO or other occult subjects. I was history at the TV station as of that moment. I had been so up, so happy with the program I’d just finished that it was hard to take in his words. He was firing me?

I picked up what few things I had in the studio, touched the cameras on *my* set one last time, then limped my way home that day. I was overcome with sadness but my family still had to eat so I stopped by the grocery store in Turley. I found a whole group of TV Today Magazines lined up on the newsstand and I saw myself looking back from it. I was that month’s cover girl. The feature story praised me and my show, a show which no longer existed. I was impressed with the irony of the situation but I could never bring myself to return to that particular TV studio, not even for a visit.

After I fed my family that night I didn’t want to put a damper on the kids playtime with their daddy so I went out to the backyard and perched myself on the log fence. I could see the pasture spreading out before me under the quarter moon surrounded by a sky full of stars. Filled with depression and a sense of failure. I looked up into that sky and I don’t know what came over me as words to my higher power poured out of me.

“Well, if you want me to give extraterrestrials publicity then you’re going to have to show me a way to do it.” I spoke aloud. “The TV show is done.”

Even though my TV show was lost I continued with the gallery... for a time.

Three rather blue days after my release from the television station, an acquaintance dropped into the gallery and told me he’d heard of my dismissal. He insisted that I take a block long walk with him to meet his friend who was into movies and TV. His friend was just then planning to open a studio for independent television production. We walked to the studio and for the first time I met Bill Blair. I felt it only fair to tell him what had happened to me at the TV station. He didn’t seem to mind.

“They didn’t know a good thing when they had it.” He smiled and went on, “I’m interested in the extraterrestrial phenomena. I’ve had some experiences myself. You want to come to work for me?”

My heart rose and I accepted on the spot with the proviso that I would have time to close the gallery and get all the works back to their owners.

Many of Oklahoma’s best artists had found homes for their works in my gallery. Sometimes a temporarily homeless artist would find The Barking Dog to be a refuge for his body as well. One such refugee let the water run... and run and run, through the floors and down the wall. All the carpeting ruined, the pictures ruined, everything ruined.

That’s when I really lost heart for displaying artist’s work so without too much pain I decided to go ahead and close the gallery. I’d been keeping the gallery open and working for Blair as well. I decided I would go on with the job with Bill Blair. I truly wasn’t sorry I had opened the Barking Dog. If I hadn’t started the gallery I might never have had the experiences which I received later on.

Not long before my business place was ruined by a careless artist’s bath water, only a short time before I had to

close it, I was standing in the main room at the gallery going through some art show invitations I was readying to hand out. Two people stepped into the room. For a moment light seemed to blaze around the figures of the man and woman and I lifted the invitations to shield my eyes against the glare.

“May I help you?”

The man held a printed sheet toward me. Across the top of the page was printed “UFO II.”

“What is this?” I put the invitations down and took their brochure into my hand.

“There’s going to be a lecture at the library. Two people from outer space are going to be talking.”

I looked at the brochure again. I remembered my reaction to the Weisendanger’s suppositions about the cave paintings and carvings. Longings to know about UFOs flooded through me. I couldn’t believe that it seemed so important to me.

“Give your notice to me, please. I want to go to the lecture myself and I’ll put the notice right up here on the gallery bulletin board so everyone can see it.” I looked carefully at them again. “Could I make a tape of you two? Film an interview?”

When they agreed I walked them the block to Bill Blair’s studio and he alerted his crew for the interview. After the taping, the two strangers chatted for me for a time and then turned to leave. They had explained during the interview that they were disciples of two people, extraterrestrials, a man and a woman called Bo and Peep.

“Oh, yes. I’ve heard of them. Will Bo and Peep be coming? Could we tape them too?”

“Who knows? Have your camera ready when you come to the library and we’ll see.”

I watched the two disciples leave, then back at the gallery I carefully read the brochure through again. Disciples of Bo and Peep? Coming to Tulsa? They were to

give their message from outer space at the library on Sunday? No question. I would be there. Excitement drove out all lasting visages of my depression. There were a thousand things I wanted to ask those particular people.

On Sunday afternoon I readied myself and my camera crew, drove to the City-County Library at Fourth and Denver, and waited. Again I looked upward and breathed a prayer, "Let them come. If you want me to tell about you, let them come."

Halfway through the program with the same two people who had appeared at The Barking Dog doing the talking and answering my questions, a disturbance from the back of the auditorium turned everyone in that direction. A woman stepped inside the door, followed by a man. I recognized them and goose bumps raised on my arms.

It was Bo and Peep.

###

Bo and Peep and all their disciples were extremely intelligent, trained professionals from one field or another. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, computer programmers, teachers. All had left everything behind to follow Bo and Peep. Most of them had their hair neatly trimmed, cut short and combed and they were dressed as inconspicuously as possible. During our interviews we learned that Peep (the woman) was considered the one with far more ancient knowledge. She was elevated to the highest position in the organization. She was the one with all the wisdom, the one considered to be the being with the most knowledge on the level above human knowledge.

The disciples had been told to wash their hair with cold water each morning to disperse negative influences or spirits. The people who were Bo and Peep's followers, like all mind control groups, were quite wary of outsiders. A thread that remains consistent with all cults, past and present, is the insistence that they alone know the truth.

Only through their “truth” can anyone be able to reach heaven. Bo and Peep told people that the only way to reach the level above human, where Jesus resided, was to be a part of their group. They didn’t demand money, only allegiance, from people who were struck with their message. Members had to walk away from everything in their lives to follow Bo and Peep through a nomadic existence. They did this in order to become acceptable in the realm above human.

They posed this question: “If you are going to take guests on a UFO, people that you will be living with for the rest of your life, what sort of people would you want to be with?” Makes a sort of sense, of course. No sex in this cult. They went through ordeals to prove their perfection and worthiness for the move to the level above...to heaven, as some people call it. When the group was to be taken to this level (on the UFO) and when they reached real perfection they would have proven themselves.

I was certainly impressed with the group. They practiced perfection and I observed that they were impeccable in their manners and their knowledge of their various kinds of work. They even communicated with each other mentally. Bo gave them what instruction and information they needed. Peep rarely spoke.

When I was interviewing these people I would go home at night and Bob, who had heard some of their lectures, and I would talk and question each other. Were these disciples real? Were they telling us the truth? Should we choose to go with them? They made everything credible to us. The whole thing began to be a reality to us. Bo and Peep claimed to be the two witnesses mentioned in the Bible, the two who would be murdered and who would rise again in three days.

One night a group of friends visited my house. I told my visitors about the group’s belief. I said, just being flippant, “It almost makes you want to shoot them to see if they’ll rise again.” I didn’t mean that, of course. When I

said that, a large ceramic plant holder about four feet in circumference and three feet in height, holding a large fig tree, exploded as if dynamited. The whole thing flew into a million pieces. It also made a huge sound. The eight people there didn't see the plant explosion because it was behind the group but we all sat back and took notice of the strange occurrence, afterward.

###

There had been a golf pro in Oklahoma City who had left his wife and family to join the disciples. His wife was regretful but understanding so, before he moved into his new life, the man's wife prepared a dinner for Bo and Peep and the followers in her home. At dinner, when she brought food to the table she froze. The reason for her paralysis was the huge purple aura that extended three and a half feet out from Bo's body like a deep violet halo of light from his waist up to the air above his head. She was struck dumb by the display.

The people in the group had telepathic abilities and people who were associated with them, such as the families left behind, were given signals that would enable them to get in touch with someone in the group should it become necessary. One woman, whose husband had decided to follow Bo and Peep, had been told by Bo and Peep that if she would say the Lord's Prayer with a special sentence at the end, she could contact them. Soon after her husband was gone, the woman realized that her husband had accidentally taken a credit card which she needed. She remembered the instructions and even though she was a nonbeliever she tried the prayer and the special sentence. Moments after she had said the last word of that special sentence the telephone rang and a highly placed man in the organization asked, "What is it that you want?"

I was impressed, I must say, with these stories and with the people themselves and with everything I saw and heard them do.

###

In his film archives, Bill Blair still has almost the only existing evidence of the existence of Bo and Peep, hours and hours of taped interviews of the two people who later became so notorious as leaders of the “Heaven’s Gate” group. After Peep’s death, Bo later led their group into mass suicides. They had taken the names “Do” and “Ti” several years after our taping of their plans. Our tapes showed them telling how they and their followers were to be taken up into UFOs where they would establish their new homes. At that time they were expecting to be taken up from somewhere near an Oklahoma Lake.

I haven’t heard from Bill Blair for a long time but after the Heaven’s Gates’ suicides my co-author learned that he was contacted by national news organizations. The out-of-towners were asking about using *our* Bo and Peep interviews on national programs, according to stories that appeared in our local news media. I haven’t yet heard as to whether a deal was struck or not.

Chapter 8

PAST AND PRESENT COME TOGETHER

At the close of the six-hour video documentary which I did with the self designated space travelers, I heaved a sigh of relief that the whole affair was over at last. To get six good hours, of course, we'd had to tape many hours with the two leaders of the cult. Anxiety had ridden on my shoulder throughout the taping even though we'd spent a number of days, almost two weeks, interviewing Bo and Peep several hours each day. We were informal and relaxed with the two but I was always wary. Anxiety was my constant companion during the taping. At home that last day I spoke to Bob about the interviews because of my inner worry.

"Their energy was indescribable. But I was so scared, Bob." I dished out another piece of fried chicken for him and potatoes as well, then I did the same for each of the girls. "They told me after we finished the tape that we couldn't show it to *anybody*. Not until I have their okay on showing it." I thought he looked at me a bit strangely then he asked why they didn't want to show the tape and so did the kids.

"Well, I don't know. That's just what they told me and believe me, I don't care. I'm not going against their wishes." I stepped away from the table and rushed toward the bathroom to pull a brush through my hair. Just talking about showing the tape made my scalp tingle and I'd found brushing would sooth me. I came back to put food out for myself. "This whole thing is just too weird."

Several weeks later a friend asked me if he could see the file on Bo and Peep. I said "no" so he went over my head and asked my boss. Bill decided to go right ahead and show the tape without getting the UFO people's

permission. I made myself join the two of them in the studio and once again I explained about the warning I'd been given by Bo and Peep about showing the tape without their permission. Neither of the men paid the slightest bit of attention to my words. As the film started I again felt the hair on the back of my neck rise in fear and at that very second the hugely expensive studio television camera/set blew up and caught fire. Luckily, we had copies of the tape so that much was rescued from the disaster. It took a long time for Bill to get over that loss.

I continued happily working with Bill Blair in his new production studio. I still wanted to slip in a few interesting UFO people now and again and he seemed interested. However, my next objective shocked my producer. When he heard that I wanted to interview author Harold Sherman, he called me into his office. Inwardly I was quaking. I remembered, vividly, the last time I'd been required to confer in a producer's office. Something like being sent to the Principal's office, I thought.

"Barbara, I don't want you to fool around any more with this hopeless thing. Can't we find someone else to tape?"

"But Harold Sherman is one of *the* most famous psychic investigators in the world! And he's going to be in Little Rock, Arkansas." I lifted my hands in a gesture that meant I was begging for this opportunity. "That's practically next door. We may never have another chance like this. We have to do at least a short piece on him, don't you think?"

My boss laid his head on his arms on his desk in a moment of silence then finally raised his head to look at me. He stared at me for a long beat. I had to feel sorry for him but I couldn't give up this dream.

"Barbara, you're going to be the death of me yet but I guess you're right." He shook his head in doubt. "Harold Sherman is big. Why he would let an unknown little studio

like ours conduct an interview with him is more than I can fathom.”

“Maybe he’ll let us do a documentary on him, as well.” I tried to cheer the man up. “Wouldn’t you like our new studio to land a promise to allow a documentary on such a famous person?”

“Yeah. I would. But first make him promise that our cameras won’t burst into flames.”

###

I had no way of knowing it then but Harold Sherman and I would become good friends and colleagues later on. (Editor’s note: In his book *How To Picture What You Want*, Sherman repeated two anecdotes Barbara shared with him. See Appendix A.)

Several days after our talk, Bill and I had made that appointment to see Harold Sherman. Bill went along with me to the Little Rock hotel where Sherman was staying. Although he was my friend and producer, Bill had given me the distinct impression that he didn’t trust me to do the job right with such a famous person, not without his supervision anyway.

“Honestly, Barbara,” The producer held the door and then followed me into the building. “You know he’s not going to do it. I mean, well, why should he? We’re small potatoes to him.”

“Uh huh,” I said to him, not really listening. I led the way down the corridor. Something seemed to be driving me toward the meeting with Sherman, no matter what my fears were. “That’s what you said before I called for the interview.” I looked back at him. “Remember? ‘He’ll never see us,’ you said. And here we are.” I glanced down at the paper in my hand. “One sixty... okay. It’s this way.” I turned and followed the hallway to the left. “Well,” I think I was talking to reassure myself as much as him. “Turned out he’s going to see us and who knows? He just might

agree to us doing a documentary as well.” I looked at the paper again. I noticed my hand tremble but I paid no attention. We were going to do this no matter what. “All right. Here it is. Room 169. Now smile, and quit being so negative.”

Even as I gave him instructions on behavior I couldn't help thinking he might be right. I tapped lightly on the door and put my own smile on. After all, Harold Sherman was world famous.

A few moments later, introductions over, I was sitting with my employer and Mr. Harold Sherman, internationally known psychic, author, and para-psychologist. He turned out to be a pleasant, low key, older man with a cherubic face. My producer was looking a little overwhelmed but he was at least making a valiant effort to carry on a conversation.

I picked up a magazine from the table next to me and idly thumbed through the pages while I waited for some cue to speak. He hardly needs me, I thought as Bill warmed to his subject and began to explain to the psychic why Sherman should agree to do a TV documentary for a new little upstart television production company in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

My God. The voices in the room faded to an unheard monotone as I gazed at the image on the page in front of me. It... It couldn't be. A sensation of brisk cold, followed by warmth, swept over me. I studied the picture, then allowed the magazine to fall to my lap as scenes from my memory flashed before me.

Strange beings in a Missouri attic. An unformed but real figure sitting before the glistening keys of my Grandmother's huge grand piano. A carpet of emerald green rolling meadows.

I continued to stare into the space in front of me as the scenes projected themselves at a quickening pace.

Earth fell away, open space enveloped me ... the figure of the man appeared again, this time with more definition, moving in rhythm to his music ... my Mother's porch, the walls spun about me as I danced pirouettes on a summer's evening.

Now the scenes came faster, each almost overlaying the one before. A collage of remembrance blurred before my gaze.

Giant spheres suspended in space, a figure of a man pounding out classical music at my Grandmother's piano, an alien being holding my finger, touching my hair and pointing to the tender skin just back of my ear...

Then the scenes slowed. Slowed, stopped and held, on the man at the piano. I stared at him, concentrated on his features, features refined, yet distinct. Dark brown hair parted on the side with a lock falling lazily across his forehead. Grey eyes. Deep and compelling eyes. Nose straight and thin. Chiseled jaw culminating in a determined chin.

"Are you all right?"

The images, invaded by gradual transparency, faded slowly.

"Barbara?" A man's voice penetrated my reverie.

This was one of my first experiences with supernatural visions or occult happenings, and it frightened me more than just a bit. I closed my eyes and held my lids tightly shut to force the remains of my vision away. When I opened them a moment later, I focused on the concerned face of Harold Sherman.

"Are you okay, Barbara?"

I felt the warmth of the psychic's hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, sorry." I smiled and tried to collect myself, tried to push the image of the man at the piano from my memory. "I don't know what happened." I looked down at the magazine which lay open on the floor. "Who?" my voice was hardly more than a whisper, "Who is that?" I

pointed to the photograph of the man with the wave of hair angled across his forehead.

I felt a light touch on my temple. Startled I looked up from the magazine and met the gaze of the psychics Harold Sherman. His intense vision seemed to reach into my skull to explore the recesses of my mind. A light tingling began at my temple where Sherman still held the fingers of his right hand. I felt the tingling grow and spread with caressing warmth to the back of my neck and down the line of my spine. I leaned into the power of the man's hand.

After a few seconds his hand fell away. His lips parted as he smiled at me. It was a smile that spread to his eyes, a smile which touched me with the same delicacy his fingers had shown as he'd touched my forehead only a moment before.

He...He knows, I thought.

"What's going on?" My producer shuffled in his chair and turned to Sherman when the author returned to the chair where he had been sitting.

"Awhile ago, before you arrived," Sherman ignored my boss' question, "A national network called and offered to pay me to do a documentary."

"What's ...?" My boss looked blank.

"Do you still want to do a documentary about me and my work?" Sherman interrupted.

"Of course we do." My answer tumbled over my lips.

"We can't pay you anything." My producer tossed out the words quickly.

Sherman concentrated his attention on me. The room seemed warm and abnormally quiet. "I want my documentary done right. To be sure that it is what I want, I'll pay your company \$10,000. But it has to be just right," He paused, smiled, then added with a gesture toward the floor, "The man in the magazine is a noted French scientist, Dr. Jacques Vallee."

I was caught unaware but I grappled in my purse for pencil and paper to write down the name.

“He is a renowned physicist as well as a UFO and psychic investigator. I believe you should meet him, Barbara.”

“I’d love to.” I think I might have gulped the words.

“He’ll be speaking in St. Louis next month at a paranormal conference. While you’re there,” Sherman spoke with authority. As though there were no question that I would be going to St. Louis the following month. “While you’re there, you, Barbara, will meet with Doctor Vallee.”

When we left Sherman’s hotel I took the magazine with me. Back in Tulsa I put it under *my* mattress. I had no idea at all who the man was but I wanted to learn more about him.

(Editor’s Note: Doctor Jacques Vallee was portrayed as the French Physicist/Investigator in the famous movie, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.)

###

We ended up doing a 26 part series on Harold Sherman. Parts of our tapes were to be shown at the paranormal conference so Harold was right. In the next month I found myself shouldering through the crowds in a St. Louis hotel where the paranormal conference was being held. I wandered through the crowds, almost in a daze.

Earlier in the morning I’d awakened to a strange experience and the supernatural displays got even stranger as the day wore on. When I’d awakened I’d heaved a huge sigh of contentment. I’d had a great night’s sleep, no rooster calling me to wake up, no donkeys braving for a handout, no children wanting breakfast. Still on the edge of Morpheus, I saw a beautiful silver and gold saucer shaped ship in the upper right quadrant of my mental vision. It was quite plain to me, clearly visible, dimensionally correct to the tiniest detail, as if it were really there, hovering in the

air of my mind, just above and to the right. The ship vision dissipated when the telephone jolted me awake with the person on the other end reminding me I was having breakfast with her.

When I stood up I felt disoriented, somewhat dizzy. The shower awakened me fully. I couldn't understand why I had been feeling so groggy since I'd had such a peaceful, undisturbed night's sleep. As time went by, months later, I began to understand that whenever I had been abducted once again or had had an encounter of some kind with the aliens, I was always dizzy, and not myself when I awakened the next morning but I never gave a moment's thought to such a thing as I wakened in the hotel in St. Louis.

When I slipped my purple dress over my head the glittering space ship again entered my mind just enough to make me notice. It was as if the ones responsible for the mental vision were saying, "Now, don't forget!" I wondered all through the morning, *Why? What had I seen? What did it mean?* I'd never experienced anything like the silvery gold UFO that hung so beautiful, so realistically within my mind, nor had I had such an experience before.

Later during the lectures I looked in my purse for my new sunglasses. I then searched the floor around my seat. During the break I asked if anyone had seen my glasses. No one had. Just before the talks began again a woman four chairs over from me opened her locked briefcase and with a look of wonder, pulled out my sun glasses and held them up. I didn't know the woman. I muttered "Impossible!" It seems my new sunglasses had teleported themselves into a stranger's briefcase.

Already this conference had given me several surprises with more to come.

On the second day, after I'd heard the astrophysicist, Dr. Vallee, I just wanted to get closer to him. It wasn't that his speech was so compelling. In fact, I was bored by all his

talk of UFOs. I know now that it was my lack of background and my paucity of information about the UFO phenomenon that kept me from understanding and appreciating his program. I did want to meet him to see if he might be my man from the piano. The full skirt of my borrowed purple dress brushed against my bare legs and felt silky and beautiful to me. I had combed my hair and put on fresh makeup before searching him out. I was ready for this meeting. Really, there was no hurry. The crowds still surged about him, hundreds of people, all of them wanting to get near him or talk to him or ask him for his autograph. I kept putting myself at the end of the line so, when I finally was able to talk with him, neither of us would feel hurried or pressured to move on. I realized that someone or something important to my own future was only minutes away. I don't know what I asked him but I distinctly remember what he said to me.

“Would you like to have coffee and discuss this matter?”

New crowds of searchers again surged between us so I went on to the next lecture. I looked around during that session and was shocked to see Dr. Jacques Vallee hunkered down against the wall a few feet from where I was sitting. A man, one of the acquaintances with whom I'd had breakfast, took me to Vallee and introduced us. When I tried to talk my throat locked. I could hardly speak. I was usually not intimidated by fame. I asked myself what was wrong but could find no answer. When he spoke to me and we had left the lecture hall to walk to the coffee shop that movement seemed to break the barrier between us.

As we talked, people kept coming up to him but the interruptions didn't seem to matter. I now felt at ease with him. Like a colleague. It was as if we had known each other forever.

He was very interested in the idea of the documentary we had just produced, the story of Bo and Peep ...

according to them, and he had a number of questions. He expressed a desire to see the tapes. I told him I wasn't sure because we weren't supposed to show the tapes to anyone until Bo and Peep gave us permission.

He was amazed that Bill and I had been able to film the self-designated extraterrestrials for hours and days on end. He was astounded to hear that they and some of their followers had been "roughing it" by camping out near Lake Keystone in Oklahoma, just a few miles west of Tulsa for all those weeks.

He told me he had written them numerous times but the leaders of their group had always refused any interviews. He had written about them in his latest book, *Messengers of Deception*. We discussed the fact that most of the members of the Bo and Peep group were professionals of one sort or another, who had given up high level jobs or left wealthy families to follow these two people.

Finally, when it was clear that we could not talk undisturbed, we left the crowded air-conditioned hotel and walked outside into a tidal wave of heat and humidity. We stopped and without a word, we embraced. I felt terribly strange.

We returned almost immediately to the hotel and a participant called to him, "Jacques, limo waiting." "I'll see you again." He said to me.

"Yes." was my only answer. I was devastated by my feelings for this man. I went to my room and sat in a half lotus position meditating for two hours. I didn't want to lose the feelings that engulfed me. I didn't want anything to disrupt the purity of my emotions. I was so very sure. Here was the man from the piano.

As I meditated he was arriving at the St. Louis Airport to return to San Francisco. He saw the billowing, roiling, lowering, strange looking, clouds moving in to St. Louis. He told me later that he had had them replicated in the movie, *Close Encounters*.

It wasn't long until he showed up in Tulsa. At the airport when I went to pick him up he said something that affected my life for years to come.

“Barbara, I knew I would be with you again because I feel I know you from the future.”

I said nothing and only made small talk as I drove because I didn't understand. We went straight to the studio to look at our tape of the Heaven's Gate people, Bo and Peep then, of course. Even though I told Bill again about the warning against showing the last five minutes of tape they both merely looked at me as if I were some sort of weirdo. Peep had told me privately that the documentary, especially the last five minutes, was supposed to be shown only after they had been taken up in a space vehicle.

It was a perfectly calm, starry, beautiful Oklahoma night. At the first second of the last five minutes of tape, a wind rose and circled the building. Then tumultuous rain, thunder, and lightning burst in the sky above and around where we were. As soon as we'd finished the last 5 minutes of tape and Bill turned off the machine, the storm stopped as abruptly as it had started.

Dr. Vallee was puzzled but he didn't want to give credit to either Bo or Peep nor did he care to hear of their testimonials. He refused to speak of the display which had just engulfed us. His reserve was unbreakable, seemingly, and he would not comment on the weather nor on the Bo and Peep tape at all.

The next day before he left he told me he was interested in cattle mutilations and he asked me to call if I heard of such incidents. I promised I would do so.

Within three weeks a friend had called me from Eureka Springs, Arkansas and she said they were having a rash of cattle mutilations there. In fact, I wasn't aware of it yet but I had just been linked up with the largest cattle mutilation case in the United States. The mass mutilations in Arkansas, by the way, started the night that the film, *Close*

Encounters of the Third Kind premiered across Arkansas. That was in December, 1977.

Jacques called and I told him about all the UFO's that were filling the sky above Eureka Springs and about the series of cattle mutilations that were taking place night after night in that area.

Our relationship, born in 1977, grew into an investigative partnership that lasted for years. The physicist, practiced in the methods of objective scrutinization of almost everything that appeared before him, became my mentor. I learned the art of scientific interviewing and the craft of interrogation. I learned to recognize a thread of evidence, then learned the patience required to follow that thread through a maze of deception and masked memories. I learned to follow the thread until it led to a conclusion, putting aside all my own prejudices and preconceived notions. I didn't work for Vallee but with him. The cases came to me and together we investigated them.

I believe the same synchronicity that led me to meet Bob Bartholic that evening in Tulsa, also brought me to work with Dr. Jacques Vallee.

When Vallee left Tulsa after viewing the Bo and Peep film I took him to the airport. As the announcement of his flight came over the speaker he reached for his attaché case and smiled down at me.

"I'll call you from San Francisco, Barbara. We can start work right away."

"Wonderful," I answered, still unsure how I should address my new friend and investigative partner. I had agreed to work with him, I just didn't quite understand what that work would be. I watched his airplane grow smaller until it disappeared into the eastern sky, then I walked toward the parking lots at the front of Tulsa International Airport. Outside I glanced at the sky again. Cumulus built and soared to the heavens. Lightning

streaked across the sky and formed a myriad of electrical bridges between the towers of clouds.

The sky was the same as it had been that long ago day in Kirkwood when I was a little child returning from meeting with those strange people. I really hadn't given that incident any thought, not for years. I smiled in sudden recognition. I had actually been on UFOs from infancy to early childhood. Those "people" had been aliens! I puzzled over the strange mixture of nausea and thrilling intensity which assaulted my solar plexus. Depression intermingled with my joy. It was as if I could foresee all the psychic cases and the UFO sightings and the frightening incidents that lay before me in the future.

As Jacques Vallee and I worked together, I noticed other occurrences. Not just those associated with UFOs and Psychic phenomena, but occurrences with numbers. A particular combination of numbers began showing up more and more frequently. Suddenly, automobile license plates, hospital or hotel room doors, airline flight numbers, which would have something to do with me or with him, would all boast these numbers.

At first I kept my observations to myself. Finally, I mentioned the numbers in the spirit of a joke to Vallee and we both laughed. Later, I learned the numerological significance of the numbers. It was the customary belief of psychics, as well as that of many persons of the Jewish and Christian religions that these numbers represented the conflict between evil and good, negative and positive, Satan and God.

I began to associate other happenings with the occurrence of the numbers, happenings which were not always fortuitous. I learned that the appearance of certain numbers seemed to indicate that something important, a profound incident in my life was taking place. In any context, the incidents presaged by those numbers could be good or bad, but always important. I learned to sit up and

take notice whenever the sixes and nines began to appear on anything which had to do with me in some way.

Chapter 9

AN INVESTIGATIVE TEAM

Starting in 1977 there was a rash of UFO sightings and reports of widespread mutilation of cattle in Arkansas. The flying saucers appeared over cars, followed children walking in country lanes, and left dogs cowering near their master's homes, begging to be allowed into the houses. One girl, who was curling her hair with a curling iron, received a serious electrical shock when a UFO swooped over her house.

Arkansans report that goats, cats, dogs and other animals were frightened acting and restless in the places where the UFO's were seen. It was a phenomenal event with national coverage in the media. The range of cattle mutilations was the largest ever reported up to that time.

In less than one month's time I was in Arkansas, interviewing citizens. It was fascinating work. When Vallee called I told him of some of the things I'd observed. He always listened with interest but rarely commented. I suppose he was taking notes. Over the years we worked together he must have taken a whole library's worth of notes.

I told him what had been told me. "On the night the film, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* premiered in Arkansas there were strange events everywhere in the state, particularly UFO sightings. The mutilations have started and are continuing. Cows have been dying for weeks, Jacques."

Vallee told me the day he would return to Tulsa and he asked me to pick him up at Tulsa International. We planned then for the two of us to drive straight on over to Arkansas and from there to begin our work on our first case together.

Something almost miraculous happened before he returned from California to the middle of the country. TV cameras and crews are notoriously expensive and almost impossible for non-television persons to command at any price ... especially in those days before the light portable, easily handheld cam.

I was preparing for our trip by putting things together. Just as in many other occurrences in my life, what I needed came to my hand somehow. In what I can only call a miracle, an acquaintance who ran a film studio volunteered the services of his professional film crew and their equipment and the truck to haul everything in, free of charge. One of the cameramen offered his black Mercedes as transport for Vallee and myself, also without any charge. I could barely believe it.

I went to the airport to pick up the French scientist and was waylaid by a friend who wanted to talk to me. I wasn't there but the crew was on the job and they just kept the cams running as Vallee disembarked. As soon as I came on the scene, we gathered the thousands of dollars worth of equipment and the men into the truck, we two stepped into the Mercedes, and we all headed for Benton County, Arkansas, the hotbed of the mutilations scare. Acquiring the equipment for our work and people to do the photography, as well as the means of comfortable transport, seemed not only a stroke of good luck, but pure magic to me.

The drive to Arkansas also seemed like magic. Vallee was very businesslike but electricity sparked between us. There was an incredible connection it seemed. I had to pinch myself. This would be my first big field case investigating UFOs. Thrills ran through me like lightning stroking through a summer sky in Oklahoma. He seemed quite calm even though my nerves were jumping.

We spoke only of the work ahead and of the preparatory work I had already done and he told me he

wanted to talk first to the Deputy Sheriff who had taken all the striking photographs.

The Arkansas Lawman had confided in me that he was the only person in that particular Sheriff's Department who believed that there was a connection between the UFO sightings and the mutilated cattle. The pictures he had taken of a mutilated cow had been of considerable interest to Vallee. The rolls of photographs of the dead cow had been taken from every conceivable angle; the head, backbone, each hoof, stomach, tail. Each and every anomaly had been photographed in distant shots, up close and at medium range. What was strange had become evident only after the pictures were developed. Every single shot showed a bright piercing ray of white light beaming from the sky and striking the various parts of the animal. The light was visible from every angle and it appeared in each photo. We decided that one photograph with such a laser-like beam of light could have been coincidence. We were positive that the ray of white light appearing in every single photograph was no coincidence. It was as if the beings above had made an effort to leave their signature on each picture.

The Bentonville Deputy Sheriff, who was sympathetic to our investigation, directed us to a farm where a fresh mutilation had just taken place. The crew and I were able to make a tape of Vallee and the Deputy talking about the cow which had already been moved from the field.

Several years later, on the anniversary of his first call to investigate the scene of a mutilated cow, that particular Deputy Sheriff, whom I had come to think of as a friend, found one of his own cows mutilated. Later he was bitten by a poisonous snake and then resuscitated. I was sorry to hear that he had been fired from his job in the County Sheriff's office. During this period before his dismissal, I had talked to him by telephone rather frequently. Most of the time as we talked, our line would go dead. We agreed that there was a diabolical element stemming from the UFO

scene, an element which had taken over in both of our lives since we'd become involved with the UFO's, the cows and the sinister black helicopters which were always swarming over the whole melee.

Vallee never had any type of problem or visitation in his personal life whether in the United States or in France or at least he never mentioned anything, not even when I was comparing accidents with the Deputy or other UFO observers. He did observe once that he held the theory that the helicopters were a signal that the mutilations had something to do with a covert military operation. He certainly had reservations about the rash of sightings being totally alien in origin.

Our first mutilated cow had, as had most all of the other mutilated cows, had had all the blood drained from her body. The farmers and ranchers and other observers reported that strange looking small, black, helicopter-looking vehicles were observed hovering, without lights, in the vicinity of almost every instance of mutilation. The farmers were getting nervous, not because of the UFO connection, which most didn't even believe, but because of the continuing depredation on their cattle herds. They were losing money. Each dead cow was a serious drain on that particular farm's economic structure.

Many people of the county thought the whole flap to be a hilarious joke of some kind or a figment of the imagination of kooks and crazies. The ranchers may have thought those things as well but they finally banded together to camp out together in groups at night, each man armed with a gun. They couldn't afford any more of what many called "this kind of tomfoolery."

Sometimes Vallee and I joined them in their vigil in a slightly different way. Nightly we drove the loaned Mercedes across the roads and highways of the area, looking for evidence of mutilations in progress. We stayed for two days on our first field trip and my adrenaline level

was so high that I had trouble sleeping at all, even after our return to Tulsa.

The two of us made innumerable return trips to the Bentonville and other Arkansas areas during the next seven years. My patient husband Bob just understood that my life's work was inextricably joined with that of this internationally renowned researcher, so he allowed me the freedom that our investigations required. Our children were in school and during this period, Bob became their principal after-school-caretaker with his mother lending a hand. Most of the time I was fiercely homesick for him and the girls but I felt compelled to continue the work.

During the seven years of traipsing through mucky cow lots and hot, dusty fields in Arkansas and other places, Dr. Jacques Vallee was always absolutely and perfectly controlled, always organized and ready for the work ahead. He was the epitome of precision and preparation. I never saw the man except in a suit, a tie, and wearing perfectly polished shoes. He always looked as if he were dressed for a day in a Wall Street office. He was never without his briefcase in hand.

I, on the other hand, was the perfect "Lucy." Always out of control, accident prone, sick at my stomach, and strangely imprecise and unprepared. I well remember one typical Barbara incident: In a small town cafe I was opening a plastic container of cream to pour into my coffee. Somehow I sprayed the cream all over Vallee's tailor-made English shirt, his designer tie and his expensive suit. Whatever could happen that I could do that was bad or unexpected, did happen. He hardly raised an eyebrow until the cream sprayed him for the third time. He learned to keep his distance when I was preparing my coffee.

Particularly, I was always losing or forgetting my purse. It's impossible to remember how many times we had to go back to get my handbag. On our first trip I set the pattern. I broke the heel from my shoe while we were interviewing a

veterinarian. The veterinarian had to nail my heel back onto my shoe... quite reluctantly, I might add. The vet seemed to think I had broken the high heel from my shoe just to irritate him. It was on that trip that I learned that the stepping in manure is considered “good luck” in France.

Whenever I was with this unemotional European model of decorum, it seems, my mind was not firing on all synapses. I think his up-tight perfection made me seem, by comparison, more than a little dizzy.

I do know that whenever Vallee and I worked together I could expect something dreadful when I got home. Luckily Bill Blair was interested in my adventures so I was able to hang on to my job with his TV studio. However, in my personal and private life, some member of my family or a part of my household would always have met with sickness or accident or some other terrible happening. A sinister energy has always operated behind the scene to make problems for my family and me throughout my career as an investigator. I'll talk more about this problem in a later chapter.

When we arrived in Bentonville on our first trip, our first interview was with the Deputy Sheriff whom I had interviewed earlier in my preliminary work with the lawmen and townspeople. He was the only lawman who admitted to having seen the UFOs or to having been affected by them in some way.

During the years that I worked with Vallee, we visited sites in New York, Arizona, Arkansas, all over rural Oklahoma, California, Kansas, and Missouri. Because I love animals I shuddered with fear and anguish for the poor animals who had been so mistreated. At that time most of our trips were to investigate instances of mutilated cattle. We gave little or no consideration to abductions in those years.

Vallee, the Physicist, became my mentor during the next few years. I really didn't know that our farewells in New York would be our last time to see each other.

An interesting sidelight during that time was a discovery I made about my mother and about something that had happened in my childhood. In 1980 after I'd said goodbye to Vallee, I came off the plane in Tulsa and drove to my Mother's house. I'd invited my mother, and some of her friends to have lunch with me at a local tearoom.

At the luncheon table I said, "Well, Mother, we've just been on another investigative case. One of those 'crazy chases,' as you call them."

Mother smiled at the others at the table before she spoke. What she said knocked me back in my chair. My Mother had always made sure I understood that she thought I was chasing a will-o-the-wisp, in other words, just wasting my time.

"You know, Barbara, I never did tell you about the time that big UFO was right above our house."

"For God's sake, Mother. I've been investigating UFOs for years now. Why on earth didn't you ever tell me about this?" I must have looked as agitated as she'd ever seen me because she made a calming motion with her hand. The type of signal Mother's use to keep one quiet in public.

"Well, honey, I just never thought to tell you about what I saw. It wasn't much." She smiled an apologetic smile.

"Can you describe the vessel?" I asked the question but if Vallee had been there, the always on-the-job scientist would at this point, have taken out his notebook and pen.

"Well, yes." She looked up into the air above the luncheon table as if once again seeing what had appeared in the Missouri sky that day. "It was some silvery metal, something like aluminum, I guess, but not quite as shiny. A kind of a big saucer shaped metal disc. Really big. From so

far away I couldn't gauge exactly, of course, but certainly much larger than a car or even our house."

Mother glanced at me to be sure I was listening. I was. Big time.

"I was standing out in the yard. It was in Missouri. It was summer. Really hot. Late in the afternoon."

"What happened?" I couldn't wait for her next startling bit of information.

"Oh, nothing." She smiled at her friends at the table. "I looked at it for a minute or two, but it didn't move or really do anything, so I just went on hanging out the clothes then went back inside." She took a sip of her iced tea. "How long can one be required to stare at something that is just sitting up there doing nothing?"

"My God, Mother!"

She frowned at me.

"No need to speak in that way, dear." She turned back to the others. "I believe there was something written about it in the St. Louis Post Dispatch and The Globe. Yes. There was quite a little flurry there with people who saw the UFO. Nineteen forty-five or forty-seven, I believe. I'm not really sure."

I am convinced that my mom's sighting was of the ship which teleported me to that green meadow somewhere. It all came back to me. I'd been teleported for the purpose of implanting a tiny communication device in my head. I remembered being held by my mother when I ran in exclaiming about "something in my head" and feeling, against my cheek, the clothespins in the pockets of the apron my Mother was wearing that day. She looked me over because of my complaints but she couldn't find anything. I've always been afraid to have my skull examined by doctors or scanned on x-ray. What if they had found evidence of a foreign object? I'd grown up thinking there was a tiny lump just below the skin in the area back of my ear. I didn't mention this at the luncheon table, of

course. Mother was terribly pleased with the sensation she'd just caused while trying to amuse the visiting ladies and her own daughter. I didn't want to steal her thunder.

Vallee rarely did anything but write notes throughout all our investigations. He took reams of notes every other day we were together, as we looked at sites and talked with spectators and landowners. We questioned and measured and observed and photographed. So far as I know he drew no conclusions at all. If he did come to some conclusion he never told me. Every trip we made was through my discovery of whatever was puzzling people at a specific area. I would try to learn more about it then I'd contact Jacques and he would come flying in and then the two of us would go measure, observe, question and photograph whatever had come my way.

Sometimes I felt as if the whole series of investigations, and my part in them particularly, were just one big charade staged for the man's private entertainment. Maybe he used those voluminous notes to write a book... in French, perhaps. He certainly never published anything in English about our investigations, or none that I have ever seen. I don't know.

That's when I began to wonder who he really was.

Chapter 10

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

After several years together as investigative partners, Jacques Vallee and I eventually agreed to part company for a reason which I will explain later on, but I, driven by a compulsion I still didn't understand, continued the work alone.

By this time my name was so well known that many people called me when they had problems with cattle mutilations or when they heard about such problems. Often they called about other problems as well.

Once I was driving along a country road in Oklahoma when I spotted a cow lying down. I parked the car and I leaped over the fence, being very careful when making my way across a small open pasture. This was, after all, private property, and I wasn't looking to be shot at by an irate rancher.

The cow was lying just at the edge of a wooded area. Because this animal was mutilated in what seemed to be a common pattern I'll try to explain exactly what I saw. Bile rose in my throat as I surveyed the body of the animal.

The cow was lying on her side, not moving, her legs stiffly outstretched. That is what made me suspect she was a victim of mutilation as the area had recently had several UFO sightings.

The first wound I saw was a perfectly round hole about three inches in diameter on her right side. The ear on that side had been sliced off and the right eye had been cut out in a cup shaped incision as if a very large melon scoop had taken a cup shaped dip of flesh right out of the cow's head. The animal's rectal area had been excised in what appeared to be a perfect circle, another large scoop which took out the entire rectum and the area around it for about one inch

in other words, a three to four inch circular piece had been taken.

There was no visible blood on the cow nor on the ground around her. Each of the bloodless incisions appeared to have been made with surgical precision by a seasoned practitioner of the art or by a very sharp cutting *machine* of some type. The visible flesh within the incisions looked somewhat desiccated to my eye ... much as had the flesh on all the other mutilated cattle I had seen, also. Perhaps *cauterized*, would be the better word. Try to imagine what a raw steak would look like with the blood totally removed from it and the edges of the steak high heat seared. Then you'd have a closer approximation of what I saw.

Normally, a dead animal is a magnet to flies, ants, and larger predators. This cow, even though the summer day in Oklahoma was a normal 95 degrees in the shade, had not one fly on it, no maggots, no beetles. That was typical in most of the mutilation cases. She was displaying a trait in common with all the other mutilated cows we'd looked at. Her hulk repulsed all ants, flies and other insects, as well as all birds. No carrion birds had visited her, either.

I'd noted many times that mutilated cows did not deteriorate as quickly as most cows that have died of natural causes. Dogs, cats, and other cows and domesticated animals stay strictly away from animals who have died in this manner... and that includes their calves. If a cow is killed by a bullet or in some other more ordinary way, farmers have assured me that the calves most often stay near their dead mother until the farmer or rancher removes them. Not true in the mutilation cases we saw.

As usual, there was no odor, whatsoever.

This animal lay completely alone. Nothing moved or chirped or breathed within an approximate hundred-yard radius of her body in every direction, except for me, of

course. There was no sign of footsteps, car tire marks or any other marks of intruders in the area around the cow.

The trees and bushes that stood near the cow's body were fearfully and strangely quiet. No birds, no insect calls, none of the usual bug, animal and bird clatter and movement, no activity at all. Dead quiet, especially in the country, is not pleasant, let me tell you. There was nothing to do but to search for the farmhouse and report this find to its owner, which I did.

During our years of investigative partnership a few of the farmers we had talked with were convinced that somehow Jacques Vallee and I were to blame for what had happened to their cows. I was a bit concerned that my report might cause this farmer to think I was the one who had killed his cow, but that didn't happen, not with this man, luckily. He knew there had been "flying saucer" activity in the air over his farm and he blamed the mutilation of this heifer upon the UFOs, not upon me.

I once interviewed another farmer who lived near Mt. Magazine in Arkansas. He'd had cattle mutilated very close to his farmhouse. He claimed that his other cattle and his dog went "beserkers" in the night. In the morning they walked out to find dead cattle. The offspring of the mutilated cows would not approach them. But that's not all. The calves of the remaining living cows refused to suck from their living mothers for a few days.

Because of the ruckus in the near pasture he had gone out of his house to look around the night before. There had been UFO sightings in the area for some time. The reports had been made by both teens and adults who lived in the Mt. Magazine area. This farmer walked out at night and then stared at a spectacular sight. A UFO rose straight up from Mt. Magazine to light the hills and the river as brightly as if it were day. The ship took a course north over the river.

“It was so bright,” he said, “I could see the shoreline, the water, the trees on the hillsides. Everything was visible, everything for miles around was just bathed in brilliance.”

Several days later, in that same Mt. Magazine area, something happened on one small farm owned by an older woman who lived alone. She got out of bed because she saw a bright light from her window. She looked out to see what she thought was her pasture on fire. She called the Sheriff. She told the dispatcher that her pasture and woods were on fire. They poofohed her complaint and told her to go on back to bed. She then called her brother-in-law who came soon but the light had gone. He and she walked out to where she'd observed what she'd thought to be a fire, only to find that some large vehicle had landed in the center of the clearing. Proof was in the imprint of the large pods which had created deep impressions in the moist earth of the pasture. Something bearing considerable weight, probably tons of weight, had landed there not long before they had made their trek from the house.

In those days we heard very little about abductions and such, but we heard a very great deal about UFO sightings and cattle mutilations. In fact, other than from Bo and Peep, I'd never heard of people going onto the alien ships. The Southeast Missouri, Northeast Oklahoma, and Northwestern Arkansas areas centered in or near the Ozarks, were constant hotbeds of UFO activity, constantly observed by teachers, farmers, kids, teens, lawmen, oil field workers, cowboys, housewives and store owners. The kids and the old folks, the educated, and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, the believers and the nonbelievers, all saw, and reported on, the brilliantly lighted vehicles that swarmed in the sky each night.

Even though I'd seen, over and over again, what the aliens from the UFOs had done to cows, I remained my optimistic naive self. *The people in the alien craft above us were here merely to observe us.* I told myself that and I also

told other people that. *These are benign creatures who are here to protect us from our own careless use of the earth.* I said, and so did many others who were surveying the vessels in the sky. We all believed we had our feet firmly planted on the ground. Our understanding of the sudden spate of UFO activity was complete, we thought. Those creatures in the metallic-looking saucers were here merely to observe.

All of us in those years, in every state where we visited, local people and visitors, standing in groups or watching alone, we all stared up at them. All fascinated. All mesmerized by the displays. None of us ever *dreamed* that we, or anyone we knew, could ever be taken up or taken away in those swooping, hovering, illuminated, flying saucers that often filled our night skies.

I believe I had completely forgotten my own childhood experiences. I never even spoke about them to anyone. One thing the aliens do very well. They can, with the greatest of ease, disguise, hide or wipe out your memories of any UFO contact whatsoever.

I've certainly had proof of that in the years of my involvement with the victims of those aliens. I now know that aliens start by abducting the very young, then they continue to abduct and experiment with the chosen ones for the rest of that particular child's life. The victims' memories of the abductions are shrouded so the subject never knows exactly what is going on, only that he or she has had some sort of strange experiences. The experiences rise to trouble the surface of his or her mind at unexpected moments. The common reaction is this: "Barbara, can you help me? Am I going crazy?"

My inner slate is wiped as clean as anyone else's. Here is an incident from my own experience.

At a party one night a friend of mine said, "Barbara, I want you to meet a friend of mine." She pushed forward a well-groomed man in a three-piece suit. "He's a lawyer.

Barry Lewis.” She gestured toward me, “This is my friend, Barbara Bartholic, Barry.”

I shook the stranger’s hand.

“Here it is, 1984, and although I’ve known Barry all my life,” my friend continued, I haven’t seen him for ten years.” The woman pulled on my arm. Her smile promised something amusing. “But I remember something weird about my old-time pal.” She made a gesture toward the lawyer. “Take off your glasses, Barry.” She laughed. “Look at his eyes, Barb. Isn’t that strange?”

The man smiled and lowered his sunglasses to stare into my eyes. Each of the pupils of the lawyers’ eyes contained a small quarter-moon-shaped, white crescent. I stared back.

As if I had no control over my own movements, I felt my hand rise to point at the man.

“You had a UFO experience when you were very young.” My own words shocked me.

The stranger grunted surprise and sat down.

“How did you know? I’ve never told anyone except my parents.”

“I don’t know. I just know. Can you tell me about it?”

My friend stepped closer to the man. She talked quietly but I could hear what she said.

“Go ahead, Barry. Barb is a well-known investigator, a UFO investigator. She hears that kind of stuff all the time.”

Barry Lewis motioned to me to sit on the chair facing him.

“I was a bedridden ten-year-old Iowa farm boy when it happened. I was dying of blood poisoning in my feet and one day, just after the doctor left, I found myself inside some sort of a strange vehicle... with strange little beings standing over me.”

He stared at me. His pupils dilated. The white moons gleamed across at me.

“The people in the space ship worked on me, Barbara. And...” he hesitated “...there were a lot of kids there.”

He paused again.

“My God.” Barry Lewis leaned forward and his gaze bored into mine. “Why... I know you. You were there too. You were a blonde alien woman, and you were on that space ship with me, Barbara. Don’t you remember?”

I could almost remember, but not quite. The guys in the sky had done their best on me, and on my memory. It was several years before some of those things came to light.

So, nowadays, when parents ask me about what might be happening to their children, those children who keep crying and screaming that monsters are coming into their rooms at night, I answer, usually very quietly, “Pay attention to what your children are saying they can see in their room! They probably are telling the truth. They’re probably seeing what they say they are seeing.”

Chapter 11

NEW JOB; MORE INVESTIGATIONS

Once it dawned on me that television, fascinating as it was, was not my real passion, it wasn't long until I bowed out of the job with Bill Blair. I was grateful for all he'd done for me but I had been put on this earth for a specific purpose. I just knew that. I'd thought television production could be my purpose, but now I knew that while TV was fun, it wasn't my reason for being on this earth. I was quite sure of that. By this time, Jacques Vallee and I had almost agreed to let our partnership rest for a time. I was back in Turley with lots to do but with very little that I *wanted* to do. Certainly I wasn't receiving any income from my efforts in our house and yard.

I tried to pick up my painting again and although I was fairly successful as a painter, that didn't compel me either. I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to continue my own UFO investigations but I knew we couldn't afford trips all over the map. Car, gasoline, motels, restaurants, tolls, airplane flights, clothing... everything cost money, and unless Bob received a commission for a sculpture or sold a painting we didn't have any money. I sighed inwardly. There was nothing else for it, I would need to take another wage earning job. The children all needed shoes and clothing and equipment for school and I needed to do something with my life.

Once I'd made the decision my mind eased, at least for the rest of that day. I played with my daughters, helped Bob in his studio, fed all the animals and went to bed early to sleep the sleep of the just. I woke up dizzy and disoriented. My walk from my bed to the head of the stairway was a stagger. The kitchen seemed a million miles away rather than just down a short flight of steps. Holding to the wall, I

hobbled down the stairs, then reeled on into the bathroom to see if a little water in the face would help me waken to my planned day which was to be dedicated to a job search. When I headed back toward the kitchen the telephone rang.

Perhaps my brooding and musing about what I could do for a living called the aliens' attention to me, I don't know. Or, maybe what is more likely, they had arranged the whole thing from beginning to end. Anyway, they had a hand in everything that happened to me from that point on, I am still quite sure of that.

My association with Jacques Vallee had been frightening me because of all the weird things that happened each time we went out together to interview or investigate. I'd told him we needed to cool it. He wasn't convinced but I'd told him I suspected a fine alien hand in each of the problems which had faced my family. He laughed at the idea and it was clear that he thought I was just being my normal loco "Lucy" type self. I lurched to the telephone, ready to argue the point again. Chasing UFOs had become too dangerous to me and to my family.

But it wasn't Jacques on the phone. It was an acquaintance who was calling to tell me about her new job. She worked for a company which took aerial photographs of farm and ranch land in the Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, and Arkansas area. Her job was to drive to the farms and ranches and try to sell the owners the oil paintings taken from the photos of the farms.

She knew I'd be interested, she said, because just the previous week she'd seen a mutilated cow. The cow was somewhere near a County road in Kansas. Would I like to drive back up that way with her and search out the cow?

I could feel energy rising within me, my confusion and disorientation falling away. Yes. This was my chance to do what I really wanted to do. Maybe I could put off my job search for a few days since she wanted me to go with her?

Her company was paying for her room so expenses would be minimal.

“Oh, thank you. I’d love to go with you. You can tell me all about your new job.” I interrupted Bob’s work in his studio to tell him about the chance to go see a mutilated cow in Kansas. He grinned and waved his brush as if to say, “If you’ve seen one dead cow, you’ve seen then all.” He turned back to his work with the words, “Have a good time. We’ll be here when you get back.”

I raced up the stairs and in seconds had my overnight bag packed, then in just a few minutes more I’d bathed and put on comfortable traveling clothing as she had suggested. All I had to do when she honked in my driveway was to kiss Bob and run to the door. We headed toward Kansas and the cow she’d seen so recently.

I felt great.

We searched and searched but no matter how much we searched we could not find the cow nor the farm where she’d seen it. That night she’d arranged for us to meet her boss and two other people who were the photographers from the plane. After dinner in the motel coffee shop, all five of us talked and talked into the evening.

“Barbara, since you’re looking for a job, why don’t you come join our crew?” The boss asked. “You can make good money if you work hard and you can be home lots of nights and almost every weekend.”

I accepted his offer on the spot. This was the answer! I could be working while at the same time. I could be looking into UFO sightings and mutilated cattle reports. I could actually talk to the farmers and ranchers who were the citizens who had been most affected by the waves of UFO sightings over their homes and by the mutilations of the cattle on their lands. I now realize that I had awakened that morning after having had an alien encounter which was held, probably, to prepare me for my friend’s call. She told me on our drive north that even though we were only

casual acquaintances, my name kept coming into her mind. It was as if someone inside her head kept repeating to her, "Call Barbara Bartholic. Call Barbara Bartholic." She just knew she was supposed to call me, she didn't know why except she'd heard I was interested in cattle mutilations. Oh, yes, I'm sure "they" had the whole thing set up for me. The job was perfectly designed for me to go into farmers' houses or barns and after getting the commission, to turn the now general friendly chat toward the cattle mutilation/UFO questions.

I stayed with that job about three years. What my friend didn't prepare me for was the hardest work I'd ever done. It was a far cry from the glamour of a television study. I had to drive what seemed a million miles every day in any kind of weather, carry a huge 4x5-foot leather portfolio in and out of my car at each call and I also had to keep my old car running.

Here was the common scenario: I'd drive up to the farmhouse door, honk to let them know someone was there and to try to alert them to keep the dogs off me, then I'd hear the clunk sound as my car's muffler would fall off. I'd drag that hideously heavy portfolio from the car, go up to the door or out to the barn or out to the fence and try to sell the paintings. (I was paid on commission.) Afterward I'd put the backbreakingly heavy portfolio back into the car, take out my special stick which I always carried with me, raise the hood to adjust a little thing under the hood, then bend down to use my long stick to rehook the muffler in place. There were always plenty of guard dogs who came out to do their duty so that stick was a great deal more than just my essential rehooking-the-muffler stick. I treasured that stick and I never, ever, went anywhere without it.

I learned to love those farmers and ranchers and their families as well. I came to know what the phrase, "Salt of the earth," really meant. They took me into their homes. They bought my product and answered my questions

without reservation. They fed me wonderful food, sometimes insisted that I accept their hospitality and stay over in their guest rooms because a "... little woman shouldn't be out driving around late at night on country roads." (In heels, I'm nearly six feet tall.) I learned so much from all those good people. During that time I made a list of all the things that my association with those farm families had done for me. (See Appendix B for that list.)

I just loved my customers.

But, of course, some, a few, of my experiences were not so sweet and wonderful.

There was the time I stood on one side of the fence, earnestly trying to persuade a man to buy a painting of his farm and he just as earnestly was refusing to buy. We weren't arguing but just haggling, market place style, still pleasant and pleased to be talking to each other. I tried to keep my mind on the business before us and off the slight tickling I felt on first one leg then the other.

Suddenly I felt as though I'd stepped into a sea of fire. I screamed and jumped away from where I'd been standing but I was too late. I'd been rooted in a huge bed of fire ants and I was being eaten alive by the creatures. I ran to his farmhouse bathroom and began to strip off my clothes and shoes. I was covered with tiny red wounds all over my body. There was nothing, really, that the farmer could have done for me. It took hours for my skin to calm down even though I drove madly back to the motel (shoeless and only partially clothed) and took a shower.

I thought the least he could have done when I returned later that evening was to buy the painting, but he didn't. Oh, well, that's business, right?

Another anecdote has a darker side.

I drove up to a long, rambling ranch house, very prosperous looking, set out on a well run cattle ranch. It was about 4 p.m. I was invited to come in by the rancher himself who led the way back to his office. I could hear

women's voices in what I supposed to be the kitchen or dining room area.

The rancher had been drinking. He set his glass down beside the almost empty bottle and sat down before I did. He offered me a drink which I refused. He said he was interested in our paintings so I sat in the chair he indicated then he looked up at me and said, "Just show me what you want." As he spoke he grabbed my ankle and was working his way up my leg with both hands.

I jumped to my feet and tried to back off without making a scene and ruining the sale. His wife came to the study door and smiled and said, "Come on into the kitchen and show us, too."

I heaved a sigh of relief and followed her to the kitchen. She and her friend were extremely nice women who, I could tell, were quite religious. They wore the hairdos and long sleeved clothing that proclaimed Pentecostal church membership. I gave them the pitch and the wife really wanted the picture. She wrote out a check.

As I brought out my receipt book to finish the deal I made a tactical error by saying, "Have you or anyone you know ever had a UFO encounter out here in the country?"

The wife grew very excited.

"Oh, yes. Just the other night we were leaving the church after the evening service. My husband and I were in our car with our teenaged daughter. A UFO flew right directly over us and we suddenly had engine trouble. Our new car stopped. Bob had to get out..."

The rancher came into the kitchen and lunged toward me. He beat me on the back while shouting, "Witch. Demon. Get out of here. You're a witch."

I turned and he hit me on the side and on my back. I scooped up my receipt book and that stupid portfolio. As I did so I said, "Oh, that'll be \$130.00, Mrs. Jones, I'll take your check now."

I handed her the receipt and the woman handed me the check. She looked scared to death. Her husband was like a man possessed. He kept trying to beat me but I kept the portfolio between us as much as possible. I put the check in my pocket and kept moving toward the door.

“I’ll be running right along, now.” I tried to keep my voice level. I clutched my Portfolio and ran toward my car with him hitting my back and shoulders all the way to the door.

“You’re one of the dark ones,” he shouted and followed me out the door. By now, I had a slightly better car but I still had my stick. I didn’t even try to take it out. I just jumped into my Toyota and gunned that baby down that dirt road.

When I told my boss about the experience that night at the crew meeting in the motel he was so angry he wanted to go out and get the guy right then and there but I said no, that I wouldn’t show him the place, that I wanted to leave the poor man alone.

The rancher’s rage probably stemmed from his buried memories of that recent UFO encounter after church. I don’t know, of course but probably his wife and daughter had been ordered telepathically to stay and wait until the husband-father was allowed to come back to them, so they were not so traumatized.

He, no doubt, was hitting the bottle that evening as a way of dealing with his unconscious anger and I’d given him a reason to vent his confused fury on me. Luckily, our company delivered all our customers’ orders by mail so I was not required to return to that person’s house.

I’d stumbled upon an interesting farmer and his neighbor near Atoka, Oklahoma. He and his neighbor were friends and both of them had had cows mutilated. They’d both experienced so many sightings of the UFOs that they were totally used to such an occurrence and had even seen and visited with the aliens whom they reported as being

what we now think of as the classic small humanoid grays with large eyes.

The ships would settle in the back pasture of my customer or in the backyard of his friend and someone from the ship would beckon to one or the other. The chosen one would walk out and climb on board as calmly as could be.

On a recent trip out back to chat with “the boys,” as he called the aliens who had again beckoned him aboard, the aliens told one of the farmers to prepare for a hospital stay and then proceeded to give him a heart attack right there on the ship.

While he was resting in the local hospital the aliens telepathically instructed him in the skill of using a pencil on a map to find gold, particularly in the Ouachita Mountains. Later I learned that his skill was real. People began to find gold under his pencil/map directions. He was a good old down-to-earth farmer except for the fact that he was connected with the UFOs and he could find gold with a pencil. The ships appeared so often on his place that it was just an everyday thing to him. He and his farmer friend thought the little grays were benevolent. There are, of course, many people who belong to the aliens. I’m sure he belonged to them or was a member of their alien clan. I think the same was true of his friend.

One night I was leaving his house and found that I had a flat. The farmer was kind enough to come out and fix the tire for me. By the time I left, the deepest dark of a country night had fallen. I knew the way because I’d been there dozens of times to talk to him and his wife about the cows and the UFOs.

Nevertheless, I somehow took a wrong turn and ended up in the darkest, most desolate place in the world. I just didn’t know where I was. I could see nothing. Then in the blink of an eye I was in a different place. In deep woods. Surrounded by hills. There was an odd sign on the side of the road which offered the numbers 369 on a triangle.

When my light flashed on those phosphorescent numbers set in that true blackness of a country night, I knew the numbers were a signal to me.

“Wow. I’ve got to get out of here.” I spoke the words aloud and then prayed for help. I drove on, and by some miracle, in only seconds I was on the highway. How I found that highway I’ll never know.

Each new thing I learned about the aliens came from the people I interviewed or chatted with after our business transactions. I was once able to get a major account from a farmer in the Durant, Oklahoma area. After I’d sold him a painting we both relaxed. When I questioned him about UFO activity, he talked about a mysterious red ball of light that zipped around their house then came through the wall of the house to whiz through all the rooms, terrorizing his family.

At the time I had not yet heard anything about the alien spy balls which are basketball sized red luminous objects which are thought to be able to observe everything inside a house and out. The farmer was very concerned. The lucent red ball went through the trees of the back lot, through his yard and through the walls of his house. It had been in his house only the night before we talked. Here, surely, was something new. Something I had not yet heard anything about. His story baffled and frightened me. I knew he was telling a true story. His whole family told of seeing the fiery ball racing through their house.

When I left their house after hearing about the glowing balls, I put my foot on the accelerator to back out. It felt as if something heavy stomped down on my foot and pressed the pedal to the floor. I backed with great speed toward a ravine that bordered the farmer’s yard. There was a deep drop there and no fence to stop me. I couldn’t move a muscle. I was stopped by a tree stump which caught beneath the center of the car and stopped the vehicle. I was just teetering there on the edge of what was, in essence, a

cliff. I was frozen, afraid to move, afraid to draw a deep breath, for what seemed forever. I knew that if I moved there was a chance that the car would slip on over the side to the bottom of the ravine. Finally the farmer came out in his car and he stopped to tell me he was driving for help. Soon he brought back men who helped me out and secured the car. I teetered over that deep ravine for seventeen minutes.

I could only take that incident as one of the many messages or warnings I've received over the years.

Next day a tornado warning came while I was talking to a neighbor of the family which had experienced the red ball. I had just asked if they had seen UFOs and my host made me and all of his family stand up to go to the cellar on the next farm. We went into a hand-dug hole in the ground, the farmer carrying a lantern and they let the door slam shut behind us. We occupied several chairs and benches and began to talk of their UFO experiences. We were only a few miles from the farm where the red ball's antics had been experienced. They all had had experiences to share with me. Pen and paper in hand-, I heard and took notes on stories of encounters told by children, teens and adults while a dangerous, and destructive tornado raged overhead. Talk about strange encounters!

That area was simply a hotbed of activity. The tornado touched down nearby but after an hour underground we were able to resurface.

The very next day I was talking with yet another neighbor and again heard a story of a strange red ball invading a family's home. I was sorry that the family had had such an experience but I was glad to hear about it. That was an unwitting confirmation of the original family's invasion by the spy ball. Confirmations were always welcome because they helped me learn whether my informants were telling the truth or making up stories.

Sometimes we sales people were able to get rides in the company planes when they were headed home. After the red ball incidents I had such an opportunity. I got onto the little Company-owned Cherokee and placed my portfolio in the area in back of our seats. It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny. Over the city of McAlester, Oklahoma, a freak storm hit us and the plane dipped and began to drop like a rock. All my papers swirled out of the plane's cabin. The young, confident pilot blanched. For a moment we stared death in the face. We finally escaped the tumultuous clouds and he was able to recover mastery of the plane. That was such a frightening ride that I gave some serious thought to what I was doing. By the time we'd arrived in Tulsa I'd made up my mind that the storm had been a sign that I should put this form of investigation to rest.

Anyway, selling paintings of ranches and farms was the hardest job in the world. I'd had it. My last assignment was in Arkansas and after I'd finished there I resigned. It was time to reunite with my family on a daily basis and settle into what became my real UFO investigative job in my own house in Turley.

That was the year that the hundreds of UFO abduction cases began to appear in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri, so I soon had more than enough work to do, most of it in my own house.

Chapter Twelve

PUNISHMENT FOR INVESTIGATING

I've made a wide circle of friends all across the U.S.A., most of whom were somehow involved with UFOs. Too many of them are dead or dying. Cancer seems the favorite method of ridding the world of nosy busybodies who want to know who and what the aliens are and where they came from and why they come here. Cancer is the answer to all their questions in far too many cases.

Puzzling, isn't it?

Not to me.

Almost every day since I started my UFO investigations I have suffered strange happenings, sickness, complete lack of privacy, pain, torture to my animals, accidents to my family members, loss of property, threats, and almost every other kind of punishment you could wish upon your worst enemy.

I'm fairly certain my telephone is bugged. Maybe my house as well, but I have no proof. And of course, I carry an alien communication device around with me. Everywhere my body goes, the homing device my "friends" left behind my ear goes also. I've just been too chicken to have the thing surgically removed. Afraid of what "they" would do, maybe. Or afraid of what doctors might find? I've had a telepathic message that I mustn't fool around with this thing so I'm leaving it quite alone, thank you.

In November of 1997, I was asked to open and close the UFO Conference in Memphis, Tennessee. I agreed to do so with the understanding that my name would not appear in the ads or on the programs for the meetings. My name is already too well known because I have had so many clients and because many of them wrote about their experiences,

naming me. Recently, a book by Dr James L. Walden, titled *The Ultimate Alien Agenda*, told of an ongoing saga of UFO events in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Walden came to me to ask me to help him deal with the situation and he mentions me in the book and he also asked me to write the Foreword. Many writers have displayed my name in their books. That's always exciting. Nevertheless, nowadays I suppose I should be trying to reclaim anonymity rather than writing about my experiences.

In Tennessee, I was too frightened for my own safety and for the safety of my family to draw attention to myself by having my name announced or printed in the program at any time. The first night in my hotel room everything went well. I slept soundly and went down to open the conference. Nobody, except the program chairman and a psychology professor at the University in Memphis, knew I would be speaking. Both of them promised secrecy about my identity. I spoke to both from my home telephone so I cannot but think my bugged telephone is the culprit that brought on the frightening events which involved me.

On the second night of the conference, after I'd made the closing address, nameless to the crowds just as I'd requested, I awakened frightened to death.

At about 4 a.m., I woke to a voice saying, "You have been infected with cancer." The words were put into my brain through thought projection. "There is no hope for you. The program has already been installed. Cancer will kill you." The wordless projection felt human rather than alien. It was much too blunt to have come from alien sources. Too clumsy really to have come from ordinary human sources, I realized I must be hearing from a shadow military group. I went wild with fear.

"Evergreen!" I shouted aloud. "Evergreen, evergreen, evergreen." I just kept repeating the word until the thought projection receded. I didn't know then why I chose the word *Evergreen* as a word which could protect me but I

have since learned that the word is closely connected with the military project of mind control.

I had also wakened with an excruciating pain in my left breast. I walked to the mirror and looked at myself. My body was just covered with bruises. I have videotapes of all those marks. There were prints of four fingers under my breast. Bruises all over my body, especially between my breast and my groin. Bruises on my neck, my buttocks, my thighs. I was bruised everywhere. My skin under the bruises had blanched so white that when I went down to the lobby, people asked me if I was okay.

“I’m so tired I don’t know if I can speak,” I answered.

Also at the Conference were six former military men who had left the military because of messages they’d been given by an ouiji board. Although all six had gone AWOL, they had somehow been able to receive honorable discharges. I spoke to one of the ex military men whom I knew to be psychic, then showed him the hand shaped bruise under my breast.

With a half smile he said, “They’re giving you cancer, kiddo. Looks like they’re doing away with you, girl. There’s no hope for you.”

“They who?”

“The Black Project Intelligence Operation.”

I then showed him the bruise on my neck which appeared to contain a puncture mark.

“They don’t want you speaking out any longer, Barbara.” he said. He even seemed pleased to add with a twisted grin, “You’re a goner.”

Since the day I came home from that conference I’ve been coping with extreme pain, mysterious infections and massive bruising. I’ve begun to keep a calendar on which I mark the days of my worst pain. Some days I feel wonderful. The pain days seem to follow a pattern. I’ll know better after I’ve followed the pattern by keeping a written record for awhile.

I've checked with other keynote speakers from the conference who also came away with unbearable pains in their arms, legs and other parts of their bodies. For about three weeks several of us spent days just crying aloud in pain. And going to the doctor didn't seem to help.

On April 26, 1998, I woke with a kidney infection. My coach dog who sleeps beside my bed, also woke with urinary distress. When I hobbled to the door to let the big Dalmatian out he couldn't urinate. He simply howled with anguish. Only courses of broad-spectrum antibiotics brought both of us back from sheer hell.

Since that day I've been diagnosed over and over again with a kidney infection. Sometimes it seems cured. I feel wonderful. There is no pain. Everything is perfect. Then, for no discernible reason the pain returns full force.

I suspect the Black Project Military Intelligence unit can target you with what I can only call beam-technology, which contains some sort of low frequency wave projection.

When I walk around the house with my mobile phone I can talk and be heard over most of the house. All around my bed and around my desk (which, even though it is in an adjoining room, is in a direct line with my bed) there is so much static that I cannot be heard and I cannot hear the person on the other end of the line.

I think the military also monitors people who talk to me on the telephone. When my co-author and I began this chapter, her telephone went dead for two days. The repairman was unable to make his repair call for that length of time. He was also unable to say what had really happened to the instrument when he finally made it to her house. Now her wireless telephone manufactures such static around her bed that she can't hear or be heard in that area. Her mobile phone now rings endlessly while her conventional telephone instruments sit silently. When she answers the wireless phone there is no one on the line. Her

telephone reception has always been perfect up until this week.

Just today my latest batch of bruises appear on my upper right arm and elsewhere. A cluster of perfectly round pencil eraser shaped and sized bruises have shown up to the right of my navel in a round pattern about three inches in diameter.

Bruises also decorate my left thigh inside and there are two distinct bruises, one quarter sized and one fifty cent sized on my left buttock.

My co-author has also had bruises appear on her stomach. A large perfect circle the size of a fifty cent piece appeared to the left of her navel, with dark blue and purple bruises radiating outward from the yellowish circle, then to the left of that a larger shapeless bruise took up a 3x4 inch area on her stomach. Neither were painful to the touch.

Two days ago I went for groceries. I returned at about 8:30 at night. When I began to unload the groceries my left eye began to perceive a glow with a silvery, white shimmer, a glow with a spot of fluorescent blue. The brilliant semicircle moved as a series of spoked lines kept getting bigger and bigger, completely clouding my vision in that eye. I waited a few moments until the silver shimmer gradually faded and my vision returned. This strangeness of this sort of thing no longer scares the hell of me. I've grown used to through the years. When I told Bob about the "shimmer" that had partially blinded me for almost five minutes. He said that the exact same thing had happened to him about three months earlier. When I asked why he hadn't said anything he laughed. "I figured this kind of thing is just part of the price I pay for being married to the 'UFO Lady.'"

I'm not scared anymore; I'd just like to lose the pain when it hits my legs, arms, kidney, bladder or ovary. I've always been something of an Amazon who loved both physical and mental labor, especially work that delved into

the UFO questions. Now this kind of pain slows me down and slows my work considerably... but I suppose that's the idea, right?

I should be used to such goings-on. During the seven years that Jacques Vallee and I were working together I always began to dread what I would find when I got home from working on a case. I was compelled to investigate the UFO phenomena but my family and I always paid some sort of price.

Early on, I could always expect to find a sick child, animals dead, property damaged, or some other awful thing or other when I arrived at our house in Turley. The small sicknesses that dogged the children created guilt and stress within me. I wanted to be home with them. Why couldn't I just be happy with the sort of life which brought perfect contentment to other women? Home, sweet kids, a loving husband, a menagerie of animals and an extended family. Why couldn't I just accept an ordinary job or a stay-at-home position tending to my family? I really wanted to do that but something, something *urgent* within me, would never allow me to stay away from my UFO investigations. So I kept trudging onward, still studying those flying saucers, still sifting through unexplainable happenings, still looking for some explanation.

I learned to live with stress, guilt, and the knowledge that my husband and children and even my mother-in-law were also paying a price for my unbreakable resolution to learn everything I could about the aliens who were interfering in the lives of earthlings. Actually, I don't have any choice. I have to continue this work. Bob is okay with that, very understanding, he allows me to do whatever I feel I must. He will not accept the idea that there is any connection to our family accidents and my UFO investigations.

My Mother is simply horrified by the whole idea and she totally rejects the reality of my experiences and of my

life work. She still lives in Tulsa but I usually don't share stories of my investigative work with her. Too crazy, she thinks. And in a way I agree with her. Nobody in their right mind would ever get into UFO-alien research if they could help it. It's far too dangerous. I was born to do this work.

Years before, while we were still working together, the "accidents" or happenings and the warning which once came to me telepathically before a terrifying incident, caused me to discuss these problem with Jacques. In fact, I had never had such warnings before I began my work with Jacques Vallee. When I told him about the warnings he lay my problems, my "warnings," at the feet of coincidence and tried to laugh the whole thing off. Sometimes I persuaded myself that I was being silly and I laughed with him.

But things escalated and my laughter died.

During the time that I first formed a working partnership with Jacques Vallee I had a warning. Three days before I first left for Arkansas I was working in my kitchen trying to get things in order before I departed. A telepathic message sounded inside my head. The message was, "If you go on this trip, one of your children will pay." I was galvanized but determined. I continued to prepare to leave.

The next day, again during house cleaning, I heard, "One of your children will pay the price if you leave on this trip."

On the third day the message was, "Are you really going to sacrifice one of your children for this trip?" I heard what was said but I couldn't really believe the words. I consulted Bob and he told me I was imagining things. After I thought it over I agreed that I had indeed been imagining things and I picked up my stuff and left for Arkansas.

On the day I was to return from Arkansas I called home but no one answered. I called my mother-in-law.

"They're all at the hospital," she told me.

“What...”

“Branden lifted the hood on his car and unscrewed the cap. He’d eaten supper and had hung around for awhile but apparently the car’s radiator hadn’t yet cooled.” She took a deep breath as if to prepare herself to tell me the worst. “The boiling antifreeze and water spewed out and covered his face, head and shoulders.” She took another breath. “He’s horribly burned, Barbara dear.”

I drove through the snow like a mad woman to get back to Tulsa where I drove straight to the hospital. I got off the elevator and was faced with the glass burn unit wall. As I stood there a man wearing no shirt walked by, his head, neck and shoulders bandaged completely. I watched him walk away toward his bed. I recognized the walk. It was my boy. He had to spend three weeks in the burn unit at the hospital. The whole thing, including the treatment, which required someone to pull burned skin away from his face with tweezers, was a nightmarish horror.

I almost collapsed when I realized who I was watching. I blamed myself. Suddenly the warnings came back to me. This wasn’t me creating a drama, this was real. This was my child. I tormented myself and spent every day at the hospital. He was in room #169, which for me, only verified the fact that the intelligence which had punished me had left a signature on Branden’s hospital door.

It is truly horrible to know that there is an invisible system in control of all of us, a system which can perpetuate that sort of thing on a family. They can threaten, then they can carry out the threat. They have access to the technology to do whatever they wish to do. Our alien masters have the technology and the sophistication to manipulate and orchestrate anything at all. I believe quite sincerely that Branden’s accident was alien in origin... his car had actually cooled, I’m sure... until they caused it to boil up again.

There is one good thing that can be told about this incident. After they released my son from the hospital he had beautiful new skin, the kind of skin women pay for when they get chemical peels. His face was covered with smooth childlike skin with no blemishes. His hair, his eyebrows, his lashes, all came back looking better than ever before. That part of his experience was a miracle. He'd always been a good looking teenager but after he recovered from the burns he was a truly beautiful young man.

Once after looking at mutilated cow after mutilated cow in an Arkansas visit, I found that my daughter Mandy had had her turn with sadness because of her Mother's obsession. She was driving down the narrow street in front of the Southroads Mall. Suddenly a young man on a motorcycle darted out in front of her and into her car. He was thrown up and landed on the hood of Mandy's Toyota. They were never able to determine exactly what had happened but during the accident, the young man's rectum was cored out exactly as were the rectums of all the cows I'd looked at in Arkansas. He did recover but he will never have children, they say. Mandy was cleared of any wrongdoing. Just to be sure I got the message, the number on the police report of the incident was, of course, "69."

This is what happened a few months later, just before Jacques and I took another trip to investigate somewhere in Kansas:

Mandy had taken her first apartment with a girlfriend, in the University of Tulsa area. Mandy had fallen asleep on the couch in their second story apartment. Her friend had gone out of town for the weekend.

She awakened to see a man standing over the couch staring down at her. He told her he had entered through the kitchen door, he also told her that he was going to rape her. She jumped off the couch, tripped, he held her down and stabbed the backs of her thighs. She fought like a wild woman, pulling herself up, grabbing for the man's knife

and kicking out at him. He beat her face black and blue but she never gave up. In fact she screamed so loudly and fought so valiantly that a neighbor heard, called the police, then came running. The would-be rapist left before the police arrived.

Many young women who have endured such terror suffer from posttraumatic stress. Mandy has never had such symptoms, which we think is a miracle. The counselor who talked with her several times said that fighting back was the best way to avoid the sadness, depression and agony which descends upon most rape victims. The police were, at that time, investigating a rash of break-ins by a particular man whom the newspapers were calling "The TU Rapist." It seems college girls living in apartments were his special target and the police were sure that Mandy's attacker was the one they'd named the TU rapist. The officer who investigated the case and spoke to us was wearing shield #69.

About 12 weeks before my last meeting with Jacques, I again felt as though my family was somehow in danger. I told Jacques I had a "feeling" that something was going to happen. He was intrigued by what I had to say but ultimately he maintained his usual skeptical demeanor. He shrugged off my concern. I was to go to New York with him, he needed me on this special investigative trip, he said. I was so impressed that he had been named a national treasure in France, that a man of such note would want to work with me, I felt I could not allow myself to be turned aside from my goal... our goal, to learn as a team, more about the strange UFO happenings that were being reported all across the country and in Europe.

Just two weeks before we left for our New York trip, one of the most frightening occurrences which had ever happened to our family, involved one of my daughters.

At about 11:30 at night, seventeen year old Katha was driving a friend home. They were in Katha's Toyota when

they crossed a railway crossing where shrubs had grown to cover the warning sign. There was no whistle, there were no lights on the engine, and the locomotive hit Katha's car broadside. We later learned it had been an unscheduled run for the train. The engineer had been drinking and he threw out his bottle after he'd rammed into the side of my daughter's car. He had just been taking a "joy ride." Luckily, neither she nor her friend were killed but Katha was seriously injured. Her friend had a few bruises and scratches.

The engine's number ended with the numbers, "69."

We took both of the girls to Hillcrest Hospital in Tulsa. They looked at Katha and took no X-rays even though she had an indentation on her temple which was the size of half an egg.

Three days later an unknown lawyer appeared at our door and told us to take Katha to a doctor. We did and the doctor found that the girl's cheekbones were broken, her nose broken and the bones around her eyes, were broken. A bone in her neck was also broken. I took photographs of each of the injuries and instead of putting the film into my bag I held it in my lap, ready to deliver to the film kiosk. When I stepped out of the car the film fell out, unrolled itself and lay exposed across the pavement. Later when I spoke to Jacques about the accident he still insisted there was, "No connection."

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During the years when we had the gallery, then when I'd gone to work for Bill Blair, then all during the years of the investigations in partnership with Jacques Vallee, my husband Bob was also following a dream of his own.

I bought into his dream psychically but also helped him physically and spiritually. He is an artist so he continued to pursue his art. He also always wanted to live on the ocean with our family. I fell in with his plans because I too loved

the idea. Taking the children to live in a boat built by their parents was an idea that really thrilled me. We began the work with a hammer, a keg of nails, a handsaw and a dream.

We began work on a huge building, eighty feet long by twenty-five feet high, shingled sides, back and roof. We're both good with our hands and the work was exciting for both of us. I worked on the project when I was not on a job or in the investigative mode with Jacques. Bob worked on the project whenever he wasn't working on an art commission.

He had the idea of building a boat, no, a yacht really, made of concrete. He'd learned that the U.S. had built ships of concrete during World War II. We could do that, he thought, and I agreed. We would build a concrete ship large enough to hold our family and ourselves as well as twenty other people. Tulsa has access to the sea through Tulsa's Port of Catoosa. Boats, ships and barges come up to Tulsa via the Port of Catoosa locks and moved back down to the ocean, everyday. We would build the vessel, lowboy it to the port of Catoosa and launch it from there, we explained to our puzzled friends and family. A huge dream, an impossible dream really, for two people who had no money, no experience with boats, and very little help.

We never hesitated for a moment.

As soon as the huge shelter was finished, we began building the actual boat keel. Soon the boat rose from nothing to a huge vessel. We paid for the dream with whatever we had in our pockets at the moment, then waited until we had a few more cents to purchase whatever else we needed. People in the neighborhood called our project, "The Ark."

It took us thirteen years and about \$350,000, not even counting the thousands of hours of physical labor Bob and I and a few friends and family, poured into the ship, but we eventually built in beautiful staterooms paneled with

gorgeous hardwoods, built in the fixtures we would need and made it as luxurious and comfortable as we could. We could see, almost taste, our life as it would soon be, out on the water in our concrete dream.

The day I left Jacques Vallee at LaGuardia Airport in New York, I didn't know that this was the last time I would ever see him. We stood together outside in front of the terminal. He was one of the few men that I had to look up to because he was so tall. As always he was dressed perfectly. He had, in our years together, always been sweet, kind and loving to me, no matter where we were or what our situation, even when I'd done something outrageous such as spray cream on his impeccable clothing. I got on my plane for Tulsa, not knowing what I would find when I landed in Oklahoma.

What I found was complete chaos.

When I drove up into the yard, the whole back pasture was alight. Fire trucks were everywhere. I walked into the house and the telephone was ringing. I picked up the instrument and it was Jacques.

"They've burned our car, our big building and our boat, Jacques. The firemen are here right now. I ignored their warnings and now see what I've done."

He said something that surprised me when he told me that he now believed that these accidents were happening because of our partnership. "It is no longer safe for us to work together." he said.

I hung up to go at once to see if I could help but the damage was done. Our yacht and the protective building which had covered it were completely destroyed. Of course, we had no insurance.

A friend confided in me later that Jacques had told him he was really upset that our partnership could be the reason for such a serious accident. One of the things he said to me was, "Perhaps when this UFO business reaches a different level, we can again work together." Sometimes I've

suspected that Jacques was himself an alien in human form. He was almost too superior in behavior, appearance and intellect to be human.

We learned that a young man of the community had been indulging in alcohol and crank at a party which my girls were attending. They refused to dance with him or to talk to him because of his condition. He drove straight to our house and set the Toyota, which was in the street, on fire. He then raced to the back and poured gasoline over the ship and torched it. Four teenaged boys who had been standing at the far end of our field observing a UFO ship were also watching the activity as well as the ship, they reported later. They all saw a UFO vessel hovering over the fire for the better part of the two hours it took to consume the boat and its wooden shelter, as if the aliens were also monitoring the destruction. Nothing with 69 on it here, folks, just an *alien ship* hovering overhead to give me my message.

Bob had not even known the boat was on fire at first. He'd just awakened when he saw the flames in the car. He went out to try to put out the fire in the car and it was too late by the time his son Kevin and Kevin's friend, John, had noticed the flames in the high windows of the sheltering building. Bob then realized that the building in the back pasture was also on fire. The fire department could save nothing. The local news media spread the story of our loss across the papers and onto the local and national TV and radio programs. There was something about a concrete boat burning that struck a chord with the reporters. Our loss was a great story for them. The boy was a minor so he was turned loose. Nothing ever happened to him for all that destruction.

We gave up all our ocean dreams that night.

When Jacques called the next day I refused to even consider another trip of investigation. Our searches had, over the years, cost the Bartholic family a great deal but I

was finally, and at long last, convinced that I had to put an end to my working partnership with the French investigator. There was no way I could jeopardize my loved ones any further.

I've learned in the years since that it is really important to the aliens to try to get people hooked on methamphetimine or crank. I believe the crazed young man had been manipulated to set those two fires.

And I also believe that all the accidents which happened to my family finally caused me to decide to stay home.

My *real* work began at about that time.

Chapter 13

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A DIFFERENT KIND

A year passed. One day I was painting our house. I had my wireless telephone up on the ladder with me. It rang. I answered. Jacques Vallee spoke. My heart pounded erratically at the sound of his voice.

“Oh, hello,” I said, willing myself to calm down.

“I’ve just recently been attending a meeting in Paris. Dr. J. Allan Hynek was there and he thought it would be good for us, for you and me, Barbara, to reestablish our link and work together again. What do you think?”

“Well,” I said, “I’m not really sure. Perhaps not enough time has passed, Jacques.”

“Could we start again within the next two weeks?”

“Let me think about it.”

We hung up and I finished the painting. Later I came down and ran to put my equipment into the garage. Something invisible, a barrier of some kind, sent me flying to crash backward into an old, heavy-duty metal wheelbarrow. I was bruised terribly and I cracked two of my ribs.

I understood. They had told me I should not even *think* of resuming work with Jacques. Once I’d made up my mind to that, the severe pain left me. I knew I couldn’t afford to speak to him, much less work with him again.

Within the next week, while I was taking a bath and had submerged to wash my hair, he called again. One of my family answered and after peeking into the room to check on me, told him I was not available. I felt that I had had the impulse to submerge myself to wash my hair simply as protection. I’d never washed my hair in that manner before. Some force didn’t want us working together.

I never talked to him again.

I did write him a letter telling about my fall in the garage only minutes after his call. In the letter I told him it still appeared to be too dangerous to resume work with him. I also wrote several pages telling him of my gratitude that I had had the opportunity to work with him, that he had made me a more knowledgeable person, and other things of that sort, then I put the letter into an envelope and put the envelope into my bag to mail before lunchtime.

That day we had invited people over for lunch on the patio. I was crossing the patio telling a few of the early guests that I was going to run down to the Turley post office and would be right back. I walked by a doctor who was carrying a plastic bag of ice. Without warning, his arm released the ice bag and the heavy frozen bag smashed into the top of my foot and broke it. I tried to pretend I wasn't hurt. The pain was so great that even though I was headed toward the post office I turned back. I realized I wasn't supposed to mail the letter... at least not then. An X-ray on the following day confirmed the break on the metatarsal arch bone of my right foot.

I sat down on the couch, took the letter out of my purse and put it into the desk drawer. It wasn't time yet, I knew.

Four days passed. I was again fairly pain free and felt fine. I told myself, "Everything is okay. I'm going to mail the letter while I'm shopping for clothes for the kids." I put the letter back into my purse.

At the Thrift Store I found the rack of kids' clothes. On the wall above the rack was a high shelf which traced along the whole length of the building. The stationary shelf held toys, radios, pans, vases, tools, just a ton of stuff of all kinds. Right above where I was standing was a large metal lunch box with a beverage vacuum, the box was set toward the back of the shelf. When I stepped back to scrutinize one dress the heavy metal lunch box jumped off the shelf and hurtled down to the top of one of my feet. I say "jumped" because there was no explanation for the fallen object. It

was originally set well back on the shelf. Some “force” moved the box off the shelf and onto my foot. I was wearing sandals so, again, excruciating pain was involved. I hobbled out of the warehouse building and went home. I took the letter out and put it back into my desk drawer while saying aloud. “I’m not mailing this letter.”

Five days later I put the letter into my purse once again. I put my purse strap across my shoulder and walked out to the pasture in back of our house where our three horses graze. There are two pear trees in the field and I saw that they were heavy with ripe fruit. I went to shake down pears for the three horses. As I jiggled the branches to loosen the fruit, the horses seemed to go berserk and headed directly toward me. They’d never stampeded in such a way before and I’d shaken the fruit down for them many times in years past. The palomino reared up and stamped on my other foot. Now both feet again had broken bones across the top of the arch.

I never sent the letter. I could barely hobble, so for the next week or so I spent a great deal of time on the couch. I had plenty of time to think. I came to understand that I had been attacked in such strange ways because it was time to dissolve the partnership with Jacques. Even though we were a perfect team... I could get people to talk and he was able to record and question further. Cases would come to me and he would know how to investigate the situation. When we started I was green but I learned an immense amount about how to investigate the cases which were always being dropped into my lap. Neither of us wanted to quit the work but the aliens had made it more than clear that I was to proceed on my own and that is what I have done.

As word began to get about among the UFO fans and while I was still working with Dr. Vallee, another case was given me by people who had psychic problems but no answers. I thought at the time that it had nothing to do with

UFO's. Jacques was always interested in any investigating I did on my own so I usually shared whatever my case might be, with him. He took copious notes but offered no solutions to my suffering clients. This case, which both Jacques and I found terribly fascinating is the one my co-author calls, "The Jack Black Story."

It started in the early morning in the spring in 1979. I rolled over to lift the telephone.

"Hello?" There was silence at the other end of the line.

"Hello?" I tried again.

"Barbara Bartholic?"

"Yes." I could sense fear in the man's voice. It seemed that panic lay just beneath the surface of his high pitched tone. "This is Barbara Bartholic."

"My name is Will S_____. I think I have a problem and someone told me you might be able to help me."

"What sort of problem do you think you have?" It was four o' clock in the morning and I was pretty sure this young man had seen a UFO or had had some of his cattle mutilated... the usual thing in this part of the world.

"Well..." He hesitated such a long moment I almost went back to sleep. "It's these things. They keep showing up on the floor of my bedroom."

"Things?" Now he had my attention. The hair on the back of my neck bristled when he spoke again.

"Yeah. You know. Like pictures and letters and stuff. Things are... Someone's... Something's happening over here. Some of it I wouldn't want to talk about over the phone with no lady." I was sitting up by now. "Can you help us?"

When I had his address and number I reached for my clothing and left our bed. "Bob," I shook him slightly. "I'm going out on a case. I'll see you later this afternoon. Someone had been receiving photographs and other stuff in his room. Sounds like teleportation."

It didn't take me more than ten minutes to make it to the apartment complex where the caller lived. There was almost no traffic in the Tulsa area, not that early in the morning, and, I have to admit, I was speeding.

Will S_____ and his girl friend, Maria Y_____, met me at their door when I rang the bell at the apartment he'd named on the telephone. Native Americans in their late teens or early twenties, I surmised. Both appeared to be eaten alive by fear. Maria's teeth were chattering and Will's voice cracked when he talked. They told an incredible story.

They'd been accustomed to meeting for sex in Will's bedroom which was located in his Father's apartment, usually during the nights when the Father worked. One night after they'd finished with their lovemaking they'd suddenly noted a sharp, strong odor, something like the spray fragrances some people use in cars and bathrooms, only more pervasive. By the side of the bed where they lay, Will found a strange item, something that had not been there when they'd gone to bed so far as either of them knew. It was a rectangular, whitish, felt pad which was emitting the strong deodorant-type odor. Later we learned that the pad was an old style deodorant item which had, in years past, been used in men's latrines in bars, saloons and brothels. The odiferous liquid was contained in a glass capsule encased within the felt pad. To activate the deodorant the person in charge of cleaning usually stamped on the pad to break the glass capsule inside. The liquid deodorant was terribly strong in order to mask the ugly smells which usually pervaded such rarely scrubbed areas.

Both the young people swore to each other that first day that they neither knew what the horrid thing was nor had either of them left it on the bedroom floor. They chalked it up to chance. Maybe Will's Father had put the pad in Will's room?

That first pad was the beginning salute of a cycle of the life and time of a Mississippi black man named "Jack Black." They learned over several days and nights through annotated photographs, newspaper clippings, maps, notes, letters and many other objects, that Jack Black was fascinated by feces, exploding toilets and overflowing septic tanks.

Upon questioning the two young people we learned that Will had opened a closet and had seen a woman in the closet one day. He was so frightened he'd closed the door. Upon reopening the closet he'd found the woman was gone. They also had a fire in the wall, a non-consuming fire. The flames could be seen for several minutes but the wall was not burned and there were no marks when the fire died. These apparitions, along with the continuing flow of the strange objects beside their bed were driving the young couple apart. They began to be more reluctant to make love.

Each time before sex, they'd check the floor around and under the bed very carefully, then after their lovemaking, they'd invariably find a photograph or a death certificate or a newspaper article, all pointing to some phase of Jack Black's life. They also received many more deodorant pads. None of the material was addressed to either of them. All the letters and notes and annotations were to or from Jack Black and his friends and family, complete with official postmarks and U.S. Postal stamps and cancellations. Some were from his time in the army in Vietnam.

Long, coarse, black hair. Greenish goop. Photographs of dead people. Letters in envelopes with legitimate postmarks and cancellation symbols. Maps. Old greeting cards. Other types of deodorant pads. Notes signed and hand written in block printing by Jack Black. Birth certificates, funerary photographs, death certificates, and dried vegetation of tropical origin were among the things

that appeared. A treasure trove to us but a nightmare to the kids who were experiencing the objects' appearances.

To me this was all exciting beyond measure. To Will and Maria it was frightening beyond measure. They weren't interested in Jack Black, nor in his exploding toilets. However, they began to collect and keep the materials in a cardboard box after I asked them to do so.

A few years later my co-author asked a writer friend of hers to do a little investigating of the Jack Black story while she visited family in the area shown on the magically appearing maps and newspapers. She didn't learn anything, but how much can a blonde white woman expect to learn about the life and times of a country black man even in the same county? Not easy in Mississippi nor perhaps anyplace else in the South.

But the story doesn't end there.

Will was called to the army and soon sent overseas. Maria drifted into another relationship and married Richard L. They moved into a small house on Tulsa's West Side and Maria assumed that her days of being "haunted" as she called it, were over.

But she was wrong. Something followed her to her new home.

Jacques, as usual, had taken notes but had few comments. I was thrilled to be able to lay out the objects in neat rows on my living room floor and through them, to trace a story of Jack Black's life and times in Mississippi and Vietnam and back again.

I still have the teleported objects carefully stored in a closet in my house.

Maria and Richard were horrified to learn that strange stuff was going to be occurring in their new house. A light that sat on the dinette table flashed off and on. They could not use their telephone, sometimes for an hour at a time. One morning the smell of cigar smoke was so strong in the

kitchen that they had to leave it. Neither Maria nor Richard smokes.

Richard's mom came to live with them for a month. She was married to a man (not Richard's father) who was a practitioner of Indian medicine. Because his wife had left him the Medicine Man threatened them all and said he would send his power to cause the mother lots of trouble.

Their troubles accelerated.

One day Maria came home after work and all the curtains were drawn back, all drawers were open and things from the drawers were spread about on the floor. There was no sign of a break-in. The doors and windows were all closed and locked.

A friend called and Maria was telling her about the happenings in the house and she heard a huge crash from the spare bedroom, the one the mother had used. A huge crash sounded twice more but there was nothing unusual or out of place in the room, except for one thing. A cabinet which boasted lion head handles (brass lion heads with large hoops in their mouths) gave quite a show. The hoops usually hung tightly down from the mouths, all obeying the laws of gravity. Each time after the noise the hoops would be up from the lions' mouths. Whenever they heard the noise from that bedroom the hoops stood at attention. The noise was heard (Hoops in the air) as many as five times a day. Sometimes the noise was accompanied by a really cheap smelling perfume which started subtly but grew more and more awful within minutes.

Richard and Maria had dreams of living on a farm. They had ten pamphlets on horticulture which they were reading and discussing. They laid the pamphlets on the coffee table and enjoyed a television program they had planned to watch. During the TV show, the pamphlets disappeared. During the night six glasses teleported from their kitchen to their living room. Six bowls, six spatulas, six whisks, all teleported to their living room.

Night after night they found they could sit in the living room and see the kitchen lights dimming. Once when they were washing clothing, the hose disconnected from the washer and scalded both of them. Maria's hand was caught in the car door more than once. They became afraid to be in the house alone. They didn't know what to do and they wondered if I could help. They said they really wanted an exorcist.

I suspected that moving would not help the situation, that Maria herself was creating the energy for the strange happenings. She was the right age for poltergeist activity which usually depends upon a child or teenager (usually female) for the electrifying happenings.

Sometimes pictures appeared on their floor.

One Saturday morning Maria got out of bed. Her husband had gone out. She walked into the living room to find the wall behind the couch dripping a substance that looked like hot black tar. The tar ran down to the floor and ate the speaker wires from their record player completely through. She walked on to the bathroom and there it was as if someone had thrown diarrhea feces and vomit all over the wall and floor and bathtub. She'd just bought new carpets but the couple ripped it up and converted to plain wooden floors. The smell of the vomit and other materials lingered even after repainting.

They were also pestered with unusual stone showers. The stones were egg size and shaped and sometimes appeared over a three-day period.

A month after the clean up, Maria woke up to a long trail of vomit on the floor by her bed. Still steaming, the nasty stuff made a path three feet long and three inches wide. From her coffee table a clear Jell-O like substance bubbled and oozed. Another molasses looking substance poured from the wall and ate the new paint off wherever it touched.

That was the final indignity. Maria decided she couldn't take it anymore. She and her mother prayed in the backyard of the house. They placed crucifixes on a wall of every room of the house and Maria's Mother went with her Bible, praying throughout the house to exorcise the dwelling.

So far the exorcism seems to be working.

Jacques could only shrug and take notes about the whole affair. Since that time I have learned that the poltergeist syndrome is often closely allied with UFO activity. Aliens love to frighten us. Our fear is their delight.

Chapter 14

OTHER CASES: DROWNING IN PEOPLE

In 1985 the minister of the Harmony Religious Science Church was newly moved to Tulsa and she'd decided she wanted to develop a circle of friends with common interests. She accepted every invitation she received and that was how we met at the home of one of her parishioners.

One night after she'd arrived in town she was awakened by the seemingly spoken thought, "Get up, get dressed, go take a ride." She followed the command and while out on that drive she saw a UFO vessel hovering above her. She went back to her house, slid into her bed and slept, forgetting what she had seen.

Another message came to her mind a few days later. "It is time you began to tell of our existence." At that moment she remembered her experience of a few nights earlier. She wrote a tiny piece for the church paper telling of what had transpired. I was given the paper so I called and interviewed her about her experience. She suggested we two needed to institute meetings of some sort and I agreed. I guess that's how I got started with the gatherings at my house.

A few hours after our interview, my favorite horse fell ill with the bloat, an ailment which usually kills horses. I examined him and found a triangle cut out of one of his ears. I stayed with the horse all day and it wasn't long until he recovered. The triangle is a common symbol that appears wherever UFO's have been. It's something like a calling card. However, I didn't know that at the time the horse fell ill. I'm afraid I assumed that teenagers with nothing much to do had decided to hurt my animal.

The horse seemed to suffer no lasting ill effects from the triangle carved in his ear nor from his bout with the bloat.

In another instance, a girl who had just come to Tulsa from California was working in a local restaurant. She was compelled to pull her car over one evening as she drove home. She received a mental message, then drove on toward the Utica Square area where she was living. That evening she saw a UFO hovering over the yard of the house where she was renting a room. Her landlady saw the craft, also.

That night she was shown some Egyptian symbols and was given what she said was a clear understanding of the Egyptian connection with the UFO-alien culture. She told about that incident at one of the meetings which we held at my house.

One of the persons who also met with us was a cargo pilot. He always kept a camera on board so he could photograph anything unusual. He called me from South America.

“Barbara, I have some astounding pictures. I’ll bring them to the meeting when I get home.” But he didn’t make it. He crashed and all three people aboard, including my friend the pilot, were killed in a mid-air explosion on their flight to the United States. If photographs were found I was not informed since I was not a member of his family.

Toward the end of 1987 there was a noticeable influx of alien landings, giving rise to stories of abductions all across the country. Up to that point there had been only a few classical cases of abduction, such as the Betty and Barney Hill case. Then suddenly there was a definite shift. In Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Alabama, Virginia and Florida, we experienced a flood of alien intruders. That was the year the famous Gulf Breeze abductions took place in Florida. Anxious people contacted me every day of every week. I felt I was supposed to provide a meeting place for

all the traumatized people. Hundreds of people came, hoping for help of some kind. Once in awhile we had other speakers in for our meetings and we let people vent their fear and anger within the group. Tulsa, within a month's time, had had at least sixty cases of abductions. The intruders appeared to have a definite project or plan in mind but we didn't yet know what it was.

Most people who witnessed the barrage of UFO appearances did not have any conscious knowledge that they'd been abducted. Their memories were erased and many of them were experiencing post traumatic abduction symptoms. At one time the aliens took more than thirty people from one Tulsa neighborhood in a group abduction. People were also being kidnapped and abducted off city streets. The area surrounding 36th and Harvard appeared to be a vortex of some kind for abducting and returning Tulsa's citizens.

I began to feel helpless, drowning in people who wanted my attention. I felt as though I needed to be doing something for these sufferers but there was really nothing I could do other than ask questions and listen to the answers. I searched for a way to do something, something that would actually offer hope for these abductees.

Many of the people who came to the meetings came from long distances, some of them with no plan or preparation for what they would do once they were in Tulsa. I began to feel as though I had to offer food and lodging to these unfortunates. Some days I'd have as many as three or four strangers sleeping in various corners of my house. This was aside from the speakers who, if they were from out of town, were expecting to be put up and fed, sometimes for as long as three days or a week or longer.

Finally I called a halt to the meetings. I couldn't really aid the suffering as I should and I needed to find some way into the psyches of all these people who needed me if I were going to help them. Neither could we afford to

continue to offer hospitality to these hordes of people. I just couldn't bring myself to pointblank ask for money. So I closed down the gatherings in my house and began my search for a more practical, affordable way to really help abductees.

All I can say is that I was compelled to continue my inquiries into the UFO incidents. Private research and one-on-one regression then became my focus. I felt I had to concentrate on real research into individual experiences and abductions. I signed up for a series of classes with a nationally known hypnotherapist who lived and worked in the Tulsa area, Dr. Curtis Reeves. Through his classes he gave me a tool which has allowed me to look into hundreds of UFO abduction incidents, one-on-one.

At one of my regression sessions with the hypnotherapist I was taken back to look at an early childhood scene of my own. I saw the essence of Barbara as being a light being. I saw myself coming down and entering into the four-year old girl's body. During this regression I was given a glimpse of my true home and my true place. I realized that I had had to leave that marvelous place to come to this body to do this particular job. I came to enter the body of little Barbara Leigh Simon who would grow up to become a UFO investigator.

I came from a place where there is no duality, where there is dimension without duality. The dimension is that of perfect love. There is no ego in that place that was my home, no strife nor conflict. There was only the dimension of spirit bodies. Perhaps this was the place we humans now call Heaven?

It was very difficult for the spirit to adjust to the human body and even after all these years, I have not yet adjusted 100 percent. For instance, I could never understand how humans could hurt one another... for whatever reason.

I feel my obsession with classical music as a toddler, child and teenager, must have been my way of getting as

close to my original “home” as one can be on this earth. Classical music and my work as a UFO investigator have always made me feel whole and undivided.

I suppose you could say I’m committed to my UFO research just as a religious anchorite is committed to the church. I know that for now, this is what I must do.

Chapter 15

MY OWN AND OTHER'S ABDUCTIONS AND WHAT I'VE LEARNED

In 1988 a friend of mine was also learning about hypnotic regression. She was working out a new form of regressing subjects hypnotically, as suggested by the writings of L. Ron Hubbard, and she needed a guinea pig. I thought I might learn something by observing her new technique, maybe something which could help me with my own work, so I volunteered, at her behest, to be her subject. (Neither of us are Scientologists, merely interested in a new regression technique.)

During our sessions, sessions witnessed by two other close friends, she first had me go back to the most painful experience of my life. My subconscious chose to go back to my seventeenth year, the year I had had a severe kidney stone attack, not consciously remembering nor obsessing on that pain but making the choice under her hypnotic suggestion. Her new method involved repeating the same time period of hypnotic regression over and over in order to draw out the secret truths and the better to illuminate real, but deeply hidden, details. Sometimes having only one regression session will leave many questions unanswered, or leave many details blurred or unclear. She wanted to try the new method on me so she regressed me several times. Each time we went over the same ground. With each repeat of the experience I remembered more. On my last trip through the time regression I asked, "I've always wondered why so many abductees have kidney problems?"

Suddenly, as I spoke the words I found myself in a stagnant smelling, fog-filled room. I was on a metal table surrounded by four horrible gray android beings about five feet tall. They betrayed no emotion. I realized that they

could not be reached emotionally because they were machines. They wore some sort of coverall type clothing and they seemed to be there merely to carry out commands. The grays apparently have minimal intelligence, and can be considered to be just soulless biological machines.

I can't tell you the horror in my mind when I realized I was, or had been, the helpless victim of those awful creatures.

They rolled me onto my right side. One held a wand about the length of a pencil and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter in his hand. He pushed the wand into my left kidney. I could feel the wand as it was pushed in. I was in pain, my body hot, nausea rose in my throat. I was sobbing. I was young, big and strong and I was terribly agitated, yet there was absolutely nothing I could do to prevent the invasion of my body with that foreign object. I tried. I tried desperately to move away from that tube. My writhing didn't impress them whatsoever. They didn't care what I said or did, I was not to be allowed to escape their ministrations.

I knew they were just machines. What do machines care? You can cry all you want to a machine and it makes absolutely not bit of difference to a machine's appointed task. They just don't care. They were only intent upon carrying out the job at hand. Machines have no conscience.

The regression to my seventeenth year moved on to the next morning where I wakened at home. (I learned all this during the regression sessions with my friend. I had never had any idea about the aliens being the cause of my suffering when I was seventeen. I only remembered that I had been in a world of pain that year.) I'd awakened in anguish, with a searing, unbearable pain, unable to go to school that day. The whole left side of my body was paralyzed. My parents had me rushed to the St. John's Hospital's Emergency Room. I spent the next five days in the hospital.

I was changed forever when I resurfaced from that last regression session with my friend. That experience truly shattered my conception of reality once and for all. There are really no words to define that experience. In all the time that has passed since my seventeenth year, I had never dreamed that I had had such an experience other than the experiencing of the kidney stone itself. My friend's repeated experimental regressions worked only too well. Her skill allowed revelations within my consciousness which were almost too much for me to bear.

The whole experience of being regressed made me able to lock into my own clients' reality. No longer was I separated from their experiences since I now knew that I had had the same or similar experiences. It was then that I truly began to react in harmony with abductees who needed my help. I *knew* that the beings who took us for their own purposes, had total control of us during the whole time. We never have a choice in this matter. We're toys, or perhaps small experimental animals, to them. I'd *never* thought I'd ever had any contact with gray aliens. The fact that I had been worked on by "grays" while in my teens was a great shock to my adult self. Of course, I had always known that every abduction experience was somehow wiped from the abductee's mind but I'd never before connected that "masking of experience" with my own life.

I remember that at the time of my operation, my Doctor looked puzzled as he spoke to my mother. "It's really peculiar for a seventeen year old girl to have kidney stones." Now, thanks to the information I had garnered through my own regression I know that "they" have an extreme interest in causing kidney stones in human beings. That is because kidney stones create the worst pain that humans can suffer. The stone passing through the urethra brings PAIN, multiplied infinitesimally. The alien people who control the gray androids love that pain.

I've learned from the hundreds of abductees whom I've dealt with, that the androids who had worked on me were created from fetuses taken from abductees. They (the androids) do the menial work for the aliens and they function as biological machines, more or less. We can't begin to understand the levels of control but we do know that reptilian creatures control the grays.

The aliens themselves crave all our highly charged emotions, especially the two emotions of sex and pain. Of the two, pain is their favorite emotion. Our pain frequencies feed them something they need, so they wish to be assured of the continuing availability of a tremendous amount of human pain.

I know this much. I don't ever want to see aliens again... not even within a hypnotic regression.

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I feel I can't use names when talking of cases I've handled. Most of the names that I do use as we go on, will be pseudonyms to protect the confidentiality which I always promise my clients.

One case I took on in those early days, 1987 and 1988, dealt with two girls, young woman really, who were swept up in that UFO vortex in the area of 36th Street and Harvard Avenue in Tulsa. When they were returned to that area one evening they simply had no idea what had happened to them since their memories had been totally screened.

After their return from the UFO to a residential area near 36th and Harvard in Tulsa, they drove to their house. One of the girls, Evelyn, began to wash her hands. She continued to do so over and over. The other, Nina, had an extreme allergy attack. They talked over their confusion and agreed that when they talked to each other they each sounded tinny and faraway. They sounded strange to themselves as well as to each other.

Evelyn displayed a three inch long red rectangular mark on her legs. She was very upset, extremely anxious, but could not say why. She just knew she felt dirty. (This is a classic female reaction after a rape, rape therapists say.)

Nina had her own set of problems and they decided they both needed help. They didn't really know what to do so they made an appointment with their preacher and after speaking with him, they contacted me because their preacher recommended that they do so.

I had an appointment to meet them three days after they had been "dropped off." I awoke in a panic that day because I had such pain in my lower abdominal area. I surmised that the pain was connected somehow to the light that had appeared over my car in my *own* neighborhood the previous evening. When I awake in pain I generally know it has had something to do with the aliens and their antics. This was in early 1988, the time I have often called "The Alien Invasion."

I regressed Evelyn and Nina together and separately and learned that they had been taken up, not just once, but time after time. These extraordinary events went unnoticed by the public and by the media. Most people who were having contacts during that time, had had their memories wiped clean. Many Tulsans were being abducted not only from their homes, but from their cars, from busy freeways as well as from crowded intersections and, of course, from quiet residential streets. A large number of these abductees were somehow magically drawn to contact me.

I didn't advertise, of course, but received call after call for help, probably from more than a hundred people who had had experiences. I rarely left my house but the people continued to come to consult with me during that three-month period.

All these people had had encounters with a certain alien group. I believe these disparate people from all social and financial levels and racial and religious groups of Tulsa

were all having experiences which were identical. Descriptions of instruments, procedures and of the aliens themselves were very closely allied. Many of these victims also were able to remember parts of their experiences without experiencing regression. Some could also remember people who had gone through these experiences with them when they met them at some later time in Tulsa. The recognition of fellow sufferers happened time after time during my support group sessions.

After our sessions all of them remembered being taken up singly or in groups to the UFO, not just once but several times. They could remember each other's faces and each other's names.

Nina, one of the two young woman who was taken from 36th and Harvard, is allowing me to use the regression materials which our sessions drew from her subconscious. She is a simple, plain, direct and intelligent person. She might have been brought up in an unsophisticated environment, perhaps on an Oklahoma farm. Her mind was uncluttered by modern society, so the information which she was given by her captors came through unadulterated by any overlays or complications. Her perceptions were extremely clear and understandable. Neither she nor her roommate, Evelyn, had ever had any interest in any occult or new age materials whatsoever. They thought such subject matter was not only boring but that people who were interested in such stuff must be slightly insane.

Nina has always worked hard and Evelyn, her roommate of one month, had a master's degree in psychology. I believe that their meeting and their becoming partners, had actually been set up by the aliens previous to the abduction encounter.

The night of their experience the two were returning from the store after buying groceries. It was a clear, pleasant evening. At about 8:30 p.m., everything seemed normal until they reached the busy intersection at 36th and

Harvard. The driver, Evelyn, saw a greenish comet in the sky above them, and the greenish glow seemed to mesmerize her. They had been waiting for the light to turn, but instead of crossing on the light as she did usually, she turned the car into a middle class residential area on a street which they had not been on before. As they drove, their car was surrounded and filled with a white light.

Evelyn said later that it was almost as if she were on automatic pilot. The whole car, inside and out was alight. At the end of that street they found themselves driving out of that residential street and heading home.

At home Evelyn discovered she had a bad rash, Nina experienced an unbearable allergy, sneezing as if she had been in an extremely dusty area. The woman with the rash felt she must wash her hands over and over. Both felt as though they were speaking from within a barrel. Both were extremely upset and they didn't know what to do, so that was when they called the preacher at the church which they attended.

The minister mentioned my name and said he'd heard that Barbara Bartholic did hypnotherapy with people who had had UFO encounters and he suggested that they look up my name and call me, which they did. Neither wished to believe that they had had an encounter but both remembered that huge light inside and outside the car. Neither could explain why they were in that particular residential neighborhood. They both wanted to know why they were so traumatized by a white light, so they agreed to come to my office to speak to me.

I regressed them separately, taking Evelyn, the psychologist, first. We discovered that she had been being used as a baby breeder. The aliens had extracted a fetus during the time of their abduction from the residential area. She was the more maternal of the two women and had had a child of her own, who was now a preteen. She had experienced abdominal pains after the abduction.

I want to focus on the information that Nina gave since the baby breeding process has been written and talked about so many times before.

Evidently, they had been taken right from the car to some sort of vessel. Nina was aware of being escorted down a dark corridor. She was made to look at a woman who was hanging, strapped to a metal pole the diameter and height of a telephone pole. The woman had a long, thin, very human looking face. She wore a Medusa like headdress of a winged serpent.

Nina could not repress the tears that flowed. She cried because she wanted to help the woman strapped to the pole but she couldn't. The woman called out to Nina for help but Nina, even though she was filled with emotion, discovered that she was not able to do anything to help the bound woman.

Nina was taken on to a round, black walled, barely lighted room. She was directed to sit on the floor, a very dirty floor. She sat there for a time, lonely, frightened and quite concerned as to where her friend Evelyn might be.

She was then taken to another room where she was put on a table, still worried about the whereabouts of her roommate. She was aware of helpless terror throughout her body and mind. The gray aliens poked at her right side. She realized she was nude but had no idea as to when her clothing had been removed. They told her they were looking for a map. They then pulled up her right arm and said that was the place where the configuration of the map had been imprinted. They continued their poking, especially at her breast, all the while making fun of her, jeering at her fears, and making remarks that could only tear holes in the fabric of her self esteem.

The next thing she remembered was being put back into their car. She was overwhelmed with allergens, sneezing, coughing, and having real trouble breathing. She

experienced uncontrollable fits of crying and could not explain why.

Soon afterward, Evelyn had to go out of town on business. Nina was left alone in their house except for Evelyn's young daughter. She later reported to me that they had, during their month of living together, experienced some poltergeist activity and that she felt very uneasy that night because she was alone except for the sleeping twelve year old.

When she awakened she had puncture marks on her right knee and significant boils in her pubic area and under her right breast. She had felt paralyzed with fear the night before because she had seen lights and had felt flutters of activity around her room. Because of her uneasiness she had walked through the house, going from room to room but had been unable to actually see or hear anything suspicious so she had gone on to bed.

When she had returned to her own bedroom she looked toward the window and as she slid into the bed she could see tiny sparkling diamond-like lights coming through the windowpane near her bed. They were so pretty, so fascinating, that she could only stare. As she continued to stare the tiny lights turned into a larger orange light. The following extremely alarming words are from Nina's audio transcript explaining what had happened to her the night before.

NINA: I could hear something behind me just over my shoulder as I walked through the house. I looked back continuously. Nothing. So I went to bed. As I stared at the fascinating diamond lights the tiny lights began to change into a big orange light. I saw a face in the big orange light, a wrinkly, ugly face. The whole mouth was awful, sagging and ugly, ugly. Awful. I felt as though people were there in the room with me. I got scared so I pulled the covers up over my head. It seemed I was being carried out as though I had died or something.

Then I saw the big orange light again, It seemed as though my head was being covered because they didn't want me to see what they were doing. The gray alien beings tied a tube around my head, like a thin rubber inner tube. I don't know that it was rubber but it felt that texture. They made it real tight across my eyes. It felt as if they were taking liquid out of my head. (Begins to cry) And it hurt. It hurt so bad. (Sobs and cries.)

BARBARA: It's okay now. It's okay. Let's continue. I'm right here with you. You'll be all right.

NINA: I see that light and I don't want to see it anymore. I don't want to see it. (Screams and cries.)

BARBARA: You don't have to see it. Disengage from looking at the light and remove yourself from it.

NINA: (Crying) I'm scared. I'm really scared.

BARBARA: You're okay. You're okay, Nina.

NINA: I don't want to do that. I don't want that to happen to me. Please.

BARBARA: Do you want to try again to see what was going on? Let's just go on and try one more time...

NINA: No!

BARBARA: Okay, you don't have to but you have the right to know what's happening. I want you to ask whoever is doing this to you, how you can protect yourself, what you could do to keep this from happening to you if you don't desire it? Tell me. How can you keep it from happening?

NINA: I can't keep it from happening. I can't stop it. That's the answer. I can't keep it from happening. I can't. (pause) They're trying to match our blood.

BARBARA: Can you receive anymore on that? Why are they trying to match our blood?

NINA: They won't tell me. "Trying to match our blood," is all they're telling me.

BARBARA: Is there a question you want to ask?

NINA: I want to know, what are those puncture marks on my knee?

BARBARA: Okay, let's find out. Let's see what is happening to your knee.

NINA: They're putting... they're either putting something in or taking something out. Some fluid. Fluid. Fluid. Out of my knee. It's like they're using a medical device that is like a straw to suck fluid right out of my knee. It doesn't hurt, it doesn't hurt, but they're taking the fluid right out of my knee. They're checking my chemicals. They're taking my liquid. The liquid is clear. It's not like blood. I don't know if they're taking it out or putting it in. It's clear and bubbly, like a solution of some sort. They want to see what my blood does as it mingles with this solution, to find out whether it will work for whatever they are doing.

BARBARA: From which knee are they drawing the fluid?

NINA: From my left knee. They had to do it twice because the first one they put in was right on that knee bone. They couldn't do it there. They had to move slightly to a place where there was a little fat so they could put the needle in and more advantageously withdraw the fluid for themselves.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Medical technicians tell us that the fluid that surrounds the kneecap is a clear fluid called "Synovial fluid." This liquid acts as a lubricant to allow easy movement of the joints.)

BARBARA: Get to your right leg. What are the bruises on your right leg?

NINA: They're holding me down because they have to secure me. Their fingers are bruising my skin because they have to hold me in place.

BARBARA: Everything's okay. You're doing a really good job.

NINA: (Quite calm and lucid.) It doesn't hurt except when they do my eyes. The eyes. Like a burning sensation. It's like something I've never felt before. It's awful. It's the worst feeling I've ever had in my life.

BARBARA: What are they doing with your eyes?

NINA: They're trying to take my eyes and remake them. They're trying to see if my eyes will work with the alien body fluid. Put us into them and them into us so they can come out with our feelings and we can come out with theirs. I don't know. But that's what they're doing. They're making us into them and taking my fluids from me. They always take my eyes.

BARBARA: How do they do that? Give me a description.

NINA: They have this device... like a vacuum... very small. They put it right here. (She points to her eyeball and cries again.) It hurts right there where the eyebrow curves down. It's hurting there. They're scraping right there behind where my eye usually sits. They put the thing behind my eye. They take my eye out, put the device in back of my eyeball and it hurts. Then they put my eyeball back in.

BARBARA: What are they doing behind the eyes?

NINA: They're trying to see if they can take our human chemicals. Fluids. I don't know what you call it. Put the fluid into them, they have our feelings. Take our eyes, put their fluids into us. They're testing. Experimenting. They experiment on us like the cattle. They're testing our blood for what they have put in it. These punctures. They want to see if... I want to say... to see if we're ripe! I don't how else to put it.

BARBARA: Can you tell me what you mean, "see if we're ripe?"

NINA: To see if we're ready to be taken. If they think we're ready to be taken they will take us. They're working on us.

BARBARA: They're getting ready to take us? Where? Do you know?

NINA: No I don't know. They have many places.

BARBARA: Why?

NINA: We're just going to be guinea pigs. We're not going to be nothing else. That's it. And they can do it. I am powerless when they come and they're doing it all electronically. I know I have no right to say "no" to anything they want to do. They are working on our minds and on our souls.

(NOTE FROM BARBARA: Nina and all the other abductees have told me there is no protection from these aliens nor from their abductions.

This woman Nina, who has little formal education but who has an intelligent mind, has clearly defined what she learned. "They have mutilated not only cattle, but humans. They have killed people, used people, taken people, whose families still don't know where they are." Neither she nor any other person whom I've interviewed believes that we have any power at all to protect ourselves from these aliens.)

NINA: They are trying to keep the human feelings that we have. They are trying to replace our body liquids so we can do their bidding. They believe what they are doing will better them. If they make a mistake during the experiments they have no regrets.

BARBARA: What is their ultimate purpose?

NINA: To try and get to the soul and the mind of every human. Some people have already been programmed into doing and saying things that normally they would not do or say. Now they're working on our souls and our will power.

(NOTE: One of the ways humans are being taken over is through tiny electronic wires inserted into the areas between the toes.)

On the night Nina and her roommate were taken from their car she and a group of about 10 to 20 men and women, no children, were taken to what appeared to be a box like vehicle. She didn't know if the vehicle was up in the sky or on the ground. All the people in the group seemed to be solid middle class citizens who lived in and were abducted from her area of Tulsa. All were in the zombie like state.

All the people in this group including Nina, were being fitted with minute wires the size of a paper cut or smaller.

I knew she was telling me the truth. I have x-rays of the feet of some of my other clients which reveal the implants, the tiny wires, in the feet of the people. The wires are usually put between the toes. The wires are used by the aliens to understand what feelings and emotions the human beings are experiencing. They can also be used to inflict pain. The wires also connect the people as a unit. Through the wires they can be programmed as a unit. The people in Nina's group still don't know each other, and because their minds have been wiped clean of their experiences, they simply have no idea that they are part of a group that can be manipulated as a unit through those tiny insertions.

This alien life form can now *control* our feelings and they can also *absorb* our feelings with these electronic helps. They experiment on us in the same way we experiment on animals. What could a monkey do when we (scientists) try to learn something by cutting into its body? Nothing, of course.

While Nina was experiencing so much, her roommate Evelyn, was also enduring strange happenings. In a very few days after their initial contact from the car, Evelyn was contacted again at work. Even though she had a degree in psychology, she had taken a job as a manager at a certain corporation.

She found herself alone in her office which was located in a warehouse building. On this particular day, she felt

pain in her back, in the area of her kidneys. The warehouse, though none of the workers were there, seemed to be filled with “something.”

EVELYN: I didn’t know what was going to happen. I kept walking back and forth through the warehouse and the office. Then suddenly I felt a separation between “me” and “me.” It was like I was going somewhere and someone was replacing me. I went back to get a Pepsi from the fridge. I was really thirsty, then I was stopped dead in my tracks. Everything was reversing. I was there and then I wasn’t there.

It was like a physical shift. My heart hurt and I can’t explain the sudden pain in my kidneys.

I sat down at my desk, then I heard a whirring noise and felt as though someone was laughing at me. Like they were playing a game with me and I felt they were winning the game. I became really upset, than really uneasy. Again I went into the warehouse then back to my office, seeing no one.

Hours later as I sat at my desk, I don’t think it was me.

BARBARA: You mean that the person carrying the Pepsi back to the desk wasn’t you?

EVELYN: Yes, that’s what I mean. It wasn’t me.

BARBARA: Where did you go?

EVELYN: It was like I went into the atmosphere. I was just transformed. I want to talk to someone about the situation and I’m feeling really upset talking about this.

They wanted to show me that they could replace me and no one would ever know. Not my family, not my friends, not even my employer. No one would know. And they made me watch it. I’m very upset. I’m so upset talking about this. (Sobs for a second.)

BARBARA: Where were you watching yourself from?

EVELYN: It was as if I went up high, as if I went up to the sky. Almost like looking down on the building in the office where I worked. They showed me how they could

zero in on my office area, my space, where I thought I was sitting but it was like I was in the sky and watching myself on the screen. My surroundings were like metal, like silver. I was sitting in a semi-reclining metal chair. I was in that chair and I was watching me. I was watching me down at my desk.

BARBARA: If you are looking at a person posing as you, what do you look like as you watch from the reclining chair?

EVELYN: I look like I'm half asleep. I'm wearing this one-piece gown like one you get at the hospital, only it's made out of cheesecloth. Oh. I feel very agitated. Out of control. Tired. Drugged.

They came in to talk to me in front of that big screen.

BARBARA: Give me a description of those individuals.

EVELYN: A description of the aliens? One is tall with a hood, kind of lanky, like a grasshopper. He looks like a praying mantis.

BARBARA: Was there anyone else?

EVELYN: There were just the little ones. They're short and gray. They don't really communicate with you. They're like robots. They don't have minds of their own. They're gray. Pointy ears, eyes slanted up, big and dark.

BARBARA: What is the purpose of having you watch yourself on the screen?

EVELYN: To show me I don't have control. So that I know they can do whatever they want to do... not only with me but with everyone.

BARBARA: How many humans do you think they are connecting with?

EVELYN: Oh so many. So many more than I know. They know everything. (She sobs as she talks.) They send, like radio waves, they can communicate with people and the people don't even know they are being communicated

with. They can make us think things we wouldn't normally think.

BARBARA: Like what?

EVELYN: Like maybe something alien related. Like bringing everyone to a low level of consciousness. So they can take over.

BARBARA: Do you feel they want to take over?

EVELYN: Yes. They want to rule. They want to rule. They want power. They want to rule everyone. Everyone. Not just us but other extraterrestrials. They want to rule. They always have to stay one step ahead of us, or one step ahead of the other extraterrestrials. They don't like it when we start moving forward because then we know too much and we can evolve and make things better and they don't want that to happen.

BARBARA: What kind of thoughts do they put into people's heads to keep them down?

EVELYN: Depression, thoughts of everything going wrong. Suicide. You know, just as if there is no hope.

BARBARA: Do they put thoughts of sexuality in people's minds?

EVELYN: Of course. Obsession.

BARBARA: Do they have anything to do with causing disease?

EVELYN: They can manipulate and instigate any condition, be it sexual, painful, any condition that causes highly charged emotions and feelings.

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At that time, Nina and Evelyn clearly defined the problems we face. The reason the aliens are doing these things is to find out about human feelings. They can control our feelings and they can absorb our feelings.

Look at it this way: The American public is fascinated watching TV, movies, etc. We experience feelings as we watch the actors on the screen. So, in the same way but

much more in depth, this alien culture is able to absorb and feel through us. Therefore they need us and they use us in the same way we use our books, films and TV; To experience the feelings expressed in the story lines.

Our technology follows the alien technology very closely.

Might we, in the future, be doing to our own creations, (our own clones and biological machines), just what the aliens are now doing to us?

Chapter 16

OTHER CASES

Dr. James L. Walden, author of *The Ultimate Alien Agenda*, was one of my clients before he wrote the book. His home in Eureka Springs, Arkansas was invaded by aliens and Walden was able to see, hear and feel their entry into his house. He was perfectly conscious of their presence but he found himself unable to move. He was taken to an underground lab of some sort where the little “grays” did unspeakable, sexually oriented things to him.

After his first contact he found himself unable to concentrate, he cried constantly. He could remember much of what they had done to him. He couldn’t relax, or enjoy friends, or even eat. He couldn’t push the thought from his mind, *An alien abducted me!*”

As time went on, instead of forgetting his experience, he began to remember more and more. He’d never in his life had any interest in aliens, UFOs or science fiction. He began to question his sanity. He couldn’t even force himself to sleep in his regular bedroom. He moved to a guest bedroom and one night while he was lying in bed, waiting for sleep, a large, life-like image of George Washington was displayed just in front of his face. He heard a loud, forceful voice say, “George Washington was one of us. So are you. Accept!”

As weeks went by his life gradually resumed some normalcy until he met a woman who also claimed to have been molested the night before by an alien. She told him she’d had many experiences starting seven years before. She’d decided she was insane and had committed herself to a mental institution. She also told him she knew someone who might be able to help him and that she would be contacting him again.

Days passed and the woman did call. “I’ve talked to the alien—abduction researcher and she’s willing to talk with you.” And she gave him my name.

I was happy to work with Dr. Walden over the months, by telephone or at my house. His case was so unusual (or perhaps so usual for abductees) that I took a special interest in it. Our first regression experience took more than five hours. Then we’d talked for two hours afterward. I remember what I told him before he finally went to sleep.

“People usually feel quite different after their first regression.”

I worked with this individual and he told me of his affinity for reptiles when he was a child. He told me a great many other things about his experiences, then told me he was going to write a book. He did and I was honored to be asked to write the *Foreword* for the book about his abductions and about his survival throughout the hundreds of alien contacts he endured.

You may wish to read his book to get the whole fascinating story of what went on in his life and what his perspective on UFO aliens came to be. He and his best friend spent many a night and a number of weekends in my house where we regressed him often, then sat and talked for hours afterward. He tells a fascinating tale.

Another one of the most significant cases that I’ve handled came my way because I was working as a social secretary for the well-to-do owner of a house in Turley. The house was originally built by a wealthy German emigrant who wanted a bit of Europe in his life in the new land. The large house, actually a 23 room mansion, was the scene of one of my more bizarre cases, perhaps because I was working in the house everyday so I had total access to the victims whom I’ll call Linda, the mother, Bette, the thirteen year old daughter, and Tom, the ten year old son.

One afternoon in August, 1987, I received a call at my house. It was Linda’s daughter, Bette. I’d been at the house

the day before, Friday, and because there wasn't anything pressing that needed my attention I'd stayed home on Saturday. I'd never discussed my interest in UFOs either with Linda or her children. Some people think such an interest is a sign of being crazy so I rarely discuss UFOs in public, especially with people whom I don't know really well, unless the victim comes to me for help. The call came at about 5:30 in the evening.

"Barbara? This is Bette." I had had a very pleasant relationship with Linda and with Bette and Tom. I felt more like a friend than an employee. The children were both used to seeing me in their house and I think they both felt close to me as well.

"Hi Hon, what can I do for you? Does your mom need something?"

"Mother's away. I think she's in Oklahoma City. She told me but I wasn't paying much attention. Tom and I are here by ourselves. I just wanted to tell you something."

"Go ahead, Bette." I figured she was having some sort of problem with the little brother and she thought I might be able to straighten things out. "What can I do for you?"

"Something pretty strange has just happened. I thought you might be interested."

"I am. Tell me what's bothering you."

"Well, you know the row of casement windows at the front of the house? Where we can look right out onto the street?"

"What happened? Did you kids break one of those windows?"

"No, no. I was looking out the windows and a car stopped right in front of the house. I watched and waited for them to turn into the driveway but they didn't."

"Yes?"

"The people in the car got out and they all looked up so I looked up too. There was this big thing, a flying saucer

maybe, coming right over our house. It was heading north right toward your place.”

“I haven’t seen anything like that, Bette.”

“What I wanted to tell you Barbara was that the big machine flooded our house, the leaves, the air, even the grass with some kind of purple light. Everything in the yard turned purple.”

“Purple light? You’re sure?”

“Yeah. I ran to yell at Tom so he could look at it and then I ran outside through the back door and saw it head directly to your house, Barb. It was making purple light everywhere as it moved. I ran back inside and ran to see if the car was still there in front but it was gone.”

I invited the two children to come over to my house for the night if they were scared but Bette said her mom would be home soon and she hung up. But that’s not the end of the story.

The very next day, I learned later, Bette was taking a nap on her Mom’s bed. During the nap she had a dream of being taken up to the craft which she had seen from the front windows. On the ship she was shown the control panel and then was taken out into space to an unknown place. She saw gray aliens working at the control panel.

I felt it was time to tell Linda something of my “other work” when I wasn’t doing correspondence or making telephone calls for her. She agreed to let Bette be regressed so we could find out exactly what had happened to the thirteen year old. Because of her youth I did not want to overdo the regression sessions. I did not want to jeopardize the child in any way. Here are notes from her first tape:

“In the living room I see a purplish light. Mom is in taking a shower. It’s early evening. There is a high pitched, steady noise. I look out the middle window and I see a weird light, I can’t tell where it’s coming from. When I first look out I see just the tail end of the thing but the noise it still there.”

Bette continued. “Mom comes out of the shower and asks what is going on. I tell her about the light in my eyes.”

Bette covers her eyes with both hands.

“I can’t see anything but purple light. I yell for mom, then I see the sky change to dim purple. I feel so excited. I’m mesmerized by the light. It is so neat. I run outside with Tom. Mom stays inside.”

After our first session, Bette and I continued to have hypnotherapy sessions as a result of her requests, only. Her mother, Linda became pregnant, miscarried and then got pregnant again. When Linda brought the new baby home she was lying in bed with him and she told me of seeing a UFO just outside the second story window of her bedroom.

Tom and Bette was badly affected by their encounter with the ship of the purple light. Tom began sniffing and huffing glue and other substances. He became an addict and was extremely rebellious. He was what the youth authorities called “an incorrigible case.”

Bette was also affected. She became highly sexually oriented and she seemed to grow up overnight. The UFO and the purple light changed that family for the worse. Linda moved the family to Washington State, hoping that a new place would give them all a new perspective. Luckily, both Tom and Bette gradually returned to normal. Bette is married now.

This case was significant for me because it was my first case from my own neighborhood. I learned a great deal from it.

Then there was the young doctor from Dallas, Texas, the man whom I mentioned early on in the book, the man who had disrupted our meeting by shouting at me and the others and telling us that we didn’t know what we were talking about (Editor’s note: See Chapter One, Shock). He also comes to mind as a client who was able to utterly change my thinking.

During that first hypnotherapy session in my office, while the other guests were going on with the meeting, he told a most interesting story about that night he and his fiancée, a quite innocent and respectable young woman, had parked on a side road after they'd been to dinner and a movie.

He and his friend had parked in a remote country area. When they heard a noise which frightened them they drove back to town. In essence that is all he and the young woman remembered afterward and that is what he told me. During the rest of the regression session there in my office he was able to remember much, much more.

He had been paralyzed while his fiancée has been raped repeatedly by the "beings" who had abducted them. The doctor knew this but his memory had been masked, as had hers. The beings were certainly not benign scientists who had only the best in mind for earthlings.

Oh, no, they were surely not benign. I had, of course, long ago given up any idea of these trespassers being "friendly." However, what the man from Texas spoke about and drew for me during our regression session, almost tore me apart. His testimony certainly ripped up many of my most cherished notions of the alien intruders. When he made the drawing of a reptilian humanoid alien, the drawing was so awful, the image the most frightening revelation I've ever had. The drawing triggered fear and terror within me. It seemed too real.

That was in 1988. For the first time I was truly frightened of the aliens because the picture he handed me brought into reality the fact that a species exists which in some way, degrades every human being alive.

His drawing under regression showed large, dark, almost black, hideously reptilian humanoids.

That drawing shook me to my core. It triggered both fear and recognition within me. I knew I was, at last, looking the enemy square in the face. I also knew I had

seen these alien creatures or some like very them, before. My new client's experience jolted me back to a frightening experience in my own past.

That moment with the Texan and his drawing, was when I cracked the egg of all my preconceived notions of reality and of UFO5. It was during his session that I truly began to understand and to react with my clients and with their experiences. In that moment I began to question our culture's traditional ideas of God.

After their experience the two had married. He told me that her experience changed her from the sweet young woman he'd know during their engagement, into something very different. The change was gradual but easily observed... his sweetheart became a raving drug addict, totally promiscuous, a person who dressed like a street whore. She became a different person entirely. She had been fractured and swept into a new existence by her experience. They were divorced after ten years and at the time of his regression he told me that his two children has also been experiencing alien experiences and that he was helpless to do anything to protect them from the abductions.

That was the night he drew the picture of the alien who had paralyzed him as he stood by his car that when they had parked in the country. That was the drawing of the alien which had so frightened me because of my recognition of him and of his kind.

I knew that although I had not seen this particular beastly creature, the drawing emanated a particular evil, an evil that I somehow recognized.

Chapter 17

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

One thing that has really surprised me over the years with my clients has been their recognition of me as a person who was a part of their UFO experience. Not all of them had seen me before but a great number of the people I've worked with have told me, "You were there when I was in the ship, (room, place, lab or whatever.) You were a tall blonde alien woman standing with the aliens."

Some of them have even told me that they were guided to me by some outer intelligence when their abduction experiences became more than they could bear.

One of the first to say that was the lawyer, Terry Melcher. (Editor's note: See Terry Melcher incident in Chapter 10)

Luckily, I, or my clone, or my hybrid descendant, or perhaps a multidimensional aspect of myself, seem to have only been seen during positive connection moments, those moments when people are being taught, or hearing answers to questions or being dealt with in a very respectful manner.

I've been told that I act in a motherly fashion to these abducted people and to the alien hybrid children who sometimes accompany me. It pleases me that my double appears at beneficial meetings only. We need to realize that there are probably many alien agendas, good, bad, and indifferent. Perhaps all are working under one UFO custodial hierarchy. Apparently one overall intelligence supervises the many agendas.

When asked to describe the woman they saw, clients say they saw a blonde alien woman who is tall and has my facial features. She wears a silvery body suit. Sometimes she is with a male who is tall, slim, and dark haired, who is

also wearing a silvery body suit. Sometimes she is with what are obviously hybrid human/alien children.

One Tulsa woman with a bit of artistic talent, drew a picture of me and of the man she saw on the ship before she ever met me. The man she drew resembled Jacques Vallee. She thinks she was led to make the picture to prepare herself for a meeting with me, later on. When she brought out the drawing I felt a chill run through me. The drawing looked like me, and the woman and I had never met before.

The aliens make it comfortable for the victims to come to see me for regression sessions. Many are activated to seek out an understanding of something in their lives which cannot be explained and I am usually able to help them find out what has happened to them.

Since 1987, the intelligence that controls alien abductions has deemed it necessary that their hybrid human children awaken to themselves. All the people who have come to me, numbering in the hundreds, perhaps thousands, all of them, in my opinion, are in reality alien hybrid human children.

Sending hybrids was a controlled event from 1987 onward. People began, at about that time, to remember mysterious events in their lives. The memories caused them to seek help and understanding. They began to realize that they were part of the alien encounters which were taking place across the world. These were very controlled events, controlled by the aliens. This was the year when people began to waken to their lifelong connection to alien intelligence, in other words, waken to their progenitors.

I still do a number of hypnotherapy sessions but not so many as I once did because I am now working on the other part of my job which is amassing the largest possible accumulation of case studies and UFO information.

I use this analogy when I'm talking about my work.

Christopher Columbus had a tangible ship, sailed on a tangible ocean, and his craft touched upon a tangible land. He could see a real country before him.

Whereas I am also an explorer into a new world which offers no tangible vessel, no ocean waves, nor any tangible land. What I'm doing is working to discover a new country, one which has not yet been seen or understood by the mass of the world's population.

To get to this new place, since I have no vehicle for exploring, I've found my only way of discovery is to go through the gathering of information: To listen and annotate all the witnessing accounts given by those who have crossed my threshold. The massive bulk of this knowledge can be used to paint pictures of the new world, using the spoken experiences of the hundreds of people who have transcended the barriers protecting the new world. During abductions they are taken through unknown dimensions, perhaps through time some think. My job is to document their travels.

I would say the many hundreds who have come to my door have all described the other world which is connected with our own human world in quite similar ways. Using hypnotic techniques, I can allow people to see both aspects of themselves... the nuts and bolts human body and spirit as well as the alien being parts of themselves. Our alien person can be operating simultaneously within our human lives.

We're all more than the fleshly body that we commonly accept. In the future, as more and more of the secrets are revealed, we'll know more about who and what we truly are. I think of that function as *my job*, that is, I believe myself to be one of the people who will help with the discoveries about and the revelations into our UFO connections. I'm still picking up hints and clues and tiny pieces of information which, gathered together, will

eventually make sense of our not-yet-revealed jigsaw puzzle called life.

But there may also be clones of Barbara on earth, or perhaps I am the clone of some woman unknown to me.

My minister friend took one look at me and gasped.

“Oh, my God.” she said, “You look so much like Gloria Lee. You look as if you could be Gloria Lee’s twin.”

“Uh huh,” I answered. “Who’s Gloria Lee?”

She proceeded to tell me. The woman “Gloria Lee” looked exactly like me but with red hair. Gloria Lee was a woman in California who received instructions and elaborate plans from Jupiter. The plans were for building a space platform.

It seems that aliens from the Jupiter constellation had channeled to Gloria Lee and a scientist friend, all the details necessary for building a space platform, building specs and all. After a year Gloria Lee went to Washington D.C. to try to give those complete blueprints and plans to someone in some government office. No one would pay the slightest attention to her.

Gloria Lee, whom my minister friend called a big, beautiful, buxom woman, swore to go on a fast until someone in Washington would listen to her and look at her plans. She knew that the information she had received would put the United States ahead of all other world powers in the space race. She sent wires to all who would be interested. No one cared. Gloria Lee continued to fast.

Gloria Lee’s friend tried to persuade her to break her fast. Her husband begged her to come home. She refused. She became very weak but she would not quit fasting. Her husband called and called. He threatened to call the police but Gloria Lee continued to fast.

The police came and arrested Gloria Lee and her friend but it was too late. They got her to the hospital but she died there.

All her blueprints and specs and designs vanished from the hotel room after the police entered the picture. Not so long after her death the U.S. made a major leap in the construction of space platforms. All her friends give Lee the credit for our leap forward in space. Gloria Lee gave her life for that.

I wish I could have known her.

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So it seems my clone is up there and perhaps down here as well. I'm still surprised when a client points to me and says, "You were on that ship," even though dozens of them have said that very thing.

Chapter 18

A CONSCIOUS WITNESS

At about the time of the Gloria Lee incident I received an anonymous letter from a woman who wanted to share her experience with me but who, apparently, did not wish to let me know just who she was nor where she lived. The letter was postmarked from a small town in Oklahoma. She told about her abduction along with that of her four year old son. What follows is a major portion of her long letter:

It was really hot. I decided to take my son out for a ride. He had fallen asleep in the back seat when I saw this very shiny object about the size of the bottom of a Coke bottle. It sent a glare into my eyes. Something happened with the steering wheel. It vibrated so that I'm shaking now just writing about it. My thought was, I've got a flat. I pulled over to the side of the dirt road but didn't turn off the engine, I just stopped the car.

I knew somehow I was supposed to get out of the car, but I couldn't move. Everything in my peripheral vision was blurred but straight ahead I could see plainly. The object was in the road. I thought if I could touch that thing I could get the glare out of my face. If I could just go over and turn it over, then I'd be all right. That was my problem, I thought, I was hypnotized by that shiny thing. I thought I was having a heat stroke. All these ideas ran through my mind but I couldn't say anything and I couldn't move.

Something rustled in the pines. I couldn't look to my side but I was aware of the noise. I could hear something, not a hum, but a sound I can't pinpoint. I'd heard it once before. These things came toward me and the car died. They looked very much like the things you were showing pictures of, Barbara, but the chin was more rounded, not so

pointed. I didn't talk to them, all the speech was in my mind.

There were three, and I would say, one of them was a woman. The others were a bit taller but not much. They had ranks, like the army. You could tell one was higher rank by the way they talked. There were no differences in their clothing.

It was the taller two, the two men, who took my son out of the car. They carried him in front of me. That's the only reason I got out of the car. It seemed hours that we went up into the trees and across the rocks. I couldn't see their feet. They had hands that had three or four fingers with round suction cups on the tips. As for the color of their skin, this is what she told me: The color—receptors in our eyes do not pick up the true colors of their skin. The color we see has something to do with the makeup of our own eyes. The alien woman told me a person who is color blind can actually see their true color. To me they looked grayish—green, but some areas were darker. She told me that this skin was not their true skin. This skin is like a shield against the atmosphere they have to go through during their experimental work.

One of the guys kept saying, 'You're telling too much, you're telling too much.' As we walked she kept reassuring me that everything would be all right. They feel pain, but not like the pain we know. When they do things to us they don't think we are really and truly having pain. She had compassion. The others? Yes and no.

When we got to the ship, or whatever, it blended with the rocks. I thought we were going into a cave. I didn't want to go in but they had my son. I thought they were going to kill me. Everything I was thinking was like I was thinking it out loud. She kept reassuring me that I was going to be okay. Right away they took our clothes off, before we were even aware they'd done it. They have a section strictly for men and a section strictly for women. I

have some small white round tubular shaped scars. One is a little beneath my thumb. I have one on top of my hand in the shape of a star. When I get a tan, the white marks really stand out.

I was having my period and they didn't understand that. I had to explain everything to her, why we have menstrual periods, the egg, the whole thing. She said they already knew about the egg and the sperm. The samples they took were being put into jar-like things. They weren't jars. I don't know what they were called. I wasn't giving information, they heard my thoughts. That's the way they get information. The alien woman sounded like she would have had more of a woman-like voice.

She said, 'No, you're not deliberately giving me information. I already know what you've told us but this is for our records.' She also told me that the cure for cancer was in spices and roots from plants we have on earth. She said that in the future our doctors will find this out.

She told me they experimented with human beings. She showed me some of the things they did to babies. They had deformed babies up on a shelf in some kind of liquid. Some were alien, some part alien, part human, and some were human from different areas of the world. There were some deformed baby animals, also.

They still haven't had luck with reproduction between humans and aliens. Our species and their species don't mix. The hybrid children live for a certain length of time, then die. I'm a Christian and I don't want to believe in this kind of stuff, but this happened to me.

They had instruments that can camouflage their ships as army vehicles. One of the guys kept coming over and saying, 'You're talking too much!' There were several alien men standing there with the first guy. Each time the woman told me something they all shut up and listened to what she was saying. I felt like they were agreeing with her. She wasn't the head alien. I don't know what she was.

When she took blood she tried to hit a vein in my finger. i told her there's no vein big enough in my finger, it's in my arm.

I noticed that our metal is different from theirs. I can't explain it. It's not a hard metal as we know it. It's soft but not soft. I don't know how to describe it.

On earth when you get a needle in your arm it stings. This doesn't sting. It hurts, but it's not real painful. I'm getting nervous just talking about it. They next did a rectal examination. When they put this tube up to take the stool from me, they kept talking about 'samples.'

The woman talked to me. I wanted to know what was happening with my son. I could see him and I could see them standing over him, but I couldn't see them doing anything to him. I panicked but I couldn't react with my body. They held total control of my body.

They put a glass bubble-like thing over me at intervals. The lights beneath the table would then come on. It was like a very warm bath water type of thing. She would go away and then she would come back. Everything I thought was being recorded, all of it. I don't know whether the bath water thing was to soothe me or what. I don't know what it was for. She didn't need to push anything on the instruments. She would wave her hand and the bubble—like thing would come over me, then she would walk away. There was always someone at my head. A man was stationed there.

I have a red spot now, like a red strawberry on my breast, where they did something. I don't know what it was. It was like a connection to some kind of a machine. I also have little red marks on my arms where they made tiny incisions. Later I asked my doctor at home what they were and he said they were broken blood vessels. The thing that was behind me was there constantly. There were others around, doing other things. They had taken samples of weeds, samples of air, samples of bird's eggs. They had

bugs and dirt and other stuff. They had this gigantic rotary thing and it would revolve. They put the samples in it. Each of the shelf like things on the wheel had different colored lights. I felt as if I were on that table for hours.

In the other chamber there was a black man. She told me that he was from Ethiopia. They were taking samples off him. They have transfer machines that take the samples. Their seconds are many thousands of times faster than ours. I don't understand that kind of stuff. Whenever I looked at the Ethiopian she came over and the bubble came down on me.

They took stuff from my belly button. They don't want us clean, they want us natural so they can test us. When they were taking my belly button samples she didn't do anything, she just did the talking. It was the other one who stood on the other side who was doing most of the work. She was soothing me while he was using an instrument like a dentist would use, the kind of instrument they put into your mouth with a mirror thing. They took all the sweat and yukky stuff they collected from my belly button with that tool.

The black man was in a round room, a room about 8 feet in diameter, like glass but it wasn't glass. Each room was like that. He was in the room next to mine. They took hair and skin samples from him and put them in different bottles. Then the heel. They took a shaving off my heel, then they tried to stick a needle up into my heel. I felt that pain. I kept asking why they were doing that. One of the guys came over and said, 'You're talking too much!' so she never got to answer me.

They took my little toenail off. To this day, that toenail comes off automatically. It can grow out and I can be in the bathtub or walking around and it will just fall off. It never did that before my abduction. They took my little fingernail off and took a blood sample from my little finger but I don't have any problem with that fingernail falling off.

I really wanted to know what they were doing with my son but he was in another part of that place. Their backs were to me. I couldn't see what they were doing to him. I said, 'Please don't hurt him!' They told me my son was of very high intelligence. I could tell she wanted to tell me more, but wasn't supposed to. She showed me a little of the history of the world on a big screen. When she was showing me, a balloon type cone thing would come over me and I could watch the screen. It was all from the past...wars, droughts, floods, murders, burning houses, volcanoes, forest fires. It was like they were telling me it was our fault that these things happen. That didn't make any sense to me.

Somewhere in there they had a little bitty baby crying. At first I thought it was one of theirs, but it was human, a baby they had taken from somebody. The woman alien told me everything was okay, that the mother didn't know where it was and didn't even know it was gone. As far as the mother knew, the baby was asleep. I got mad, very mad.

I said, 'How dare you do something like that without anyone even having any say—so? And how about what you're doing to me, without even having my say—so?' Then the alien man came over and he was mad. I could tell he was mad. But I had not consented. I was controlled. I went with them because they took my son. It was like I was hypnotized. When I said, 'You don't have the right to do this!' she didn't say anything back, she just looked at me.

I felt they were fascinated by how soft and pliable our skin is and how easily it bruises. They told me some things about my family history and some things about my childhood. He told me one thing that stuck in my head, because I always thought that if you could be hypnotized you could tell about everything while you were under. I thought, I'm going to be hypnotized so I can tell about this

in a way so nobody thinks I'm crazy. While I was thinking that he told me, 'We can even control that.'

'How?' I wanted to know. 'You can't control my consciousness, nor where it is stored.'

He answered, 'We can let people remember certain things and we can blank out certain things if we don't want them to remember them.'

'Even under hypnosis?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' he said. 'We have programmed doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, and we continue to program them for updates.'

They do monitor us because they showed me scenes from my childhood. They showed the most terrible times, never the happy times. Like when I cut my toe off. When I was little I was riding behind my sister and my toe got caught in the spokes and got cut off. My older sister went running to my mother, and she stuck my toe back on with cobwebs. I'm three—quarters Indian, one quarter Irish. We couldn't afford a doctor. My mother crawled under the house and got cobwebs and put my toe back on. She saved my toe. They knew that. They wanted to know what kind of cobwebs Mom used. I said I didn't know.

I felt they were so superior to me, so very, very intelligent, far beyond me. I'm just a country girl. They knew what level I was on and that's how they communicated with me, on my level. There were words they didn't understand. Like when I said 'I bet you've have every Tom, Dick and Harry on this ship or whatever you want to call this turtle-type instrument here.'

She said, in what sounded, in my head, to be a slow computerized voice, 'Tom, Dick and Harry? Turtle?'

When I said 'You-all' she asked, 'Why do you say you-all?'

I said, 'There's more than one of you.' They couldn't understand why we aren't as advanced as they are. We have the ability to be as advanced as we want to be, but we

limit ourselves. We block knowledge out, because we don't want to learn.

The male alien pointed to the black man and said there will be no way he will remember. I said, 'Hypnosis will bring it back.'

He said, 'No. Do you see what they are doing to him now?' They put this instrument to his ears and the back of his skull. It looked like a stethoscope, but it had a little thing in the very back of it where it was shaped like a J, like a hook. There was a long tube that went from thing into a metal cabinet. He said, 'He will not feel or remember anything, except for a feeling that he might have dreamed something.'

I remember a baby calf that was alive. They hadn't started on it yet. It was frozen, but it was alive. It was standing up in one of the little rooms. They also had different types of bugs and all sorts of stuff but to this day I still don't know what they doing to that baby. I could hear it crying and I did get a glimpse of it. It was a human baby. They wouldn't say what they were going to do with it. I kept telling them 'How dare you take that baby! You have no right, you turkeys.'

'Turkey?' he said.

I called him 'Turkey' and I said it so loud I guess everyone heard it. I said it in my mind. I screamed it in my mind and everybody heard it.

I do know that later when I was being brought back, my son was being carried up in front of me, and the female alien was trying to convey to me that she was very sorry. I could tell from her voice. I got back into the car. I looked back and my son was still asleep in the back seat, fully clothed just as he'd been before all of this happened. The car was running. The steering wheel was vibrating, but the round thing on the side of the road was gone. I thought, Wow! I must have had a heat stroke!

The whole experience began to flood back into my mind and I thought, that must have been a dream. Then something made me look to my right and there she was, the female alien, just standing there. She was reassuring me that everything was okay, now. She was by herself, then suddenly she was gone. It was beginning to get dark.

We had been away about six hours.

Chapter 19

SEARCH YOUR OWN LIFE; A QUIZ TO DETERMINE WHETHER YOU HAVE HAD THE UFO EXPERIENCE

Here are some questions that may help you decide whether you have had contact with the aliens. If you answer 18 of the questions below with a “yes,” I think we can safely say that you have indeed been in the presence of the intruders, either willingly or unwillingly.

1. When you were a child did you feel or see beings no one else knew about?
2. Were you beaten or sexually molested as a child?
3. Have you dreamed that you were a patient in “lab-like” or “medical type” surroundings?
4. Have you dreamed that you were the subject of unusual medical examinations?
5. Did you, as a child, dream of being taken onto an aircraft of any kind?
6. Have you experienced significant memory losses?
7. Have you experienced periods of lost time?
8. Have you seen or encountered UFOs in the sky or on the ground?
9. Have you had psychic experiences?
10. Have you had an obsessive love relationship?
11. Have you had a hysterectomy?
12. Have you had one or more miscarriages or natural abortions?
13. Have you had kidney problems?
14. Have you experienced kidney stones?
15. Have you been troubled in mind but unable to pin down a reason for your disquiet?
16. Have you had nightmares involving strange reptilian creatures?

-
17. Do you have remembrances which, you've discovered, aren't even real?
 18. Do you have sexual problems which you cannot explain?
 19. Do you have fears and phobias?
 20. Do you have any kind of weight problem such as overweight, bulimia, anorexia nervosa?
 21. Have you ever heard voices which could not be identified?
 22. Have you had tiny biological implants surgically removed?
 23. Have you had mental problems?
 24. Have you ever had an addiction to alcohol or to any other controlled substance or illegal drug?
 25. Have you had unpleasant encounters with military personnel?
 26. Do you live near a military installation?
 27. Do you feel scared most of the time?
 28. Have you any unusual marks on your body, unexplained scratches, red marks, bruises, spots, burns or cuts?
 29. Have you seen any unexplained patterned triangles, circles, circles with dots, or parallel cuts or markings on your body?
 30. Are you sexually driven?
 31. Are you homosexual?
 32. Do you abhor sex?
 33. Do you have unusual, perhaps unlawful, sexual longings or fantasies?
 34. Are you a religious zealot?
 35. Do you long for death?
 36. Are you a human being?

Don't be frightened that you marked 18 or more "yesses." It is my personal belief that each of us, all of us who are the children of the earth, have had encounters with aliens. We have all been with them because we were

physically unable to resist their forced intentions. *We earthlings, after all, produce what they do not have, what they must have!* Melancholy, pain and fear as well as all our myriad other human emotions.

Chapter 20

LIFE PROCEEDS: HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR UFO EXPERIENCE

Have I told you more than you wanted to know? There are only a few more things to reveal. If you've had UFO contacts you can either drive yourself crazy by wondering "if you're crazy," or you can begin to actually do something for yourself. Paralysis and lack of action can only keep you glued to that one spot in your life, the spot which is causing you such pain.

My suggestion is that you put yourself into a positive frame of mind and try one or all of the following suggestions:

- o Keep living. The aliens are very little interested in older people. Age brings some protection.

- o Put positive music or pleasant tones all around your house. Put up wind chimes, listen to lovely music from the CD or record player, or play the instrument that you always wanted to play. If you always wanted to master the piano (or any other instrument) but never learned, begin lessons now. Have a sweet sounding doorbell installed. All these sounds are positive sounds and aliens don't care for positive sounds. They have little interest in calm, harmonious frequencies. Crashing, ugly, dissonant sounds are more their style.

- o Do whatever is necessary to cure and change the bad habits which connect you to the alien lifestyle. If you are engaged in habits or afflicted by addictions which are detrimental to your well being, then please understand that you are perpetuating the alien connection with each indulgence in each wrongful choice. This means tobacco in any form, alcohol to excess, marijuana to excess, crack, crank, heroin, cocaine, opium, or uppers, downers, or any

other medical drug which is not specifically prescribed by your doctor. Huffing and sniffing chemicals are also verboten if you want to cut your connection to the UFO world.

Indulgence also covers: eating to excess, eating and vomiting and purging, or not eating at all. It can also mean eating foods that are bad for you even though you aren't overweight, anorexic or bulimic. You have to know what is bad for you as well as what is good for you. If lettuce makes you sick, don't eat it, no matter what books and articles tell you about the value of lettuce (or any other so-called healthy food.)

- o Keep well away from any scenes or thoughts of child, parent, or spousal abuse. Abuse in any form is a signal of a UFO connection.

- o Go to church, temple, mosque, or synagogue gatherings where positive energy abounds. Pray, always keeping the frequencies of your daily life on a calm, harmonious, balanced level.

- o Avoid much time spent in meditation. Meditation can sometimes become an *invasion invitation* to aliens.

- o Create as much positive reality for yourself as you can. Take up art or crafts or handwork or hobbies that offer serenity within yourself. Practice creative activities which enrich and enhance. Think of drama, music, dance, writing poetry or prose, painting or sculpture, all of which can take you away from disturbing scenes or memories in your everyday life.

- o Read. Spend some time in libraries and bookstores. If you relate to particular authors write him or her fan letters or "thank you" notes.

- o On the internet look for web sites that offer help. There is little help here but it can't hurt to look.

- o Search for help from family or members of your community. Look for people who have had encounters.

They, more than anyone else, will understand your problem and will, perhaps, be able to offer advice.

- o Look for support groups that will keep you from feeling so alone. When you look for a group or a competent person who can help you, you must realize that experienced help is best... and they are very hard to find since there are so few of us.

- o Enjoy the smallest beauty which you see or hear or smell or taste or touch, while on your daily work or business rounds, even if it be only a quick glimpse of a hummingbird feeding at a trumpet vine, or a child laughing in a playground or an echo of a few notes of music.

- o Understand that rigidity doesn't help. The oak breaks in the strong wind, the willow merely bends.

- o Step out into the sunshine for a few minutes each day.

- o Uplift the frequencies in your life, taste, fragrance, tactile feeling, emotional feelings. Remember that what we look at can affect us. In other words: You must use all your senses to your own best advantage.

- o Eliminate activities that destroy and degrade. Fighting, cursing, violence, drug use, racial hatred and molestation of others, rape or cruel sex of any kind, abuse of any kind... all are meat and drink to the watching aliens. If mother and father fight while the children watch, that fight is opium to the aliens who are privy to the destruction. All pain and cruelty is a euphoric drug to these beings. They live on our anger and fright and pain.

A battle in Bosnia or Iraq or anywhere at all, is delectable to the aliens. They must have our darker energies to function. Sexual pain, war, brutality, hatred, fear and anger are all craved food for the intruders.

- o When people can wake up to the importance of their families, and man and wife can love each other, when countries can stop fighting, when races can live together in harmony, when we can refrain from being a resource for

them we can disconnect from them. When we decide to do that, we will lay down our guns and decide we are not going to feed them anymore.

- o There is a distinct possibility that they created us for their own self-serving agenda. They could be our creators and we could be their resource, you know, but must we be their puppets?

It's time we become powerful, strong human beings in our own right, rather than pawns in the hands of the intruders. We can each take charge of our own lives when we resist the temptation to cooperate with those UFO creatures who seem to love the darker side of our civilization. We can waken to the facts and quit feeding them what they long for.

- o Begin now to turn off any negative frequencies or activities or fantasies, which you know will bring negativity into your life.

- o Concentrate on nature, gardens, plants, flowers and herbs, which you can plant or which you can simply enjoy as the creation of someone else.

- o Participate in activities that bring you joy.

- o Soften your voice and lower your tone.

- o Stand ready to do good and heroic deeds for other people, even for unknown persons, no matter how small or how large the deed may be.

- o Stand ready to do good and heroic deeds for yourself. Treat yourself well in ways that uplift your spirits.

- o Clean, groom and protect your body from harmful contacts.

- o Do the same for all living beings under your roof, including your animals. Teach your children to display kindness toward all other living beings, especially those who are in your family's care.

- o Look for contentment, especially in small things... a cup of hot tea, jonquils in the spring, a really good book.

Chapter 21

WHAT IS IN STORE FOR THE U.S.A?

UFO reports continue and interest in the subject remains widespread. Recently a panel of nine scientists from France, Germany and the United States, all affiliated with universities, laboratories and observatories, examined present and past reports of UFO investigators. The panel, funded by Laurance S. Rockefeller, looked at cases where physical evidence of some sort existed, such as radar trackings, damage to plants or injuries to witnesses. They found no proof that UFOs were extraterrestrial. But they didn't rule out the possibility either.

Scientist Jacques Vallee, who was an advisor to the Rockefeller panel, noted that "the UFO debate has always been locked into two points of view... that it's either all nonsense or it's extraterrestrial. Maybe the real answer will be stranger than we can now imagine."

I'm convinced that we're discovering a new world. We can make it what we want.

When people are taken into the UFO spheres, they are usually shown catastrophic events. Abductees talk endlessly of floods, wars, fires, bomb explosions, horrible weather, and other terrible moments in our world, all of which have been shown to them. In my opinion, all those catastrophes are just a big bunch of soap opera stuff intended to get a rise out of the victim, to manipulate the victim's emotional reaction. The revelations have just been drama for our edification. We've understood for years that the people who have been shown these things cannot really rely on what they've been shown. I think the aliens show terrible things supposedly destined for the future of our planet just to test their victim's reactions.

To understand what lies before us as Earth's creatures, we must try for contentment and happiness in our daily lives, moment by moment, day-to-day. Then we must prepare an oasis of comfortable space, a place where we can eat, socialize, rest, sleep and feel secure, no matter how small nor how simple the space may be. We must prepare an oasis for ourselves and for our families and other dependents, as best we can, while we can only wait and see what the future holds.

Alien interaction with humans involves almost everything we experience. Among people who are interested in the UFO phenomenon, the big question is: "Is there a good alien group which is separate from an evil alien group?"

I'm inclined to believe that both groups are contained within the control of hierarchical directors who orchestrate everything. The directors are responsible for all conditions and all actions within engineered human groups. Within that common resource we are all units of energy whether we prefer the Mother Teresa Agenda or the Serial Killer Agenda. The diversification within our population is put into play by the hierarchial creators.

Of course, we are all allowed some freedom to participate in belief systems which appease us and which are good for us to have. However, we are members of a global population which does not yet have the mental circuitry to realize that we are being directed by outside forces.

We're a huge crop (of persons) which is pacified with drugs, alcohol, sex, sports, TV, religion and other activities. As our "herd" proceeds to attend to its business, every human is affected by the interfacing with the aliens.

People are being played like pawns on a chessboard at the whim of an alien hierarchy.

Consider this: If you feel emotion you are part of the experiment. You can be put through hell and then you can

be put into the best of situations. The Alien Agenda is not all good nor all bad. Every human condition that can be felt will be felt. We're the actors on their stage. When our spirits leave our bodies they then return to our alien masters.

Maybe the point is to see how best we can play the game. Perhaps in the end we will be the creators directing the play. I think people need to know that alien hierarchies are behind both the Mother Teresas and the Jeffrey Dammers.

As we enter the twenty-first century, I can look back and see that my work has been with hundreds of people. Throughout all the work with victims I have not had even a handful who possess what James Bartley calls "The X Factor," which is the ability to awaken and understand with clarity the alien interface with us as human beings.

Let the innocent remain innocent. Let the few who comprehend, those few X factor folk who can see the connection, be the ones who awaken to the link.

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APPENDIX A

Excerpt from *HOW TO PICTURE WHAT YOU WANT* by Harold Sherman. Fawcett Gold Medal. 1978. pp 109 - 111.

...Here is one dramatic example of a case in which a spirit entity, anxious to reach a certain person, succeeded through a third party. It is told to me by Mrs. B.B. the woman who unwittingly served as the psychic channel.

“I was sitting at my desk, at United Films, in Tulsa, working on some written material when, suddenly, a feeling came over me and seemed to fill the room. It was a presence that was so strong that I had to stop my work and try to understand what was happening. I sat quietly and relaxed. The clear impression of this girl, Lynn A., whom I had only met briefly ten years before, was right there in the room with me. I could not see her or hear an audible voice, but she was telling me that she was all right and everything was fine with her now, not to worry, and to tell everyone not to worry.

Lynn had been married to the curator of the Boston Museum for maybe fifteen years. They were having trouble, which wasn't unusual. She decided to come to Tulsa six months ago, hoping to be reunited with her first husband. He is married and could not take her back. Deeply dejected because of her rejection, she returned to Boston, poured gasoline all over herself, lit a match, and died a most horrible death. She had been quite a beautiful woman—Intelligent, but emotionally unstable.

Her presence lingered about ten minutes with me in my office. Then Bill, my boss, came in, telling me to get my purse and note pad, that we were going to look at a building which might be suitable for a new studio. We arrived at the building and Bill introduced me to the real estate man, Mr. G.W. He said he had heard of me before through Bill, so

we began talking during the course of the conversation, he told me he had been married to Lynn, that he was her first husband. I was shocked, to say the least. I then told him that just fifteen minutes before, I had a vision of her and she told me everything was all right—that she was in a good place and to tell everyone not to worry about her. *He turned white.*

Then he told me that the night before, he was awakened out of a sound sleep, at which time her presence seemed to fill the room. There was no communication. He just felt her there, and he kept asking, over and over, where was she, how was she, was she all right? So here I come the next day with the answer to all his questions. He said he had never had such an experience before and had never been aware of her presence, except on this previous night.

Since I hardly knew the people involved and was completely unaware of a first husband, I felt this was a direct communication. His rejection of her had been, apparently, the last straw. She killed herself because of this and longstanding problems. She wanted to get word to him so she came through me, knowing I would be seeing him in the next few minutes. How marvelous is the Supreme Intelligence.”

I asked Mrs. B.B. how she explained such a psychic experience coming to her, and she then confessed a most unusual practice of hers when she was a small child.

“When I was six or seven, my best friend’s father owned the funeral home in Kirkwood, Missouri. We would have to pass it every day on the way home from school. Every day we would stop to say hello to her father, and I began the unusual practice of going to each casket where there was a corpse and holding each hand. I had no feeling of fear. I felt an overwhelming need to let them—each and everyone—know that there was someone who cared for them. I always felt such an incredible loneliness there—for

them, not for me. No one ever seemed to visit, except me. At my young age, it just seemed that no one ever visited.

It could be my great love for the dead souls at that age and even now is the reason they sometimes communicate through me.”

On the inside cover of Bartholic’s copy of the book is written these words:

June 1987

To Barbara-

See Chapter 9 to read my account telling of your unusual psychic experiences—that you so kindly gave me!

My LOVE & BEST always!

Harold Sherman

APPENDIX B

WHAT MEETING WITH OKLAHOMA, TEXAS, KANSAS, AND ARKANSAS, FARMERS AND THEIR FAMILIES HELPED ME ACCOMPLISH:

- o I'd never driven much, only to work or to the store and back. I was afraid to drive in Tulsa. That job put me through the ordeal of driving country roads in the dead of night all alone. I learned independence. I became fearless. I felt a real comradeship with the little preteen boys and girls I saw bravely driving tractors and mowers and other huge machines in their fathers' fields. I learned that if they could do it I could do it.

- o I was sometimes put into frightening situations which I learned to handle on my own.

- o Farmers restored my faith in humanity. I felt a whole new and wonderful world opened up to me. It was as if I had, for the first time in my life, been given hundreds of new grandfathers, grandmothers, mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles. Nearly every customer became like family to me, even those who weren't able to or didn't want to buy my painting of their farm, were like family with very few exceptions.

- o I was filled with love for the children and teenagers whom I saw being responsible and taking their share of all the work on the farm. That made me wish that Bob and I were raising our girls in the country on a farm.

- o I saw the history and beginnings of our American culture laid out within the families on those farms.

- o I found out that farmers as a group had seen many UFOs. They gave me truthful confirmation of sightings and mutilations in specific areas. Especially in the Durant, Oklahoma area there were so many men and women who had experienced these things. These country people were

extremely honest. There was really no reason to lie to this stranger who had just dropped into their lives by accident.

About The Authors

Barbara Bartholic

Tulsa, Oklahoma's well recognized UFO investigator and researcher, Barbara Bartholic, uses hypnosis and regression techniques as analytical tools. When troubled people who suspect UFO abduction in their pasts, learn of her work they are relieved that there is someone whom they can call out to for help. When Bartholic takes on an abductee she allows them the opportunity to delve into the alien abduction or sighting or other incident that is so disturbing to them.

Bartholic, who is nationally, even internationally, known for her work in the field, has a number of video documentaries and written materials covering the UFO experiences of people from all over the U.S. A book just out, *THE ULTIMATE ALIEN AGENDA* by Dr. James L. Walden, features his meetings with Bartholic as she regresses him to his UFO experiences. Through her aid he was able to finish his book and with her help he was able to bring forth some new and exciting, and different ideas about the aliens who are still abducting citizens.

"I'm the original X Files Girl," she says with her inimitable tinkling laughter. "The people who call out to me have had real and frightening experiences and along with the hypnotic delving that is necessary for clarity, I think of healing as part of the job I do for them."

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Bartholic moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma as a small child. Her father took the family there because of his position as an executive with Skelly Oil. Tulsa has been home for her ever since, with time out for college at Arkansas University where she majored in Modern Dance, plus a few other years for following her

childhood dream... which had nothing at all to do with UFO's. Her years as a student at Will Rogers High School, in Tulsa, introduced her to art and Modern Dance and her time at the University built on her high school experience.

She spent two years as a model in California, then another year runway modeling high fashion in New York with some of the world's most famous designers. She returned to Tulsa for her Father's funeral and soon met and married Bob Bartholic, a local artist of note. During the years when they were rearing their four children, she dabbled in art, mostly because of Bob's interest, she says.

Bartholic gives a very good imitation of a blonde Lucille Ball. She has talent in many fields and what she calls her untutored paintings and sculptures, are strikingly arresting. Her fluttery behavior, her tinkling laughter and her pretty face, often succeed in hiding her sharp intelligence from those who don't know her well.

"I don't do much with art, now," she says, "UFO research is my whole life." She admits she has always been interested in the subject of UFO's because of her own abduction experiences as an infant in St. Louis. As an adult she slipped into the field of UFO research without planning at all to do so.

After her children were all in school she opened an art gallery in Tulsa's downtown area and was soon asked to host an art show on cable. The TV show was quite successful and visiting artists were often asked to appear to be interviewed by Bartholic.

"Once disciples of two people who called themselves 'Bo' and 'Peep' came to my Gallery and I asked them if they would like to appear on my television show on Channel 25." While Bartholic's show featuring the strangers was interesting and quite well received, her boss at the television station had reservations about it all. He told her the show was supposed to focus on art, not on that UFO craziness.

“My friend, Bill Blair, told me to come on over to his studio and he would help me make a tape of the two disciples since my boss was being a hard head. We did that and made several hours of tape with the Bo and Peep people.”

Bo and Peep, later to be known as “Do” and “Ti,” the leaders of the recently in—the—news, Heaven’s Gate cult, set up a lecture series at the Tulsa City-County Library and they asked Bartholic to host. The two even asked Bartholic to be on hand when they (Bo and Peep) were taken onto a space ship which was to come and pick them up somewhere near Keystone Dam in Oklahoma.

“I was really sorry we weren’t able to get that,” Bartholic’s laugh tinkles across the room. “They also told us we must never, never, ever, show the last five minutes of the last tape we did of them, not to anybody.” Her laughter sounds again. “Of course, we showed it without hesitation when the famous UFO investigator, Jacque Vallee came to see our videos. During that forbidden five minutes a huge storm manifested itself all around us during the whole five minutes, then stopped the moment the tape was over. Maybe they were telling us something?”

Bartholic went on to say that the second time they showed the five minutes of forbidden tape, Blair’s TV set caught on fire.

“My research began with hosting the Heaven’s Gate people before they were Heaven’s Gate. I went on to work for seven years with Jacque Vallee. He was portrayed as the French scientist in the movie, ‘Close Encounters of the Third Kind.’ Vallee and I traveled around the U.S. and around the world researching cattle mutilations, UFO sightings and abductions. A series of horrible accidents caused our split. We both thought the accidents to be caused directly by our dangerous research into the other world happenings with UFO5. I believe Vallee was in my

life to act as my teacher for what has become my real career.”

Now, Bartholic works alone, except for her clients, the people who have had experiences that they have asked her to investigate. She has appeared in many books written by her clients about their experiences.

“I don’t have any choice, I have to continue this work,” Bartholic explains, her gaze lowered. “My mother is simply horrified by the whole idea and she totally rejects the reality of my experiences and my life.” Bartholic’s mother still lives in Tulsa but Bartholic doesn’t share stories of her investigative work with her parent. “In a way I agree with her.” The tinkling laugh sounds. “Nobody in their right mind would ever get into UFO—alien research. It’s far too dangerous. Within the past year and a half, at least seven researchers whom I knew well, have met untimely deaths. When you step forward with the kind of information we handle, you’re taking your life in your hands.”

According to Bartholic, aliens start by abducting the very young, then they continue to abduct and experiment with the chosen ones for the rest of that particular child’s life. Their memories of the abductions are shrouded so the UFO subject never knows exactly what is going on, only that he or she has had some sort of strange experience that rises to trouble the surface of his or her mind at unexpected moments.

Any advice for readers? Bartholic shrugged, then leaned forward, her voice quiet. “When your kids keep saying monsters are coming into their rooms at night... pay attention! They probably are.”

Peggy Fielding

Peggy Fielding is a writer and a teacher of writers She lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma and teaches writing at Tulsa Community College. She has degrees from Central State

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