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ABDUCTED by ALIENS

-or-

*How I Learned to Cope
With High Strangeness,
Government Harrassment,
and My Mother*

(a true story)

CHUCK WEISS

ABDUCTED BY ALIENS

Or

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High Strangeness, Government Harassment,
and My Mother**

- a True Story -

by

Chuck Weiss

**ABDUCTED BY ALIENS:
Or How I learned to cope With High Strangeness,
Government Harassment, and My Mother (a true story)**
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ADULT ADVISORY

Due to the adult nature of some of the content herein,
this book should not be read by persons under the age of eighteen.

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For my daughter.

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Opening Statement

This book is two things.

First, it is an attempt to document more than a dozen years of my life, as I've tried to cope with visits in the night by a Great Unknown and harassment by my own government. It is my hope that people who read this account, and who have recently "awakened" to their own ET experiences, will find solace in the fact that they are not alone. As someone who has "gone to hell and back," I hope to make the road a little less bumpy for others.

This book is also a presentation of my theory, a decade in the making and sure to be controversial, as to origin of the Grays and their purpose here on Earth. Although this is not a scholarly work, I've done research and provide sources in the footnotes to back my hypothesis.

What this book is not, is an attempt to convince anyone of anything. Although I certainly hope that people will judge me to be a truthful person, I really don't care if the reader believes what I'm about to relate or not. I didn't write this for skeptics. I'll leave them for the researchers.

And, of course, some names have been changed in a vain attempt to protect the innocent.

Chuck Weiss

**PART I:
AS IT HAPPENED**

In January of 1994 I began to experience a series of curious incidents, which when considered together presented a mystery that I could not ignore. I decided early on to record these events as they occurred, so as not to lose any details to a faulty memory. Everything reported herein happened as described.

Chuck Weiss

“And you know something is happening,
But you don’t know what it is,
Do you Mr. Jones.”

Bob Dylan

My Awakening

Personal Journal: Part One

January 19, 1994 – November 12, 1994



Wednesday, January 19, 1994

Some strange things have been happening. I think it might be wise if I put this down on paper. I want to be sure that later I remember everything correctly. I don't know why. I just have an uneasy feeling about this. Here goes.

I woke up twice last night to the ring of my bedside telephone. The first time was at 2:20 A.M. It happened again a couple of hours later. Both times when I answered the phone, all I heard was the dial tone.

This has happened several nights in a row now. The first few times I heard a bell and woke up puzzled because nothing in my bedroom could produce a bell tone. After that the sound has been that of a ringing telephone. I have a definite memory of once being woken up by a loud buzzer. At first I thought it was the clock-radio alarm. Actually I remember hearing the buzzer sound more than once. I remember the second time thinking that I really did have to check the clock radio, as I had thought to do earlier.

I'll disconnect the telephone tonight and set the alarm for a special time to be sure they're not at fault. But the ring has always been a bit subdued and doesn't have quite the same tone as the telephone in my bedroom.

Another thing – as I sat in the living room thinking about all of this, I suddenly got the feeling that I should go into the bathroom and inspect myself closely. When I did I noticed

two small parallel lines, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long, low on the back of my neck above the shoulder blades. They appear to be newly formed scabs.

As I stood pondering how I could have scratched myself so deeply as to draw blood without noticing it, I realized that I had seen these two scabs before in exactly the same place about a year ago. At the time I dismissed it. People are always hurting themselves in minor ways without knowing it. But now this is the second time these scabs have formed in exactly the same place. I'm sure of it and the feeling of *déjà vu* is unsettling.

There is also a long scrape mark across my left shoulder. It's red and ugly looking, but strangely it doesn't hurt. I don't know how I got it. This is too weird.

Thursday, January 20th

I woke up twice again last night to the single ring of a telephone, once at 1:26 A.M. and again at 3:21 A.M. (I've decided to note all the details as accurately as possible and to include them in this journal.) I had disconnected the telephone in my bedroom and turned off the ringers of the other house phones before I went to bed. As I suspected, these are audio hallucinations.

While it is disturbing, to say the least, to think that I am having hallucinations of any sort, I have discovered something even more unnerving. Thinking about the two scabs on the

back of my neck reminded me of something an old girlfriend said about a year ago. We had been making love when she noticed that there was a scar on my genitals. Perhaps it was the passion of the moment, but I forgot about what she had said until now.

I examined myself closely tonight and, sure enough, there is a long scar that runs the full length of the shaft on the underside of my penis, from tip to base, and continues a quarter of the way around at the bottom. It looks as if I was filleted, like a fish. I certainly do not remember anything to explain such a scar. I have an appointment for my annual physical in a couple of months. I'll ask my doctor how old the scar appears to be. Even if there was a slip of the knife during my circumcision as an infant, I don't understand how an accident like that could have caused such a long and extensive wound, or why I wouldn't have noticed it until now.

Friday, January 21st

I took the telephone off line again last night, but I have no memory of having any audio hallucinations. The two scabs have all but disappeared from where I found them a couple of days ago, at the base of my neck and between the shoulders. I think I can see a couple of lines or faint scars.

There is also a bulge on my neck, just above where the scabs were and a little to the left of the spine. I'm mentioning

this only to be thorough in my observations. It may have been there before. I don't remember noticing it, though.

Sunday, February 20th

Today the top of my head felt tender. I felt a scab of some sort, and as I rubbed it small granules of dried blood came off on my fingers. It had the consistency of crystallized sugar. I've never known a scab to form that way. Usually a scab is a hard, crusted thing, not something that crumbles into granules in your hand. I have no idea how I might have injured myself.

I've "heard" some more audio hallucinations the past couple of nights. They were the same telephone ring, but not nearly as loud as the ones I heard last month. After I heard the first one I was too sleepy to try and stay awake, so I just rolled over and went back to sleep.

I've also had headaches, off and on, throughout the day.

Monday, February 21st

I woke up twice last night to the same audio hallucinations. The last time was approximately 5:20 A.M., when I got up and had breakfast. I can't seem to sleep more than two or three hours in a row, day or night. The headaches I had yesterday have continued throughout today.

Evening (10:45 P.M.):

I don't know what's going on. All I can do is document what happened. A few minutes ago I tried to work out on my

exercise machine and injured myself badly, straining my left arm and chest muscle. In order to stand the pain, I had to hold my arm tightly against my body with my right hand. Then while I was sitting on the couch trying to think if I had an Ace bandage in the closet, or if I would have to go out and buy one, I felt something press several times against my lower back at the base of my spine. The sensation lasted a good two or three seconds. I looked behind me. There was nothing on the couch, but then I noticed that my arm and chest no longer hurt.

The pain is completely gone! All this happened in less than a minute after getting off the exercise machine. My left arm feels like it's walking up from a Novocain shot, but there's no pain, even when I move it around. I had thought I was going to have to get an Ace bandage and tape my chest. One minute severe pain, the next nothing! This is not natural. What's happening to me?

Thursday, February 24th

My arm and chest have not hurt at all since that first minute after the injury, three days ago. That's not to say they feel normal, because they don't. I can definitely feel that I hurt myself, but it's as if the injury happened a couple of weeks ago. There is a slight weakness in the area. Until today, there was no pain, soreness, or weakness. I'm able to use my arm as if nothing had happened. It's as if my body flooded itself with

endorphins that first minute and has maintained them at a high concentration for the last three days.

Tuesday, March 1st

I still can't sleep well, day or night. It's very rare that I'll sleep more than two or three hours straight before waking up.

Last night I woke up in a panic. I have no memory of having a nightmare, or of dreaming at all for that matter, yet I flung myself up in bed. My heart was racing and I felt very anxious. After a few deep breaths, I was able to calm myself. I got up for five minutes or so and then went back to bed. Usually if a dream is frightening enough to wake you, you have at least the memory of having a nightmare. I have no idea what frightened me awake.

My stomach acid is way up. In addition to the Zantac tablets I normally take, I have to take a couple of antacids before going to bed. If I don't, I'm likely to wake up with a mouthful of stomach acid. This is getting very tiresome.

Tuesday, March 22nd (3:00 A.M.)

As I was getting ready for bed tonight, I noticed in the bathroom mirror that the two scabs I noticed in late January have returned. They are in the same location, at the base of my neck between the shoulders. When I saw them, my heart sank to the pit of my stomach. This is the third time that I remember

seeing them and each time they were in exactly the same spot. When I look at them, I'm filled with dread. I'm afraid, but I don't know what of.

I still have major problems sleeping. I catnap whenever I can, but a cat sleeps more soundly than I do. My annual check-up with my doctor is this afternoon. I hope that he can answer some of my questions.

Evening:

I met with my doctor, and let him read this journal. He was, of course, noncommittal. He had no explanation for the scar on my penis. He told me that it's impossible to tell how old a scar is just by looking at it. I could have had it for one year or forty-six, if it happened as result of my circumcision. This is a major disappointment.

Neither had he heard of any case where the body had spontaneously anesthetized itself after a painful injury. He also examined the scabs on the back of my neck and said that they looked like scratches, and that I obviously scratched myself while sleeping.

I asked him to renew my Zantac prescription, which he did. I seem to need it now more than ever. Before all of this started happening I was taking one 200 mg tablet once a day, but now I take two per day, sometimes three. If I don't, I suddenly wake up in the middle of the night with my mouth full of stomach acid. I explained all of this to my doctor and again

he didn't have an explanation. Cases of "projectile vomiting" are common among people who are overweight, have a hiatal hernia and/or live with high levels of stress, but it's evidently not known to happen while the person is sleeping.

To help me sleep, the doctor gave me a prescription for Halcion, but I declined his offer of Valium. I don't want any psychotropic drugs. Besides, I'm sure that I'm not a manic-depressive. I do get depressed, sometimes severely, but I'm never manic.

He also suggested psychiatric help, which I also declined for the time being. I'm leery of putting myself in the hands of the mental health community, even if my insurance would cover it. I don't want any medical database to list me as a possible psychotic. In this information age, once someone is labeled like that it's hard to correct any mistakes. Not that I haven't thought at times that maybe I was having mental problems. But somehow that explanation doesn't feel right. A person isn't likely to scratch himself in his sleep, to the point of drawing blood, three separate times in the same hard-to-reach location, without waking up!

I did, however, tell my doctor that I wouldn't mind seeing a hypnotherapist to explore any suppressed trauma. At that he recommended his own father and gave me his brochure, which describes him as a Diplomat of the American Board of Hypnosis for Internal Medicine. I think I lucked out. My

doctor said that he's having dinner with his father tomorrow night and will brief him concerning my case.

I set a follow-up appointment for April 22nd.

Thursday, March 24th

I went back to my doctor today to have blood drawn for the standard tests that are a part of the annual physical exam that I had on Tuesday. He forgot to order the tests at the time, probably because he got sidetracked reading my journal. I took the opportunity to ask him to talk with his colleagues to see if they could explain the scar on my penis and he assured me that he would, adding, "I've never seen anything like it."

Well, neither have I. In all my years, I've never noticed it. It's so extensive that I don't see how I could have missed it, unless of course, it is a new scar.

Monday, March 28th

Although I've been interested in the UFO phenomenon for many years, I purposely have stayed away from the subject of "Alien Abductions." The idea of people being floated out of their bedrooms by beings from outer space just seemed too preposterous to consider seriously. Now, I'm not so sure.

I bought a video entitled *Contact UFO: Alien Abduction*. I don't know why I bought it. As I said, I wouldn't normally consider such a fantastic explanation for my problems. In fact I picked it up and put it down several times

before finally taking it to the checkout counter. Something just “clicked” inside me when I saw it, and I had to buy it.

A number of physical and emotional symptoms are described in the video as being common among those who have supposedly been abducted by UFOs. They are identical with what is called “Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder,” a condition found among people who have undergone a traumatic event, such as Viet Nam veterans or Middle East hostages.

The disturbing thing is that I recognize these symptoms as having been persistent problems for me, on and off, these many years. I believe now that they contributed to the disintegration of my marriage. At that time I thought that I was suffering from Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and tried, unsuccessfully, to confirm that with my doctor.

Here is a list of my symptoms.

1. I can't sleep more than two or three hours before waking up. I'll nod off easily during the day but, again, I can't sleep more than a couple of hours at a time.
2. I experience “projectile vomiting” (stomach acid shooting up into the mouth) while I'm sleeping. My doctor says that for this to happen while the person is asleep is unheard of medically.
3. I'll go through periods of time when I behave compulsively. These include eating and shopping binges. (I've maxed out my credit cards this way because I just can't stop myself when this happens.)
4. At times it's hard to concentrate, except on the simplest of tasks.

5. During these times, it's very hard to motivate myself, either to do everyday chores or, sometimes, even to physically move from my spot.
6. I have facial ticks that come and go. These are almost always supposed to be indications of extreme stress.
7. There are periods when my heart will suddenly begin racing. This is always accompanied by feelings of high anxiety.
8. I also cry easily, but not about anything that concerns me personally. I get emotional over things like compassion and feelings of humanity (or rather the lack of such in our society).

Except for the first and last symptoms, which are constant, they all seem to come on strong at first and then diminish over time, until they disappear entirely. Afterwards, there are usually a few months when my anxiety and depression are under control, but the cycle always begins again with renewed intensity.

I need to learn more about this thing called "Alien Abduction."

Wednesday, March 30th

I went to see my friend Leila and took my journal. After she read it she offered alternate explanations for almost every concern.

The audio hallucinations could be a result of a desire to hear the phone ring, as my telephone brings me business. She reminded me that Sol, a client of mine, died about the time I

began hearing them. Besides the friendship we developed over the years, as a client he also represented a thousand dollars of income per month in my medical transportation business. For a one-person operation, the loss of twelve thousand dollars a year of income can certainly be a cause of anxiety.

The scratches and scrapes that I found on my body can be explained by my wearing a watch to bed every night, she said. We are always hurting ourselves in minor ways and then only discovering it well after the accident.

She felt that even the scar on my genitals could be explained, saying that sometimes boys are born with large amounts of foreskin that has to be cut off. We agreed that such a procedure might not even be mentioned to the parents, especially if it were performed as part of a standard circumcision.

The symptoms of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder could be the result of depression, she suggested, caused both by a bad marriage and, more recently, Sol's death. She suggested anti-depressant medication.

The one issue she didn't address was the exercise injury and its sudden healing. Neither of us mentioned that one. It's a hard one to explain away.

I bought a book about Alien Abductions titled *Communion: A True Story*. I think it was one of the first books published on the subject. In it, the author, Whitley Strieber,

describes how “they” inserted a long needle into his brain. The next morning he purportedly discovered a scab on the top of his head composed of crystallized blood granules (just as I did) and felt afterwards that he was being monitored.

Did “they” flood my body with endorphins after my injury on the exercise machine? If so, then “they” can somehow monitor my body and/or my thoughts. How else did “they” respond so quickly? This is a frightening thought. Even to think such a thought is frightening. In my business I transport mental health patients to locked mental wards, many of whom claim to be monitored or controlled by unseen forces.

However, I must admit that I do feel better after talking with Leila. I’ll defer judgment on all of this, but will continue to report anything unusual that happens.

Monday, April 4th

Last night I had a memory of something that happened a long time ago in childhood. It was triggered by something I read over the weekend in *Communion*. I still haven’t completed the book. I have about a third of it left to finish. It’s not that long, but for some reason I’m hesitant to continue reading it, even though each chapter seem to confirm my own experiences. It’s like I don’t want to know, but I need to know.

Under hypnosis, Strieber described an encounter with “The Visitors,” as he calls them, when he was about twelve years old. He and his sister were playing in an empty lot close

to home when something approached them. Afterwards, his sister told their parents that there was a “fireball” in the lot and that’s why they ran home.

Lying in bed last night, I suddenly remembered an incident that happened when I was a young boy at my grandparents’ home in Oklahoma. I heard Happy¹ shout, “A fireball just landed in the driveway! A fireball just landed in the driveway!” I think that I was in the big bedroom at the time, where I didn’t have a direct view of the driveway, but I can’t be sure. I also have some kind of memory of being in the living room, trying to get at the curtains to look out the window, which did face directly onto the driveway.

At any rate, I have a distinct memory of my grandmother’s voice becoming more and more agitated. “There is someone at the door,” she shouted. “They’re coming through the door!” My mother and grandfather tried to calm her saying, “See? There’s no one at the door, Happy. There’s nothing in the driveway.”

“I saw a fireball in the driveway,” she insisted. I think it was my mother who, trying to make sense of it all, suggested that the driveway might have been struck by lightning, which could have then formed a fireball of electricity. Almost as soon as it was suggested, this explanation was discarded because no

¹ Everyone called my grandmother “Happy.” The nickname was given to her early in her life by her friends and it suited her well.

one had heard a thunderclap, which would have certainly followed any lightning strike so close to the house. I have no memory of it raining either, for that matter. I think it was a sunny afternoon, in fact. Mother also reasoned that lightning would have scorched the driveway, although I don't recall anyone leaving the house to inspect the area. I did so, but only after I got home from school the next day. I remember that I inspected the driveway carefully, but found nothing out of the ordinary.

I haven't thought about this incident since it happened. When that was, I don't remember exactly. I think it was shortly after my parents separated, when Mother and I left Father in California to live with my grandparents in Oklahoma. I called Mother tonight and asked if she remembered any such incident.

I was hoping for an independent confirmation, but she doesn't remember anything. She asked if maybe I was confusing her with Nancy, Happy's best friend, who often came to visit. But if that were true, I would have certainly been playing with one of Nancy's daughters, either Felicia, who is my age, or Tina, who is two years older. They always accompanied their mother when she came to visit and we enjoyed the time playing together, but I have no memory of them being there during the incident.

I can't talk with Happy because she died many years ago, in 1974. Billy, my grandfather, is in his mid-eighties and

still lives in Oklahoma. I'll call him soon, but I don't hold out much hope that he'll remember anything. His memory is failing. If she can't remember this incident, I'll bet that Billy has forgotten it too. I wish Happy were alive. She would remember.

I've got to say that I'm filled with a profound sense of relief. This must be what is called a "missing time episode." Even though Mother is unable to confirm the incident, I am now positive that it happened as I have described it in its major details. The memory of my grandmother becoming more and more excited about a "fireball in the driveway" and something about people at the front door is very real in my mind now. The speculation about a lightning strike, and the reasons for dismissing that explanation, are just as vivid a memory.

I know that this happened, and it doesn't matter if I can prove it or not, because now I know that I'm not having a nervous breakdown. That has been a very real concern of mine during the last month and a half. I thought that maybe I had become hysterical, taking a "molehill" of little things that might be easily explained and making out of it a "mountain" big enough to bury me. But now I know that is not the case. Something did happen those many years ago and it's probably been happening to me, off and on, ever since.

Wednesday, April 6th

Emotionally I feel better than I have in months. It's as

if a great weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I know now that I'm not crazy and that is a relief. But still every night, as I prepare for bed, I experience what many American soldiers must have felt. It's as if I'm on night patrol in Viet Nam, never knowing if I'm going to "engage the enemy."

Last night I got little sleep at all, having forgotten to take my medication. I woke up in a flash, heart pounding, to that familiar ring of a phantom telephone. Like Pavlov's dog, my body reacted with a full-blown panic attack. The clock on my nightstand read 2:40 A.M.

By the time I calmed myself enough to try and sleep again, it was just past three o'clock. I don't think I fell asleep, though. My mind wouldn't stop racing. Therefore I was surprised to roll over in bed and see that the clock read 5:55 A.M. It hadn't seemed to be more than fifteen minutes (or a half-hour at most) since I tried to go back to sleep, but the clock said that almost three hours had passed. Did I sleep so lightly that I thought I had only closed my eyes for a few minutes, or was this another "missing time episode?"

A few nights ago, I remembered an old James Bond movie, where he wanted to know when anyone entered his hotel room while he was away. He carefully secured a strand of thread across the door jamb, so that it would fall to the floor if the door were opened in his absence. Taking a clue from 007, I have been placing a small cardboard gift box up against

the door every night before retiring. If someone were to enter the room while I was asleep, the door, which opens into the room, would move the box aside. Although the box was firmly against the door when I got up this morning, it was a couple of inches from where I had carefully placed it last night. Either this is really happening, or I have very complicated hallucinations.

Late Evening:

I had a rabbi friend of mine over tonight. We had made the date a while ago, when I was fearful of my own sanity and felt that I needed some emotional support. He was relieved to see that I wasn't as distraught as I had sounded when we had last talked on the phone.

I had him sit down and read my journal, as it stands to date. This saves a lot of time and insures that I don't leave out any important observations. He deferred judgment, but did say that my list of symptoms ran the range from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder to schizophrenia to full-blown psychosis. He also agreed that regressive hypnosis would be the only way to know for sure what was happening.

I told him of my concerns for Katherine, my eight-year-old daughter. She hasn't slept in her own room for over a year now, insisting on sleeping with her mother instead. My wife, Margaret, and I thought at the time that Katie was reacting to

our separation, but she had told her mother that it was because there were “monsters and bad men” in her room.

There was another girl who had been sharing the room with Katie. Six years ago, Dorothy, who is now fourteen years old, came to live with us. She shared a room with her mother, Maria, who has been our live-in housekeeper and Katherine’s nanny since Katie was a year old.

Of course as Dorothy grew older she preferred to share a room with Katie, her younger “sister,” rather than always being under the watchful eye of her mother. Margaret purchased a pair of bunk beds for the room and both Katie and Dorothy seemed pleased with the arrangement. However, Dorothy moved back to her mother’s room when Katherine started sleeping with her mother. I would think that a teenage girl would find it a stroke of good fortune to suddenly have a room all to herself, but evidently not. Now, no one sleeps in that bedroom.

It has been said that Alien Abductions are often generational, involving both parent and child. Is my Katie involved in this thing too? Did Katie and Dorothy see something in that room that frightened them so much that they both prefer to give up their privacy, rather than sleep there again?

I told the rabbi that I was planning to ask Katherine to

draw “wanted” posters of those “monsters and bad men” for the police. He agreed that that sounded like a good idea and that it would be interesting to see what she comes up with, but he cautioned me to be particularly careful not to give her any subconscious suggestions as to how to draw her pictures. At that age children are susceptible to the expectations of adults, especially those of their parents.

I asked the rabbi about the ethics of dating. If Aliens are indeed abducting me, could I in good conscience have any kind of intimate relationship with a woman if it meant she might be abducted as well? Or should I live alone the rest of my life, rather than risk subjecting others to what I’m going through?

He said that there were probably many women who would be attracted by the idea of a relationship with someone who is intimately acquainted with Extraterrestrials, and that I should let any perspective girlfriend decide for herself.

What a pick-up line! “Do you want to come over to my place, stay the night and meet ET?”

Friday, April 8th

Last night I let my friend, Robert Akins, read my journal. I thought that he had said that he had read *Communion*, but I had evidently misunderstood him. Whitley Strieber is one of his favorite authors, but he hasn’t read that particular book.

His reaction has convinced me to be much more careful as to whom I “come out” to on this subject. It’s just like Bob, though. He’s proud of being logical about things and not swayed by emotion, but he’s also closed minded. He has no interest in the UFO phenomenon, much less encounters with their occupants. To him, every mystery must have a rational explanation, and any extraterrestrial explanation for lights in the sky can’t be rational. He should reread *Hamlet*. “There are more things in heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,” Robert.

We then watched the movie *Communion*, the screenplay of which Strieber adapted from his book. I had bought it, but hadn’t seen it until now. As we watched the movie, I was struck how my own life has paralleled that of Mr. Strieber’s.

Strieber had been obsessed with “home protection” and had purchased a shotgun for that purpose, even though his home had never had a break-in. He also bought an expensive alarm system for their cabin in the country, again without any prior provocation.

I, too, purchased a gun and an expensive alarm system for home protection. I have long had a paranoid belief that the end of civilization was near, and that hordes of hungry and desperate people would swarm over the countryside, raping and pillaging when the new “Dark Ages” began. Shortly after we got married, Margaret and I purchased some undeveloped

property in Northern California to use as our retreat for when this would happen. I realize now just how paranoid we were, but at the time Margaret and I both shared that nightmarish fantasy.

The movie also reminded me of the many times last year when, for no apparent reason, certain house lights would turn off and on repeatedly. A check of the fuses never revealed anything out of the ordinary. Also, lights that I knew I had just turned off would suddenly come back on. I joked that I had a gremlin in the house. These incidents finally subsided and I haven't had any trouble, until recently. During the past couple of months there have been several times when I knew that I had turned off the basement lights, but found them to be on later when I returned.

Since my recollection of the missing time episode in Oklahoma, my mental attitude in regard to these visitations has become quite positive. I want to see this thing through. I want to know what I'm involved in. I'll accept a "normal" explanation for these strange events if that is what is revealed, but I have to know.

Saturday, April 9th

Last night I wanted to see if my new positive attitude would help me to sleep without the aid of something pharmaceutical. Besides, I was dog-tired and felt certain that I would drop off quickly once I got into bed. Not the case. I

tossed and turned for two hours, before getting up and finally taking a Halcion tablet at 4:30 A.M.

Between then and when I got up this morning at nine o'clock, I remember hearing the faint but distinct ring of a telephone two different times. I didn't take note of when they happened. I was too tired to open my eyes and look at the clock as I usually do. Besides, since I hear these rings so often now, and can tell them apart from the actual ringing of my phone, I don't have to respond to them.

When I got up, I saw that the lid of the gift box that I keep against the door at night had become warped and was curled upward at the edge. Yet it hasn't rained or been particularly humid. Also, that box has been in my bedroom for several months, before I started using it as a detection device, and this is the first time that it has been bent out of its original shape. Could whatever force they use to put the box back in position after their visits have caused it to warp like that?

Sunday, April 10th

I wrote a poem last night, which describes the conflict between my desire to take these visits as a positive experience in my life and the sense of helplessness that I'm often left with afterwards. I believe it's the feeling of not being in control that triggers my body's panic reactions. Even as I write this now, I feel my heart rate quicken with anxiety.

I got to bed at 2:30 in the morning, after taking my

Halcion tablet. The sleeping medication kept me unconscious until eight o'clock, when I woke up in a state of mild agitation. I took my pulse and it was higher than accepted norms, but not as bad as during a full panic attack. I was still very tired and decided to try and sleep some more.

I don't remember any dreams during the first sleep period. This is usually the case when I sleep so lightly. But this time I had a long and pleasant dream that ended when I awoke again around eleven o'clock, feeling fully rested. I want to describe it here because I think that the symbolism is fairly obvious, when examined in the context of my nocturnal visits.

I'm on some mass transit system (bus or train) with many people and we're off on a vacation. I don't know any of them personally, but they're all a friendly lot. We get to the resort and I'm assigned to take the group in a small open motorized shuttle from the office area out to the cabins. The route I take is unpaved and confusing at times, but there's someone there walking outside the shuttle who helps me navigate the path through the woods. At last we reach the cabin area, but our rooms are on the roof of a building that is two or three stories tall. We all climb the ladder attached to the outside of the building to get to the roof and our separate rooms.

In the dream I have been traveling with a small girl about Katherine's age, although it is not obviously her. She

looks to me to guide and protect her and she expects to share my room with me. Meanwhile a woman has taken a specific liking to me and wants to bunk with me instead. But what of the little girl? She expects me to stay with her. "It's okay," I'm told. "There is another child she can stay with." I'm reassured that she won't mind switching rooms and, to my surprise, she doesn't.

Well, this vacation is turning out to be fun. Here is a beautiful woman who wants to be with me with the expectation of friendly sex. In fact, after the group gathers and has dinner, my female companion can hardly wait to return to our cabin for exactly that reason. In fact, she is in such a hurry to begin that she literally pushes me up the ladder to the top of the roof where our love nest awaits.

When we get to the roof, we find a lively party in progress. I meet a man who seems friendly at first, but later he assaults me by throwing a bomb in my direction. It misses me and fails to go off. It's then that I see that it is a big firecracker, the implication being that it was meant more to frighten than to harm.

The others immediately grab him and tell me that there is nothing to worry about, that they won't let him try to harm me again. To detain him, they press him up against the wall, while a few of the partygoers accompany me to the office to call the police.

When I return, again climbing the ladder to get to the roof, I find that the “madman” is loose again and angry as hell. He does a series of high acrobatic somersaults, much like Daryl Hannah did in the movie, “Blade Runner.” Giving me a glaring look, he charges directly at me, doing those somersaults. He purposely doesn’t stop, going past me instead and over the edge of the roof in an angry suicide. I look down and see that he is still alive, although badly hurt. People come and take him away and, again, the group reassures me that I needn’t fear him anymore.

The party picks up again, this time with me as the “guest of honor.” The woman whom I had met before continues to flirt with me. She’s good looking and quite likeable, so off we go to the bedroom. Everyone gathers to watch through the door, which has large glass panels, but I prefer privacy and drape a sheet over the door to block their view. However, this doesn’t deter their good-natured curiosity and they try to peek around the edges of the sheet anyway.

I woke up at that point, feeling completely rested and peaceful. The dream gave me all that I needed, the casting out of anger and fear, reassurance that I was not in danger, and friendly support from people who seem to really like me. It even suggested a motive for their intrusion into my life (peeking through the door), that of genuine curiosity.

In reality, I’m sure that there is more to it than that. I

suspect, though, that a great adventure lies ahead of me just trying to figure out what that “more” is.

CONFRONTING THE BOOGIE MAN

An unknown creature

Visits me at night.

With big dark eyes,

He fills me with fright.

He shatters my sense

Of peace and well being,

Coming and going,

All the time unseen.

Like a Leprechaun,

He pokes and teases.

Nothing can stop him.

He does what he pleases.

But as I stare at him,

Lying there in my bed

Shaking with fear,

My soul full of dread,

The thought comes to me

That I do not know,

If this creature I see

Is really a foe.

If we live our lives

Thinking we're in control,

Finding we're not

Takes a physical toll.

My heart is pounding and racing,

A full panic attack,

But it's an instinctive reaction,

Nothing based upon fact.

For as I see it,

He's done me no harm.

It's just my body

That sounds the alarm.

My mind, instead,

Wants to perceive

That which he has

For me to receive.

Answers to questions?

I don't think he'll tell,

For we make our own heaven,

And we make our own hell.

But I can use his visits

To shrink or to grow.

This is my choice,

That I now know.

My body I'm sure

Will recover in time.

As I reach for the stars,

It will follow behind.

Chuck Weiss

April 9, 1994

Monday, April 11th

Today I spent the afternoon with Leila. She caught up on the latest entries in my journal and recommended a hypnotherapist she knows, saying that if she ever needed hypnotherapy he would be the only person whom she would trust. I know that to trust anyone that much would be hard for Leila. There are very few people to whom she would relinquish control for any reason.

I'll give this guy a call based upon her high recommendation.

Tuesday, April 12th

I called the hypnotherapist that Leila recommended and left a message on his answering machine. He returned my call and, after I nervously explained why I wanted hypnotherapy, he recommended that I see a friend of his who is more versed in the phenomenon of Alien Abduction.

I told him that I preferred someone who was not already involved in this sort of thing, so as not to color any of the questions that would be asked while I was under hypnosis. He understood and agreed to see me. However, the earliest date he has available is May 13th. I have another month ahead of me until I can begin to resolve this. I feel a little better, though, just knowing that I might soon have some reasonable evidence to prove to myself, and maybe even to others, that I'm not a hysteric.

But if hypnosis doesn't uncover anything, what then? Either I'm being abducted by Aliens, or I have definite mental problems. Either outcome is uncomfortable to contemplate and, if I'm not careful, I could land in a mental institution regardless.

Wednesday, April 13th

Tonight I was rereading the description of my "vacation" dream. The part where the "madman" confronts me and somersaults off the edge of the roof struck a chord somewhere deep down inside. His angry leap off the rooftop reminded me of another dream I had years ago, when Katherine was perhaps three or four years old.

In that dream I heard someone screaming. It was a very loud series of screams, very insistent and very long in duration. I searched and searched in vain for its source. There was nothing but blackness, nothing at all but pitch black and the sound of that screaming.

The screams grew louder and louder, filling my head almost to bursting. I tried to wake up, but couldn't. Finally I saw a window and there, on the ledge, was a little girl. It was the girl who was screaming, and for some reason she was very angry with me. Her screams were so loud that I had to cover my ears, but it just wouldn't stop. I finally shouted, "Okay! Jump! Jump!" and she leaped off the ledge. The screaming stopped and I relaxed.

Now, as I remember the dream, what stands out is the intensity of the scream. I couldn't find where it was coming from and there wasn't anywhere I could go to get away from it. It was so real. I hear it now, as I write this. I was in a panic. I know that I tried to wake up, but the dream wouldn't end. The screaming wouldn't stop.

It sounded unrelenting, in that it was a series of screams, one with each breath. It was that unrelenting quality that reminded me of a temper tantrum, and I think that's why I associated it with an angry child in the dream. But now I know that scream belonged to my Katie, a terrified little girl who couldn't understand why Mommy and Daddy didn't come to her rescue. I'm sure that this must have been one of Katherine's first visits. This explanation feels so right deep down inside that it must be true.

I'm so sorry, Katie. Please forgive me.

Thursday, April 14th

Most dreams are just dreams, the subconscious mind working things out with the conscious mind, the left hand communicating with the right. Then, there are dreams that are more than just dreams. These are a communication of some sort. We might have one or two of these in our lifetime, and their impact is usually so great that it leaves us trying to explain them in some religious or spiritual way. But what I felt in that dream was neither. I can't remember ever having had a dream,

before or since, where there was nothing but blackness. That's all there was, blackness and that screaming in my head.

I'm sure that it was Katherine's scream that I heard, because I've heard it once before. It was when she was barely a year old. She had just learned to walk when she got away from her mother at a party we attended and stumbled, head first, through a basement door with glass panels. She cut a bloody gash above her eye and had to receive stitches at the hospital emergency room. In preparation, the nurse put Katherine into a child's straightjacket. I never saw Katherine so determined as she struggled violently against the restraints. Somehow, she managed to get her hands free. After three nurses finally got her back into the straightjacket, they wrapped her up in plastic tape like a mummy, to insure that she couldn't escape again.

Katherine screamed and screamed throughout the procedure, one scream with each breath, her eyes rolling up into her head, leaving just the white underside of her eyeballs visible. At the time it upset her mother and me very much. This was that same scream that I heard in the blackness of my "dream." I'm sure of it!

Last night I cried for two hours before going to bed, exhausted and drained. This morning I reread what I wrote last night and cried some more. I feel like someone who was held at gunpoint and forced to listen to the screams of his daughter being raped in the room next door.

There is a tremendous amount of anger in me now. I vowed last night to find the answer to all of this and to know why! Why do they terrorize little children? If they know that first contact is so frightening to us, why don't they at least limit their encounters to adults? My positive feelings about my own recent encounters have suddenly turned to either distrust, at best, or to vengeful hate when I stop and think of Katie.

As I wait for my hypnotherapy session, I know that it's only a matter of time until I begin to get some answers. I need to focus on that, so that meanwhile I can do all the mundane day-to-day things that are required of everyone. As more of the mental blocks begin to fall away, who knows what I may suddenly remember?

Late Evening:

To summarize, I believe that I have been abducted/visited by ETs off and on since early childhood, and that my daughter is now beginning her own lifelong odyssey with these encounters. Now this is either true or it's not. If it's not true, then all the better. "False alarm, folks. You can all go home now." If it is true, however, their agenda is either beneficial and worth the pain it causes people, or it's not. People will gladly submit to heavy sacrifices if the cause is noble enough, but can space aliens be trusted to be any more truthful than the humans on whom they experiment? If the laboratory monkey could inquire as to the motives of the

research scientist, would the scientist tell the truth, or instead say anything that would inspire the monkey to cooperate?

People loved *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. With all that beautiful music, who wouldn't want to be like Richard Dreyfuss and go off to heaven with the little people in their spaceship? And of course if you should really happen to meet an Extraterrestrial, just give him some candy and let him play with your toys, then he'll be your buddy for life.

Well folks, it's not like that. These little people come right into your bedroom and, after they give you the biggest shock of your life, they take you and slice up your genitals. How's that for fun? Maybe they should abduct Steven Spielberg, carve up his penis, make him listen to the screams of his children, and then ask him to make a sequel to E.T.!

Friday, April 15th

I woke up at 2:26 A.M., again because of the audio hallucination, but went right back to sleep. I was too exhausted to give a damn. When I awoke again, it was almost six o'clock. I haven't slept that long in ages.

I felt calmer this morning. I don't know. Maybe I'm just numb.

Afternoon:

The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour had a disturbing story today. In Rwanda twelve hundred people were massacred, hacked to death with machetes inside a church. Half of the

victims were said to be children. Hearing that deflated my sense of righteousness. If we as a species can murder our own children like that, who's to say that they don't have the right to study us, even if they do traumatize us in the process? I don't know anymore.

Evening:

Katherine is expecting to spend this weekend with me. I'm supposed to pick her up tomorrow afternoon. I'm worried though, that they might use the opportunity to take us together. I don't want to hear her scream again.

Sunday, April 17th

This was my weekend with Katherine, and she spent last night with me. We slept in my bed because she refuses to sleep alone, whether in her house or mine. I have a couple of four-foot-long body pillows and I used one to divide the bed between us. Katie will be nine in July and I have to show some modesty with her.

Tonight we watched her videotape of *The Secret Garden*, one of her current favorites, and my copy of the movie, *Dennis the Menace*. I had to also reserve time in the evening's schedule for one of her favorite TV shows, *Are You Afraid of the Dark?* She says she loves scary mysteries.

This is surprising to me, knowing that she frightens very easily. Her mother and I have often commented about how fearful Katherine is, almost as if she were an abused child. We

have always agreed upon one point of parenting. We never hit Katie. She has never had a spanking. We choose more subtle forms of discipline instead, like disapproving looks and periods of “time-out.” In fact, we’ve done everything we could think of to build her self-esteem. So why her timidity?

Actually she was much different when she was younger. Almost from birth, Katherine believed and acted as if the only difference between her and any adult was just knowing how the world worked. I remember that on the day she learned how to tie her shoes, she announced quite confidently to her mother and me that the only other thing she needed to learn was how to drive the car.

Young Katie moved through the world as if she owned it. It was almost frightening. I’ve never known another child to be so self-confident, but now her demeanor is quite the opposite. Whereas when she was younger she expected to be treated as an adult wherever she went, now she’s afraid of standing out in any way. I think the change in her personality began when she was about three or four years old, and Katie was about that age when I had that dream of her screaming. Could the initial trauma of her abductions have caused such a drastic change in her personality?

The *Are You Afraid of the Dark?* episode we watched tonight dealt with facing one’s worst fears. After it was over, I took the opportunity to ask Katherine what it is that frightens

her the most. She answered with a determination that told me that she had already given this some serious thought. “Trolls!” she said firmly.

“What kind of trolls?” I asked.

“Like the one in that movie,” she replied.

I confirmed that she was referring to *Ernest Scared Stupid*. We had rented it about a year ago and I remember that the troll monster in the movie scared her terribly. She had seen a couple of the *Ernest* movies with her cousin, who is a year younger than her, and they both had enjoyed them. All had gone well with this one too, until the troll monster first appeared. Katherine became frantic. She couldn’t look at the TV screen and finally ran from the room, despite my assurances that there wasn’t anything to be afraid of. I’ve never seen her react to anything with such obvious terror. She later told me that it was the glowing red eyes that frightened her so. Every since then trolls have been her worst fear.

Katherine always used to sleep with a light on. For years she insisted that her bedroom’s overhead light be left on each night when she went to bed. We finally got her to accept a bright table lamp instead, but now she wants total darkness whenever she sleeps. I’ve begun sleeping with a nightlight myself, but last night Katherine asked me to disconnect it whenever she sleeps over. “You can see everything with it on,”

she complained, looking slowly around the room to suggest that there were things hidden in the dark that she'd rather not see.

Last night was uneasy for us both. I felt that with Katherine and me sleeping in the same house, an abduction was likely. I purposely didn't take my sleep medication because I wanted to be alert enough to hear any audio signal. They're much fainter now, compared to those I first noticed in mid-January, although they're instantly recognizable due to their unusual sharpness and clarity. I think it's because the sound originates deep within my own mind, instead of coming through my over-waxed ear canals.

Without my sleeping pill, my normal anxiety acted to keep me awake. We went to bed at 12:30 in the morning. I remained alert while Katherine fell asleep. She kept tossing and turning, though, and twice suddenly sat straight up in bed to look around her. Both times I reassured her that everything was all right, and she lay back down again to instantly resume her troubled sleep.

I was fully alert until about 2:30 A.M. At that time, I suddenly realized that I was fighting to stay awake. I sat on the edge of the bed for a while and then forced myself to get up and go into the living room. I felt that "they" were there, lurking just around the corners. I should have had an anxiety attack at such a thought. Instead I was fighting hard to keep my eyes open. My eyes would slowly close, and I would have to remind

myself that I had to stay awake for Katherine's sake. It was that thought alone that gave me the strength to open them just long enough to look around the room again, but it was a losing battle. I was falling asleep and nothing that I could do was going to prevent it. I think it was after four o'clock when I finally went back to bed. I wanted at least to lose consciousness while lying next to my daughter, instead of in a chair in the next room.

It was shortly after sunrise when I woke up. Katherine was sleeping much more soundly at that point, so I got up and made some coffee, letting her sleep the sleep of the dead until she finally got out of bed at about one in the afternoon.

I asked her how she had slept, and if she had had any bad dreams, since she had tossed and turned so much. She didn't remember any dreams, but admitted to not sleeping well at night in general. She said that she is the most rested on weekends, when she can sleep as late as she likes. Her mother has long complained to me that she sleeps so late on Saturday and Sunday afternoons that she doesn't play outside as much as she should.

I asked Katherine if she knew when her problem of not sleeping well at night began. She gave it a moment of careful thought and said, "After I moved back to my room." After sleeping with her mother for over a year, she told me last week that she had moved back into her room. Katherine's sleeping

problems go back several years, so I believe that she was thinking of her most recent wave of nighttime anxiety attacks when she answered my question.

This afternoon, Katherine and I took a walk to a nearby park. Along the way, we stopped at a driveway and silently watched a small whirlwind gather up oak leaves into a circular pile. We both stared hypnotically at the moving circle of leaves for a good minute or so, and as we turned away to cross the street, Katherine said in a small voice, “Little people and insects.” I could hardly believe my ears, because the visitors are often described as “insects” or “insect-like.”

“Did you say, ‘little people and insects’?” I asked.

“Uh huh”

“What about them?”

“The leaves looked like little people and insects,” she replied.

Margaret has been complaining to me that Katherine is already acting like a teenager, complete with periods of depression and outbursts of anger. She also suffers from the same nighttime anxiety attacks and disrupted sleep patterns as I do. As far as I know, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder isn’t hereditary, but my little girl is displaying all the symptoms nonetheless.

“Trolls . . . little people and insects.”

Tuesday, April 19th

I lay down to take a nap this afternoon. After a while I was able to doze off, but I woke up fully alert when I heard the faint, but very distinct, single ring of a telephone. It never sounds like my bedroom phone. The tone is always a little different.

I opened my eyes and took note of the time, 4:52 P.M. I immediately became very sleepy. I couldn't keep my eyes open, although I had been wide awake just a few moments before. I barely had but a few seconds with which to notice the sudden change in my mental alertness before falling into a deep sleep. I awoke again at 6:13 P.M., feeling very refreshed.

I almost hesitate to report this. Although I was tired and needed a nap, when I laid down I was feeling rather sexy and fell asleep snuggling up to my pillows. They felt good against my skin and gave me a warm sensual feeling, letting me relax into sleep. Later as I was getting dressed, I noticed that my penis was shrunken and shriveled. I touched myself and found that it was moist and smelled of semen, but I couldn't find any evidence of a "wet dream" in my bedding.

I've heard that men who are abducted are often milked of their sperm or given the chance to mate in the traditional way. If I'm going to make it with someone, however, I'd like to remember the experience!

Late Evening:

In his book, *Communion*, Strieber warns the “visited” against judging whether the phenomenon they’re experiencing has existence in reality. For our own sanity, he encourages us to take the position of an agnostic. What? Just forget about it and go about my business?

To believe that the phenomenon is completely in the mind of the subject, one must come to the position that he or she is in need of professional psychiatric help. I was concerned with exactly that possibility earlier, and it was a very difficult time for me.

To believe that these experiences are grounded in physical reality is to start an endless stream of speculation. I already find that I spend most of my time thinking about all the different possibilities that this portends. As a result, I’ve been all over the map emotionally, ranging from hopeful acceptance to angry defiance.

To believe, or not to believe (or to ignore what’s happening entirely) – that is the question. But how does one ignore something like this? I feel like I’ve opened a Pandora’s Box and, as much as I might like, I can’t put things back the way they were. The demons have already escaped. I’m sorry Mr. Strieber, but I’ve gone through too much to pretend that this isn’t happening.

Wednesday, April 20th

Margaret called to ask me for my mother's phone number because she has mislaid her address book. She's maintained a good relationship with her, even after our separation. I'm happy about that, for Katherine's sake.

Margaret knows of my ET visits. We had dinner at a loud Mexican restaurant a while ago and, after I had a couple of beers and she had a couple of margaritas, I mustered the nerve to tell her and she was relaxed enough to listen.

At first she believed me, even expressing willingness at the time to undergo hypnosis to see if it would reveal anything. But now she vacillates between thinking me eccentric at best, or mentally ill at worst. Her last stated position on the subject was, "I don't want to believe it." I can understand her dilemma. If Margaret accepts what is happening, then she must also accept her inability to do anything about it. At this point in our relationship she doesn't really care that much about me, but when it comes to Katherine's welfare she is like a lioness protecting her cub. To believe that her daughter is being kidnapped in the middle of the night and to know that she can't prevent it is just too much for her to cope with. Denial can be an effective protection device.

Our conversation turned to Katherine, the one subject that Margaret and I can agree on. It seems that Katherine had

moved back to her room a few nights ago, but now wants to sleep with her mother again.

I told Margaret about what Katherine had said regarding her sleep problems, and how they started up again after she tried sleeping in her own bed. I tried to tell Margaret that, although I had originally urged Katherine to try and move back into her own room, I now thought that we should support her emotionally and let her sleep wherever she wants.

Margaret started to protest, saying that she didn't think Katherine was being abducted. I reassured her that I understood her skepticism and that I wasn't trying to change her mind about that. (We never did communicate too well.) I was only trying to say that I was no longer concerned about the appropriateness of Katherine sleeping with her mother.

At that, Margaret relaxed a bit and told me that it had been Katherine's idea to try and sleep in her room again. They had a little argument about something or other, and that had given Katherine the motivation to try and be independent. It didn't work. Now she's back again sleeping with her mother, after only a few nights alone in her old bedroom.

What has frightened Katherine so much as to send her running back to her mother's bed, when she wanted so much to be free and independent of her?

Friday, April 22nd

I saw my doctor again today, a follow-up to my annual

physical exam of last month. I could see by the look on his face and how it changed that it took him a few seconds to remember my unusual case. I told him that I had made an appointment with a hypnotherapist and that I knew I was going to need some kind of help, one way or another, depending on the outcome. If we can't discover anything unusual then I'm going to need psychiatric help, I told him; and if I'm really being abducted, then I'm going to need some special help coping with that. I think that made him feel better.

As he started to wrap up the meeting, I asked if he had consulted with any of his colleagues about the scar on my genitals. I had asked him to do this a month ago, but he evidently had forgotten. He then wrote a referral for me to a Jewish urologist who has a lot of experience doing circumcisions and should be able to offer a medical opinion as to whether or not my scar could be a result of that particular surgical procedure.

When I get the insurance paperwork in the mail, I'll be able to call and make an appointment. I'm a little annoyed, though. I've wasted a whole month because my doctor didn't think to make this referral before.

On a humorous note, I was sitting on the edge of my bed setting the alarm on my clock radio, when I heard a pair of electronic beeps. With heart pounding, I quickly took to my bedside pen and paper to document the incident. It was only

after the beeps repeated themselves several times that I was able to track them across the room, to my air purifier. It appears that it's time to change the filters.

Tomorrow will be a full day at the Whole Life Expo, an annual festival of all the "weird stuff," with lectures and workshops on such topics as Astrology, Past Lives, Crop Circles, UFOs and, of course, Alien Abductions. I want to try and at least get some address or phone number, with which to contact a support group. I expect that any such group will require something to attend their meetings, perhaps a referral from a licensed therapist, in order to separate the people who really need such support from those who fantasize that they do. At least I'll have the information in hand when I'm ready to apply.²

Saturday, April 23rd

I spent the day and evening with Leila at this year's Whole Life Expo. Of course I was mainly interested in whatever was being offered in the way of lectures or workshops on "Alien Abduction," or "Close Encounters of the Fourth Kind" (CE-4), as those who take a more neutral view call it. There were two related events scheduled: a lecture by Edith Fiore, and a screening of the movie *Fire in the Sky* hosted by

² UFO support groups don't ask for proof of anything. I just didn't know that then.

Travis Walton, the real-life abductee upon whose experience the movie was based.

In addition to the lecture, Dr. Edith Fiore hosted a workshop on her real specialty, "Past Lives." The lecture on abductions was free with the price of admission, but the workshop on Past Lives cost an additional fifteen dollars. If attendance is any indication, I bet that she'll rethink her strategy on that one. Even as her CE-4 lecture was ending, there was a steady stream of people still filing into the room.

Dr. Fiore listed ten typical indicators of the CE-4 phenomenon. They are as follows.

1. A "Missing Time" episode. The person remembers an incident where there was an apparent jump in time.
2. "Night Terrors." The person might wake up in a sweat at night or have nightmares about UFOs or Aliens.
3. Sleep disorders, such as chronic insomnia. The person might not be able to sleep but a couple of hours at a time during the night, but can usually sleep normally during the day.
4. Waking up to a "tingling" or "burning" feeling, paralysis or a feeling of pressure.
5. Unexplained physical marks on the body, such as bruises, scars, scabs or scrape marks.
6. Memories of seeing a UFO.
7. Fear or anxiety of UFOs or Extraterrestrials.
8. Memories of a close encounter with something strange or unusual.

9. Unexplained or “spontaneous” healings.
10. Feelings of being watched or monitored, or that there was some kind of communication with something unknown.

Also found associated with this experience are (1) a personal sense of mission or a change in the consciousness or personality of those abducted, and (2) heightened psychic ability after contact.

Of the first ten indicators listed above, I personally exhibit eight of them. Here is my list as it corresponds to Dr. Fiore’s numbers, omitting only numbers 6, memory of an actual sighting.

1. I’ve documented two possible “Missing Time” episodes in this journal. (Entries dated April 4th and April 6th.) The first was of a memory of something happening in Oklahoma at my grandparents’ home when I was a young boy, but there was an apparent “jump in time” from when I was trying to look out the front window onto the driveway, to suddenly being in another room of the house. The second, much more recent, was when three hours passed that seemed like a half hour at most.
2. I’ve described waking up in a panic, specifically on the night of February 28th, although there have been several such incidents since mid-January.
3. As for sleep disorders, I’m taking Halcion, a prescription sleep medication, to help with my nighttime insomnia, and I haven’t been able to sleep for more than two or three hours in a row since this all began.

4. Although I don't remember waking up to any unusual physical sensations, I described feeling pressure against my lower back while sitting on the couch after my exercise injury. (Journal entry of February 21st.)
5. I've documented two parallel scab lines at the base of my neck that came and went at least three times that I can remember, along with a long scrape mark on my left shoulder. (Journal entries of February 18th and March 22nd.) And then, of course, there is the scar in my penis.
7. In the beginning, when I first became aware of all this, there were times when I woke up with my heart racing. This was always accompanied by feelings of great anxiety. These nighttime anxiety attacks I believe came right after an ET visit and have been well documented in this journal. I even wrote a poem about it. And then there is the general sense of anxiety I often feel, a nameless dread that sometimes comes over me and follows me throughout the day.
8. I vaguely remember a Close Encounter of some sort at my grandparent's house in Oklahoma when I was a small boy. (Journal entry of April 4th.)
9. I experienced a spontaneous healing on the evening of February 21st, which I documented at the time.
10. I described how I must have been monitored that night, for the healing to have taken place so quickly after the injury. Also, on the night of April 16th while Katherine lay sleeping, I definitely felt that I was being watched as I fought to stay awake.

And then the two bonus points! (1) Arian, a friend of mine, made the remark one night that I don't seem to be as judgmental as I used to be. I think she's right. I'm much more

tolerant of people's mistakes. I feel like, "Who am I to judge?" Also, although I feel that I have always had a healthy respect for animal life, now I could almost qualify as a Tibetan monk. There are spiders weaving their webs in the stairway leading to the basement and in the corners of some of the rooms. Whereas before I wouldn't have thought twice about cleaning them out, now I just can't bring myself to do it. "Live and let live." (I just started to cry as I wrote this. My feelings are so close to the surface; and life, any life, seems so precious to me now.)

And (2), I noticed today as I walked through the crowd at the Whole Life Expo that I was very "altered." I had a heightened sense of psychic perception all day. I saw a woman who made me do a double-take because she literally radiated a white light. It was like looking directly into a light bulb. I had to stop myself from staring, I was so surprised. As I walked through the exhibits, I would feel the difference in the energy levels that they generated. It was particularly noticeable when I walked past an exhibit of crystals. Wham! It was as if I was hit physically, the blast was so powerful. I've never been receptive to these kinds of invisible energies before, but today I was acutely aware of them.

Eleven, out of a possible score of twelve! I think I deserve at least an A- on Dr. Fiore's CE-4 test.

Sunday, April 24th

Reflecting upon my experiences of yesterday at the

Whole Life Expo, I was struck by the types of people I saw attending the CE-4 related events. Most of the crowd looked like your average convention-going public, mainly concerned with finding the right meeting room, getting good seats, looking around for friends, generally enjoying the experience.

Then there were the ones who looked very serious, even worried. They would walk into the room, totally absorbed in their thoughts, usually led by a friend or companion. They took notes, hanging on every word, but they definitely were not having a good time. These people were obviously personally involved in the CE-4 experience.

There were also the “wannabes,” people who enjoy the idea of being among the abducted. There are so many people who want to escape their “lives of quiet desperation,” as Thoreau described it, that they easily enter into fantasy worlds. If they can as easily exit from those worlds, then their fantasies can be beneficial. Even if they become obsessive about it, if their fantasies revolve around something obviously fictitious, like science fiction or mystery novels, then there is no harm done. (Hey, I’m a *Star Trek* fan myself.)

However when the situation is a real mystery, like the UFO phenomenon, then the line between reality and fantasy becomes too thin for many people to distinguish. While they can’t be a Luke Skywalker or Captain Kirk, they can fantasize about being one of the “in crowd” of people who have actually

experienced a close encounter with a UFO or an Extraterrestrial. These people don't know when they're well off, and should be careful of what they wish for.

To the delight of the intelligence community, which has worked long and hard to cover up anything having to do with UFOs, they only serve to muddy the waters. I'm sure that there were many silent cameras clicking away yesterday during the two CE-4 related events. It goes with out saying that if the government is interested in real UFO activity, then they are also interested in those people who have real contact with their occupants.

Since the Roswell Incident in 1947, our government has been willing to ruin the reputation of many professional observers such as airline pilots, police officers, etc., by circulating false reports of their drunkenness or mental instability. It's only prudent to assume that it's ready to use such tactics to discredit abductees, as well.

The stakes are even higher today, as more and more people are beginning to talk about their contact experiences. Governments around the world are doing everything possible to prevent human contact with Extraterrestrials. Such contact only serves to undermine the Military-Industrial complex, which really runs this planet. Who will be willing to die for God and country anymore when it becomes obvious that, not

only are we not alone in the universe, but that the neighbors are here, knocking at our door?

Late Evening:

The sexual/genetic nature of this phenomenon may suggest why the number of cases involving women over fifty is reported to be so much less than for women who are younger. And it seems that Alien Abductions are all but unknown for women over sixty. As a man, however, I have many more years of sperm production ahead of me. Therefore, I can probably expect that my visits will continue for many years to come.

Arian suggested a vasectomy as a final answer to my problem. If I no longer have what they want, then there would be no need to come and take me in the night. I know that she's right and, considering all the anxiety that this is causing me, it is probably not an unreasonable course of action to at least consider. But I must say that the idea of a vasectomy has always repelled me. I know that I don't want to sire any more children. The future is going to get pretty unpleasant for most of humanity, starting in Katherine's lifetime. The Greenhouse Effect, toxic waste, the thinning of the ozone layer, overpopulation and diminishing natural resources will all combine to lessen the expectations of every creature on Earth, except perhaps the cockroach.

Maybe my manhood is so insecure that, subconsciously,

a vasectomy seems like castration. Or, maybe subconsciously I know that a vasectomy will help to mess up some intergalactic genetic experiment that has some profound importance for all the races of beings involved, including us. Who knows? I just know that I don't want one.

And of course it wouldn't do anything to help Katherine. I can't ask her to have a hysterectomy as a cure for her night terrors. If I remain involved in this, however, there is always the chance that I can help her in some way.

Monday, April 25th

Included at the end of the book *Communion* is a statement from Donald D. Klein, M.D., attesting that he had examined Whitley Strieber and found that he was not suffering from a psychosis, or any other mental disorder, and that Strieber had made an honest attempt while under hypnosis to describe what he remembered. The statement ends with this observation, "He appears to me to have adapted very well to life at a high level of uncertainty." I wish I could.

There is a short film titled *Powers of Ten*, which, in order to show the power of geometric progression, starts with a close-up of an object one meter square and then moves the camera back in a series of photos, each of which is ten times further away than the one before. It isn't long before the camera's perspective is deep in space.

By the time the camera zooms past the planets and

leaves our solar system, the viewer begins to feel pretty insignificant. The film then reverses the process and zooms from outside our galaxy back through the solar system, to finally come home again. When Earth comes back into view, viewers can feel a sense of relief at having found their way home from such a long and disorienting distance. I've been snatched away from everyday reality so fast, and the disorientation that I feel as a result is so profound, that I'm not sure that I can ever "find my way home again." Is this what they mean by a "paradigm shift"?³

I'm hopeful that with hypnotherapy I will eventually be able to sleep comfortably again, even if these nighttime visits continue. It's not the visits themselves that I dread. In fact I often physically feel much better afterwards. It's the implications of these visits that boggle my mind.

I watched an episode of *In Search Of . . .* on television today. It was about Michael Rockefeller, the son of the former Governor of New York. He had been an amateur anthropologist and had been trying to document the culture of a Stone Age tribe in New Guinea, when he died. This tribe was already losing faith in their old ways and customs. Their sense

³ Go to www.powersof10.com/index.php?mod=ten_day and click on the link to the left of the screen, then register with your email address to view this classic nine-minute film. (I have to admit, though, I remember it being much more impressive on the big screen.)

of identity was evaporating fast, as they began to want more and more of what western civilization has to offer.

When a man finds out that in a larger universe he's actually a mouse, what happens to his sense of identity? Eventually my body will become used to the research scientist plucking it from its cage to poke and probe. I'm uncertain, however, as to how to react to this new reality that treats me personally in such an impersonal manner.

Tuesday, April 26th

This is strange. I want to get this down on paper while this is still fresh in my mind and before my sleeping medication takes affect. It's 11:15 P.M. and my dear friend Dick Mayfield is napping on my couch in the living room while I prepare for bed myself.

I've known Dick for over twenty years. I rented a room from him back in 1972 while I went to college on the G. I. Bill, and we've been good friends ever since. Dick has been in poor health for years. In 1980, his doctor told him that he had only about six months to live, due to an enlarged heart. Although he has outlived that doctor (and two others) his health still hasn't improved fourteen years later.

In addition to his heart problems, two years ago he was diagnosed with terminal prostate cancer. Again the medical establishment gave him but a few months to live. Dick declined any radiation treatments or chemotherapy, preferring

to die if need be with dignity, rather than be slowly consumed by the very therapies meant to save his life. Shortly after Dick made that decision and was prepared emotionally to meet his end, the tumor spontaneously arrested itself. It had all the doctors scratching their heads.

This afternoon I received a short phone call from Dick. With desperation in his voice, he asked me if he could spend the night on my couch. Of course I said he could, and he said that he would come right over.

As soon as I hung up the phone my mother called. (She has maintained her own close friendship with Dick over the years, his age being much closer to hers than mine.) She asked if Dick had called me yet. He had evidently called her first. When I replied that he had, she explained that he was close to suicide and that he needed to be with someone tonight. Mother lives with her boyfriend and Dick probably felt uncomfortable asking to stay with them. I assured Mother that I would take good care of Dick and we ended our conversation.

When Dick arrived he told me that, although he can't explain why, he gets extremely anxious at night and sometimes he just doesn't want to be alone. I offered him my sofa bed, but he said that he hasn't slept lying down for more than six years, since his nighttime anxiety attacks first began. He preferred, instead, to sleep sitting up on the couch.

Upon questioning he also revealed that he hasn't had

more than two or three hours of uninterrupted sleep for equally as long. He can usually go back to sleep again, but his nighttime rest is always disturbed. He admitted that he generally sleeps better during the day.

It seems that he also suffers from recurring bouts of depression which, when it first develops, can be so strong as to be paralyzing. The depression diminishes over time, but always returns again with renewed intensity.

These symptoms sound so familiar. Can it be that my good friend is also an abductee? He suffers from "night terrors," has severe sleep disorders and has had a documented medical spontaneous healing. I wish I could question him more closely to see how many more of Edith Fiore's CE-4 indicators he has experienced, but Dick is a very private person and I don't want to be too intrusive.

Dick was quite concerned as he relayed all of this to me and seemed to be at his wit's end. I reassured him that in fact I too suffer from the same sleep disorders. His eyes widened in amazement as I described my own patterns of depression, anxiety attacks and nighttime insomnia. When I had finished, he seemed relieved to find in my story confirmation of his own unusual condition. I further explained that although our symptoms are unusual, we are not alone in this; and that it has been estimated that up to two percent of the general population

suffer from the same disrupted sleep patterns and cycles of depression.⁴

It's something of a shock to find that I have a close friend who might be a fellow abductee. I wonder how many of my friends share these experiences. For those who are involved in this phenomenon, do "birds of a feather flock together?" I don't know.

Thursday, May 12th

I saw Dr. Irving Katz today. He's an elderly Jewish urologist who has many years of experience performing circumcisions. My primary doctor referred me to him in an attempt to determine if there might be a medical explanation for the scar on the underside of my penis.

He described it as an extension of the median raphe, the dividing line between the left and right halves of the scrotum. Although it is rare, he said that it sometimes extends from the scrotum sack up the underside of the penal shaft. It would seem that mine is particularly rare, in that the extension is irregular in width and color and is not in a straight line at all.

Although Dr. Katz's examination should put this part of

⁴ In 1992 Robert Bigelow commissioned a survey by the Roper Organization to determine how many people share the most common indicators of Alien Abduction. The result suggested that 7 million Americans (2% of the population) might be involved in the phenomenon. Note: If you Google it, be sure to include the year. Roper did another smaller Internet survey in 1999, but the 1992 polling was done in "face to face" interviews in almost 6,000 homes across the country.

the mystery to rest, I'm not so sure. From the questions he asked (and didn't ask) and the tone of his voice, I got the impression that he might have consulted with my primary doctor before meeting with me today. This is quite possible, as their offices are in the same medical building, in fact right next door to each other. That only dawned on me today, when I showed up for my appointment.

If in fact my primary doctor did share what he had read in my journal with Dr. Katz, then Dr. Katz might have felt that his first duty to me was to put my mind at rest concerning the scar on my penis. If his patient couldn't remember having had major surgery in that area of the body and believed himself to be abducted by Aliens, even if it did look like a surgical scar, it would be understandable that he would not want to add to my anxiety by admitting that he didn't have any other explanation. From the moment he walked into the examining room, he seemed determined to put me at ease, acting as if my questions were commonplace.

The doctor seemed genuinely puzzled, however, when he examined me. It seemed to be a genuine mystery to him, as, one by one he had to discard possible explanations for what he saw – first Peyronie's Disease, then sebaceous cysts and finally penile warts. After determining that I had none of these, he finally settled on a rare variation of the median raphe, as the only possible explanation.

Maybe I'll get another opinion sometime when I can afford to pay for the examination myself and not go through my health plan's referral process. I'll need to be more forthcoming about my suspicions, though, if I'm ever to get a doctor to admit that he doesn't have an explanation.

I have my first hypnotherapy appointment tomorrow. Even after waiting so long for this, I'm nervous as hell.

Friday, May 13th

I was hypnotized for the first time in my life today. What an experience! When I arrived for my appointment with Mr. Van Ault I was a little anxious, but he quickly put me at ease. Although he is well over six feet tall, he projects a gentle and warm personality that communicates a genuine concern for his clients.

I had mailed him a copy of my journal so that he would be well acquainted with my case when we met. I've found that this saves a lot of effort when I want to tell my story to someone for the first time. After introductions and a cup of his hot coffee, Mr. Ault suggested that we get down to business.

I brought a blank cassette tape and tape recorder with me and asked him to document our session. After we set up the equipment and tested recording, I lay down on his "work bench," a wooden construct which stands waist-high off the floor. It was comfortable enough.

Mr. Ault then asked me to stare up at the ceiling where he had taped a card just inside my field of vision. On the card was written the word “peace” and, after a minute or so of staring at it, my eyes were feeding little rivers of tears that ran down the sides of my face to the back of my neck. This technique evidently puts the subject into a low hypnotic state, making it that much easier for the hypnotherapist to deepen the trance later.

Mr. Ault took me through a relaxation exercise that left my arms and legs feeling as if they were made of lead. My body seemed much heavier than usual and I wondered if I would be able to move if I tried. But I didn’t try. I didn’t want to do anything that might upset the process. My purpose was to go into as deep a trance as possible and I followed Mr. Ault’s every suggestion in that regard.

He then asked me to visualize a door, beyond which was a special room where I would be safe and secure. I couldn’t seem to picture a room. The only thing I was able to “see” beyond the door was the color blue. At any rate, this blue space served as the place of safe refuge.

An attempt to regress me to the night of April 15th didn’t get very far. (That was the night Katherine stayed overnight with me, and I felt at the time that we had been taken.) I started feeling anxious and couldn’t bring up any images from that evening. Mr. Ault then asked me to pick any

other time I wanted to investigate and to go there instead. I chose my grandparent's home in Oklahoma when I was a boy.

At first I had trouble picturing the interior of the house. I kept seeing the color blue. Slowly, after what seemed like several minutes, I saw the "eyes." Big black almond-shaped eyes would rise out of the blue and stare at me briefly, before fading away.

The blue color did disappear eventually to reveal the living room in Oklahoma, where I had spent many of my happier childhood moments. I was viewing the scene as if I was detached from it, looking from up high and over someone's shoulder, when a group of little beings with big dark eyes swarmed through the front door and into the room. There were grown-ups there, Happy, Billy and my mother, trying to stand between them and me, but to no avail. Within a second or two we were surrounded by these little people.

The scene quickly faded to blue. After a while I could see the eyes again. Slowly, complete faces began to appear. Several of them were bent over, starring down at me. If I tried to stare back, to get a better look at the details of their features, the image would fade away again, leaving just the blue background color. However, I found that if I closed my eyes tightly, the image would return and I could get another quick glimpse.

When I looked up into their faces I began to get emotional. It felt as if they could look right through me. I felt helpless and began to cry.

At this point Mr. Ault asked me if I had found out what I wanted to know. I replied that I wasn't sure, that I had conscious memories of some sort of commotion at the front door, and that the hypnotherapy had only given me glimpses of faces. At this point Mr. Ault ended the session and brought me up out of the trance.

Although during much of the session I wondered if I was in fact hypnotized, the way I felt afterward left me no doubt. As I opened my eyes and started to move, my body was very slow to respond. My mind felt "spaced-out," like I was on some kind of hallucinogenic drug. Even my visual sense was distorted. I felt detached from what I was seeing, as if I was looking through the eyes of someone else or watching a movie. These effects soon dissipated, leaving me feeling fully rested and alert. Mr. Ault explained that this was the way people typically reported feeling after hypnosis.

I asked if there were any way to tell if the images I reported were in fact long-forgotten memories or the result of what I had read recently on the subject. In other words, was this real or just my imagination?

He replied that in those cases of regressive hypnosis where the subject was reporting false memories, the images

were almost never accompanied by any extreme emotion. The fact that I had gotten agitated, and even started crying, was a good indication to him that something real was being re-experienced.

Now that I've confirmed this is actually happening I can still scarcely believe it. It seems too fantastic to be true. I've known deep in my gut that it was true, but there is still a part of me that is going to have trouble believing it. Wow!

I have another session with Mr. Ault scheduled for next Friday.

Monday, May 16th

This afternoon I visited Katherine after school. I'm able to do this on weekdays because I'm currently unemployed. Until recently I've spent Wednesday and Thursday afternoons with her, but that was when she had softball practice. Now that the season's schedule has begun, I'm trying to time my visits to coincide with her games, one of which was today.

I arrived an hour earlier than Katherine had evidently expected. She had gone to a friend's house after school, so I had some time to spend with Dorothy before Katherine came home.

As I mentioned earlier in this journal, Dorothy is a fourteen-year-old girl who lives with Margaret, Katherine and her mother, Maria. Maria has been Katherine's live-in nanny since Katie was a year old. After that first year with us, we let

Maria send for her two children, Dorothy and Oscar, both of whom had been living with their aunt in Southern California. Margaret and I immediately accepted them as family, and Katherine was thrilled to have an older “brother” and “sister.”

After discussing school, rap groups and other teenage subjects, our conversation turned to the sleeping arrangements in that household. Margaret has promised Dorothy that she will convert her office into a bedroom for her. Dorothy wanted to know if I believed that it would really happen. I reassured her that it would and used the opportunity to ask her about something that has puzzled me for some time.

About a year and a half ago Dorothy and Katherine shared the same bedroom until, for some reason, they both abruptly refused to sleep there any longer. Katherine said that she was afraid of “monsters and bad men.” Dorothy never did say why she abandoned that room. She could have had it all to herself, as she now hopes to have Margaret’s office, but she preferred instead to go back and sleep with her mother in her room. That wasn’t natural behavior for a teenager so I asked her about it.

At first she was hesitant to say anything. I told her that I thought I knew why, but just wanted her to confirm my suspicions.

“Is it because you were afraid of that room for some reason,” I asked, “or is it because you just didn’t want to sleep

with Katherine anymore?”

“No! I love Katie,” she insisted.

“Well then, why?” I asked again. “Is it because you’re afraid of that room?”

She nodded and, after a long silence said, “I had a dream where I heard someone screaming, but I don’t think it was a dream. I think it was real.” She looked at me like she knew that what she had just said didn’t make sense.

I reassured her that it indeed made perfect sense and that I fully understood her anxiety. I asked if she had ever felt like that about any other room in the house. Did she ever feel afraid to sleep in her mother’s room, for example? She answered “no” to both questions and begged me to tell her what I knew.

I told her that I really couldn’t go into details, but that it wasn’t likely to happen again. Although she would have liked a better answer, she sensed that she wouldn’t get one and let the matter drop. I had that same “dream” years ago, and now I find that Dorothy has had it, too. Another piece of the puzzle has been added and, although the picture that is forming is the one that I expected, it is unnerving nonetheless.

Tuesday, May 17th

This evening I had another nosebleed. I just blew my nose into a tissue and the blood began to flow from the left nostril. A susceptibility to nosebleeds is often reported by the “visited.”

It is thought that nosebleeds of this kind are caused by the body reacting to nasal implants inserted by the visitors. Some speculate that they are inserted to stimulate the temporal lobe of the brain, where all the higher emotions of humankind are located, such as feelings of love and compassion and our concepts of truth and justice.

Looking back on it, I've had a problem with nosebleeds off and on for most of my life. Once, when I was five or six, I had a particularly bad one when my grandparents and I were on vacation. We were driving over a mountain range when it began, and because of the high elevation it just wouldn't stop. Happy held my head in the back seat of the car and soaked up the blood with a towel, and Billy had to stop by the side of the road several times to let her ring it out.

I remember her shouting at Billy to get us off the mountain before I bled to death. I especially remember the panic in her voice. She had always remained cool, and even calculating, in an emergency; so to see her panic in this situation was disturbing. It was a frantic ride down off that mountain.

The bleeding stopped when we finally did get down to a lower elevation. I've read that in some cases the nosebleeds of abductees was so bad that to stop it, the nostril had to be medically cauterized.

Another lifelong pattern that fits the profile.

Friday, May 20th

I had my second hypnotherapy session with Mr. Ault today. Although he took me into a deeper trance, this time wasn't as productive as the last. We couldn't even repeat what we had done before. Maybe I'm expecting too much, too soon.

After we got started, a close-up of a dark almond-shaped eye formed against that familiar blue background, but it quickly faded away. It took a minute or so before I could bring it back, but I found that if I shifted my attention down from the eye I could see more of the face in my peripheral vision. It came and went several times before I was able to see the complete face, almost triangular in shape, with but a hint of a nose or mouth. The skin had a brownish-gray color to it and I had the impression that these beings were very old. However these images would quickly disappear. None of them would stay for more than a second or two before fading into the blue background. Later in the session I felt that I was lying down and looking up at a large circular light that illuminated the area, but that was as far as we got.

This blue thing has Mr. Ault puzzled. I'm beginning to believe that it's a mental block, placed in my mind to prevent me from remembering what the ETs want to keep secret.

I did get something out of today's session, though. Mr. Ault gave me a post-hypnotic suggestion to help me sleep without medication. All I have to do is lie in bed and count

backwards from one hundred. I can't wait to give it a try. It will be nice not to have to rely on pills to sleep.

Saturday, May 21st

I got to bed at about one in the morning and tried the post-hypnotic suggestion that Mr. Ault gave me yesterday to help me sleep. As I counted backward from a hundred, I could feel my body sink like a stone, but I don't remember sleeping. In fact I remember seeing the clock every forty-five minutes or so, as I turned over in bed.

At 3:36 A.M., I felt a definite pressure against my lower back at the tailbone for a prolonged period of time, perhaps a full minute or so. This was much like what I felt during my spontaneous healing, but of a much longer duration. I took note again of the time, 4:15 A.M., when I got up a little while ago, and was surprised to find that I was very much awake, in spite of having so little sleep. I have the feeling that "they" have been here.

5:00 P.M.:

I haven't shaved today. I usually don't bother on weekends unless I go somewhere, but all day long my face has been hurting. I finally looked into the bathroom mirror. I have a sunburn!

I haven't been outside of the house today and I was either in my car or inside a building all day yesterday. I also inspect myself in the bathroom mirror each night before

retiring. There is no possible way that I could have gone to bed last night with my face badly sunburned, yet my face is very red. How does one get a sunburn indoors at night?

Sunday, May 22nd

Dick Mayfield, my good friend of more than twenty years, has moved into a hospice where he expects to die from his prostate cancer that has now flared up again. He confided in me that he wants his life to end now. He's tired of the daily struggle to keep his body functioning and of the "night terrors" which prevent him from getting any real rest. That's why his cancer has started growing again. He's ready to die.

I'll be taking his apartment. It's pretty big for a studio and the price is quite reasonable. I need to move soon anyway, although I do wish it were under different circumstances.

Monday, May 23rd

Last night I heard the familiar ring of a telephone. The clock on my bedside table read 4:45 A.M. The ring was sharp and clear, even if it was faint. I happened to be lying in bed at the time, having just woken up, or I might not have heard it at all. I think these audio signals come in pairs, the first to mark the beginning of an abduction event, and the second to mark its end. It could be that I had just been put back in bed and that's why I woke up in time to hear the "second" ring.

Even with my post-hypnotic suggestion, I wake up

every two hours or so. After I heard the ring, I was able to sleep deeply for about another hour, before getting up for good.

Evening:

To discover that I'm a guinea pig in some grand galactic experiment is unsettling, to say the least. To realize that it also involves my daughter triggers all my parental instincts to protect and defend her; and the frustration that I feel, when I realize that my effects in that regard are futile, is sometimes too much to bear. They will come for either of us, when and where at their choosing, and I can only hope that it is all for a good cause.

While it may be impossible to speculate as to the reasoning of Alien minds, if we reflect on what little we know, we may find evidence to suggest that their motivations are benevolent, or at least not hostile.

One of the common elements in abduction cases is the nasal implants. I understand that several have actually been recovered from the nasal cavities of contactees. These implants are suspected of stimulating the temporal lobe of the brain, which is the seat of all the higher emotions of man, such as tolerance, love, compassion and justice. Is the human race being civilized? God knows we need it. There is no more dangerous animal on the face of this planet than Man. I know that feelings of kindness don't necessarily have to be inspired by Aliens, but there is a pattern of personality changes among

the abducted that reflects a growing concern for life in all its forms.

I can sense that my own feelings of love and compassion are growing stronger with each visit. I will not consciously kill another living creature, if I can help it. This is kind of a spiritual pledge that I have taken. If I find a spider in the bathtub, I'll transfer it outside before taking my shower. Even the houseflies that occasionally find their way inside are safe with me.

I can also see that same pattern of concern for others in Katherine. I remember an incident when she was three or four, and her mother was going to squash some bug that had invaded the house. Katherine started crying and begged her not to "kill nature."

She recently started taking food (sandwiches, sodas, etc.) to school to leave in the wooded area behind the playground. She had seen a sleeping bag hidden in the bushes and suspects that a homeless person is in need. I'm so proud of her! But I did caution her not to go up there unless she has some of her friends with her.

A national survey, conducted by a reputable firm, suggested that up to two percent of the American population may have undergone the abduction experience. Although the Betty and Barney Hill case of the early 1960s, popularized by the best-selling book *The Interrupted Journey*, was the first

abduction case to come to the attention of the American public, there is evidence that widespread abductions in the US were happening throughout the fifties. My own encounter when I was a young boy at my grandparents' home in Oklahoma was around 1954 or so. I believe that if we look back we'll find it was the "Baby Boomers" who were in fact the first generation of humans to be contacted in large numbers.

The 60s were the coming of age for my generation and our accomplishments are almost legendary, notwithstanding the efforts of some to rewrite history. For the first time, young people stood up and put an end to a war that their elders had been determined to wage. We went to the streets, defying our own parents and teachers, demonstrated, conducted teach-ins and pushed the establishment powers until they had to comply.

We rode the "freedom buses" into the Deep South, turning the media spotlight on racism and ended Apartheid in America. We started the modern feminist movement and demanded a simple justice, "equal pay for equal work." This led to the Gay Pride Movement and to a broader call for "human" rights in general. .

For the first time in human history the idea of having rights by the mere fact of being human (referred to in the Preamble to our Constitution as "inalienable rights") was brought into "smoke-filled backrooms" of international power-politics when it was actually made a part of US foreign policy

under the Carter administration. To me this marks one of the few times that we have grown ethically as a species. We can number the milestones of our technological development in the thousands, but there are so few to mark our development spiritually. Now, because of Carter, the heads of state on this planet have to at least pretend publicly to adhere to a set of “universal” rights.

No other generation in history has sparked as much social change as us Baby Boomers. We were motivated by compassion for our fellow human beings and a sincere belief that real justice had to include everyone. Could it be that all this was the result of Alien Abductions and nasal implants? A stretch maybe, but if it is true then perhaps the trauma that comes with these encounters really is a reasonable price to pay.

Tuesday, June 7th

I’ve evidently had a second spontaneous healing a couple of nights ago. For the past few months I’ve had a bad case of tendonitis in the middle finger of my left hand, with the pain most acute in the morning after waking up from hours of inactivity. As the day would wear on the pain would lessen somewhat, but never to any great extent.

A few days ago I was just sick and tired of the constant pain and, remembering the “exercise” healing of February 21st, I wished out loud that “they” would repeat their medical

miracle. In fact, I demanded it. “You owe me!” I told them. Apparently they heard and responded.

For the past two days I’ve had no pain in that finger and can use it as if nothing was ever wrong, although it now bends with a snap as if it’s “double-jointed.” It appears they had to shorten the tendon in that area. Those little guys can actually be useful!

They were here last night as well. I just discovered that one of the scabs at the base of my neck has returned, although this time it’s about two inches below where the previous scabs had formed. I give myself a thorough inspection every night and it wasn’t there when I went to bed.

The lump that I’ve had at the base of my neck since at least mid-January has disappeared as well. Both sides of my spine in that area are now symmetrical. Was that an implant, which they have now removed for some reason? Were the scabs, which formed off and on in that area, incisions in the skin to service the implant? I don’t know, and I don’t know if I ever will know. That’s one of the frustrating things about all of this. Will I ever find out what’s happening?

Friday, June 10th

I used the post-hypnotic suggestion to fall asleep at 1:30 in the morning, but was wide awake at 5:00 A.M. and got up to go to the bathroom. I stayed awake, had breakfast and went

back to bed at nine o'clock, but was woken up at 11:05 A.M. by a phone call from my friend Robert Akins.

I had to cut the conversation short because I felt very strange, as if I was in some kind of trance. My body was very heavy and my mind wouldn't focus. I could hear Bob's voice coming out of the receiver, but I couldn't understand a word of what he was saying. I went right back to sleep and finally felt physically able to get out of bed at 1:00 P.M.

I dreamt a lot those last couple of hours. In one dream I remember speculating if a woman I was with was also an abductee. I can't remember any other details, though.

Late Evening:

Tonight I rented and watched the movie *Intruders*. Abduction researchers Dr. John Mack and Budd Hopkins were listed in the credits as advisors to the film, so I assume that the movie was accurate in its significant details.

The script dealt at some length with the subject of missing fetuses. There have evidently been a number of cases where pregnant women have lost their unborn children. They weren't aborted. They just disappeared. These pregnancies were supposedly verified by ultra-sound or other techniques. According to Budd Hopkins, one such case involved a pregnancy in its seventh month.

As part of the sexual-genetic nature of Alien Abductions, women are often harvested of their eggs and men

are milked of their semen. I had an experience where I felt that I had been “relieved” of my seed. It seems that my case is not unique, but instead appears to be rather typical.

While watching the film I began to think how I might actually be the father of some half-breed Alien children somewhere. The idea struck a chord somewhere deep inside of me. Although I couldn't have the same kind of parental attachment as a mother does, who physically bonds with the new life inside of her, I do feel some deep emotions at the thought of fatherhood. I only have to think of Katherine to remind myself of that.

Will my Alien children ever ask who their father is? What will they be told that he's a laboratory monkey on some backwater planet somewhere? What kind of future lies in store for such children, my children? Like any parent I find myself wanting the best for my progeny, human or hybrid.

Just speculating, but can a bond of love be forged between two Alien races? If such a thing is possible, it has to start with the most fundamental kind. The love people have for their children is the most basic kind of love there is. It doesn't rely on ethnocentric concepts such as physical beauty or common interests to sustain itself. It just is. Perhaps only parental love can transcend the enormous gulf between peoples born on different planets. Just a thought.

Saturday, June 11th

I saw them! Last night I saw them come into my room. This is incredible! I want to describe everything exactly as it happened.

I lay in my bed wide awake and lost in my thoughts, looking out the window of my studio apartment to the whitewashed building next door, illuminated by a nearby street lamp. The last time I looked at my clock radio, it was 3:30 A.M. About ten minutes later, I noticed something in front of my window.

The image appeared at first as a slight darkening or shadow, and was transparent in that I could see through it and through my window to the building outside. All I could make out was a vague outline of something, but it seemed to slowly become more solid and take on recognizable features. I had the feeling that there was another “something” forming to the right, at the very edge of my peripheral vision, but I purposely kept all my attention riveted on the image in front of me.

I strained to focus my eyes more clearly because I wasn't sure at first if it was real or just a trick of light and shadow. As it began to slowly take form, I could see that it was about three and a half to four feet tall, with a big head and two huge, very black eyes.

“Is this what I think it is?” I thought to myself. I slowly closed my eyes, counted to five and opened them again. It was

still there, more sharply defined than even a few seconds before, and looking straight at me.

My heart leaped into my throat and raced wildly. I tried to spring from my bed, but only got as far as getting up onto my right elbow before I became totally paralyzed. I tried again to lunge forward without success, frozen to the spot. After the second attempt failed, I felt my eyes close as I started to rapidly lose consciousness. It felt like I was falling down into a black hole, but at the last moment I summoned all my strength of will and screamed in my head, “No, God damn it!” That burst of defiance somehow released me from my invisible restraints and I opened my eyes. They were gone. The clock read 3:43 A.M.

Even I would doubt what my own eyes have seen, if it weren't for the physical sensations that I experienced. Now I know that a person can become agitated thinking that he had seen something that really wasn't there, but to suddenly become paralyzed and to start to “fall asleep” in the middle of a panic attack, is highly unlikely to say the least. I did see them!

They started to materialize, literally forming out of thin air, but had to abort their mission. This shows me that they aren't infallible. They can make mistakes. I had been lying quite still for twenty minutes or so and was staring out the window, lost in thought, before they started to form in front of me. They must have thought that I was asleep.

They say, “Seeing is believing.” For the past several

months I've felt that these visits are real events, and not just the creation of an overactive imagination (or worse, the delusions of someone with mental problems). But now that I've actually seen them, I'm stunned. I've been given the best conformation that I could have ever hoped for. I actually saw them! My God, this is incredible.

Wednesday, June 22nd

It's 6:30 in the morning. I got to sleep late again last night, starting Mr. Alt's post-hypnotic suggestion at 3:08 A.M. by counting backwards from one hundred. I shouldn't even be awake now, with only a little more than three hours sleep, but I had a strange dream that I think might be linked to the visitors. It went as follows.

There is a big party at my house, which I seem to share with a number of other people. We live in an old wooden multi-story home that is badly run down and in need of repair. There are tall weeds in the back yard and it's obvious that no one has paid any attention to the property for some time.

The party is getting pretty bawdy, with plenty of illicit drugs and sex, and there is an underlying feeling that things could get out of hand. I find myself on the rooftop and am distressed to see many of the partygoers standing at the edge, taunting the police below. Finally the police come roaring up in their squad cars and arrest everyone.

But the scene shifts a little and the police are now

Japanese soldiers, and we are being rounded up after having just surrendered to the enemy in World War II. As we are led away, I hear the Japanese commander tell his men to be gentle with us because we're sick and injured. As he says this, I realize that the room we're in is an army field hospital of some kind.

Here the dream shifts again and it's now sometime after the war. I'm a tourist in modern-day Japan and an old Japanese man is showing me a movie. It's a scratchy, black and white wartime propaganda film in Japanese. To loud martial music, a large hovercraft speeds up a wide river with long towlines trailing behind. Attached to the lines are two American prisoners of war bouncing around in the turbulent wake of the boat.

The scene repulses me and the old man apologizes for the war crimes of the past. He then shows me a wooden door. I instinctively know that it opens onto a private pathway that leads to secluded personal living quarters. The old man then offers to inscribe my name on the door, if I would but choose to come and live in Japan.

If put in context of the visitor experience, I think the symbolism of the dream is clear. The dilapidated wooden house is Planet Earth and the revelers are the human race. When the party gets out of hand and is raided by the police, they turn out to be Japanese. I think the reference to the Alien

visitors here is obvious. In our western culture, Asians are little people with exotic-looking eyes. The soldiers are told to be compassionate with their prisoners. Somehow, our rowdy behavior is not entirely our fault because we're "sick and injured."

After he shows me a film where two Americans are tortured on the water, the old man apologizes for his country's wartime treatment of enemy prisoners. Sigmund Freud said that water is often used by the subconscious as a symbol related to matters of a sexual nature. While I have come to believe that the visitors' overall motives might be benevolent, I have been disturbed by the idea that they have violated me sexually. The scar on my penis suggests a less than pleasant experience in that regard. I also have concerns about Katherine and how she is being treated.

After the old man apologized, he invited me to stay in his country, with the implication that if I do, I'll be treated with respect. The apology I understand; and if it is genuine I accept it. But have I really been invited to leave Earth to go and live with the little people in "Japan," wherever that may be? An intriguing prospect, to say the least . . . but talk about culture shock!

Late Evening:

I spent the evening with Katherine tonight and we talked about dreams. She described a couple of dreams that she

had, which she said were “so real” to her.

The first one she said she has had at least twice. In it, she sees her bedroom (the one she never sleeps in) with “spikes” (her word) coming out of the walls and up through the floor. I walk into the room and the spikes disappear. When I leave, they return.

The other dream, which she said she had a month or two ago, starts out with one of her favorite TV characters from the show *Get Smart*. Maxwell Smart is stabbed in the stomach with a spike. Here the dream suddenly changes and Katherine finds that it is she who has been stabbed with the spike. Katherine said that when she woke up from this dream she had a bad stomach ache.

I’ve held one thought close to me all these months, as I’ve tried to regain my emotional balance in the wake of all this. I don’t much care what happens to me. I’m pretty good at adjusting to unexpected situations. It’s my daughter whom I’ve always been concerned about. I’ve hoped that as long as I’m a part of whatever this is, then perhaps I could help Katherine in some way. I remember even mentally asking them one time to take me first, whenever they go for Katherine. My hope was that it would make it easier for her when they did. If the first dream is related to her abductions, as I believe it to be, then it may indicate that I was somewhat successful in that regard. Whatever the symbolism means, spikes coming out of the walls

and up through the floor can't be good. However, they go away when I enter the room. Children trust in the ability of their parents to protect them, whether or not they really can. I may not be able to stop what they're doing to either of us, but if my presence can help make it better for Katherine then I'm willing to endure whatever they want to do to me, as long as they take us together.

As for the second dream, I've heard of the Grays inserting needles into the abdomen of the women they take, supposedly as part of a pregnancy test, as they evidently did with Betty Hill. But Katherine is obviously not of childbearing age. Could they be collecting some of her immature eggs for some reason?

Tuesday, July 26th

I lay down to take a nap late this afternoon, but woke up in a panic after a horrible dream.

In the dream, I was with my brother Frank. We were sitting in an old vintage car, parked at the curb. He was in the driver's seat and I was in the back, on the passenger side. It felt as if we were traveling on vacation because the back seat was crammed with bedding and suitcases, which left little room for me to move.

I was looking around for my marijuana stash, so I could prepare something for us to smoke, when I spied someone in the side mirror walking up beside the car. I quickly pushed a

pillow down over the contraband just before a group of four or five men, all dressed in old-fashioned double-breasted style suits, pulled Frank from the car and began to beat him unmercifully. I could hear his screams as the blows hit. It was horrible.

They pulled guns from their jackets and looked like they were about to shoot Frank, when they suddenly looked up to the sky and saw something that obviously scared them. Although I couldn't see it, I thought that maybe it was a police helicopter, because they started to run away. But whatever it was, they quickly decided that it was no threat to them. They returned to where Frank laid groaning on the sidewalk, carefully aimed their guns and shot him dead.

I woke up at that point, badly shaken. The whole thing happened so quickly and was so violent and unexpected that I have a hard time knowing what to make of it. It might be some kind of premonition and I'm tempted to call my brother. But what am I going to tell him – to stay out of old cars and beware of gangsters?

Wednesday, July 27th

I kept thinking yesterday about the dream I had and finally gave Frank a call earlier this morning. I was able to get him before he had left for his law office.

I suspect Frank has always thought me to be a bit eccentric, but because we've been pretty close throughout the

years he listened patiently as I described my dream. I asked him to please be careful with any cases that might bring him into contact with gangster types and he promised me that he would, although I could tell by the tone in his voice that he doesn't take this as seriously as I do.

I do hope he's careful. This wasn't just another dream. I'm sure that it meant something. And the dreams have been coming hot and heavy lately, too. I had another one last night, and I think that this one might be a disguise for something that really happened.

I entered a room filled with paintings on the walls. There were a few other people milling about and it seemed that I was at an art exhibit of some kind. The artist was there. She was an attractive woman with an hourglass figure who seemed to take an immediate interest in me. She showed me around and asked me if I liked her artwork. It all seemed to have a Sword and Sorcery theme. I politely complemented her, although I remember thinking that that type of thing didn't really interest me much.

The other people in the room walked out and we were left alone together. She started to come on to me and began to get aggressive, taking me into her arms and French-kissing me. I liked the attention and the obvious suggestion of impending sex, but I didn't like, nor have I ever really enjoyed, the sensation of someone's tongue in my mouth. I wanted to let

her know of my discomfort without destroying my chances of making it with her, so I decided to make light of it all by trying to uphold the conversation while she continued to try and French-kiss me.

She tried several times to stick her tongue into my mouth while I tried to talk through it all. On her last try I suddenly felt immobilized. She then came down on my mouth from above and stuck her tongue deep into my throat. I remember being surprised by this maneuver because, to be able to place her head above mine, she had either to be standing on something or to have suddenly grown much taller. No one has ever French-kissed me so deeply, and I don't think any normal person could. Her tongue literally felt as if it went halfway down my throat. It was at this point that the dream ended.

I can see in the mirror that my throat is red today, although it doesn't hurt. It feels like something is caught deep down inside, and I've been trying to clear it all morning.

If they wanted a throat culture, what an interesting way to go about getting it.

Friday, July 29th

I went to bed at about 2:30 A.M., drunk and depressed. After training, without pay, for the last five weeks as a poker dealer for a local gambling establishment, I found out yesterday that the job offer has suddenly evaporated. No explanations.

They're just not hiring. I could have a job by now if I had been looking for one all this time.

I don't take to alcohol very well. After the pleasant effects wear off, I always pay for it with a bad hangover. I get a good buzz with one beer, become drunk with two and find myself under the table after four or five, but I wanted to get as numb as quickly as possible last night so I threw caution to the wind and raced through a six-pack.

I woke up about 4:30 this morning with a bad case of nausea, a common consequence of this particular manifestation of my stupidity and one that I had expected. After a few minutes I felt that familiar pressure at the base of my spine and the nausea suddenly faded away. I felt very sleepy right afterwards and, although I wanted to stay awake to note any further effects, I couldn't and quickly fell asleep again.

Although I've been unemployed now for quite some time, and have just lost my best opportunity to change that situation, I awoke this morning feeling rested and strangely confident about the future. Usually when I'm as depressed as I was, it takes several days for me to pull out of it. I think my little friends came last night. If so, then this is the third time that they've helped me when they didn't have to, and it makes me think that they might really be concerned about me as a person. I've often wondered if their interventions weren't more about keeping the lab rat healthy enough to run the maze, but

this time they helped me emotionally, not just physically, when they eased my depression in addition to my nausea. They didn't have to. They felt bad that I felt bad. That's called compassion.

Friday, August 5th

For the past couple of days I have been suffering the full range of symptoms indicative of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I'm waking up with projectile vomiting. I have facial ticks and find myself acting compulsively. The old cycles of anxiety and depression have returned.

But why? I had been free of them or several months now. I credited my recovery to a combination of good hypnotherapy and my having accepted the reality of my double life. I have even come to regard the visitors as my friends. So why am I now suddenly back at square one?

Also, I've been having nosebleeds for the past two days. Oh yes, I also "heard" a voice speak into my left ear as I lay in my bed this morning at about 7:30. It was a male voice and spoke only one word, which I couldn't understand. The voice was loud and clear and sounded like it had an accent of some kind, perhaps Slovak or East European. Although it sounded like it came from my left side, I really think it originated within my own head rather than from some external source.

This is the first voice that I've heard. All the other sounds have been mechanical in nature, a buzzer, a bell or a

telephone ring. If this is a communication of some kind, why speak to me in a language that I don't understand, and then only say one word?

Sunday, August 7th

Katherine stayed with me overnight and put up quite a fuss at having to go to bed at midnight. She kept asking, finally pleading, to stay up longer. Later as we lay in bed talking, she admitted to being afraid to go to sleep at night. She went on to say that she is also afraid when everyone else in the house is asleep and she is the only one left awake. Poor girl, damned if she does and damned if she doesn't.

Later in the afternoon, Katherine had a bad spontaneous nosebleed. She was watching television when all of a sudden the blood started flowing. It was all over one of the pillows before I was able to get to a box of tissues.

Wednesday, August 17th

"I'm metamorphosing." I wrote those words down on a piece of paper early this morning after I woke up feeling very disoriented. Everything looked distorted to me and I could barely scribble those words on my notepad. Nevertheless, I remember thinking that I wanted to document the feeling that I'm somehow being changed physically.

After I wrote those words, I collapsed into bed and dropped off into a deep sleep. Now, in the light of day, I

almost want to deny that I wrote them, they seem so absurd. But feeling as altered as I did, they made perfect sense at the time.

I'll defer judgment on this, and just consider this journal entry as part of my efforts to be as thorough as possible when describing my experiences.

Thursday, August 18th

I had dinner with the Weiss side of the family last night. Dad, his wife, Lucille, sister Harriet and brother Frank were in attendance. The after-dinner conversation turned to Frank's law practice. Frank described one of his current cases, in which he's in the process of forcing the sale of a warehouse owned by a man known to be a gunrunner and drug smuggler. The building is to be sold and the money used to pay a debt the man owes to one of Frank's clients.

I immediately thought of my dream where Frank is dragged out of a car, badly beaten and finally shot to death by gangsters. There was a feeling in the dream that it had something to do with contraband of some kind. I had been so upset at the time and fearful that the dream might prove to be prophetic, that I phoned Frank the next day and warned him to stay away from any gangster types. Now he's telling me that he's tightening the legal screws on just such a gangster, by forcing the sale of the very building he probably uses to store his guns and drugs! For God's sake, Frank, be careful.

Friday, August 19th

Frank came by for a couple of hours to see my new apartment. I reiterated my concern about his legal sparring with gangster types, especially if it might upset them enough to consider murder as a way to get rid of a persistent irritant. (And Frank can be very persistent. He was called “mad dog” by the partners at his old law firm because of his tenaciousness.)

I also let him read a little of this journal. At least he’s open-minded enough to consider the possibility that I might not be crazy. He even described what sounded like a close encounter of his own, which took place over twenty years ago on a vacation drive through the Southwest with his mother and siblings.⁵

Monday, August 22nd

Another spontaneous nosebleed this morning with breakfast. As I sat drinking my coffee, I blew my nose into a tissue and the blood started to flow.

Thursday, September 15th

For the past few nights I’ve sat in my studio apartment

⁵ It was just before sunrise in the ambient light of early morning as the family was driving down the highway when Frank suddenly noticed that a circular object was covering about a third of the sky. No one else said they saw anything unusual at the time and he doesn’t remember anything more about the incident. Someone suggested that he might have seen the planet Venus, but as Frank said, “Venus doesn’t cover a third of the sky.”

and agonized over the big question. Just what do my nocturnal visitors want of me? This morning they responded.

Between 6:00 and 7:30 this morning, I had a very disturbing dream about the Grays, as the little people are called. I had gotten up briefly to visit the bathroom before returning to bed to catch what I had hoped would be a couple of hours of restful sleep before I had to get up. Not so.

The dream took place in a large house with many rooms, and I was evidently living there. From the start the dream had a disturbing quality about it. I felt uneasy and apprehensive. I had some kind of disagreement with my mother and stormed out of the room. I ventured into other areas of the house where I found various pockets of activity. Evidently a party of some kind was in progress and there were many people milling about. It was a peaceful gathering, unlike my dream of June 22nd.

As I walked through the house, I found myself naked and felt chilled because of it. Although I felt self-conscious, my lack of clothing didn't seem to bring any notice from those present. After a while, I looked down and saw that I was wearing a pair of gray-colored slacks. I felt great relief at seeing that I was clothed, but soon afterwards, I found myself naked again. I had the distinct impression in the dream that my nakedness (and hence my sense of vulnerability) was being manipulated by the Grays. They had made me naked and it was

they who had given me the “gray” slacks to wear, only to take them away again. The symbolism was obvious to me, even inside the dream. My anxiety grew.

I walked into another room where I met Margaret. She was carrying Katherine as an infant in her arms. She handed the little bundle to me, and as I looked down at my daughter, I was horrified to see that it wasn't Katherine at all. The baby was thin and frail, the face drawn tightly over its skull, with dark sunken eyes. I yelled to Margaret that this wasn't our baby, but a changeling left by the Grays. (A changeling is, according to myth, a fairy child left in the place of a human baby, whom the fairies have kidnapped.) At first Margaret didn't believe me, but she began to suspect something was wrong when I showed her the ghostly waif she had handed me.

At this point a number of people walked into the room. Among them were two suspicious-looking men. Both were wearing heavy coats and had cloth mufflers wrapped around their heads and faces. Each muffler was held in place by a wide-brimmed hat. All but their eyes were kept from view. I was able to catch enough of a glimpse, however, to see that their skin was a light gray in color.

Here at last was my chance to prove to everyone that I wasn't crazy and that I had been right all along about my encounters with these beings. I confronted the two new arrivals and demanded that they unmask themselves. With a twinkle in

his eye, one of them pulled off his muffler to reveal a human-looking face. My disappointment soon turned to horror as he reached up to his throat and started to pull off his human mask, revealing several long slimy tentacles that danced in the open air.

This was more than I could take. I ran screaming back to my mother. "I give up," I cried. "I don't know what they want of me," I sobbed repeatedly as I curled up in a fetal position on her lap.

At that point I woke up, wide awake and shaken to the core. After pondering the dream and its significance I wondered if it had been a creation of my subconscious, or had the Grays manipulated the dream as a kind of communication? As I kept repeating this question over and over again in my mind, I suddenly felt very sleepy. I rolled back into bed and fell into unconsciousness. The dream immediately picked up where it had ended.

The two Grays were gone and the people at the party were gathered around me. A friend of mine whom I haven't seen or even thought of for several years was there. His name is Bobby and, although he is a highly intelligent individual and has many personal qualities that I admire, the one thing that people always remember about him is his stature, or lack thereof. He is the shortest person I know.

As the dream picked up again, I began to describe to Bobby the earlier part of the dream, as if I had just woken up from it. When I mentioned my anxiety at being naked and discovering the baby changeling, Bobby interrupted me to remind me that we had been discussing those very things earlier, before I had “fallen asleep.”

I jumped up excitedly. From within the dream, I received the confirmation I had asked for. The very fact that I had talked with Bobby about those things was proof that my “earlier” dream had indeed been manipulated by the Grays. Even awake, the symbolism is clear to me.

In my mind Bobby represented the Grays because of his short stature. When he confirmed that we had talked about the key elements of the dream before, it was as if a Gray itself had admitted to having manipulated the dream. This I now believe to be true. The Grays responded to my deep desire to know their purpose by showing me, in a dream that they controlled, that I would freak out if I could see “behind the mask.”

A few weeks ago, for no apparent reason, I suddenly had all the old symptoms of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. While they have since subsided, the nameless anxiety, facial ticks, projectile vomiting while asleep, the depression and “night terrors” all came rushing back, as if I had never been rid of them. I had come to terms with my nocturnal visitors. I wasn’t afraid of them any longer. Even when I saw two of

them materialize in my bedroom in the early morning hours of June 11th, I wasn't frightened. I was excited as hell, but I wasn't frightened. I even called them my friends. They have healed me twice of very painful conditions, and I have come to understand that they have a genuine concern for my welfare. I had no reason to suddenly become anxious and fearful again, yet I did.

After much thought, I've come to the conclusion that I must have been given some information that greatly distressed me. Since this disquieting information came to me in the night, my fear of the night returned. Now they've "told" me that whatever it was, my conscious mind is unlikely to be able to handle it. I have many questions, but they are telling me that I'm not strong enough for the answers.

Perhaps they're right. Whatever their purpose, I sense that it is both extremely disturbing and very important. If I were to suddenly know consciously what I evidently know subconsciously, life's day-to-day mundane responsibilities might prove to be too much for me to handle. Still, a part of me wants desperately to know.

I feel like a real-life "Manchurian Candidate."⁶

⁶ A good movie starring Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey. A "Manchurian Candidate" has since come to mean a person who has been programmed with information, about which his or her conscious mind knows nothing.

Saturday, September 17th

I had another “easy” nosebleed. I blew my nose and the blood gushed out of my left nostril. It’s always the left one.

Katherine was with me last night and will be again tonight, as well. I know they come for us when we’re together. It saves them a trip.

Tuesday, September 27th

Katherine called me this morning before she left for school to tell me that she woke up with blood on her pillow. I’ve asked her to tell me whenever she has a nosebleed. I’m sure that they are indications of a visit by our Gray escorts.

Last night I got to bed about 4:30 A.M. and had to get up at 7:30. I woke up before the alarm went off and was surprisingly alert all day for having had so little sleep. This too, I believe is a good indication that they’ve been here. At 47 I can’t operate effectively for long periods of time without a good night’s rest, which I rarely get anymore. I tried recently and just about died from exhaustion at the end of the day.

They came for both of us last night, I’m sure. In fact, I believe they pick me up first so that I can help Katherine to remain calm throughout her ordeal. For that at least, I am grateful.

Thursday, October 13th

I only got four hours of sleep last night, but again it

feels like I slept a full eight, which I haven't done for many months now. That's not normal for a person my age. I haven't been able to function without a good night's rest since my college days.

Oh yes, I had another nosebleed this morning. As Cyrano de Bergerac said about his nose in that famous play by Edmond Rostand, "When it bleeds, the Red Sea!"⁷

Saturday, November 12th

I had another ET-related dream last night which took place sometime between 4:30 and 6:20 A.M. (I continue to take note of my sleep cycles.) While I have described such dreams before, they've been ones that I felt were created in some way by the ETs when they either wanted to communicate something to me or were trying to disguise what was actually happening at the moment. This one, however, I think might have been manufactured by my subconscious mind. I find this dream interesting because it seems to confirm the struggle between my conscious desire to know the details of what is happening to me and why, and the need of my subconscious mind to keep hold of its secrets.

As the dream began to unfold, I found that I was in the army and that my unit was garrisoned at what appeared to be a shopping mall. The floor of our barracks was embedded with

⁷ In the movie, Jose Ferrer was Cyrano de Bergerac, the best swordsman in 17-century France with a large nose, of which no one dared make fun.

numerous coins from around the world. A flooding accident of some kind covered the floor with an inch or so of water, which loosened the coins. All the soldiers, including me, began to pick up the loose coins in a kind of “feeding frenzy” until most of the coins were recovered. I wrapped my hoard in a towel and placed it on my bunk. Just then the sergeant came in and saw what had happened. He demanded that all the coins be turned over to him and then came to my bunk and took my bundle.

The scene then changed to outside the barracks, in the mall area itself. I was some kind of intelligence agent carrying secret messages to my military superiors. These messages were given to me by a woman who had a group of little children with her. I ran back and forth several times between her and the military command center, all the while sneaking about trying to keep out of sight of those walking around the mall.

Again the scene shifted. I was in the company of the same woman, but this time there was another man with us who was holding a shopping bag. I somehow knew that the bag contained a bomb that he meant to deliver to our intelligence service and that it was my assignment to intercept it. The man was about to leave when the group of little children showed up. Evidently they had all made plans to go somewhere and the children were anxious for the man to leave with them. He was

agreeable, but said that they would have to wait until he delivered his important package.

At that point I saw my chance to intercept the bomb and offered to deliver his package for him. At first he was hesitant to give it up, but relented when I assured him that I would deliver it safe and sound. He handed me his shopping bag and then left with the woman and her children.

I immediately hurried across the mall and delivered the bag to my superiors. I was congratulated on a job well done and was then dismissed. Apparently I was off duty for the time being. I walked around the mall briefly before I ran into the woman and her children again, but this time the “terrorist” wasn’t with them. They were following behind three or four men who seemed to be leading the way, and I fell into walking with them. The milling crowds of shoppers began to thin and we were soon walking through what was obviously the back area of the mall.

I asked one of the men where they were from. He answered with the name of some town in Illinois that I don’t remember now, but one of the children, a little girl, spoke up and said that they were really from “Planet-X.” From the looks on their faces, the men seemed a bit annoyed that she had revealed their true origin. They said nothing further, however, but continued to silently lead the procession.

By this time, I had the distinct feeling that they were

escorting me somewhere, instead of my just walking along beside them. The same little girl continued to talk to me, saying that I was being prepared to live with them and, that on their planet, they lived underground. Oddly, I didn't seem to be bothered by this revelation. I was instead very interested in learning more of what lay in store for me, but I woke up at that point.

Whitley Strieber and others have described encounters where the ETs gave them a vision of the end of the Earth. After a bout of night terrors and depression, which suddenly reemerged in my life last August and lasted several weeks, I came to believe that I might have been given some similar kind of disturbing information. This is I feel the most likely explanation for the sudden change in my emotional well-being at the time. By then I had come to accept my nocturnal visits as being personally beneficial, and was even calling the Grays "my little friends."

I believe that in the symbolism of my dream the foreign coins imbedded in the barracks floor represented the various countries of the world. A flooding accident (a natural catastrophe?) loosened them, and my fellow soldiers and I scrambled about in a frenzy (global chaos?) recovering as much of the loot as we could.

Under hypnosis many people who have had personal encounters with UFO occupants describe meeting a tall ET

after being brought aboard the craft by the much shorter beings known as “the Grays.” This taller being is often felt to be feminine in nature. The woman in my dream with her group of children would certainly fit this description.

In the dream I was a military intelligence agent (my subconscious mind?) who worked hard to keep the secrets of the woman and her children. The terrorist, however, (my conscious mind?) was bent on destroying those secrets with his bomb.

In my journal entry of June 22nd I described a dream that I believe to have been created by the ETs as an apology for what they have done to Katherine and me. It ended with an invitation by an elderly Japanese man to come and live in his country. My feelings about that dream are that the Japanese, with their almond-shaped eyes, symbolize the Grays, and that the invitation to live in Japan was an invitation to live with them on their home world.

In last night’s dream one of the children told me that they were from Planet X and that I was being prepared to live with them underground. Now it seems that after many weeks of speculating on that very possibility, my subconscious mind (or perhaps even the ETs themselves) has tried to tell me that the invitation is genuine.

Half of me is intrigued by the idea of experiencing a real Alien culture and the other half of me is scared as hell.

My Return

Personal Journal: Part Two

May 30, 2006 – August 5, 2006



Tuesday, May 30, 2006

It has been over eleven years now since I've added anything to my UFO journal. I obviously didn't take up residence on another planet. Not that the extraordinary events that had suddenly taken hold of my life has ended. On the contrary, they continue unabated to this day.

November 27, 1994, however, marked a sinister turn in these events, for it was on that day that I came to realize that Aliens were not my only visitors in the night. Here is my last journal entry.

Sunday, November 27, 1994

I went to bed about 12:30 this morning, after working at my computer for a few hours on this journal. I woke up because something very strange happened in my sleep.

I was asleep when, all of a sudden, I couldn't breathe through my nose. First everything was fine, then Wham! Both nostrils were completely blocked, forcing me to start breathing through my mouth. I tried to wake up, but felt restrained and couldn't open my eyes. I then slipped into deep unconsciousness. When I did wake up, I felt like I was in some kind of altered state. My perception was distorted and I found it hard to focus my attention. It felt as if I was moving in slow motion, but the feeling dissipated in a minute or two, leaving me feeling "normal."

I was shaken from the memory of the "attack" on me in my sleep and knew that something highly unusual had happened. The Grays had never had to use physical force on me before, and I had definitely been physically restrained. I walked around my studio apartment and noticed that there were several things that were not as I had left them before I went to bed. I had laid the freshly printed pages of my journal on my computer table last night, in a neat pile. This morning

the top page was askew, as if someone had picked it up and laid it back down. On the kitchen counter is a postcard from the National Geographic Magazine announcing that my father has given me a subscription as a holiday gift. It has lain there, face down, for the last couple of weeks, but this morning it was face up. Now, the big one . . .

I know that people can forget that they handled certain papers or postcards and didn't leave them as they remembered, but this last disturbance is a real puzzler. When I walked into the bathroom, I was immediately struck by what I saw in the sink. The sink had obviously just been used. There were beads of water all over, up the sides and right to the brim. They were so fresh that the ones high up were still running down, colliding with the other beads of water and forming small streams that ran down into the drain.

I decided to do an experiment. First I used a stopper and filled the sink with water. When I let the water drain, it did not form any beads at all. Beads of water did form, however, when I splashed the sides of the sink with water from the tap. The beads of water formed in this fashion completely evaporated within an hour, although they stopped running down the sides of the basin after just a few minutes. I hadn't been in the bathroom, much less used the sink, in over five hours.

I have a bad feeling about this. Something is very wrong. I doubt that the Grays wash their hands after they put me back in bed.

Something was very wrong indeed! Two days later I received a phone call from Katherine's mother. The night before there had been an attempted break-in at their home. Everyone was asleep except for Oscar, who heard voices at the back door that leads into the garage near where he slept. When he went to investigate, they ran back to the front of the house and Oscar heard a car speeding off. Oscar later described the

men as “white,” not because he saw them, but because they spoke English to each other without any discernable accent. We never did find out who those men were, but I’m sure that they were also the ones who broke into my apartment the night before as I slept.

I was urged to resume this UFO journal by my close friend, Arian, when she recently visited me. She scolded me for failing to finish any of my writing projects. She went on to accuse me of sitting on my rear end for the last ten years or more, ignoring my purpose here on Earth, which she believes is to help other UFO Experiencers.

I don’t know about my purpose in life, but she is right about one thing. I haven’t done much for a very long while, except to try to focus on work and pay the bills on time. Most people do this easily every day of the week, but most people don’t have to also deal with paradigm shifts and government harassment on a continuing basis. After a while I found it easier (and safer) not tell my UFO stories, except to a small circle of friends who have learned to be patient with me. No more going to UFO conventions and networking with other Experiencers. There was less grief to be had if I laid low.

Well, I’m in my late 50s now. I live alone and I have very little to lose. I’ve decided to at least finish this for my daughter. She’s going away to college in the fall after finishing her first two years close at home. I’ll give her the manuscript

after she graduates. I don't want to give her anything disturbing to think about until after she's through with her studies. I don't know if I'll actually publish this, but I do need to put it all down on paper. There is so much that has happened, and it continues to happen almost every day. I'll continue to report the major events in my journal.

The two unexplained bruises I found on my left shin have stopped being sensitive to the touch and seem to be almost healed, except that they are still quite dark in color. One is halfway down my right calf and right over a new scoop mark. The other is halfway between the first bruise and my ankle.

I discovered the new scoop mark on my right shin about a week ago. The first one, which I received years before, has since filled in.

Wednesday, May 31st

After work, I came home to find the door at the end of the hall to the stairwell was wide open again. I used to think that my neighbor across the way was leaving it open occasionally, even though I posted a sign asking people to keep it shut. I met her recently in the hallway and we talked about the door being left open. She hadn't known that I made the sign and said she thought it was me that was leaving it open. She agrees that it should be left shut for security reasons. (The homeless sometimes gain entrance to our apartment building through the garage and come up the stairwells, and there have

been thefts of bicycles that were left in the hallways.) I'm beginning to think it's another sign that Majestic has visited while I was away or asleep, when I find it left open in the morning.⁸

3:00 A.M.:

Tonight I found six marks or more on the back of my right thigh. I have to use a hand mirror to see them. They don't hurt, but are red and raised and form a part of a circle. They almost look like mosquito bites.

Thursday, June 1st

When I woke up this morning, I found my blanket on the floor at the bottom of the bed. This has happened a few times before, but I don't see how it could while I'm asleep. I don't know that I toss and turn that much during the two hours that I normally sleep before waking up. In fact I can't toss and turn at all because I'm hooked up to a C-PAP machine at night. (It was prescribed for my Sleep Apnea.) If I were to try and turn over in my sleep, the plastic air hose would bunch up and break the seal of my face mask. That would certainly wake me up.

⁸ Majestic was the code name used for a blue-ribbon committee formed by President Truman to investigate the crash of a flying saucer near Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. It is thought that this committee (or one like it) later took control of all matters related to UFOs, including, no doubt, the covert surveillance of Abductees/Experiencers.

Saturday, June 3rd

I discovered at least nine new marks behind my left thigh, maybe a couple more. They seem to be in two groups, one above the other. They're red but don't hurt to the touch. They look like mosquito bites or needle marks that have become infected. The marks behind my right thigh are all but gone, with only two still visible. There are also what look like two puncture marks on the back of my left hand. Both are just to the side of a vein. I also found a small bruise just below my right knee today. There's another bruise halfway down my right shin, just below the new scoop mark that I reported finding in my May 30th journal entry. It's beside another new puncture mark.

Also, when I took a shower tonight I noticed that the hair on the back of my wrists and on my shoulders was matted with a residue of some sort. It was very difficult to remove with just soap and water, even when I used a scrub brush. It reminded me of the kind of residue left by the gel used by lab technicians, when they place the electrodes on a patient in preparation for an EKG test.

Monday, June 5th

When I came home tonight I was very fatigued, so I decided to take a nap before doing anything else. I slept for about two hours (pretty well the maximum I ever sleep at one time) before getting up. When I got up I soon noticed that my

eyes were itching, so I went into the bathroom to take a look in the mirror. They were very red, but not swollen, and I bathed them in eye drops. After a half an hour the eye drops have reduced the discomfort and a lot of the redness, but it's obvious that I need another dose.

Also, when I logged on to my computer this evening my new spyware detection software told me that I had two unauthorized new programs recently installed. The "further details" link for each "alert" said the following.

Product name is not provided.
Company name is not provided.
Copyright information is not provided.

When I tried to remove them, the screen announced, "There are currently no new alerts to view" (meaning the operation was successful), but in a couple of seconds the two pieces of spyware were detected again and the original two alerts reappeared on the screen. I followed the instructions to remove them several times, but the same announcement (followed by the same two alerts) appeared on the screen each time.

The thing is, although my new computer is Internet-ready, I haven't as yet connected to the Internet and gone online, so these two pieces of spyware couldn't have come from surfing the Web. It's Majestic's doing and they wanted me to know that they're in my computer. I'm sure they know

how to plant their spyware so as not to be detected, if they really wanted to.

Tuesday, June 6th

I met Leila for lunch. She works downtown just a few blocks from me. She told me she has become more aware of her own ET experiences over the last few years. I told her of my recent nighttime bruising and she confessed that she sometimes finds unexplained marks on her body, too. I mentioned again that I could count on one hand the number of times that I have slept three or more consecutive hours in the last dozen years before waking up. She confirmed today that she has had, for the last ten years or so, the same interrupted sleep patterns as I have. I came home and reread parts of my journal from 1994, among them the entry for April 26, 1994 when my friend, Dick Mayfield, asked me if he could sleep over because of his “night terrors.” He told me that night that for the past six years he hadn’t slept more than a couple of hours at a time. He apparently suffered from the same sleep disorder as Leila and I do. I think I see a pattern here.

Friday, June 9th

This evening I felt a slight pain when I ran my hand over the front of my calf. I took a look and discovered a new puncture mark. It’s infected. They usually are. I think they are meant to be. The ETs can take scoops of flesh from my legs, leaving no blood or infection. My human intruders want me to

recognize their handiwork and make sure that their injections are noticed, by insuring that they become infected. It's supposed to instill fear and induce paranoia. I won't give them the satisfaction. I don't know what I'm being injected with, but it seems that in addition to the psychological warfare that's being waged against me my body is also a battlefield.

Tuesday, June 13th

I sleep with several pillows, including two king-sized pillows, one to support my back and another to put between my knees. I augment the pillow for my back with a smaller one to tuck in here and there, depending on where the aches and pains are at the moment. Whenever I wake up, which is every hour and a half to two hours, I'll turn over and reposition the small pillow so that it's at my back again. Last night, I woke up at 4:00 A.M. and did just that, but when I woke up the next time I noticed that the small pillow was not within reach. A complete search of the covers revealed it at the very bottom of the bed and next to the wall. I don't know how it could have migrated that far, since I don't move around much in my sleep. When I got home from work, I found a new small bruise next to another mark in the middle of my left shin.

Wednesday, June 14th

As I came home today on the train, I noticed that I was being stared at by a guy wearing sunglasses. He was seated about fifteen feet in front of me. I didn't notice him as I looked

around for a place to sit, so he may have been behind me as I boarded. When I took my seat and the book I've been reading from my briefcase, I looked up and saw him. He was dressed in civilian clothes and had a short (military?) haircut. I was sitting alone in the double seat, so it was me he was staring at. When I stared back, he didn't look away. The book I had with me was one written by another Experiencer, so I held it up high and wide open so the title would be easily visible to him. The slight movement of his head indicated to me that he was trying to read it. I kept staring at him over the top of the book, and all the while he didn't shift his gaze or change his deadpan expression. I finally gave up and laid the book on my lap and started reading. A little while later I saw him get off at the next station.

Thursday, June 15th

It's my birthday today. Katherine and her mother picked me up after work and we drove to Katherine's boyfriend's place, where Katherine made dinner for all. It was afterwards, when she was standing in the kitchen, that her mother asked her about the bruises on her legs. Although she was wearing a skirt, I hadn't noticed them until Margaret said something.

My heart sank like a stone. Both of Katherine's legs were covered in bruises. They were of the same size as the ones I've been finding on my legs. Katherine said that she

didn't know for sure where she had gotten them, but suspected it was from her job. She picks up trash around the seats in a movie theater, and thinks she might be hitting her shins on the seats. I didn't say anything to the contrary, although the bruises were all over her legs and not just confined to the limited area where the seats would have been hitting her.

Tuesday, July 4th

I'm vacationing all this week with my friend Arian at her mobile home park for seniors. She is the youngest of those who reside there, having just lived long enough to qualify. I happened to be outside and listening to my transistor radio with its earphones today, when the sound of a helicopter intruded on the talk program I was tuned to. I looked up and saw a helicopter leaving the area. Because of its distance and the way it was positioned in the sky, I couldn't see if it had markings or not, or even if it had one rotor or two. I had been slow to recognize the sound as that of a helicopter through the headphones and didn't respond in time. But why would any helicopter buzz a mobile home park for seniors?

Friday, July 14th

I woke up today feeling very spacey, like I was drugged. Two hours at work and four cups of coffee later, I still couldn't shake the feeling. I was making simple mistakes with the paperwork on my desk and finally decided to go home.

We are moving part of the office to a new location this afternoon, and although I wanted to stay and help, I knew I couldn't be useful in my present condition. I'm going to take a nap and hope that helps.

As I powered up my computer to make this notation, I checked the history of my "Window Washer" program (it overwrites the histories of various files on the computer), and it said that the last "wash" overwrote seven Internet-related files. The thing is, I haven't been able to access the Internet for some time now. When I try, the system message always says that I can't connect because either the modem is already being used or it's missing. I have a modem, but I think that Majestic has taken control of it.

Saturday, July 15th

I got up this morning at about 8 o'clock and had my usual weekend breakfast at the corner restaurant. I still felt drugged and the feeling didn't really leave me until after noon. It was only then that I noticed that I have two new wounds on my right hand. They are red and ugly and appear to be infected, so they would have to have been there for a day or so to have gotten so nasty. The one near the second joint of my thumb is a cut, three sixteenths of an inch long. The other is near a vein on the back of my hand, near the base of the thumb. The vein is raised and that is the only way I would know that it's there, because I can't see a vein on my left hand at the same

spot. This wound looks like it could be a puncture mark. I should remember getting these wounds because they look like they would have been painful at the time, but then again I was probably drugged. Damn bastards!

Monday, July 17th

They were in my apartment again today. Whenever I come home, my two cats usually act as if they couldn't care less. They will normally be lounging in their favorite places and might glance my way (or not) as I enter the room from the hallway. Today when I opened the door, both of them were standing there to greet me. They circled near my feet until I made my way into our living area and sat down, talking to me all the way. They're going to need more attention than usual tonight.

Oh yes, the door at the end of the hall that leads to the garage stairway was open again when I came home, another sign that Majestic has been here. The door wasn't wide open, or even just ajar. The door was opened and then brought back to touch the door jamb. This is not a natural position for a door when a person just walks through and doesn't think to shut it. Even if a person was to swing the door backward as he passed through, it isn't likely that it would wind up actually touching the door jamb. The door would either miss its mark or close. It might come quite close to touching the door jamb, but it usually takes a conscious act of placing the door in position to actually

touch the jamb. It might happen once in a great while, but as I think this though I remember that the door has been left touching the door jamb almost every time I've seen it open. I'm sorry. I'm notoriously slow in getting things. Majestic probably had hoped that I would figure this out long ago.

Majestic wants the Experiencer to know when they've visited. All of this "sneak & peek" is meant to generate fear and paranoia. That's why they leave the hallway door open in that unnatural position. It's right next to my apartment door and I always glance over to check it when I come home.

Saturday, July 22nd

When I woke up this morning around 7:30, my upper arms were sore, like I had done some pull-ups or carried something heavy in both hands for a while. By the time I finished my weekend breakfast at the corner restaurant they didn't hurt anymore, but as of now (1:30 in the afternoon) they still feel weak. What was I doing last night?

Friday, July 28th

I noticed today two new puncture marks, one on the back of each of my hands. They are symmetrically placed in that both are near the wrists, and about one inch from the edge of the wrist (thumb side). Like all the others, they don't hurt, but look like they should, because they're red and ugly looking. The humans evidently never use an alcohol swab. They just

jam the needle in. I think these invasions of my body by the Majestic don't hurt because I'm being cushioned from some of the effects of their harassment by my ET friends.

Saturday, August 5th

Several things happened today to make me suspect that someone came into my apartment last night. When I got up, my cats were all over me. Usually they're very nonchalant. Pywacket may (or may not) see me to the door when I leave, but that's because he's been "dethroned" as the Alpha Cat by Charlie and needs reassurance that I still love him. I got Charlie when she was a kitten to be company for Pywacket, but she's since grown to adulthood and asserted herself. Today they both saw me to the door when I left the apartment, even vocalizing their concerns as I left. I glanced at the hallway door. It was shut; no sign of Majestic there.

All day long I've been hyper-emotional. When this happens, it's always strong feelings of compassion welling up inside of me. Today I was reduced to tears by an encounter with a homeless man. There really isn't that much that separates us. Genetically we're all but identical, and growing up we had much in common. We were both little boys once, and both of us have had to deal with siblings, friends, bullies, teachers and our parents. We are both human, yet I have a relatively comfortable life and he's carrying what few possessions he has in plastic bags and talking to the air around

him. There, but for the grace of providence, go I. Later I blew my nose and had my first nosebleed in years.

Some have speculated that the nosebleeds Experiencers often have are the result of nasal implants that are thought to stimulate the frontal lobes of the brain. That's the area of our gray matter that's responsible for our higher mental processes. It's where the concepts of right and wrong and our feelings of compassion are developed. Perhaps last night the little guys came and stimulated my frontal lobes for an extra dose of good feeling for my fellow human beings.

Evening:

This will be my last journal entry. I've decided to stop noting everything that happens in writing, at least as a journal entry. There are a couple of reasons. First I need to finish this thing. If I keep adding to it, it will always be open-ended.

The second is that my diary entries seem to encourage Majestic to continue their mischief. They invade my apartment while I'm away and always do something to show me that they've been there. It's part of their psychological warfare and it's meant to create paranoia, or at least paranoid behavior. (Just because you're paranoid, it doesn't mean that they're not really out to get you.) If I freak out and act paranoid, then people won't take what I say seriously, and that's exactly what Majestic wants. Every time I took note in my journal that the hallway door was left open in that special way to indicate that

Majestic was there, they did it again. It's become so routine now that I'm sure that even if the door is left that way, they often don't bother even to enter the apartment. (My cats don't always react now). Whenever I report on their doings, they take it as a sign that their techniques are working because they got a reaction out of me. I've decided now not to automatically respond to the little things they do to me by noting it in my journal. Instead, I'll write short chapters in this book about the major events that continue to happen.

HIGH STRANGENESS



Terms & Definitions

Throughout this book I use certain words and terms that I should define. Some of my definitions don't quite match those in the dictionary, but when referring to very strange situations that are outside the experience of most humans, or to sentient life forms who come from outside our normal time and space, our earthly vocabulary (in whatever language) is often not up to the task.

ET is short for "Extraterrestrial," which my dictionary defines as "originating, located or occurring outside Earth or its atmosphere." Less than twenty years ago it was generally believed that all UFOs and their occupants came from some other terrestrial planet with a hard outer crust composed of bedrock, as opposed to a gaseous planet like Jupiter or Saturn. No other possibility was considered, because no other possibility was thought . . . possible.

Since then most researchers have expanded their thinking to include the concept of beings who can travel between dimensions, called "Interdimensionals" or "IDs."⁹ The

⁹ The current state of theoretical physics in the post-Einstein era is best represented by what is known as "String Theory." According to our current understanding, reality is composed of eleven different dimensions. These dimensions vibrate like a string on a violin, each at a different rate, with our existence in this material dimension vibrating at the lowest rate. Each dimension contains within it an infinite number of universes, each representing one of the infinite possibilities shown to mathematically exist through the famous example of "Schrödinger's Cat." (Google it.)

IDs that visit us are thought to exist mainly on the “Astral” or “Ethereal” Plane, a plane of existence right next to our own, separated by only a thin veil that hides it from our perception. This plane of existence can be accessed by humans through a variety of out-of-body travel techniques, including meditation, use of psychedelic drugs, the practice of remote viewing, or even the act of dying (more on that later). There are many stories of people seeing the Grays when accessing the Ethereal Plane through any one of these methods.

It seems that dozens of different species are visiting Earth at present. Whether they’re from terrestrial planets or from other dimensions is often hard to discern. I’ve chosen simply to use the old tried and true “Alien” (with a capital A to differentiate it from the human variety) and “ET” as a general term to refer to any sentient Being not originating on this physical Earth, including Interdimensionals.

In my journal I wrote Gray with a capital “G,” but from here on out I’ll be more specific. Whenever I refer to the Gray Aliens I’ll now use the lower case (gray) to indicate the small variety, and the upper case (Gray) when referring to the taller ones who appear to be their supervisors.

UFO is an acronym for “Unidentified Flying Object.” Edward Ruppelt, director of Project Blue Book, coined the phrase, but it quickly became a misnomer as the military early on leaned toward the extraterrestrial explanation as the only

answer that fit the facts of the phenomenon and said so in print, before the lid slammed shut within the military on open discussion of the subject when the CIA took control of all UFO-related information-gathering in 1956.¹⁰

“Flying Saucer” was originally part of a newspaper headline, referring to Kenneth Arnold’s description in 1947 of his sighting of disks that flew in formation near Mount Rainier in the state of Washington. He said they looked like two saucers, one turned on top of the other and later described their movements to reporters, “like a saucer would [look] if you skipped it across the water.” The term stuck.

“Fast Walker” is supposedly the military designation for the typical small flying saucer, and of course “Mother Ship” refers to one that is much larger.

I like Captain Ruppelt’s “UFO” because, in the larger sense, we really don’t know what they are. Are these ships that

¹⁰ Refer to page 338 in the Appendix for a photocopy of the original dust jacket to the hardcover edition of *Flying Saucers from Outer Space*, by Major Donald Keyhoe, USMC, ret. On the back is reproduced a letter received by the publisher from the Department of Defense, written by public relations officer Albert Chop on DOD stationery, describing Major Keyhoe as “a responsible, accurate reporter,” and confirming that “all the sighting reports and other information he listed have been cleared and made available to Major Keyhoe from Air Technical Intelligence records, at his request.” The letter ends by saying that there are those in the Air Force who believe “if the apparently controlled maneuvers reported by many competent observers are correct, then the only remaining explanation is the Interplanetary Answer.” In *Flying Saucer Conspiracy*, another book by Keyhoe, he reproduced a letter from Edward J. Ruppelt, Chief of Project Blue Book, in which Ruppelt stated that he agreed with the above statement by Mr. Chop in regards to the origins of flying saucers.

traverse the stars, or they interdimensional transport? Are they nuts-and-bolts aircraft, or are they possibly a hybrid of machine and biological life, as some people like Bob Lazar have speculated?

Some have said that there are no real UFOs, meaning that their origins are known, at least to the government, and therefore not “unidentified.” I think that’s too simplistic an answer. Which UFOs are they talking about? With dozens of Alien species visiting Earth from planets in this or any one of ten other dimensions, any one flying disk can come from just about anywhere. Just because they look alike, doesn’t mean they all come from the same place. Are all Boeing 747 aircraft manufactured at the same factory? Are they all based in the same country? Do all their crews even speak the same language?

There are UFOs of many different designs, from the familiar “saucer” or “disk” to the more old-fashioned cigar-shaped craft, and now large noiseless triangular airships are being sighted more and more often. I’ll use UFO to describe Alien flying craft in general, and “saucer” or “disk” when talking about ships of a circular design.

The two words used most often to describe me and others like me who have Awakened into this new paradigm are “Abductee” and “Experiencer.” One word is obviously negative in its implication, while the other suggests a more

natural position as to how one feels about their Awakening.¹¹ Throughout the rest of the book I will on occasion use these two words separately, but most often I'll combine them into one word, "Abductee/Experiencer," as I try to speak to these two groups of my fellow travelers.

I use the name "Majestic" to refer to that arm of our secret government that's responsible for all matters related to UFOs. It was the name given to President Truman's original UFO advisory panel. Although there is no real evidence that it remained in existence beyond its original mandate to investigate a UFO crash sight near Roswell, New Mexico in 1947, it's only logical to assume that the Majestic-12 Committee (or something like it) continues to monitor the UFO situation, including the surveillance of those people in contact with their occupants.

¹¹ See "What do We Call Ourselves" on page 225 for a more thorough discussion of the meaning and use of these two words.

The “Physical” Evidence

When Experiencers go searching for evidence that the strangeness that has taken hold their lives is in fact real and not a figment of their imagination, they often don't have look beyond their own bodies to confirm that something bizarre is going on in the middle of the night. The sudden appearance of a scoop mark on your leg or the discovery of an unexplained scar or scrape marks can go a long way to proving that you're not crazy, at least to yourself.

Over the years, there were many times when I would wake up to find that something had happened to my body while I slept. Some of the effects were permanent, others transitory. In this segment I'll note all the “physical evidence” my body has collected during my years of ET contacts. (The psychological changes I've undergone are described elsewhere in this book.)

Puncture Marks

On many occasions over the years, I would discover what looked like puncture marks on various parts of my body, including the backs of my legs and hands. Many of these incidents were duly reported in my journal. If they were needle punctures, I don't know who administrated the injections. It could have been the ETs or my human intruders, although I

expect that both do inject me with something at various times for their own separate purposes.

These puncture marks were of two distinct varieties. Some I was able to easily identify as needle injection sites, especially when I felt like I was drugged. Then there were those that appeared in clusters, forming circular or semicircular patterns on the backs of my legs. They were accompanied by a raised portion of the skin directly below the puncture and looked for all the world like mosquito bites. These mosquito-like marks have been reported by other Abductee/Experiencers.

I also have a lower back injury, and in the days leading up to the Bay Area UFO Expo in Santa Clara, California in August of 2006, it was particularly painful in the sciatic area on the left side. I could feel a skin disruption of some kind there, but couldn't see anything using my personal hand mirror. When I checked into my hotel room, I used the magnifying mirror attached to the wall in the bathroom to get a better look. It was a puncture mark and it was directly over the source of my pain.

It was the first UFO convention that I attended after I restarted work on my book, and I took a room for the weekend so I wouldn't have to commute the 50 miles each way for both days of the event. I woke up the next morning with a fresh needle mark on the back of my right hand. Cynthia, an Experiencer friend of mine who was also attending the

convention, was quite excited when she saw it and showed my hand to several of her friends.

The motives of my human tormentors are fairly easy to discern. I'm told that, aside from wanting to inflict pain and suffering by inflaming old injuries, the abductions by the government (called "military re-abductions") are often done to "debrief" the Abductee/Experiencer after an ET visit, through the use of hypnosis and sometimes the injection of drugs.

I said earlier that I thought that at least some of my puncture marks were caused by the ETs. But why would they want to inject me with anything?

In the early morning hours of August 17, 1994 I woke up feeling very altered perceptually and staggered to my desk to write two words on my notepad, "I'm metamorphosing." I wanted to document the thought I had in my head when I woke up, but I couldn't stay conscious and right afterwards stumbled back to my pillow and "fell asleep."

The drugs administered by the ETs are, I think, meant to alter me internally. The process, called "Transgenics," is described in a book by UFO researchers Budd Hopkins and his wife Carol Rainey. The authors believe that, in addition to the human-Alien hybrid program where human female eggs and male sperm are united with Alien genes to form hybrid fetuses, humans are also physically "transformed" using gene therapy.

As to why Aliens would want to alter selected humans,

all we can do is speculate. To survive on other planets? To survive here on Earth, after some drastic change that is to come? To change us into a fifth column of methane-breathing Space Bugs in preparation for an invasion? Who knows? All I know is that I don't.

Raised Veins

In 1995 I noted . . .

"On several occasions, I've woken up after a visit with the veins on the backs of my hands standing out predominantly, twice their normal size. After a couple of hours, they return to normal. When I described this to Leila, she likened it to a "histamine reaction."

This cyclic raising and lowering of the veins on the backs of my hands continued for years. Then there was a period of almost two years when they were always raised up. I thought, in fact, that it had become a permanent condition. I was beginning to think that maybe it was just a sign of advancing age. I see a lot of elderly people with raised veins on the back of their hands. But recently I was startled to notice that the backs of my hands were smooth once again, and that none of the veins were even noticeable. They came back after a few hours, as high as ever, but then receded again. The rise and fall of the veins on my hands is back to a cyclic pattern again, periods of time when they're very predominant, followed by equal periods when they're not visible at all.

Bruises

Very often after a visit by someone in the night (an ET or a Majestic agent, I never know for sure which), I would wake up with bruises on my legs. It used to happen quite often, but now only on rare occasions.

I used to wonder if I was so clumsy that I walked into things when I was with the ETs and in that hypnotic-like mental state. Other times I would think that maybe some of it was because of rough handling by Majestic thugs. I was very upset when I found out that my daughter Katherine was also discovering bruises on her legs for which she couldn't account. While they never were painful, they were always dark and ugly looking.

Some of the bruising might be caused by the ETs, but some is definitely caused by Majestic's heavy hand, literally. Some Abductee/Experiencers have found bruises with fingerprints etched in them on their arms and legs, proving they were held down with human hands. Although I never noticed any fingerprints on me, many of the smaller bruises were near what looked like puncture marks. If those marks were from needle punctures, then those bruises might well have been a result of being forcibly held down. Perhaps my attackers wore latex gloves when they administered their injections.

Right Foot, Left Foot, a Painful Dance

There was a period of about six months when I would

feel sharp pains in the heel of my right foot whenever I would stand up to walk. The longer I had gone without putting weight on that foot, the more painful it was when I did. I would limp for a while before the pain would subside to a level where I could distribute my weight on both feet again and walk fairly normally. I never did go to a doctor. I was unemployed during that time and couldn't afford one. I also knew deep down inside that this was caused by the ETs, and that human doctors wouldn't find anything. After enduring this condition for several months the pain shifted to the heel of my left foot, leaving the right one feeling completely normal again.

Shortly afterwards I started work as a truck driver for a small Korean household moving company that catered to Korean nationals moving to and from the US. I remember being thankful that my right foot was feeling normal again, because it was the one I now used for the gas and brake pedals when I drove. The left foot was just as painful as the right one had ever been, and for just about as long. Afterwards, I never had a problem with either foot again.

The same thing later happened to a lady friend of mine for a while, and in the same manner, with one foot being affected for several months and then the other.

The Case of the Mysterious Muscles

There have been many times when I've woken up in the middle of the night with my arms and legs aching as if I had

been lifting heavy objects and hiking for miles in my sleep. I would often have to take pain medication to go back asleep because I would hurt so much.

First of all, let me say that I'm now in my early 60s and I lead a very sedentary lifestyle, the only exercise I get being the three blocks I walk each way to and from the public transportation I take to work. I sometime joke that if I didn't walk down the escalators, I wouldn't get any exercise at all.

So it was more than a little surprising when I discovered that I had developed muscles in places where I hadn't had any before. The muscles in my upper arms atrophied years ago, but I find I now can flex a pretty firm bicep in either arm. Also my calf muscles are much harder than they were before. Evidently, I've been working out in my sleep.

This is great! I get results without having to take time out and go to a gym. I don't even have to be motivated to exercise because I evidently have my own personal trainer who won't take no for an answer. The best part is I don't have to remember any of it, just feel the pain after it's all over and pop some ibuprofen.

But seriously, it's sobering to think that something "out there" wants to toughen me up. What's in store for me, that I need to be in good physical shape in my old age to be prepared for it?

A Cleansing?

Having survived the California water shortages of the 70s and 80s, I have the habit of not flushing my toilet every time I urinate, so it may stand for several hours between flushings. In 1994, I wrote . . .

My urine, if left in the toilet bowl for a couple of hours, will get cloudy and very slimy looking. Also there were cyclic periods of several weeks duration when my urine would produce black sediment in the commode, just below the water line. It would have to be brushed away with a toilet brush. The coating was too thin, however, to scrape up and collect as a sample.

The appearance of my urine eventually reverted to its normal state, of either being clear or of a yellow color, even when left unattended overnight. The black sediment was never reproduced again, but sometime in the summer of 2006 my urine started becoming a disgusting cloudy and slimy mess again when left to sit for a few hours. This went on for over a year, but then it reverted to normal yet again.

I was later able to confirm that this is indeed a cleansing process of some kind. In 1992 I stopped eating mammals, deciding that they were just too high up on the food chain. They have all the emotions of humans and it just seems too much like cannibalism to me. Not liking vegetables, I eat a lot of chicken and tuna. Until a year ago I ate maybe six cans of albacore (white tuna) a week, because I had heard that dolphins don't swim with them as they do with other varieties of tuna, so

they aren't caught up in the fishing nets. As it turns out, albacore has up to five times the mercury levels of regular tuna. I've since switched to regular tuna and only eat that occasionally now, but whenever I do my urine becomes a slimy mess for the next several days.

What Did They Do to My Teeth?

I have a memory of a "dream" fragment. I become aware that I'm conscious, but I have my eyes closed. My mouth is open and suddenly I feel all of my teeth leave in one fell swoop, first the uppers and then, in rapid succession, the lower set of teeth. I remember being amazed, but quickly lost consciousness. After that night, my bite was off and I kept biting the inside of my cheek for a week or two afterwards. I tried to establish with my dentist that something was wrong, but he couldn't find anything unusual.

Funny, I Don't Remember Having Brain Surgery

Years ago I found a scar on the back of my neck, just up in the hairline. I was sporting a ponytail at the time. When I shaved my neck, I accidentally went up higher than usual and discovered it using a hand mirror. A friend measured it at just less than five inches in length. Now the question is, "Who did it, the ETs or Majestic?"

I also don't have any major memory lapses in my life. I imagine it would take some time to recover from surgery,

especially one that would require such a long incision. Now I know that the ETs can work out of time, so they're the logical first suspect.¹² The length of the scar suggests to me, however, that it might have been Earthly medicine that would have need for that much room to maneuver. I don't think the ETs would have needed to be so evasive. If that's true, then the government might be in possession of time-altering technology. (There are some books written from the fringes of UFOlogy that put forth just that hypothesis.) Or perhaps they have some secret medical advancement that speeds the physical healing of wounds, or something like that used in conjunction with a post-hypnotic suggestion for the subject to ignore the affected area for a while.

I personally don't know the answer, at least not consciously. At first I thought that the ETs might have done some corrective surgery. My grandmother, Happy, died of a brain aneurysm and I thought that maybe they had acted to prevent something similar from happening to me. However two good friends of mine, both of whom happen to be genuine psychics, told me (independently of each other, I might add) that it was a surgical procedure performed by government doctors, meant to interfere with my psychic development. Although the higher psychic functions of humans are located

¹² I was given a dramatic demonstration of their ability to manipulate time and space. (See "Missing Time in Bumper-to-Bumper Traffic" on page 161.)

behind the forehead, at the third eye or sixth chakra, our animal-like psychic abilities are seated in the primal part of the brain, near the back. Both the higher and lower psychic centers have to work together, I'm told, to produce "self-generated" effects.

In addition to the scar on the back of my neck and the one on my genitals, which I described earlier in my journal, I also have one on my chin. Most of it is hidden in the natural lines under the chin, but the scar turns upwards on the left side and ends quite noticeably at the top.

I also have what I think is a Majestic implant, located directly over my left temple. I have felt it for years, but now that I'm cutting my hair short, it's quite obvious. It looks and feels like a dark crusted scab, and my head will hurt whenever I touch it, even slightly. The ET implants I have are fleshy in nature and have never caused me any pain.

Nighttime Sunburns

On May 21, 1994 I reported in my journal that I had somehow acquired a sunburn during the previous night. Although I didn't note when it happened next, it did happen again at least three other times. The severity of the burns I received in the last incident induced me to break my prohibition and write one more time in my UFO journal.

October 17, 2006 – Tuesday

I'm recovering from what I think is a mild case of radiation poisoning. Yesterday, when I got up I wasn't feeling too well. For the last two weeks I've been battling severe sciatic pain on my right side. A regimen of hot and cold packs, exercise and codeine medication have barely kept me from panic, as pain constantly shoots up and down my leg. I had believed my queasiness was due to the cumulative effects of exhaustion and frayed nerves that can result from severe chronic pain.

I shaved and got dressed to go to work, pushing aside thoughts of calling in sick. At my age, I don't want to give people at work any reason to question my ability to keep up, so off to work I went. I knew that something had happened during the night, though. My lips were numb.

I stopped on the way to work to talk with a street musician and he commented on my "sunburn." I didn't know what he was talking about because I hadn't been out of my apartment all weekend (except for breakfast at the corner café, a half a block away from my apartment), but when I stopped by the restroom at work before going to my desk I saw what he had been talking about. Three fourths of my face was a dark red color with a clear straight line down the middle of my left cheek, marking the boundary between pink flesh and red meat. It didn't hurt, although it certainly looked as if it should, and earlier in the morning I was able to shave without feeling any undue tenderness. (The ETs have for me often rendered painless what should have been very painful.) For some reason the artificial lighting in my bathroom at home didn't show the redness nearly as clearly as the natural lighting in the bathroom at work, which is provided by a light-well and a bank of corrugated glass windows. Three of my co-workers saw the "sunburn." One hypothesized a drug reaction with one of my medications. The usual morning cups of coffee didn't do anything to improve my stamina, so I finally went home and slept the rest of the day and most of the night (never more than two hours in a row, of course).

I was better today, but felt drained and bit nauseous at the end of eight hours at work. My lips feel normal today and when I looked in the mirror this morning I could see the redness, but this time I was looking for it. There was something new, however, a couple of blisters on the left side of my forehead. The skin in that area is very red, standing out from the rest of my face in contrast. In the middle of the redness is a raised section with a clear membrane on top. There is a second, smaller blister nearby. Also, I didn't see the clear line of demarcation down my left cheek, as I did yesterday. The whole of my face is red now. It appears that I was dosed with radiation a second time last night. This time it was enough to blister me!

By the time I got home today, the fluid in both blisters had dissipated, leaving empty sacks of skin lying against my forehead to mark where they had been. The redness is still there and my face does feel tender now. I guess the anesthesia (hypnosis-induced?) is wearing off.

This has happened several times before. This was the only time that I've blistered, though, and the only time when I've felt ill afterwards.¹³

There were several times when I woke up with my eyes inflamed and feeling like they were filled with sand. It usually took a couple of doses of eye drops to stifle the urge to rub them. I suspect that these were also times when I was exposed to some sort of radiation, but perhaps not enough to redden the skin noticeably. I don't know who radiated me, the ETs or Majestic, or what their purpose was for doing so. The second of this last pair of incidents, though, appears to have been

¹³ A photograph taken several days later, showing the empty blister sacks still visible on my forehead, is reproduced on page 353 in the Appendix.

meant to “erase” the line left on my forehead from the night before.

Spontaneous Healings

Spontaneous healings are a somewhat controversial subject in the UFO community. Not everyone gets them. Those who do don't like to talk about them very much, for fear of coming across as bragging. There are Experiencers out there with serious medical problems that need attention who can't understand why, despite their willingness to cooperate with the ETs, they don't receive this kind of special attention.

In my journal, I've described several times when the ETs have healed me in some way. The first, only a month after I had Awakened in 1994 to the fact that something strange had taken hold of my life, occurred after I strained my chest and shoulder on my home exercise machine. The second was when I asked for, and received, a healing of the tendonitis in my left hand. The next healing was one that I hadn't asked for and one that wasn't physically necessary, thus showing me again that the ETs I'm involved with are compassionate beings. I drank too much the night I learned that I had lost a job opportunity for which I had been training for weeks. They eased both my nausea and my depression that time. Besides these specific acts of mercy that I've described in my journal, I have received other spontaneous healings from the ETs.

For many years I drove for a living. It's an unfortunate

occupational hazard for such people to develop precancerous nodes on the high points of their faces, especially on the left, the driver side that gets the sun.

Sometime in 1995, I had a spontaneous healing of just such a node on my nose that had suddenly flared up and became three times its normal size. I procrastinated and didn't call my doctor. After about a week, I woke up to find that it had shrunk back to its original size. It bled slightly when I touched it that morning, and I later found a bloody spot on my bath towel.

Six months to a year after that, I noticed that another precancerous node that I had had on my nose for years had suddenly grown in size. A few days later I woke up to find that it had been dealt with during the night in the same manner as the previous one.

Years later, in May of 2006, another node that had developed on my left cheek was removed completely, before it showed any signs of becoming inflamed like the others. I guess they caught on to the fact that I don't like going to doctors and, because of my stubbornness, decided that they would have to take care of the problem themselves.

In order to tell the reader of a wondrous spontaneous healing I received, for which I will be eternally grateful, I must admit to having done something that I'm ashamed of and would really rather forget. In the name of truth and honesty, though,

I'll swallow my pride and tell you that there was a six-month period in my history when I was married to crack cocaine. It was the darkest time of my life, when I didn't care if I lived or died. I guess, after a while, I realized that I really would die if I didn't stop what I was doing, and I didn't want my daughter to know that her father had come to such a pitiful end. I threw away my pipe four different times and each time I went back and bought another one the next day. After the fifth time, I finally succeeded in putting it down for good.

I slowly returned to the land of the living, but I had destroyed my lungs. I tired easily and it was difficult for me to breathe at times. After two years of living with very little lung power, struggling for breath after even the slightest bit of physical activity, I suddenly became aware one day that I was able to breathe deeply again. I couldn't believe it. I had my lungs back!

I first noticed it after I climbed the three flights of stairs to visit my mother one afternoon. Her apartment building didn't have an elevator, and each time I went to see her I would have to drag myself up the stairs, stopping at each landing for a few seconds to catch my breath. But one day I was amazed to find that I hadn't needed to stop for a rest and had made it to the top breathing normally all the way! I was dumbfounded, and so very grateful to "the powers that be." I still am.

The middle of my back is still numb, however. The

cocaine evidently collected there and, to this day, someone can stick a straight pin in my back and I won't feel it.

Over the years, the ETs have been very patient with me and my foolishness, but in this instance they were cautious as well. They waited two years before healing me to verify that I had resolved the issues that derailed my life, and that I was secure in my sobriety.

Have We Met Before?

In my journal entry of June 10, 1994 I reported that I “dreamt” I had been with a certain woman for a while and, at the end of the dream, wondered to myself if she wasn’t also an Experiencer.

Months later I took my daughter to a Denny’s Restaurant near where she lived with her mother. When the waitress came to our table, she looked at me and asked me if we had ever met before. At that point I looked at her more closely and then remembered her as the woman in my dream! I hid my surprise as best as I could and didn’t let on that I recognized her. What could I say – “I saw you in a flying saucer”? And besides, my daughter was there with me.

When she came back to the table to serve our food, she asked again if I was sure we hadn’t met somewhere. Again I had to bite my tongue and say that I didn’t think so. I thought of going back later to see if I could get to know her better, but what could I have said to her? I had already denied having met her before. At that time in my life I wasn’t that good at keeping my ET experiences to myself (I’ve since given up trying), and I was sure that at some point I would blurt it all out to her and come across as a crazy person. I just let it go. I’ve often thought later that the ETs might have been trying to bring us together for some reason, but I chose not to cooperate.

Something with Claws

A lady friend of mine once described hearing something when she stayed over one night, “like a dog walking on linoleum with its claws making that clicking sound.” She was too afraid to look, she said, and after a few seconds, “fell asleep.” Just before she did, though, she glanced over at me and saw that I was lying there on my back with my eyes wide open, but unconscious.

Many months later, after our relationship had ended, I was lying in bed with my face to the wall when I heard that same sound behind me, like a dog with long claws walking on a linoleum floor. (I have hardwood floors in my apartment.) I instantly remembered what my old girlfriend had said and realized that this was my moment of truth. Would I be brave enough to turn around and look?

I wanted to. I had on several occasions asked the Grays to tell me what was really happening in the middle of the night when they visited, but was told through two different “dreams” that it was too scary for me to know.¹⁴ I wanted to turn around and show them (and myself) that, although I was afraid, I was also brave.

I wanted to turn around . . . but I didn't. I lay there

¹⁴ Besides the dream reported in my journal entry of September 15, 1994, I had another “dream” in which my nerve was tested against the Chucky doll from the horror movie franchise, *Child's Play*. I lost.

trembling, wishing they would just put me to sleep and do whatever they came to do.

After about a minute or so of waiting, I finally lost consciousness.

My “Secret School”

Whitley Strieber wrote several books describing his ET experiences. One is called *The Secret School*, in which he recounts his nighttime education as a child, administered by the Grays in an outdoor classroom setting with several other children in attendance. A special teaching helmet was used to show the children holographic videos as part of their instruction. I, too, attended a “Secret School” when I was a young boy.

It was around 1957 in Oklahoma, where I spent my life from age six to twelve. I would have to walk to school, which was about a quarter of a mile away. As I followed my route I would cut across a couple of empty lots and finally through an old field of weeds, with a small abandoned horse barn by a creek that meandered nearby. I remember that broken-down horse barn had a strong attraction for me. I didn’t know why, but I would stare at it all the while I crossed the field in the morning. While I was walking home in the afternoon I usually had something else on my mind, but during my morning trek to school my attention was always riveted on that old shack.

In the early 1970s, I returned for Happy’s funeral and took a nostalgic walk to see that old barn again. By then it had been reduced to a few bleached pieces of lumber loosely held

together by rusted nails. After all that time, though, the place still held a strong attraction to me. It was hard to leave.

Later in 1995 I was reading Strieber's description of his nighttime gathering with other children sitting around in a circle with the ETs, and it triggered in me a similar childhood memory at the site of that old horse barn. I remember sitting inside it at night (when it still had something of a roof) with some other children thinking that I knew some of them, but didn't know the others. There were "grown-ups" there who couldn't be seen directly, but we understood that they were in charge and the reason why we were there. I don't remember a helmet, though, or anything specific about the kind of instruction we received, if any.

The ET Employment Agency

During a prolonged period of unemployment in my life, I had another strange “dream.” I was given a sheet of paper by my supervising Gray and told to look at it very carefully. I wanted very much to pass this new “test” and to please my handler, so I looked at the paper most intently.¹⁵

It had a column of letters in groups of three or four running down the left side of the paper. To the right of some of those letter groupings, and on the same line, was repeated the same sequence of letters followed by a slash and another sequence of three or four letters. Some lines had more than one new sequence, in addition to the repeated initial grouping of letters. It didn’t make any sense to me, and that’s where the dream ended.

Months later, as a temporary employee, I was sent by my employment agency to work at a Dub and Ship House for radio and television commercials. A Dub and Ship House makes copies of commercials as they are received from the ad agencies that make them, and ships them to the broadcasting stations around the country that are contracted to air them.

¹⁵ I call my supervising Gray my “Shadow Man,” because he’s always standing in a dark shadow and I can never get a clear look at his face. Whenever he gives me a directive, I listen intently to make sure that I understand the instructions fully, and I endeavor to comply with every detail. My deference to him is complete and I feel and act as if my cooperation is extremely important.

There was some discussion as to where to assign me, either as an order taker, customer service rep, or as a reviewer (someone who makes sure all the stations that are to receive the commercials are listed correctly on the work order). The Review Department won out and I was added to their ranks.

After a round of introductions in my new office, I was shown the paperwork that I was expected to proofread. My jaw dropped to the floor when I saw a column of station call letters (groupings of three or four random letters, beginning with “W” or “K”) running down the left side of the paper, with their “sister” stations (stations owned by the same company) listed on the same line beside them. The sister stations were separated from each other by slashes (/). It was exactly what I had been shown months earlier by my supervising Gray!

It was suddenly obvious to me that it had been determined long before I went to work there that I would find employment at that particular company and in that particular office of the company. I was blown away. Aside from a couple of spontaneous healings that I couldn’t be sure weren’t just to keep their rat running the maze, this was my first real indication that, for whatever reason, I was somehow special to them. I had never heard before of the ETs going out of their way to find a job for an Experiencer, nor have I since. After five months of working at the company as a temp, I was made a permanent hire with vacations and full benefits.

Missing Time in Bumper-to-Bumper Traffic

What I'm about to relate is utterly fantastic, but this incident, shared with one other person in 1997, illustrates how the ETs can manipulate time and space in ways that seem to us like magic.

It was the evening of September 7th and the three-day UFO convention that visited San Francisco every year was coming to an end. I had volunteered for several years running to staff the information booth at these events in exchange for a free ticket. I particularly enjoyed meeting and interacting with the people who would come up and ask for directions to the bathrooms, food court, or sales room. It was getting late, and people were beginning to leave in earnest when I saw that an attractive woman I had talked with earlier was visibly upset.

The light rail transportation system (BART) that services our megalopolis had gone on strike only hours before. Lisa (not her real name) was a vender from out of town, selling a book she had written and published, an encyclopedia of sorts of various alternative medicines and therapies. She was staying at the home of a friend of hers across the Bay and now she was marooned on the wrong side. Although I lived in the city, I told her that I would make the round trip across the bridge and take her to where she needed to go for a twenty-dollar bill. She

agreed and left to telephone her friend for directions, while I closed down the information booth.

When she returned, she read from the notes she had taken. Our instructions were to proceed up Highway 580 and then take the exit for the Caldecott Tunnel, Highway 24. Our exit was the first one, just on the other side of the tunnel in the town of Orinda. I told her that I knew how to get us that far, but that she would have to direct me after that point. We put her things in the back seat of my car and set out for the Bay Bridge.

By the time we made the crossing, it was about nine o'clock. Although it was late, because of the strike the traffic was bumper to bumper as we began to approach the tunnel. Right before the tunnel comes into view there is a sign that reads, "Turn on your headlights." I remember that I saw that sign and complied with its directive, but I never saw the tunnel.

Right after I turned on the headlights, my sight became very limited and I thought that I might be blacking out. I strained to keep my eyes open, terrified that I might crash the car in the middle of what seemed be a stroke. I could only see as far as the rear bumper of the car in front of me, and I focused all my attention on keeping it in sight and trying not to lose consciousness, but in a second or two my field of vision narrowed still further so that all I could see was the steering wheel in front of me! I felt for certain that we were going to

crash at that moment, and then everything went black for a second or two.

My vision suddenly returned and instead of seeing the inside of the tunnel, I was looking at the highway ahead of me with a sign approaching, announcing that our exit was only a quarter of a mile away. I remember thinking that what I was seeing was impossible. I tried to reorient myself, take note of the exit coming up, and keep the car on the road, all the while absorbing the shock of what had just happened. It was a few seconds before I said out loud, "I don't remember going through the tunnel."

"Not unless it was a very short tunnel," Lisa replied. (In fact, the Caldecott Tunnel is over a quarter of a mile long and very brightly lit.) She was a bit confused and didn't know what to say. I didn't either, especially since she was leaving for home the next day and that didn't leave much time for us to talk. It was an awkward moment as we said good-bye to each other. I later wrote her a letter, having retrieved her address from a copy of her book that she had given me, but she never replied.

Considering the distances involved and the time we arrived at our destination, there could have been some missing time, but I couldn't say for sure. I hadn't looked at my watch for some time before the incident.

The enormity of what the ETs had done freaked me out.

Although I had one other incident that seemed to suggest that the Grays could move back and forth in time, this was something far more powerful.¹⁶ Here we were in a stream of cars going the speed limit in a well-lighted approach to one of the longest tunnels in Northern California, when apparently all traffic in the area was stopped; our car was lifted up into the air, floated over the tunnel, deposited back onto the highway and time started back up again. It was as if the Grays had a remote control, like the ones for your DVD player at home, that could pause time itself. Their control unit must be powerful enough to extend the effect for some distance, though, because we were in bumper-to-bumper traffic when it happened.

I wonder if drivers at the periphery of the effect thought there was an accident up ahead, when everything stopped. What of the cars at that very edge of the effect, where drivers were “switched off,” but those behind them weren’t? What did those drivers see, perhaps an illusion of some kind? What would have happened if a helicopter had flown into the area? The mind boggles! The ETs could have taken Lisa and me separately, or together at some other less conspicuous location along the route we took from the Expo, but for some reason

¹⁶ I woke up one night and looked up at my clock radio to see that the time was one hour before I had gone to bed. There was a shadowy presence standing beside my bed and I quickly fell back asleep, even as I pondered what seemed to be an impossibility.

they wanted to give us both an elaborate demonstration of their powers.

Insects in My Face

I had another “dream” that wasn’t a dream where I was lying on my back on a table, with my hands at my side. I opened my eyes to see that insects of some kind were swarming around my groin and I watched them quietly without moving. One of them turned and flew up to my face. I brought my hands up from my side and put them in front of me, in an effort to protect myself from the flying insect.

A man for whom I felt great deference came out of the shadows and told me that I must keep my hands down and proceeded to “tuck me in” so that my arms were at my side and I couldn’t move them. I tried to explain to the man, whom I still couldn’t see very well because he was standing just behind the periphery of my vision, that I had only been trying to protect my face from a swarm of flying insects. I thought to myself that I hoped he understood that I wasn’t at fault, but I knew that whatever was happening was important and I endeavored to comply with his wishes and kept my hands down at my side. I remembered thinking to myself, as the dream ended, that I hoped I was strong enough not to panic if that flying bug were to buzz my face again.

The Flying Van

Yet another “dream” I had. I was standing with a group of people as we waited for something. Off in the distance was a pair of headlights. They were coming at us extremely fast and made a wide sweep in the form of an “S” as they approached, before the vehicle suddenly stopped in front of us. We were with some short people who seemed to supervise us as we got into the van. I took the position by the window, behind the driver’s seat. The seat in front of me was high-backed and the driver was in shadows so I couldn’t see him. When everyone was inside, the doors shut and we were on our way.

After a while, I looked out the window and saw the city’s lights shining in the night below us. “Oh,” I said, “We’re flying!” A split second after I said that, the scene outside my window changed. Suddenly we were driving on city streets. “Oh, I guess I was wrong,” I thought. “We’re not flying.” I remember I was confused by the sudden change in scenery and then the “dream” ended.

It seems that someone who should have been monitoring me more closely wasn’t. I saw something I wasn’t supposed to. I got a peek behind the Wizard’s curtain. It was another incident that demonstrates that the ETs aren’t infallible.

Jim Keith, noted conspiracy theorist, postulated that most UFO Abductions are done by the elements of the CIA

with the military, and disguised as ET Abductions to cover-up their mind control experiments on innocent civilians. Keith addressed the issue of “vans” piloted by ETs with a good helping of sarcasm. “It is perhaps a gauge of the quality of much UFO research that it is considered a serious possibility that these vans sometimes reported in conjunction with abductions and cattle mutilations (or alternately, the black helicopters that often show up around cattle mutilations) are disguised, shape-morphing extra-terrestrial craft. Strange, but if aliens are involved in all of this – and I have grave doubts that they are – instead of vans, wouldn’t the more commonly described Star Trek-like ‘teleporter beams’ as depicted in *Fire From the Sky* be more their speed, much more convenient, and less liable to be discovered? More to the point, when driving vans, would little gray aliens be able to see above the steering wheel?”¹⁷

Keith was a leading researcher in the field of secret government mind control programs and of the techniques developed by the CIA in that area. He was one of the first to discover that the military was simulating Alien Abductions, even using children dressed in rubber Gray costumes to construct the “screen memories” used to disguise the human nature of the event. Although he didn’t discount the possibility

¹⁷ Jim Keith, *Saucers of the Illuminati*, Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1999, pp. 18-19.

that some abductions might be engineered by real Aliens instead of humans, and even wrote about his own encounter with a typical looking gray, I believe he tended to vastly underestimate the number of such cases. Instead, because his focus was on human mind control instead of UFOs and their occupants, he believed the military was behind most if not all Alien Abductions.

If my dream of a flying van was a screen memory for an abduction event, which I believe it was, then I was most certainly taken by real ETs, as opposed to humans trying to fake an ET Abduction. If in this instance my abductors had been human and had been trying to convince me that they were ETs instead (as Jim Keith would have argued), but erred in showing me the wrong “view” outside my window, then the images I was shown would most certainly have been in reverse order. The mistake would have been to let me see that we were actually driving on city streets, instead of flying in a UFO, and the scene would have morphed into the intended aerial view after I discovered that our true altitude was closer to sea level. But that’s not the way it happened.

I’m fortunate in that I have three reasons to believe that at least some of my ET contacts are real, although I don’t doubt that some are military abductions disguised as ET Abductions. First of all, I saw two grays materialize in my bedroom on the night of June 11, 1994. (Kids in rubber suits can’t form out of

thin air.) Secondly, I and one other person experienced missing time in bumper-to-bumper traffic, starting at one end of a very long tunnel and ending on the other side. (That can't be faked.) And finally, there's my ride in a flying van and the mix-up of the screen images that I saw out the window.

The Miracle of the Lamp

A number of years ago, during a period of unemployment when I was anxious about my future and needed reassurance that things would turn out all right, the ETs showed me what I call “The Miracle of the Lamp.”

I have no overhead lighting in the living area of my studio apartment. At the time, light at one end of the room was provided by one of those lamps that are designed to be affixed to the edge of a desk top with a vise-grip like base. The lamp itself, which can be extended to reach out over a work area, is inserted into the base unit that has a hole for the purpose. The hole is usually protected with a plastic sleeve. I had this lamp attached to a bookshelf, high enough so that when it was extended out it could be used to illuminate a large area of my living/bed room area.

I was expecting a good friend of mine, Harold (also an Experiencer), to visit me that evening. The lamp, of course, was on. When he arrived knocking at my front door, I went to answer. As I entered the room with Harold following behind, I was dumbfounded by what I saw. The lamp was out of its base and hanging down against the bookcase by its electrical cord. It was still on; the filament of the bulb had not broken in the fall.

But it hadn't fallen. Pywacket couldn't have gotten up

that high to have knocked it down, and I didn't hear anything unusual. I would have expected to hear a crash of some sort if it had fallen. The base unit was untouched and, to add icing to the cake, the plastic sleeve was out of its hole and standing on end atop the bookcase!

In the minute or so that it took me to greet Harold at the door and hang up his coat, my ETs provided a demonstration to show that they were still there, although unseen. It was a simple gesture, seemingly impossible yet undeniable, that filled me with wonder.

Government Harassment



My Second Paradigm Shift

When I woke up to the fact that I was a UFO Experiencer, I entered a world of the fantastic. To find that my life was playing out like some sort of science fiction movie was my first paradigm shift. The second shift came when the plot morphed into a James Bond thriller with me cast in the role of a villain, complete with the latest high-tech equipment (back-engineered, of course) and covert warfare, this time with the government fighting ETs and their fifth column of Experiencers instead of THRUSH. (I'm sorry. I have a degree in cinematography. I know how to make movies, and will often use to them as cultural references to make my point.)

What follows are descriptions of my surveillance and harassment over more than a dozen years by a secret arm of our government. The agents that routinely intimidate Abductee/Experiencers are referred to by many names. Most are unrepeatable in mixed company, but a couple that are in current fashion are "OMAGS" (short for Obnoxious Military and Government Scoundrels), an acronym coined by the very polite Experiencer, Leah Haley, and a traditional favorite, "Men in Black" (regardless of what they're wearing at the time).

I prefer, however, to use "Majestic," the name thought to have been given to the Presidential advisory panel that was originally charged with investigating the crash of a saucer on a

ranch outside Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. The Majestic-12 Committee¹⁸ has undoubtedly changed its name since its formation decades ago, but certainly not its mission. The following narratives will attest to that.

Majestic is at the top of the Illuminati pyramid. They are the keepers of the biggest “secret” ever and have the highest security clearances in existence. They can draw upon any government resource and many that are held in private hands. Their budget is unlimited and they don’t answer to any branch of the government, government agency, or elected official.

To many, the thought of their being unseen controlling influences in our lives is only for the most paranoid, and unworthy of serious discussion. Many, probably the majority of people, are automatically dismissive of any topic labeled as a “conspiracy theory.” To them it’s easier to believe that the

¹⁸ In December of 1984, Jaime Shandera received in the mail a roll of black-and-white film, which when developed produced reproductions of duplicate sets of eight pages of documents later named the MJ/12 documents. These documents stated that the “Majestic-12 Committee” was formed in 1947 at the direction of President Truman, after the military recovered the remains of a disk shaped UFO that crashed outside Roswell, New Mexico. The validity of the documents was called into question almost immediately and their authenticity remains in dispute to this day, despite having been declared authentic by noted UFO researcher Stanton Friedman in his book on the subject, *Top Secret/MAJIC*. One of the recommendations supposedly made to President Truman was that the committee continue to only report to the President, implying that Majestic wanted its assignment extended. Truman most likely adopted the recommendations of his esteemed advisory panel. Later, the monitoring and silencing of Abductee/Experiencers (by persuasion and/or intimidation) would have undoubtedly been added to its mission.

improbable happens because of coincidence, or even incompetence, rather than by design.¹⁹

Most people are more likely to acknowledge that a portion of our population is being abducted by Space Aliens than to accept that those same individuals might be spied upon, intimidated, harassed and even physically assaulted by their own government. We need to believe in our government and don't like to think that it would purposely harm a targeted segment of its own citizens. Even within the UFO community, many people are reluctant to believe that our government does anything more than tap the telephones of Abductee/Experiencers while monitoring ET activity on Earth. This is a difficult paradigm shift for most people, but one that is especially important for Experiencers to undergo.

Our harassment often includes a hypnotically induced "debriefing" by the military after an ET visit. None of this is talked about much at the UFO conventions held around the country on an annual basis. The pioneering work of researcher Melinda Leslie, who coined the phrase "military re-abduction," is a lone cry in the bleak and empty wilderness that passes for the current state of affairs in UFOlogy. While Majestic's debriefings of those in contact with ETs are understandable from a National Security standpoint, the psychological warfare

¹⁹ Consult page 339 in the Appendix for a list of quotations by famous people in history on the subject of conspiracies.

they wage against targeted individuals seems unnecessary and especially mean-spirited.

Our harassment by Majestic needs to be more openly addressed within the UFO community. For that to happen, though, Abductee/Experiencers will need to be more open about their “Close Encounters of the Government Kind.” Only by shining the light of day on this issue can we hope to get Majestic to change their methods.

Surveillance & Monthly Break-Ins

I verified the monthly invasion of my apartment by humans who seemed to always disturb something, alerting me to the fact that someone had been there. At first I thought that they were just sloppy in their work and quipped at a support group meeting that, “You can tell when they’ve been there because, being government workers, they always manage to mess up and disturb something.”²⁰ A man in attendance who admitted to being an ex-military “spook” (intelligence agent) spoke up and said, “Oh no! They do that on purpose. They want you to know that they’ve been there.”²¹

I was able to establish the regular nature of these intrusions by routinely putting tape across the door jamb of my apartment whenever I left. I colored the clear plastic tape with a permanent marker, so as to match the dark hardwood of my front door, and placed it at the bottom where it wouldn’t likely receive but a passing glance from someone focused on a key and a deadbolt lock. Once a month, usually in the middle, I

²⁰ My apologies to all government employees, everywhere.

²¹ Let me say something about people who confess to having past connections with the intelligence community. My step-father (my parents divorced and mother remarried) served in the Marine Corp. during WW II and whenever someone would refer to him as an “ex-Marine” he would correct them saying, “There is no such thing as an ex-Marine. Once you’ve gone through the training, you’re always a Marine.” I believe the same holds true with the various intelligence services. Once trained as a spook, it becomes a lifetime career. They can retire, but they can’t quit.

would arrive home to find that the tape had been pulled away from the door, signifying that someone had entered my apartment while I was away.

When I described the government intrusions into my apartment to my hypnotherapist, Mr. Ault, I was aghast when he started to tell me how his brother once suspected his landlord of entering his apartment during his absence and confirmed it by putting a piece of tape across the door jamb. He suggested that I do the same.

I say that I was aghast because I just knew that his office had been bugged by Majestic, probably shortly after I made the first appointment. Sure enough three days after he made that suggestion, I came home and discovered that the tape that I had colored and carefully secured across the door jamb before I had left that morning was gone.

Not only did that prove my hypnotherapy sessions were being recorded by Majestic, it also showed I wasn't being paranoid, just realistic. The incident confirmed that I had lost any expectations of privacy I might have thought I had, a fact that was later confirmed by my television set. (See "My TV is Watching Me!")

Over the years I've found that one of the little things Majestic agents like to do when they harass Abductee/Experiencers (and this is probably something even described in their field manual) is to hide things in the target's

home. I know it sounds childish, but they've done this with my friends Harold and Phoenix, as well. Sometimes I would think to myself that I had just been absent-minded and forgot where I put something. Other times, I knew an item was missing and, sure enough, I would eventually find it buried underneath something I hadn't moved in years. This happens a lot to my UFO books. Other items have included my belt (I had to go to work that morning without one and buy another during my lunch hour), the remote to the TV (of course), and even \$300 in cash. You can't really call them thieves. They don't take anything; they just hide it.

It takes some getting used to, being spied upon. The privacy that most Americans take for granted is routinely violated when it comes to Abductee/Experiencers, and our cases are never reviewed by the FISA Court. Paranoia is usually the first reaction and Majestic works hard to make sure that it is. Discovering that Big Brother is looking directly at you can be quite unsettling. But over time, you do get used to it.

I have to smile, though, at my fellow countrymen who are shocked to learn that their government has been spying on its citizens, even before 9/11. As they legally lose their civil liberties, one by one, they might do well to ask their neighborhood Abductee/Experiencer for advice on how to cope with living in a glass house.

Red Herrings

A favorite trick of Majestic's is to do little things in such a way that you think it was the work of the ETs. Before I realized that I was the target of a government psychological warfare campaign, agents would enter my apartment late at night while I was asleep to do their mischief. (I believe them to have some kind of sonic device that emits a frequency that induces a deep, coma-like state to insure the target remains asleep.) I woke up one time to discover that my library of UFO books had been tampered with. Every other book had been pushed deeper into the bookcase than the one beside it. I puzzled over the meaning of that for a while, thinking that it had been the work of the ETs.

I used to wear a religious symbol around my neck and under my shirt. Before I went to bed I would carefully lay the pendant on my end table. Twice I woke up to find that the medallion had been burned and twisted. After the first time I replaced it, but then it happened again. Both times it left me with serious questions about the ETs.

When I became aware of Majestic's intrusion in my life, I put two and two together. The spooks were trying to make me believe that the ETs were somehow hostile to my religion and therefore probably "evil" Aliens. I later found out that the opposite is really the case. If anything, the Grays want to foster

feelings of spirituality, because they know that our devotion to materialism is killing us and our planet. Dr. John Mack wrote in his book *Passport to the Cosmos: Human Transformation and Alien Encounters*, “The alien abduction phenomenon may, in fact, be thought of as a kind of intervention, sometimes harsh, that may have the purpose of bringing about change in the ways of humankind. But when it comes to our responsibility for the fate of the Earth, the ‘method’ seems to be to bring about psycho-spiritual growth or the expansion of awareness.”²²

There was another time when Majestic tried to lead me astray, in an attempt to hurt me financially. I was working for the “Employer from Hell” at a home for six disadvantaged boys. He ran an exceptional program for his kids (and still does), offering them opportunities I couldn’t give my own daughter, but he was tyrannical with his staff. When I started work there I was shown a list a page and a half long, typed single-spaced, of the names of all the people who had worked there in the previous year and quit. It was during the recession after 9/11 when jobs were scarce and I needed one desperately. Needless to say, shortly after I was hired I started looking for something better. Fortunately, I worked the night shift and could job hunt during the day.

²² John Mack, *Passport to the Cosmos: Human Transformation and Alien Encounters*, New York, NY: Crown Publishers, 1999, p. 110.

One morning I got a call from a temporary employment agency that I had never contacted. They said they downloaded my resume from Craig's List, a popular online resource that matches employers with applicants, and had a temporary job offer that they thought would be a good match for me. It seemed a little strange because I had posted my resume at that website over a year earlier and my mediocre office skills weren't particularly in high demand.

As much as I hated my job, I didn't want to leave it without some expectation of getting something better and equally long-term. I asked if it was a "Temp-to-Hire" assignment, meaning that if I performed well could I expect to be offered a permanent position. I was assured that it was. Although I didn't have a good feeling about it, I went in anyway and filled out their paperwork and took their tests so I could see what they had to offer. At the end of it all, they said they wanted to send me on a three-month temporary assignment to one of their clients downtown. Again I asked if it was a Temp-to-Hire. This time they hemmed and hawed, and finally said that it would likely turn out that way. It was Friday afternoon and they wanted me to start that next Monday. (My employer had said many times that he could fire without notice, and didn't expect any himself if anyone wanted to leave his employ.) Against my better judgment I said yes to their offer.

When I got home, I still had a bad taste in my mouth

about it all. Who picks out a resume online that's over a year old to cold-call someone with a temp position that doesn't require any special skills? I ran into my next-door neighbor who has many years of experience as a corporate headhunter, and told her the story. She also thought it was odd. She knew nothing of my ET experiences at the time, so hers was a professional opinion. I had the strong feeling I was being set up for a fall. If I took the position, I was sure I could impress any illegitimate employer and be hired permanently if a permanent position were available. But this job offer smelled to high heaven. I felt that Majestic was trying to lure me out onto a limb so they could saw it off. I called my contact at the agency and declined their offer.

At first he tried to talk me out of it. They had already arranged everything and I just couldn't back out now, he insisted. When I said again that I wasn't going to take the job, he suddenly got very angry. If I didn't take the assignment they would never offer me another, he threatened in one last effort to get me to swallow the bait. I told him I understood that and, although I had been civil throughout the conversation, I had to hang up when he started yelling at me.

His sudden change in attitude and insistence I take the job was way out of proportion to the importance of the position that was offered. And why, I reasoned, would any employment agency give a damn if someone declined a temporary job offer

during a recession, when employers can cherry pick from an overabundance of overqualified applicants? No, I was right not to walk into their trap. After the temporary assignment was over, I would have been unemployed again.

I went back to my job and pressed on with my search for something better. Fortunately I didn't have to wait long. I was soon offered a good position with a substantial raise in salary and full benefits.

I've learned to follow my instincts.

Discovered My Tail

I was enjoying my lunch one day at the lunch counter of one of the better franchise restaurants, when a man with a short haircut and patent leather shoes sat down on one of the stools near me. I was reading a book about UFOs at the time and noticed that he was trying to unobtrusively glimpse the title on the cover. He seemed to avoid any eye contact with me and I had the distinct feeling that he was a government spook, there to keep tabs on me.

I finished my lunch, but before leaving the counter I decided to do something to test him. I leaned over and put my face as close to his as I could from across the vacant stool between us, and glared at him in an obviously threatening manner. Any normal person would have reacted negatively, probably saying something like, "What the hell's your problem, buddy!" But instead he ignored me, keeping his eyes straight ahead and a deadpan expression on his face. He took a final bite of his sandwich, chewed it slowly and deliberately before swallowing, and then got up from the counter to pay his check at the cash register. His failure to react in any way to my threatening demeanor validated my suspicions of him.

Further confirmation came months later, when another Majestic agent did essentially the same thing . . . to me.

Outed the Mole

In January of 1995 I started a UFO support group, which at its largest numbered a dozen people or more. One man came to every meeting (the only person who did), but never had anything to contribute beyond his original story of a typical Abduction.

At one meeting, we watched a video of a Budd Hopkins presentation. Everyone in attendance was glued to the screen, except this man, who was looking around the room with an obvious look of boredom on his face. I wrote him a letter telling him that I suspected that he was a government plant, along with my reasons, and asked that he not attend our meetings anymore. If he were innocent I would have expected a reply of some kind, a letter or phone call telling me that I was full of cow manure, but I never heard back from him.²³

I did run into him a few months later, however, at the annual UFO convention that visits the San Francisco Bay Area once a year. I had taken my seat in one of the meeting rooms to wait for a seminar to begin on some UFO-related topic. It was early and the room was empty except for a small group of people discussing something out of earshot. Among them I recognized the mole, whom I had earlier asked to leave my

²³ Refer to page 338 in the Appendix for a copy of my letter.

support group. I didn't pay any further attention to them and got lost in my thoughts after taking a seat.

Suddenly, there he was seated behind me. I turned around and he did essentially what I had done months earlier at that lunch counter. He stuck his head out as far as he could in my direction and grinned from ear to ear in a grotesque tableau for several seconds, before getting up and walking off.

To me that was confirmation that I had been right about him all along.

My TV is Watching Me!

Like many Experiencers, once I understood that I was under surveillance by the government, I naturally assumed that my phone was tapped. I got confirmation of sorts that that was true, when the man who installed my DSL internet connection back in the late 90s was surprised to find that the connections to my apartment had already been made at the control box in the basement. “That’s funny, I remember him saying. “The phone company isn’t usually that helpful. We’re their competition.”

Since then I’ve always assumed that my phone conversations are recorded and that my apartment is “bugged,” but I never stopped to think that I might also be under visual surveillance as well. It was my friend Arian who discovered it. She was visiting, and we were sitting on my futon bed/sofa when she said, “Did you see that? There was a light shining in your TV set.” I hadn’t been looking in that direction, so I didn’t see it, but I believed her when she said that she did. The obvious thought was that there might be a camera inside the TV.

I would have taken it to a repair service to have it opened it up to find out for sure, but I was without a job or any extra money at the time. It was hard to make the rent each month, so as much as I wanted to I couldn’t afford the expense. A few days later, though, I was given confirmation that

something had been in my TV set, by a totally unexpected source . . . Majestic itself!

You should understand that while I may sweep and vacuum occasionally, I never dust. It's just not part of my cleaning regimen, so the dust on the back of my old-style "tabletop" television was pretty thick at the time. A week or so after Arian's visit, I discovered evidence that it had been opened up in my absence. On the back side of the set, which extends out a good foot or so, the dust that had collected for months had been disturbed over the one set screw located there. Now, there was a definite rectangular "clean" spot over the area. Majestic had come and retrieved their camera, thinking that I would eventually take it out if they didn't.

This was the evidence I needed! I invited my friends over for a party and excitedly pointed to the "oasis of clean" in the middle of the thick layer of dust that covered the back of the TV. This was proof, I told them, that Majestic had been there and opened it up. My friends were duly impressed.

A week later, though, I came home to find that someone had completely dusted my television. It was clean as a whistle. Nothing was left to indicate that the set had ever been tampered with. Now, if they would have only cleaned the rest of my apartment!

The Second Camera

In addition to what might have been a camera in my television, I discovered that I was being watched from outside my apartment as well. Most of my time at home is spent at my computer, which faces two windows to the outside world. One is directly in front of my work area and its shade is never raised, so as to prevent eye strain when I'm looking at my computer screen. The other window shade is left open during daylight hours for the nourishment of the house plants placed there. From my seat, I can see the large whitewashed commercial building next door.

In May of 2008, I looked up from my desk and noticed that one of the windows of that building looked very strange. The window is made up of twelve small textured panes of glass, with the two in the center being adjustable so as to let in air and direct sunlight on nice days. A plywood board that I hadn't noticed before fully covered the window, but it was still left open, a puzzlement. A small ceramic collar circled an opening at the top of the board, and the upper right corner was home to a newly created and expanding hornet's nest. Over the next three days, the growing nest threatened to obstruct the hole in the plywood. On the fourth day, when I returned home from work, I saw that it had been "cut back" leaving a clean, straight line where the deed had been done.

I took photographs (see page 351 in the Appendix). When my friend Harold came by a couple of weeks later, I pointed out to him what appeared to be a “duck blind,” meant to hide a camera pointed in my direction. Three days after his visit, the plywood board was gone and soon after that the commercial space was apparently occupied by new tenants.

Why keep the window open when the plywood board obstructed all twelve planes of glass anyway? Because, I assert, with the window closed there could be no “line-of-sight” with my chair. The textured glass wouldn’t have allowed a clear view for the camera. The fact that the nest was cut back when the collared hole was in danger of becoming obstructed by hundreds of swarming hornets is, I think, further proof that a camera was hidden behind that plywood.

I’ve read that in the world of covert intelligence three different types of electronic surveillance equipment are planted. The first is easily discovered if the person is looking. The second is discoverable if the person has some knowledge as to where to look and what to look for, but the third will never be located. Now that I’ve found two of Majestic’s cameras, I wonder where the third could be. Hmm.

Blood & Guts in the Shower

What I'm about to relate is an example of the hardcore psychological warfare that is sometimes waged against Experiencers. I think in my case it was also an example of the "red herring" type of harassment in which Majestic specializes.

A friend of mine was undecided about my involvement with ETs, even though she had had several experiences of her own that suggested she was also doing things in the middle of the night of which she was unaware. She became very excited, however, about cattle mutilations and how the Grays may be involved in that puzzle, after I showed her a video on the subject.

Three days later, I woke up and prepared to take my shower as usual. After I stepped into the tub and pulled the curtain across its length, I saw that it was smeared on the inside with what looked like a mixture of blood and small pieces of intestine, perhaps ground up in a blender. I cleaned up and tried to save a sample. All I had was some toilet paper to put it on, though, and after a few days it dried up and disappeared into the fibers of the tissue. Perhaps if I had had some glass slides, I could have saved something that would have lasted.

I think I was prepared earlier by the Grays for the emotional shock of what I was to find in my shower. All the while I was up and about my apartment before stepping into the

tub, about an hour or so, I felt altered, as if I had taken a mild psychedelic drug. When I saw their little “surprise” I wasn’t nearly as shocked as I should have been. I washed the curtain down using the detachable shower nozzle, but as I watched the blood swirl down the drain I felt somehow emotionally detached from it all, and to this day there is still a dream quality associated with the memory of this event.

Majestic was definitely trying to add to my paranoia with this stunt, and probably hoped that I would blame the Grays because of their association with animal mutilations. If that was their intent, it didn’t work. By that time, even though I was agonizing over “the meaning of it all,” I felt that the ETs were concerned about my welfare and I just knew they would never do anything to harm me, either physically or psychologically. This had very definitely been a psychological attack, and I knew instantly who had orchestrated it.

They Got at Me through My Girlfriend

My girlfriend and I were deeply in love. We met through my UFO support group in 1997 and shared a willingness to explore the new reality in which we found ourselves, as well as to brave Majestic's harassment together. I had told her earlier about the incident in the shower and Majestic's attempt to unhinge me psychologically, but she still chose to be with me. I felt that at long last I had found someone with whom I could share my fantastic life. For the first time, in a long time, I was happy.

When I last saw Paula (not her real name) before she left my apartment for the last time, we had just renewed our vow of love to each other, which was so strong to us both that it left us feeling that we must be "soul mates." She was scheduled that Thursday for minor surgery, a walk-in procedure, and we made plans to be with each other after she recovered over the weekend. I found out later, though, that she never did have the surgery, and she disappeared without a trace. I never saw her again.

I tried repeatedly to call her after that weekend, but to no avail. It was as if she had dropped off the face of the planet. I checked the hospital ERs in the area, but they had no record of her. After a week, I was in a panic and even suspected that her estranged roommate might have killed her, but repeated Tarot

card readings convinced me that she was alive. What could have happened? I was dazed and confused. It made no sense to me.

To know a real psychic is to be fortunate indeed. With all the charlatans out there, you can only trust channeled information if it comes from a source known to you personally.

I happen to be extremely fortunate in that I know three real psychics. All are women, with one of them living in a man's body. I've known Arian since the early 1970s and Leila for nearly as long. I met Harold in 1995 and he has been a good friend to me ever since.

Arian and Leila told me essentially the same story, independently of each other. Harold, though, couldn't really get a sense of it at the time. They both said that Paula had somehow discovered that after the surgery for which she was scheduled, "other" doctors were planning to take over the operation and implant something in her. (I think most likely it would have been a tracking device of some kind.)²⁴ She became terrified and ran away.

I remembered that earlier she had given me a phone number of a friend of hers who lives out of state. I called the friend, hoping that she might know something. She confirmed that she was in touch with Paula and would be seeing her soon.

²⁴ Earlier I described what I believe to be a government implant, located over my left temple.

She promised to deliver my message to Paula asking her to contact me. She never did.

The incident effectively ended the support group that I had started. My heart had been ripped out and I was devastated. I never called for another meeting. After that I dropped out of the UFO community altogether . . . until now.

The Missing Pillowcase & the Beautiful Blond

In May of 2006, Arian took me to task for not finishing my book about my ET experiences. She said that I had vegetated all that time and that I needed to get back to doing what I was born on Earth to accomplish, namely to help other Experiencers. I admitted that, although I didn't know what my purpose in life was, she was right about the state of stagnation I had fallen into, and I vowed to end my self-imposed exile from the UFO community and to finish my manuscript, which finally became the book you're now reading.

Since the conversation took place in my apartment, I knew Majestic was listening in and, sure enough, only four nights later when I went to bed I discovered their "calling card." My pillowcase was missing. When I flung back the covers, my naked pillow stared up at me – a simple but obvious way to signal that Majestic had been there. They wanted to make it abundantly clear that they could get back in my face again, anytime they chose. This was their first warning. The second came ten days later, after a lot of furious writing in my journal.

I always have my lunch at the same eatery, a small establishment not too far from where I work that serves a hearty chicken chili. There is seating for a couple of dozen people

outside with metal tables and chairs and, weather permitting, that is where I usually choose to sit and read while I eat.

On that day I had to take my lunch later than usual, so I had the place to myself as I took my seat outside where I could enjoy the fresh air. There was no one else in sight, as I scooted the chair back from the table and sat down. I took a bite of my chili and read a couple of pages of the book I had with me, before inserting a marker and putting it down to take another. As I looked up, I saw a beautiful young woman in business attire, with long flowing blond hair, wearing big dark sunglasses and sitting about thirty feet or so in front of me. She kept staring in my direction.

She wasn't doing anything else. She didn't have anything to eat in front of her. She wasn't looking through any papers, like some business people do during lunch. She had no obvious purpose for being there. She was just staring. With her sunglasses, it was hard to determine if we were making eye contact, but there was nothing behind me of any interest for her to look at and I was the only one seated there. I returned to my book and as I continued to eat and read, she continued to stare.

When I had finished my lunch and the chapter I was reading, I started to leave. At the exact same moment that I stood up, she grabbed her purse and started walking briskly in the opposite direction of where I was headed. After a few seconds, I turned around to look at her again, just as she turned

around to look at me! (We really did make eye contact then.) She quickly turned away and continued walking. I turned the corner of the building and waited a few seconds before I peered back around. She had stopped near one of the tables and was talking on her cell phone.

Now I'm always ready to look at a young, beautiful woman, but at 59 years of age I didn't expect any to look at me. No, this wasn't some missed opportunity in a middle-aged male fantasy. This was Majestic's way of telling me that I had better watch my step.

I regret, though, that I didn't come up from behind her and snatch that phone from her hands. How sweet that would have been! All the numbers stored inside would have been compromised and would have had to have been changed. She wouldn't have called the police because, if she had, she would have had to reveal details in the report about herself, such as where she lived and where she worked.

But one never thinks to do such things at the time.

Rape, the Ultimate Harassment

I was reluctant to write about this at first, but I know personally of three other Experiencers to whom this has happened, and I only know of one other person in UFOlogy who has ever written of her experience with this specialized form of psychological warfare. In the early morning hours of August 22, 2007, I was raped in my apartment in the middle of the night. I must tell you that I have been mercifully spared any memory of the actual event, but the evidence left behind was real and convincing. I'll explain.

I had a restless night, like so many nights over so many years, and knew that something had happened. I wasn't too concerned, however, and went about my routine, as I got ready to go to work. My anus felt inflamed and hurt a bit, but I didn't have time to check and thought it was probably my hemorrhoids acting up again. (Sorry to be so graphic, but it's hard not to when discussing the details of a rape.)

Work kept me busy and it wasn't until I got home that I had the time to relax enough to attempt a bowel movement. My sphincter was much tighter than usual. After a while I was able to produce something, but what came out of me was not what I expected. The toilet tissue was covered with a clear jelly-like substance. As I sat there looking at the tissue and

feeling how sore my anus was, it suddenly occurred to me what I was looking at . . . K-Y jelly!

At that point, I started to go into a full blown panic attack. My heart started beating faster and my breath quickened, as my head reeled with the thought that I had been raped. But as quickly as the panic hit me, another force, an outside force, took over and I suddenly felt extremely altered, perceptually. I felt like I was peaking on acid (yes, I took LSD in my youth) and I couldn't concentrate on the simplest of thoughts. I struggled to gain control of my mental faculties, but finally had to give up and go to bed early. The next morning I woke up still feeling altered and I knew that trying to go to work was useless, so I didn't and called in sick instead.

The whole day was spent in that altered mental state, and it wasn't until the next morning that I could even attempt to do anything that required coherent thought. I was able to go back to work and function only because the papers on my desk kept me focused on my tasks; but whenever my mind would stray to thoughts of the rape and I would feel myself becoming agitated, I instantly felt myself altered again. A few trips to the bathroom throughout the day were necessary to collect myself and refocus.

For about a week or so afterwards, that altered state would hit me whenever I thought about what had been done to me. The degree of my mental impairment gradually lessened

during those days, as my own sense of panic waned, until I was able to think about having been violated without too much emotional upset.

I'm convinced that the altered state of consciousness, which would come over me like a heavy blanket that protected me from my own thoughts, was an intervention by the ETs. They did this for me once before, when Majestic goons painted the inside of my shower curtain with blood and guts to try and unhinge me emotionally. I remember when I woke up that morning I was also in an altered state, but it wasn't so strong as to limit my ability to function. I was up for an hour or more before I stepped into the shower and was altered all that time. When I pulled the curtain shut and first saw the grisly sight, I remember feeling detached and separated from what my body was doing, as my hands took the detachable showerhead from its mounting on the wall and washed it down. I felt like someone watching a movie, without any emotion, as I stared at the blood swirling down the drain.

In a way, their interceding in the same manner as they did before helped to confirm my suspicions. They responded to my distress, and did so very quickly, because they were waiting. They knew I would "freak out" when I discovered what had happened and they were there, ready to respond, when I did.

But why did Majestic rape me? I'm almost embarrassed

to answer that question. I was raped because I just about asked for it. Another example of, "Watch what you say when you know you're being bugged." Let me explain.

A few weeks earlier my close friend, Harold, had been raped by Majestic. He was living with me at the time. I offered him and his partner, Phoenix, my floor to sleep on while they looked for a new apartment, after they lost the one they had had for years and suddenly found themselves homeless in the big city (long story). As I said earlier I know Harold to be a real psychic, his having proven that fact to me on several occasions. During those few months when we lived together, the two of us would sit up at late at night and use his natural ability to "remote view" to snoop into areas that greatly upset our government watchdogs at the time.

Harold remembers waking up, but not being able to move or open his eyes. (Although Phoenix and I were asleep nearby, we were unconscious.) He says he heard sounds in the room and smelled someone's perfume or aftershave lotion. He felt the rape happen, with all the physical sensations, and then quickly lost consciousness afterwards. They didn't use any K-Y jelly with him, though, and his anus bled the next morning. Harold is gay and says that he always bleeds from the rectum whenever he has "rough sex."

I was incensed when he told me, and said something to the effect that if they ever did that to me, I would declare war

and get back at them any way I could. Empty words, of course, and after I said them, I wished I hadn't. I remember I had an uneasy feeling that I might have set something in motion that I would later regret. Evidently I did.

In addition to Harold, I personally know two women Experiencers who were apparently raped in the night while sleeping in their beds. One was able to handle it fairly well and not draw attention to herself, but the other was forcibly hospitalized after she became upset and started acting paranoid. If you say that you were raped in the park, that's one thing, but to say that you were raped at home, with the doors and windows locked, and that you couldn't move or see who it was, is quite another matter. In the first scenario you might get the help you need, but in the latter all you'll get is a one-way ticket to the locked mental ward of your local county hospital.

Author and UFO Experiencer Leah A. Haley describes experiencing memory flashes of being raped by a Reptilian in her book, *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control, and Spirituality*.²⁵ She's uncertain as to whether or not it was an actual event or a vivid dream, but later said that it might have been a screen memory created for her to disguise a real rape by human intruders. When she later researched the subject of rape in the context of psychological warfare, Ms. Haley

²⁵ Leah A. Haley, *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control, and Spirituality*, Murfreesboro, TN: Greenleaf Publications, 2003.

learned that it's used as a mind-control technique within the intelligence community to make the victim feel helpless and to destroy the will to resist.

In my case I was mercifully spared any memory of the event, so Majestic failed to get a response from me and I am not intimidated. But I'm also very humbled when I think of how I was helped by my E.T friends. I honestly don't know if I could withstand these assaults from Majestic, if it wasn't for their assistance.

Mother



A Difficult Relationship

I was watching an episode of a TV documentary series the other day called *Mysteries of the Bible*. This one was about the Ten Commandments. It offered the opinion of a biblical scholar, who said that the commandment about honoring your mother and father was the hardest to follow.

It does seem to run counter to way nature handles the “empty nest” syndrome. After a young bird flies from the nest, it doesn’t telephone its parents or come home to visit on holidays. When the young are weaned, the parents become expendable, and sometimes even before then. With certain species of spiders, for example, the father is consumed as a meal by the expectant mother in order to sustain the growing larvae.

According to Sigmund Freud, all men should want to kill their father and possess their mother, which really doesn’t sound like a way to honor one’s parents. The “Oedipus Complex” is nature’s way of helping human children become separate, fully functioning adults.²⁶

But ever since Moses came down off that mountain, we’ve been prohibited from getting rid of our old people when their usefulness has ended. We’re stuck with our parents,

²⁶ Freud named it after *Oedipus Rex*, a Greek tragedy by Sophocles. In the play, Oedipus, the king of Thebes, discovers that he unknowingly killed his father and then wed and bedded his mother.

whether we like them or not. We have to make a place for them at our table and empty their bedpans when they grow old, even if they made mistakes when they were young and charged with raising us.

When I think of two of the earliest memories I have of my late mother, I do so with mixed emotions. The first is of us at home together, while my father was out of the house during the day. I was two or three years old at the time, and my mother was also my friend. She enjoyed playing with me and letting me “help” her in the kitchen. Her love and playfulness were in sharp contrast to my father’s authoritarian demeanor.

Whenever he was soon expected home, Mother would begin to tense and I quickly learned to follow her lead. Father (he preferred to be called “Father” instead of “Dad”) was a cold fish who ruled his home as a stern aristocrat, which in fact he was. We both walked on eggshells when he was at home, afraid of the anger that he would unleash whenever he was displeased. (I see now that to do this with any justice, I’ll have to write about Father as well.)

My second earliest memory of Mother is from perhaps a year later. Father felt that I was old enough at that time to receive corporal punishment for my childhood transgressions and I was introduced to “my little leather friend,” whose job it was to teach me right from wrong. My leather friend was his leather belt, which he pulled off his waist with a sharp tug that

produced a sound much like the snap of a bullwhip. He never hit me more than three or four times with it, and probably not as hard as I remember, but it always terrified me and I seemed to need a “lesson” two or three times a week. My memory is of seeing Mother standing in the doorway while I was bent over receiving Father’s “instruction.” I remember hoping she would do something to stop him, but the look of utter helplessness on her face told me that I couldn’t count on her for protection. I felt utterly alone in the world that day.

It is not my intent here to dishonor the dead by going on about emotional injuries suffered from my parents. Instead, I wish to share with the reader how I was able to heal the past with what I’ve learned from my UFO contact experiences.

As we age and meet the challenges we all face in life, we tend to develop a natural empathy with our parents. The universal “human” experiences we undergo include settling down with a mate and all the opportunities for growth that engenders, raising a child (that time in life when you suddenly realize what your parents had to cope with), middle age and the crisis that can result, as well as one’s personal reckoning with mortality that certainly comes in old age, if it hasn’t before. As we grow older, we become more and more like our parents. People who can’t forgive their parents ultimately can’t forgive themselves for being like them.

As Abductee/Experiencers we share something else

with our parents, something unique and apart from most of mankind – our contacts with ETs. Even if our mothers and fathers were unaware of their double life, we know. We understand what they went through and we can use our understanding to heal the past.

Mother had an uneasy childhood, being raised by a very stern paternal grandmother during the Great Depression, when Happy was living in a tent by the Missouri River and could hardly take care of herself, much less her daughter. As a scared little girl, Mother felt that she had been abandoned when Happy gave up custody of her, and she was as helpless against a tyrannical adult (her grandmother) as I was whenever I had to face my “leather friend.” To console herself, Mother once told me that as a little girl she would go down into the basement at night, when everyone was asleep, and play with her “little imaginary friends.”

I don't believe those little friends of hers were really so imaginary. I have no doubt that Mother was also an Abductee/Experiencer, but just didn't know it. It's been shown that UFO Abductions are by and large generational. If you're involved, then it's highly likely that your parents were as well. Even if the contacted are unaware of them, the effects of those contacts are still felt. Cycles of depression and compulsiveness may be unexplainable, but they're still very real nonetheless. The people who suffer from them sometimes react poorly to the

pressures they feel, but don't understand. With our understanding of the unconscious interactions our parents had with ETs throughout their lives, we can afford to be charitable and forgiving of their mistakes.

It's worth the effort. It can be a liberating experience.

And Then There Was Father, Too

My father was born in Berlin Germany in 1918. His father received word on that day that his oldest son was one of the last casualties of what later became known as World War I. My grandfather gained and lost a son on the same day. I can't imagine how that felt.

The family was extremely wealthy and Father knew nothing of money, except that he could write a check whenever he wanted any. He partied all over Europe with the sons of its ambassadors and aristocracy, enjoying the life of a wealthy playboy. (Somewhere I have an old photograph of Father when he was eighteen years old, standing beside his Rolls Royce.)

One day on campus, he was told of the plight of a straight-A senior student who was having to drop out of school because his father had died, and he had to go to work to support the family. Father arranged to meet the man and gave him a check, large enough to pay for his studies and to sustain his family while he remained in school until graduation. Father told the man that he could pay him back after he had established himself in business afterwards. Needless to say, the student was very grateful, but to Father it meant little. He had done his "mitzvah" for the day and he soon forgot the matter.²⁷

A few years later, when the Nazi hold on Germany

²⁷ Mitzvah is Yiddish for "good deed."

became complete, the family business was considered essential to the country's economy and was allowed to continue, even though it was owned by Jews. Its operation occasionally necessitated travel outside the country by a family member, so Father's older half-brother Hugo was periodically allowed to travel to Switzerland on business. The rest of the family was left behind in Germany as hostages to insure his return. One day, on one such trip, he took his fiancée with him. They didn't come back.

After that everything quickly fell apart. As it turned out, Hugo had been smuggling the family fortune out of the country little by little with every trip. My grandmother was put on a cattle car to some unknown death camp. (Grandfather had died some months earlier from cancer.) Father was picked up and taken to a small SS prison just outside Berlin. There in his cell, he could hear the screams of men who were being tortured to death and he knew he wouldn't last the night.

As Father was trying to come to terms with his own imminent death, the Commandant of the prison arrived. He had with him another Jewish prisoner and, when he read Father's name on the roster of new arrivals, he had Father brought to his office. The room was ordered cleared except for the three of them, the Commandant and his two confused and hapless prisoners. When they were alone, the Commandant ordered Father and the other man to exchange their clothes and shoes.

When they had done so, he pulled his Luger from its holster and shot the other prisoner point blank in the face. He then took his boot and ground that face into “unrecognizable goo” before Father’s horrified eyes. The Commandant then took Father and drove him to the train station. There he heard the SS officer speak directly to him for the first time. “Get out of Germany,” he said and then he drove off, leaving my father standing there on the platform badly shaken. It was only at that moment that Father recognized the Commandant as being the student to whom he had given that money years before.

But getting out of Germany wasn’t going to be easy. Father didn’t even have his passport. He had been allowed to keep one so that he could act in business on behalf of the family, should Hugo ever fall ill and be unable to travel. The problem was that it was at his apartment in Berlin, and he couldn’t be seen going back after being arrested there by the SS. (People didn’t come back after being arrested by the SS.) With a phone call from a public phone, Father persuaded a friend to pick up the passport and bring it to him.

But that was the easy part. How was he to use it? His family name was known, especially to the police and to the Gestapo, and he was supposed to have been arrested. At the airport he would certainly be asked to present his passport and it would all be over at that point.

Desperate situations can produce imaginative and

daring results. Father had made the acquaintance of someone years earlier who had, he heard later, joined the Nazi party and been promoted to a high military rank. Father had heard of where he worked and managed to get him on the phone. He then explained his desperate situation and threatened to lie through his teeth and implicate the Nazi officer in subversive activities, like helping Jews escape Germany, if he didn't really help this Jew to fly out of Germany that night. The Nazi officer showed up at the airport and escorted Father onto an airplane bound for neutral Switzerland.

A few hours later, he was in Zurich. From there Father made it to Cuba and then to the United States, where he eventually joined the Army. Because of his German background he was recruited into the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), America's World War II military intelligence agency.

Father was a tremendously complex person. He was born into a world that had ceased to exist by the time I was born, an era when the aristocracy of Europe still held sway and their children were raised by wet nurses and nannies. When he told my mother that he shouldn't have to spend time with me until I was "old enough to hold a decent conversation," he was probably echoing what he had heard his father say. Children were "seen and not heard," and they certainly did not call their fathers "Dad." Global war had changed everything and he

suddenly found himself transplanted from aristocratic Germany to democratic America, where people slapped you on the back and put a can of watered-down beer in your hand to show their hospitality. He was a fish out of water and never really adjusted.

The hours Father spent alone in that SS prison cell, listening to the screams of the tortured and dying, undoubtedly helped to define his life from that point forward. It couldn't help but have. Other people might have reacted differently to Father's experiences. For him, though, the brutality of the Nazis was proof that one had to be hard to survive in this new world. It was a lesson that he tried to impart to me. As a five-year-old little boy, I couldn't understand why Father wouldn't help me when I was being picked on by a bully twice my age and size, telling me instead, "You have to fight him!" Now I do understand, and understanding is the first step to healing the past.

We didn't know about post-traumatic stress back then. Father's uncontrollable temper, which would well up inside him whenever things didn't go his way, was a product of emotional pressures he didn't understand, even though he felt them keenly. Not only did he have to cope with the emotional scars of being a Holocaust survivor, he also suffered from the pressures that build up when mere humans are confronted with

something unknown (if even only on a subconscious level) and immensely more powerful than themselves.

I'll close my biography of Father with this little story. Toward the end of his life, Father's mental faculties were waning. I was putting him to bed at the end of one of my last visits with him, when he asked me to go to the closet and look inside. I complied with his request and asked what I was looking for.

"Do you see a door?" he asked.

"I see the door of the closet," I said.

"No! Do you see a door inside the closet?"

"No, I don't see a door inside the closet."

"Look again. There has to be something," he insisted.

"No Dad, I don't see anything." (By this time I called him "Dad.")

"Well, they have to come from somewhere," he said, perplexed.

"Who, Dad? Who has to come from somewhere?"

"The little doctors," he said after a pause. The expression on his face when I turned around to look at him told me he knew that what he had said didn't make any sense.

I reassured him, though, that I knew all about the "little doctors," and with that he relaxed and changed the subject.

**PART II:
AS I SEE IT**

What came before was fact. Everything happened as described. What follows are my opinions on a variety of UFO-related subjects, organized and cataloged for your review.

Chuck Weiss

“It is not best that we should all think alike.
It is difference of opinion that makes for horse races.”

Mark Twain

Thoughts from the Trenches



Why Me?

There is an obvious question that every Abductee/Experiencer asks. When I first asked the question, it was because I was in awe to think that somehow I had attracted the attention of real-life Space Aliens. I naturally asked, “Why me?”

Some of my friends said that it was because I had agreed to be contacted before I was even born on Earth. That sounded too weird for me at the time, but because they were my friends, I simply deferred judgment on their explanation. And at any rate, that didn’t really answer the question. Later I learned that Abductions are generational and that my family line has probably been monitored since the dawn of time. Okay, but again, why? (Sometimes, I feel like a two-year-old, asking that question over and over.)

It’s been made plain to me that for some reason, I’m being given “special treatment” by the Grays; and I’m very grateful for their interventions. I know that I’m cooperating with them, and to some people that makes me a fifth-column subversive, under the mind control of Space Aliens and a traitor to my species.

Later I discovered that Aliens weren’t my only visitors in the night and that I had government intruders as well. Here, I thought I knew the answer to “Why me?” It’s Majestic’s job

to keep tabs on the people who are in contact with ETs, I reasoned. That was understandable enough. But when things escalated from electronic monitoring and surveillance to harassment and psychological warfare, I suddenly didn't have a ready answer to that question.

Why am I of so much concern to Majestic? Although there are some Experiencers who are harassed as often and as savagely as I (and some others, I'm told, even more so) most Abductee/Experiencers are only spied upon by their government, not attacked. So again I ask, "Why me?"

I used to think that it was because of my activism within the UFO community, and the fact that I had outed a mole in the support group I facilitated. When I quit UFOlogy for those nine years, the level of my harassment abated and I was able to forget at times that I was under constant scrutiny by human eyes. It became "in your face" again when I decided to resume work on this book, and it's been that way ever since. I guess that's part of the answer. They must consider me to be both articulate and credible enough to be a threat. I certainly hope so.

UFO researcher Melinda Leslie, who specializes in Abduction cases where there is also evidence of what she calls "military re-abductions," believes the government is conducting debriefing sessions with Experiencers, often subsequent to their ET visits, in an attempt to gather information on anything

Alien. She says that because the ET presence on Earth is considered to be the biggest national security issue there is, it's quite understandable that the government does whatever it thinks necessary to keep tabs on what the Aliens are doing and the information they're giving to selected people.

Fair enough, and that would explain those times I was drugged in the middle of the night, but there must be something else going on with me personally. Why resort to extreme measures in my case? Why the blood and guts on my shower curtain? Why scare my girlfriend so badly that she fled the state without telling me, or even her own family? Why rape me? Why am I the focus of these attacks by Majestic? Could it be that what makes me so special to the ETs is the same reason Majestic has singled me out for harsh treatment?

Why? Why? Why? It seems like everyone knows the answer to that question, except me.

What Do We Call Ourselves?

Interesting, the way we use various words to describe the degrees of our acceptance (or not) of the unusual nighttime experiences we undergo. Abductee, Contactee, or Experiencer, these are the ways we refer to ourselves. Each describes our reaction to the High Strangeness that suddenly enveloped us.

The first, “Abductee,” is by the very definition of its root word negative in connotation. It implies being a victim. When I first became aware that something was happening to me while I was supposedly still asleep in my bed, my “night terrors” began. Rapid heartbeat, projectile vomiting (even while still asleep) and the inability to sleep through the night were hard to take, but I didn’t think of myself as a victim. It was only my body that was reacting fearfully. I even wrote a poem about it.²⁸

Then I remembered the screams of my daughter as she underwent her first series of Abductions (and to her they were certainly Abductions). Then I did feel like a victim. My parental instincts kicked in and I was filled with rage. If I could have gotten my hands around one of their scrawny little necks, I would have gladly strangled myself a gray. While others might start out an Abductee and then evolve into a Contactee once

²⁸ *Confronting the Boogie Man*, page 36.

they begin to reach out to comprehend what they're involved in, I did it the other way around.

But that didn't last long. The righteousness of my anger was quickly deflated when I heard of the atrocities that we humans were inflicting on ourselves at the time in Rwanda. If we could do such horrible things to our own species, even to our women and children, then who was I to say that other, more advanced beings didn't have the right to do whatever they were doing to us? I didn't know what they were doing, or why they selected my daughter and me as people to do it to. There was nothing that I was able to do about the impossible situation in which I found myself, so I decided to take a "wait and see" attitude, while I further investigated the rabbit hole into which I had fallen. At that point, nothing had actually changed except that now I was much more cautious of the ETs than I had been before.

As long as a person continues to be fearful of the situation, the ETs will continue to be indifferent as they go about their business of collecting tissue samples and performing their various medical procedures. If, however, one is willing to try to work beyond their fear to better understand the consciousness lurking behind the mystery that lies inside this enigma called "Alien Abduction," then the ETs will begin to take a personal interest in their subject. As the Abductee reaches out to try and understand what's happening, the ETs

will begin to reveal more of themselves. Once the fear is under control – it being the one real obstacle to interspecies communication and understanding – our real work with them (whatever that might be) can begin.

In conversations with a rabbi friend of mine, he pointed out that when the rat figures out the maze he's in, he gets the personal attention of the research scientist. At first I had nothing to say to that, but as I progressed in my relationship with the ETs, I came to understand that, although there is the impersonal medical aspect of it all, my contacts with Aliens had the potential to evolve into something much greater and personally enriching. I've felt genuine love and concern from behind those big black eyes. Professionalism doesn't have to be impersonal, although it often is. It is possible to be on friendly terms with the doctor who tells you to bend over and cough.

Once your natural fear of the unknown is brought under control, your life becomes very different indeed, as you're hit with even more strangeness than before and at a much faster pace. At this point you've morphed into an "Experiencer." Just sit back and enjoy the ride. Pay attention, though, because its school time and you will be tested.

Besides these three standard ways to describe one's relationship with the ETs (Abductee, Contactee and Experiencer) I believe there is a fourth that I call "Initiate." If I

quietly contemplate my feelings about it all, I realize I am doing so much more with the ETs than just cooperating. I'm working very closely with them and I feel I've been allowed on the inside of something big. What I'm doing and what I've been initiated into I do not know, at least consciously, but I'm convinced that, whatever it is, it's very important and necessary for all concerned.

Although I don't know what my role is in all of this, I do know of two other "Initiates" who have been trained to pilot spacecraft. One is my friend Harold and the other is his lifelong friend, Damien, and they've always been very simpatico with each other. When they're together they will sometimes face one other and fall into a trance of sorts, where they "see" in front of them a bank of large buttons with various symbols (triangles, squares, crescent moons, starbursts, etc) and begin pressing them (in thin air) in the different sequences that they've been carefully taught. They tell me that by pressing the buttons in various sequences they can pilot the craft to different destinations. The interesting thing is that the two of them must cooperate and synchronize their movements with each other for the ship to go anywhere.

Abductee, Contactee, Experiencer, or Initiate, it's possible to be all four at one time or another. In fact each normally evolves from the previous, if you open yourself up enough to let it happen.

Again, here are what I believe to be the four different relationships that are possible for us to have with the ETs.

1. **Abductee** (a state of fear)
2. **Contactee** (a “wait and see” attitude)
3. **Experiencer** (willing cooperation and lots of High Strangeness)
4. **Initiate** (receiving specific training)

If you're one of the estimated seven million or more (in the United States alone) who is personally involved in this fantastic adventure, then I ask which one are you, dear reader?

Who's Who, an Alien Program Guide

UFOlogy has generally accepted 70 as the approximate number of species visiting Earth either from other planets within our galaxy or from other dimensions. This specific number can be traced back to Betty Andreasson-Luca, an Experiencer whose contacts with IDs are perhaps the most thoroughly documented. In comparison to that number only a handful are well known to the general public.

Here is a list of the different ETs and/or IDs of whom I am aware. I have not made this list a major focus of mine, though. Except for the first three listed, which are the ETs most often encountered in North America, I won't have anything more to add. Of course, one can always do a Google search to find out more. (For best results, include "UFO" as part of your search criteria. For example, Voronezh is a town in Russia, so searching on that word alone will bring up only tourist information.)

1. The "Grays" (both short and tall varieties)
2. The "Nordics" or "Blonds" (the "beautiful people," very human looking)
3. The "Reptilians" (tall lizard-like beings with scales and red eyes)
4. The "Tall Praying Mantises" (seven feet or taller)
5. The "Tall Albinos" (described in *Alien Agenda: Investigating the Extraterrestrial Presence Among Us* by Jim Marrs)

6. The “Nommo” (described in *The Sirius Mystery* by K. G. Temple. Three-eyed, amphibious beings from the Sirius star system, who are celebrated by the Dogon Tribe of Mali, West Africa)
7. The “Dropa” (the name given to an alleged race of dwarf-like ETs who landed near the China-Tibet border approximately 10,000 BC)
8. The “Blues” (“passionate,” spiritual beings with translucent skin, described by Robert Morningsky, a full-blooded Apache/Hopi Indian Experiencer)
9. The “Hopkinsville Goblins” (silvery-looking creatures, about three feet tall)
10. The “Blue Dwarfs” (described in *Communion: A True Story* by Whitley Strieber)
11. The “Pascagoula Creatures” (encountered by Charlie Hickson & Calvin Parker. These beings piloted an oblong aircraft, not a circular disk.)
12. The “Braxton County Monster” (a 1952 sighting in West Virginia, also known as the “Flatwoods Monster”)
13. “Mothman” (the name given to a strange creature reported in the Charleston and Point Pleasant areas of West Virginia between November 1966 and December 1967. Described as a winged man-sized creature with large reflective red eyes and large moth-like wings, it often appeared to have no head, with its eyes set into its chest.)
14. The three-eyed “Voronezh Beings” (sighted by several children close up and by adults at a distance. They were reported to be nine to ten feet tall.)

The Grays

The short beings with big heads and big black eyes are commonly called “The Grays.” When I refer to the small grays I use a small “g” to differentiate them from the taller variety that is often seen later acting in a supervisory capacity. The small grays are between 3 and 3½ feet in height and are the ETs that most North American Abductee/Experiencers are likely to remember. That’s probably because these little guys are the ones who come and roust you out of bed to deliver you to wherever you’re supposed to go and, when they’re done, return you to your cozy nest at home. These are the two parts of the visit that people are most likely to remember, if they remember anything at all.

They have been known to sometimes deviate from standard procedures and, instead of putting people back where they had picked them up, usually their bed, the Abductee/Experiencer might wake up in some other room or even outside the house. (A friend of mine told me that she went to bed one night and woke up sitting on the commode in her bathroom!) One researcher quipped that in those cases, the little guys must have just been trying to save themselves some work and chose to cut corners by just dropping off their charge “at the corner,” so to speak. I tend to think, though, that in those cases it was probably done intentionally and according to plan, in order to help facilitate the Awakening process. If you

wake up outside your bedroom, it's a little hard to ignore that something is happening. I also think that a lot of reported cases of "sleep walking" are misdiagnosed ET contact experiences.

These little guys are sometimes described as robot-like because they're often observed moving in unison, like some well-rehearsed chorus line. I think this is a dangerous assumption. One wouldn't normally assume that birds are robots, just because they are often seen in large groups turning together, instantaneously, in mid-flight. Instead, I think the grays might be clones created to perform specific tasks (like the Alphas, Betas, and Deltas of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*), and linked to a hive-like mind that communicates instantly, through telepathy, with all those connected. They have also been described as showing an almost childlike interest in things, which doesn't sound to me like the behavior of a robot. A variety of the small gray Alien is well versed in human anatomy, and they are the beings who perform the standard medical examinations and collect genetic material – the "little doctors."

A taller variety is often seen supervising the smaller grays. They're usually five feet or taller and are recognizable as individuals, as many people report interacting with the same tall Gray throughout their lives. Many are described as female, while others (like mine) are male. I think Experiencers are assigned the gender that they personally associate with

authority. If the person responds best on a gut level to direction from a woman, then the Gray will be female, and if from a man, then male. There seems to be some disagreement as to whether they have three fingers or four.

I was told by my psychic friend, Harold, that my supervising Gray has my genetic material, that he is in fact my son. I would speculate, though, that he has more than the customary single set of parents, probably being given DNA from several different sources. It would make sense, though, for the hybrid to supervise the parent. It keeps it in the family.

A variety of the tall Gray appears to be the species who picked up Betty and Barney Hill in 1961. That experience resulted in the best-selling book *The Interrupted Journey*, by John G. Fuller, which was later filmed as an excellent made-for-TV movie, *The UFO Incident*, starring James Earl Jones – the voice of Darth Vader – and Estelle Parsons.

When brought aboard a saucer-like craft, Betty asked many questions of one particular Being who appeared to be the captain, including, “Where are you from?” Apparently knowing that without a reference point Betty wouldn’t understand how to interpret what he would show her, the captain produced a holographic three-dimensional “star-map” that, he said, showed his home world with those planets nearby with which they traded. Betty was later able to reproduce the map under hypnosis and drew lines indicating the trade routes.

The map became a curiosity in UFOlogy, but again without a reference point that's all it was.

Years later, however, and after advances in astronomy added many stars to our map of the known galaxy, researcher Marjorie Fish was able to reproduce the configuration of Betty Hill's star chart and identify the systems shown.²⁹ This variety of Gray is evidently from Zeta Reticuli, a pair of very real stars (Zeta 1 and Zeta 2) with variations in their movements that suggest planets in orbits around them.

The Grays/grays are the only Alien species that I recall interacting with, either consciously or with the aid of hypnosis. Many, if not the majority, of my visits with them are done on the Astral Plane (out-of-body), which implies that they are IDs instead of ETs. I also saw one "materialize" out of thin air.

Whether they are material beings, like ourselves, who use a *Star Trek*-like transporter to dematerialize in one place and rematerialize somewhere else, or are Ethereal Beings who must use material technology to function in a material universe, they appear to us at different times to be from both realms.

The ambiguity we are faced with, when considering the very existence of Interdimensionals in our reality, is reflected in Quantum Theory, where the subatomic building blocks of matter are seen as both something of substance (a particle) and,

²⁹ Terrence Dickinson, *The Zeta Reticuli Incident*, Milwaukee, WI: AstroMedia Corp., 1976.

at the same time, as something unsubstantial (a wave). The Grays can evidently choose in which of these two states of reality to move and function.

I believe there to be more variations of these beings than can be distinguished by stature (tall or short), or by the number of fingers on their hands. Their knowledge of genetics is awesome, and I suspect that the Grays have seeded their DNA throughout the galaxy, creating hybrids wherever they go. In fact I believe that the human race is one of their hybrid creations, a view shared by many in the UFO community.

The Nordics

These are very human-looking people with blond hair and Hollywood-perfect body shapes. The men are muscular and the women well endowed. Travis Walton saw this type of ET while onboard the saucer that had taken him, after he was zapped with an energy beam that left him unconscious for a period of time. He appeared at a UFO convention that I attended with his friend Mike Rogers, who witnessed the zapping along with three other men, before they panicked and left in a big hurry. After they gathered their wits they returned to the area, but by that time both the craft and their friend Travis were gone.

Rogers is a respectable artist and presented slides of his artwork that depict what Walton described seeing on board the saucer. One painting was of two Nordics, a man and a woman,

whom Walton encountered shortly before he was returned and left beside the highway (fully clothed, Walton made a point of saying).³⁰ I asked him if these beings really looked as “Hollywood perfect” as in Mr. Rogers’ painting. He confirmed that the man had an excellent physique and that the woman was quite shapely.

Descriptions of the Nordics by others who have encountered them are quite similar. To me their “perfect” body forms suggest cloning, in order to produce the same perfect result each time. As we know, standard mating and birthing procedures produce different-looking results. Your kids don’t look like the neighbor’s kids. Even within the same family unit, children will have different body types. Such small differences might be difficult for us to discern when looking at an Alien who looks very different from us, but the Nordics look very human indeed with no apparent imperfections. As an aside, I want to say that they also remind me uncomfortably of Hitler’s concept of the Aryan Supermen, blond and blue-eyed “perfect” specimens of the human form.

³⁰ The movie *Fire In the Sky* was loosely based upon Walton’s book, *The Walton Experience*. According to Walton, everything depicted in the movie was essentially true, except what was shown on board the flying craft that abducted him. All of those horrific scenes were totally made up and something he regrets, even though he had no creative control once he gave up the movie rights to his book. He was also fully clothed, and not naked as depicted in the movie, when he was left beside the highway five days after his Abduction.

The Reptilians

These are not very polite people. You might call them the Klingons of the galaxy. My sense is that they aren't evil per se – unlike the Borg (to keep the *Star Trek* analogy going) – in that one might successfully negotiate with them.

Their rough handling is apparently used sometimes to “crack the shell,” so to speak, of particularly hardnosed Abductees, during their Awakening process. Dr. Mack saw it this way: “Even the form in which the beings themselves appear may have symbolic meaning for the abductees, possibly reflecting some currently relevant element of consciousness. Reptilian forms, for example, could be linked with aggressive elements, luminous beings with “higher” levels of consciousness or Self, and so on.”³¹ I suspect that once the Awakening is well underway, though, they drop into the background, unless perhaps a personal relationship was developed between the Awakened and the Reptilian. I have read of it happening.

I might have had contact with a Reptilian. I'm not sure. Whatever visited me that one time, when I was too fearful of what I might see that I didn't turn over in my bed to look, sounded like it had claws when it walked across my hardwood floor. I remember that the reason I was so apprehensive was

³¹ Mack, p. 154.

that I was sure that whatever it was, it wasn't a gray. I would have looked, had I thought it was a gray.

Let me close this chapter by saying something about those who would name specific ETs as being "bad Aliens" with only evil intent towards mankind. What I've read of this paranoid kind of thing is not well reasoned (to say the least); it is, at best, representative of a fearful point of view, and at worst, an example of professional disinformation and deliberate fear mongering. No less a personage than Dr. Wernher von Braun, the man in charge of our space program up to and including Armstrong's walk on the moon, was quoted as saying that of the many species of ETs visiting Earth, "None of them are hostile." (More on that later.)

Three Period Pieces

The following essays were written in 1995 and reflect my feelings at the time. I wrote them to share with other Abductee/Experiencers. Although over a decade has passed since anyone has read these pieces, I think they still have something to say to those who walk down this uncertain path.

The first, "Of Rats and Men," pays homage to the pet I had during my Awakening process in 1994, and his unceasing desire to understand the greater reality that lay just beyond his grasp.

The second, "To Laugh, or To Cry," expresses what I think many of us feel when we're made the brunt of jokes and generally derided as lunatics. That's probably why so many people in the UFO community want some kind of official disclosure, so that they'll be validated as not being crazy.

The last, "I Led Three Lives," likens our new "adventurous" life to that of Herbert Philbrick, an average middle-class husband and father of the 1950s who was also a secret member of the Communist Party, and a real-life double agent for the FBI.

Of Rats and Men

I used to have a pet rat. It was my sole companion in January of 1994, when my world began to turn upside down. I had named him Nicodemus, after the wise old leader in the book *Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH*. I kept him in an open cage, a large three-story affair. I would cover two of the four

sides and the floors with folded strips of cloth. I positioned the cage so that the walls I made shielded the light, giving Nicky a certain amount of privacy. The middle floor served as his inner sanctum as well as his bedroom, evidenced by the number of treasures he would hide there.

The cage stood at the end of a long dresser, high up off the floor and in the corner next to the wall. With the cage door always open, he would come and go as he pleased. A large towel, loosely gathered around the base of the cage, gave additional places for him to hide.

Nicodemus would often run the length of the dresser, from his little house out into the vast unknown at the other end of the dresser top, and push his nose out as far as he could to sample the air. (Rodents are extremely near-sighted and feel vulnerable if out in the open. They run along the walls, so as to be able to find their way home again.) For one virtually blind, it was a considerable distance back to the safety of his cage, but he would venture out to the far edge of the dresser many times a day, in response to nothing obvious save his hunger to know what was beyond his little world. Sometimes he would stick his nose out too far and lose his balance. If I was in the room, I would hear the “thump” as he hit the floor, and I’d come to his rescue. If not, I would always find Nicky close to the dresser where he had fallen, still shaking with fear.

I often wondered why he insisted on reaching beyond the safety and comfort of his nest, if he was so afraid of the unexplored world into which he would periodically fall. Like little Nicky, I too am afraid of the unknown, and like that rat, I too want to know what’s “out there.” I just hope there’s someone there to pick me up if I fall.

To Laugh or To Cry

As Experiencers, what do we feel when we watch the latest media offering, based upon what most of the world regards as bad joke, and what we know to be the fantastic truth? We know that flying saucers are real, not just unexplained lights in the sky, but real vehicles piloted by real beings not of

this time and space. We know that real people are being abducted/visited, because we are those people. We know that we're not a joke, even if the rest of the world thinks we are. So how are we to react to the barrage of movies and TV shows that exploit us for their profit?

I don't know. I guess it depends on how one personally feels about their adventure. It is an adventure, isn't it? We wake up one morning and find that we're in the middle of a bad science fiction movie. But, unlike most people, we can't change channels or get up and leave the theatre. Our movie continues to play each night, scene by scene, and we can't begin to guess the ending. There are many times when I want to jump up and yell, "Cut," but then I remember that it's not a movie and that I can't stop it and that I have to sit down and take it.

For some of us, our movie takes on the plot twists of a spy thriller. When I find that my phone is tapped, that my apartment is routinely entered by "human" intruders (usually toward the end of every month) and that my computer is tampered with (viruses inserted into the system without ever going online), believe me when I say that I really would like to be able to turn off the TV and forget about it, but then there is that annoying little detail. I can't, because it isn't a movie. It's all f***ing real!

So maybe I do get a little defensive when I see what the media does to us. Any comic can get a cheap laugh at our expense and everyone is trying to make money by keeping the joke alive. Be it *Independence Day*, *Dark Skies*, *Men in Black*, or *Third Rock from the Sun*, I just can't get into the spirit.

Independence Day was very well done, I must admit. I was grateful that it was written as a big comic book, with the President of the United States flying off to lead the last decisive battle. But I cringed when everyone laughed and made fun of the abducted bush pilot. I felt he should have aimed his guns at his earthly tormentors, instead of at the Aliens. (In real life, I've had my Alien contacts do me more good than the human intrusions I've had to suffer.)

Dark Skies mixed a lot of truth with their dark plot lines. Again, I had mixed feelings. It was refreshing to see some of the conspiracies, which I now know to be real, portrayed as such. But here again, as in *Independence Day*, the Aliens are evil. Our government is also evil, but is supposed to be the lesser of the two. Why, because it's the home team?

So am I now supposed to root for the real "Men in Black"? I don't think so. Not when I've been on the receiving end of their amusing little antics, like smearing the inside of my shower curtain with blood and bits of intestine. Harmless prank, or an attempt to unhinge me mentally so that no one, not even my closest family or friends, could possibly believe anything I might say on the subject of UFOs?

It's just a twist on what they used to routinely do to policemen and airline pilots who reported their close encounters. But why just circulate reports of mental instability (which may or may not be believed), when you might achieve the real thing with a few well-timed shocks? (Anyone ever see the movie, *Gaslight*?)³² Someone asked me the other day if I watch *The X-Files*. I replied, "No, because I live *The X-Files*." I can't root for our side anymore, whether they're fantasy heroes or the real Majestic-12 Committee.

What can I say about *Third Rock*? I suppose that if *My Favorite Martian* were still on the air, they'd be doing abduction jokes, too.

So, do we join the mass culture and laugh at our own expense, or sit like stuffed shirts, silent and humorless? As for me, I can't share in the laughter anymore, "for the world is hollow and I have touched the sky."³³

I'm happy to report that I've lightened up a bit over the

³² Ingrid Bergman won an Oscar for her performance in the film version of the play, as the wife of a man (played by Charles Boyer) who was trying to drive her insane.

³³ Ask any *Star Trek* fan if you don't know the reference. It comes from the original series and an episode with that phrase as the title. It means, "I have learned the unbelievable secret that no one else knows."

years, but I think at the time, I expressed what many Abductee/Experiencers feel about how the media treats us. That, unfortunately, has not changed.

I Led Three Lives

During the cold war paranoia of the 1950s, there was a popular TV show called *I Led Three Lives*. It was based upon the best-selling autobiography by Herbert Philbrick. Besides being a respected member of his community, he was also a member of a clandestine Communist cell that was intent upon undermining our government and our American way of life. In addition, he was an undercover agent for the FBI, assigned to infiltrate and report on the activities of the Communist Party in America. Needless to say, he had a very stressful life.

Like Herbert Philbert, I also led three lives. I, too, am a respected member of my community. I have an ex-wife and daughter who both trust me and believe me to be a kind and gentle person, if occasionally delusional. I pay my taxes, and I go to work every day so that I can.

Also like Mr. Philbert, my second life is a secret from those who think that they know me, my neighbors and the people at work. They don't know about my second "job," the one I go to in the middle of the night when everyone else is sleeping.

In my third life, however, Mr. Philbert and I part company. As an FBI agent, he was fighting what we as a country perceived to be our worst enemy at the time, Communism. He was someone whom kids like me wanted to grow up to be like. Now, as an adult the tables are turned and I find that I'm an enemy of the state.³⁴

³⁴ *Enemy of the State*, a good movie starring Will Smith and Gene Hackman about how the National Security Agency (NSA) can track anyone, anywhere and destroy their life with impunity. I was told that the surveillance technology depicted in the movie was already twenty years out of date in 1998, the year it was filmed.

Just like the Communists in that old TV show, to our government Experiencers are a fifth column of subversives whose minds are controlled, not by a foreign ideology but by something much more “foreign” – by Space Aliens preparing to take over Earth!

At least that’s probably what they tell the agents they assigned to monitor and harass UFO Experiencers like ourselves.

Recovering Memories through Hypnotherapy

When trying to assess what's happening to them, the memories that the newly Awakened carry with them, both consciously and unconsciously, are logical places to start. At some point in their search for answers, many Abductee/Experiencers seek to explore what their subconscious mind, which remembers everything, may reveal under hypnosis.

First, what hypnosis is not. It's not mind control. Unless it's done with the administering of drugs, the subject cannot be made to do anything that would not be in their best interests, or that would violate their ethics or moral standards in any way. Even at the deepest levels, you're conscious of your own critical thinking processes. While you are open to "post-hypnotic" suggestions from the therapist, for your subconscious mind to accept them it must first determine that they're not a threat to your safety. Any outside directive given under hypnosis that it determines not to be in your best interests just won't have any effect.

Hypnotherapy is not always productive. Again, if your subconscious mind says no, it won't happen. The memory may be something you're not ready to face. As an Abductee/Experiencer, your subconscious is the keeper of all the secrets that you're not yet ready to know. You may want to

know, but that's not enough. Your subconscious has to cooperate.

There may also be blocks put up by the ETs themselves. This was true in my case, when I first attempted to recover memories of my childhood Abduction in Oklahoma, the "ball of fire" incident. At first all I could see was the color blue. My therapist was later told, by a fellow therapist working with another Abductee/Experiencer, that her client had come up against the same kind of "color barrier" in their hypnotherapy sessions, but in that case the color was red.

Most Abductee/Experiencers have some conscious memories of something "weird" happening, even if initially disguised as a vivid dream. Here is a list of what I remember without the aid of hypnosis. I've described these experiences earlier in my journal.

1. First and foremost, I saw two grays materialize in my apartment in the early morning hours of June 11, 1994.
2. I "dreamt" that I spent time with a specific woman, and after I "woke up" I wondered if she was an Experiencer, too. I later met that very same person while fully conscious. She recognized me, too, and asked me repeatedly if we had ever met before.
3. I heard something move in my apartment that sounded like it had claws, as it walked across my hardwood floor.
4. I remembered that as a child I met with other children at night in an abandoned horse barn, supervised by "grown-ups" whom we never could clearly see.
5. I "dreamt" that I was made to study the exact proprietary paperwork that I was to use months later in a new job.

6. I experienced a "Missing Time" episode in bumper-to-bumper traffic with one other person.
7. I "dreamt"/remembered that there were "Insects in My Face."
8. I "dreamt"/remembered taking a ride in "The Flying Van."
9. I was shown "The Miracle of the Lamp."

And here is a list of ET- and UFO-related memories I've been able to access through hypnotherapy; not a lot.

1. A group of grays invaded our house in Oklahoma when I was a young boy.
2. I met Horus, the falcon-headed Egyptian sun and sky god.
3. I was in a large, white-colored area with curved walls (in a UFO?), seated on the floor in a position that suggested I had just suffered a fall.

As for the incident in Oklahoma, I've described it earlier in my UFO journal. The other two recovered memories were from a free one-hour session that was offered to me sometime in the winter of 1995. I didn't have much money at the time and was happy not to have to pay for it. The therapist took me to a very deep level of hypnosis, but her induction technique took so long that we didn't spend much time there before the hour was up and she ended the session.

We were trying to determine how I had sustained a back injury. I had woken up one morning and was about my apartment for an hour or so, when suddenly I cried out and sank to the floor in extreme pain. I hadn't even been moving at that moment. I was just standing there, thinking about something,

when (wham!) it was like someone flipped a switch. One second, I was feeling fine; the next, I was on the floor in excruciating agony.

It was while we were trying to go back to the moment I sustained that injury that I saw the Egyptian god, Horus. He was sitting behind a large desk, looking very much like an important business man. After a second or two, he looked up at me. That was all I saw of that incident.

After that image I was able to regress to what I think was the moment of my back injury and see myself in a large enclosed area. Everything was white – the walls, the floor, everything. I was near a “wall,” which was curved upward with no sharp angles, sitting on the floor with my hands behind me and my legs bent. It looked as if I had just fallen and I was bracing my back. That’s all I was able to see before the therapist called me back to the present. I recently tried to access that memory again, with the aid of another hypnotherapist, but with no success.

Hypnosis can be a good tool, but it’s no panacea. If the incident was of a traumatic nature and if remembering it would interfere with your ability to cope in the here-and-now, then your subconscious might not allow you access to that part of your memory banks.

If you’re up for it, though, it may be worth a shot.

Advice to the Newly Awakened

Just like Neo in the movie *Matrix*, you've been "Awakened" from your familiar existence into a world of the fantastic. You can pretend it isn't happening. Many do. Denial can be a good coping tool. If you feel that you can't function in the everyday world and deal with a paradigm shift at the same time, then you might want to consider that as a course of action. Just put this craziness out of your mind. Think about something else, preferably work or some other such reality-grounding aspect of your life. Put on the blinders and concentrate on what's in front of you. It's okay, really. Take the blue capsule and go back to sleep.

But if you're like me and cannot ignore something as big as the Alien presence on Earth, especially once you've discovered that you're personally involved, then I truly feel sorry for you because I know what you're in for. You swallowed the red capsule, and there's no going back.

For many, their Awakening is a shattering experience. It's meant to be. Paradigms aren't shifted easily. A paradigm is supposed to be something that you can rely on, like the ground under your feet. If it shifts unexpectedly, you can lose your balance and fall. When that happens, many Abductee/Experiencers react with bouts of depression, sometime clinically severe. Often these people seek psychiatric

help and wind up in their local mental health system, misdiagnosed (usually with Bipolar Disorder) and taking psychotropic prescription medications. If you suspect that your depression, which might be cyclic in nature, is due to ET contact experiences (especially if you don't have the corresponding "highs" that characterize true Bipolar Disorder), then I suggest that you don't go down that road. It's likely to be a dead end and it won't be easy to turn around and go back, once you're in the system. A diagnosis of mental illness can haunt you for a lifetime. Don't go there if you don't have to.

That is, of course, unless you're feeling suicidal. If that's the case, then by all means seek professional help. Once you're feeling better you can decide what to do, but such thoughts are hard to shake off. Call 911 right away. Don't delay!

. That being said, how does one function in the everyday world and cope with the stress of ET contact, if not with "medications" of some kind?³⁵ First, I would suggest keeping a journal of your ET experiences. Putting it down on paper can be very therapeutic. Writing it down helps to remind you later that it really did happen, that you aren't crazy, and that it wasn't

³⁵ I have an old VHS tape of a lecture by Budd Hopkins titled *Hidden Memories: Are you a UFO Abductee?* where he talked about how a disproportionate number of the members of his support group had addictions, either to cigarettes and/or alcohol, with excess consumption of the latter being an attempt to self-medicate.

a dream or hallucination. It will also protect the details of your experiences from a faulty memory, should you wish later to tell your story either verbally or in print.

But just keeping a journal isn't likely to be enough. It's just too hard to keep something like personal contact with Aliens to yourself. You will want to tell someone. You'll most likely start with your family and friends, who may or may not be supportive. If they are, you're very fortunate. Many are not and their rejection can add to the severity of any depressive episodes you might have.

The obvious place for an Abductee/Experiencer to look for a friendly ear to bend, or to hear the stories of others like themselves, is a UFO support group. If you're lucky enough to live near a large metropolitan area, there might be one nearby that you can attend. If not, the sense of isolation can be hard to bear, especially when friends or family are unresponsive to your emotional need to share this new, fantastic part of your life.

As an aside, let me say that those who don't have a local support group can now gain access to one on online. OPUS (Organization for Paranormal Understanding and Support) has an email-based UFO support group, where each communication is shared with everyone in the group, and individuals can respond at will (or not). For information, write to P.O. Box 320174, Los Gatos, California 95032-0174, or email

LesterV424@aol.com or *JuniMoon7@aol.com*. OPUS is registered with the IRS as a non-profit organization, formed for the public good, and maintains a website at *www.opus-net.org*.

Before you join any support group, however, there are some things of which you should be aware. Do not assume that the facilitator of any support group will necessarily have your best interests in mind. Some are run by researchers who seem more interested in “picking your brain,” than providing any real emotional support to those who attend their meetings. I’ve met a couple who had reputations for using their influence over Experiencers to foster an almost cult-like following. Unfortunately, in UFOlogy not everyone is who they represent themselves to be.

If you do come out publicly, know that you will eventually come to the attention of Majestic and that a file will be opened with your name on it. How large that file becomes, and even the extent to which you will be harassed by Majestic, will depend largely on how successful you are in convincing others of the reality of the presence of ETs on Earth. If you don’t make waves, you’ll probably be left alone for the most part.

That’s not to say you won’t be monitored. Assume that everything you do or say is noted and recorded electronically, even when visiting the offices of professionals like doctors and dentists. That, unfortunately, is a given. But if you don’t write

books or articles and don't tell strangers of your experiences outside of support group meetings, which are always monitored by Majestic anyway, their agents will most likely stay in the background. Just know, though, that any privacy you think you have is only an illusion.

If, however, you are a credible person and you talk rationally to others about your contact experiences, then our secret government will consider you a threat and you will be targeted. It's then that you'll be marked for harassment, and Majestic's overt intrusions into your life will begin. The nature of that harassment can take many forms. Some will be meant to mislead you, others to frighten you.

One form of harassment, which at first you probably wouldn't even recognize as such, appears as just a string of "bad luck." Misfortune of course happens naturally, but in cases where it's Majestic manipulating from behind the scenes, your personal crisis is meant to isolate you and keep you occupied with survival issues. That way you won't have time to devote to things like attending UFO conventions or writing a book about your ET experiences.

Another form of harassment is what I call "Red Herrings." I described an example of this earlier, when Majestic agents came into my apartment while I slept and disfigured a religious pendant of mine. I would lay it carefully on my night stand before retiring and on two occasions I awoke

to find it charred and twisted. (I replaced it after the first time and they did it again.) I realized later that it was meant to make me believe that the ETs, for whatever reason, were reacting violently to my religion. This kind of stunt can only work if the target isn't yet aware of Majestic's presence in their life. Once someone understands that they're under government surveillance, then tactics like that can't be made to work any longer and the harassment is bumped up a notch.

It will likely now be of the variety designed to make you act paranoid. If you're talking about UFOs at all, Majestic will want you talking crazy. If you're obviously agitated when you tell people the government is spying on you, you might sound crazy enough to attract the attention of the men in white coats and then there goes your credibility.

Examples of a low-level form of this type of harassment are the "clicks" that many people hear on their telephones when they suspect their conversations are being recorded. The truth is that Majestic wants you to hear those clicks and to know that they're listening so you'll talk "crazy" to your friends and family. It's not that they're working with antiquated mechanical equipment that makes noises. If they didn't want you to know they're there, you wouldn't hear anything.

If for some reason you're on their "special" list, then watch out. It can get ugly, but try and keep your cool nonetheless. If you find yourself under psychological attack,

know that acting freaked-out is exactly what Majestic wants you to do. If instead you can remain calm and rational when you talk about your harassment, you'll be fighting back in the most effective way possible. Whenever I attend UFO conventions or support groups, or in any way present myself as an UFO Experiencer in public, I dress in business attire. It's amazing what being well dressed does for one's credibility.

Many an Experiencer has had an "aha!" moment, when they thought they had put some pieces of the puzzle together, only to find out later that they didn't really fit. If you think you know the answer, you probably don't, at least not consciously. In other words, I recommend suspending judgment on most things. Stanton Friedman, noted UFO researcher and author, advises the same. He calls it his "Gray Box." If he doesn't know for sure, it goes into the Gray Box to await any further information on the subject.

Be open-minded, but be critical at the same time. There is much disinformation in UFOlogy. I'm inclined to believe Jim Keith when he said, "There are a number of accounts of the military attempting to infiltrate public UFO research organizations, apparently in an attempt to monitor and disinform the field, and to delude the public at large on the subject of UFOs. On a number of occasions the UFO field has been infiltrated by military intelligence personnel, and well-known UFO 'researchers,' possibly even the majority of the

prominent ones, have loyalties that seem not to reside with the UFO research community or with the truth.”³⁶

During the late 1960s, there were so many FBI agents who had infiltrated the Black Panther Party that they were literally informing on each other! I’m sure that the UFO community receives the same overkill treatment from Majestic. They have an unlimited Black Budget from which to draw and can afford to fund any scheme their little, reptilian minds can hatch. (I’m sorry. Is my bias showing?)

I’m just saying be skeptical. Believe half of what you see, half again of what you hear; and put the rest in your Gray Box.

³⁶ Keith, p. 33.

Do We Really Want an End to the UFO Cover-up?

Back in 1995 I attended a UFO convention in San Francisco. At one of the group discussions a very interesting question was put forth: If and when the UFO secrecy is ended, either by our government or the ETs themselves, what will be the public position of our political leaders? What will disclosure really mean when they spin the news of the presence of Aliens on Earth? Will our government welcome the ETs as "Space Brothers," or proclaim them to be "Space Invaders?" A very intriguing question, but before you try to answer it, consider the following.

President Ronald Reagan speculated publicly on three different occasions as to how a war against an invading army from outer space would be a unifying force for mankind, which would undoubtedly dissolve the differences between nations and bring them together against a common threat. One of those occasions was on September 21, 1987, when he addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations. "In our obsession with antagonisms of the moment, we often forget how much unites all the members of humanity. Perhaps we need some outside, universal threat to make us recognize this common bond." Reagan continued, "I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. *And yet, I ask, is not an*

alien force already among us? [emphasis mine]” I don’t think we’re short on threats that affect us globally. Pollution, overpopulation, ozone holes, global warming, take your pick. We don’t need to go to war to unite the peoples of our planet, so why did the leader of the free world single out Extraterrestrials as a serious threat to mankind, even implying that they were already here? Keep in mind that presidential speeches are written well in advance and delivered only after they’re approved by a dozen people or more.

Perhaps whoever did write that speech thought of what General Douglas MacArthur had said 32 years earlier in his speech to the cadets assembled at West Point. “The nations of the world,” he told them, “will have to unite, for the next war will be an interplanetary war. The nations of the earth must someday make a common front against attack by people from other planets.”³⁷

If and when the UFO cover-up is ended, there appears to already be a law on the books that allows for the detention, under armed guards, of anyone who comes in contact with an Extraterrestrial. The statute (1211.100 Title14 – Aeronautics and Space and Part 1211 – Extra-Terrestrial Exposure) was originally written for NASA in 1969 to use if and when our astronauts should discover Alien life of any kind, either on the moon or some other planet, but it was worded so broadly that it

³⁷ *New York Times*, October 9, 1955.

could be used to include Alien contact with civilians here on Earth.³⁸

So much attention was given this statute by the UFO community that NASA quietly rescinded it in 1991, saying that it had “served its purpose.” Aside from the question of why it was deemed to no longer be needed at that particular time, after being on the books for 22 years, no one doubts that the regulation could just as easily be resurrected should it be needed again.

In 2006 Kellogg, Brown & Root (now known just as KBR), then a subsidiary of Halliburton, was awarded a contract by the Department of Homeland Security to build a series of concentration camps meant to detain illegal immigrants and others. A press release issued by Halliburton on January 24, 2006 announced the news saying, “The contract, which is effective immediately, provides for establishing temporary detention and processing capabilities to augment existing ICE Detention and Removal Operations (DRO) Program facilities in the event of an emergency influx of immigrants into the US, *or to support the rapid development of new programs* [emphasis mine].”³⁹ People all across the country who have reason to fear their government, from political dissidents to UFO

³⁸ The full text of the law is available online from many different websites, including <http://www.abovetopsecret.com/pages/etlaw.html>.

³⁹ Although the original press release has been removed from Halliburton’s website, the author has a copy on file. Halliburton has since sold KBR.

Abductee/Experiencers, are asking, “What new detention programs?”

Dr. Carol Rusin was a protégé of the late Dr. Wernher von Braun, the preeminent Nazi rocket scientist who was brought to the US after World War II through a top-secret project code-named “Paperclip.” Von Braun, who had designed the Nazi V-1 and V-2 rockets that destroyed much of London, was put in charge of all US space programs, up to and including Man's walk on the Moon in 1969. She says that Dr. von Braun had charged her with leading a crusade to prevent the deployment of weapons in space.

He told her numerous times that the Military-Industrial complex had a phony list of four external threats to the United States that would be used to support their funding. The first, the Communist Threat, was already under way. The second was to be a Terrorist Threat, followed by an Asteroid Threat, and after that would come the Alien Threat. While each of these “threats” was supposed to stimulate military spending, the Alien Threat was meant to also support their control of space. He wanted her to work to ban space-based weapons so that international treaties against their use would be in place by the time the Alien Threat was brought into play. According to Dr. Rusin, Von Braun told her on several occasions that human

contact with many different kinds of Extraterrestrials was already a reality, and that “none of them are hostile.”⁴⁰

It appears that everything is nearly in place for the Alien Threat. One of our most beloved presidents suggested the idea several times; there is/was a law on the books declaring contact with Aliens to be grounds for forced detention; and now the government is building camps in which UFO Abductee/Experiencers can, at some future date, be rounded up and detained. I think it's obvious where things are currently headed. If disclosure were to happen tomorrow, the “spin” would undoubtedly be negative, meant to generate as much fear as possible. Maybe they're planning to skip the Asteroid Threat and go right to the Alien Menace.

⁴⁰ An audio interview with Carol Rusin by Linda Moulton-Howe was posted on *UnknownCountry.com* for subscribers, and is on file with the author as an mp3. A transcript of another interview of Dr. Rusin by Dr. Steven Greer (of the UFO Disclosure Project) is available at http://www.illuminati-news.com/ufo-and-aliens/html/carol_rosin.htm.

The Human – E.T. Spirituality Connection



Testing, Testing, 1-2-3

When you reach out and try to understand your relationship with the ETs, they will begin to take a personal interest in you. Early on I came to understand that the ETs were concerned about my welfare, but I couldn't say for sure that it wasn't because they wanted their lab rat to be in good condition to run the maze. However, while human research scientists are usually only concerned with physical changes that may result from the experiments they perform on their lab animals, the ETs have, in addition to their genetic agenda, shown a great interest in Abductee/Experiencers as individual personalities.

Once you open yourself up to contact, the nature of your belief systems, the values and standards to which you hold yourself, and even the depth your personal spirituality will be probed and "tested." Over the years I've been tested several times in different ways and I would like to tell you about three such incidents that affected me profoundly.

My first test had to do with (would you believe?) cockroaches.

"Joes's Apartment"

Many years ago I made a vow not to kill except for food or in self-defense. It was done in a moment of self-righteousness, and quite honestly I didn't give it much thought

afterwards. In early 1995, however, I renewed my vow most solemnly just after I squashed a cockroach in my bathroom.

Some months before, I had taken the studio apartment vacated by my good friend Dick Mayfield, who had moved into a local hospice in preparation of his impending death from prostate cancer. He had grown tired of the fight and was ready to die. When he gave up on life, life evidently reciprocated.

The building is old and made of brick and mortar, with thick walls and solid wooden doors. Unfortunately structures of this kind and age, especially ones in large urban areas, are often infested with cockroaches, and my building is no exception. They were everywhere when I moved in and I was flattening as many as I could, as fast as I could.

On this day, however, I was feeling particularly spiritual after several visits from the ETs that week. After I killed the cockroach, I remembered my old pledge and felt ashamed that I had not considered, until that moment, that the “right to live” included roaches, insects and all other “bugs.” I was also struck by how reflexively I had killed that roach. I killed it, not because it threatened me in any way, but because it was what it was, a cockroach. How indifferent of me!

I thought for a while and then decided to firmly renew my pledge, and to extend to even the roaches the protection of my vow. It was a defining moment and I knew it at the time. Immediately afterwards I was stunned by the excited reaction

from the many invisible Beings that were with me that day. It was if they all shouted in my ear, their collective voice like a Greek chorus bridging the gap between dimensions. I heard and felt them shout, “He got it!”

It was a vow that was hard to keep, to be sure. My family thought me crazy, a nice guy in many respects, but “certifiable” nonetheless. I often thought that their reaction would have been much different if I had shaved my head and wore salmon-colored sarongs. If I looked like a Buddhist monk, I’d be permitted to extend my feelings of brotherhood to all living creatures without ridicule; but if I look Western in dress I must act Western in deed, which means separating the material from the spiritual aspects of my life. (Can’t confuse people now, can we?)

Keeping true to my word was difficult in other respects, too. The roaches would gather under the rim of the commode in the bathroom, and whenever I needed to use the toilet I would have to get down on my knees and collect them, lest they drown when I flushed. In retrospect it was pretty funny at times, when I would be dancing a jig to keep from peeing in my pants while trying to save the cockroaches from a watery grave. After months of this, I finally had enough and asked the ETs to do something. It wasn’t long thereafter that I stopped finding them in their usual hiding place under the rim of the commode.

I kept checking for a while, just to make sure, but my plea had evidently been heard and acted upon. I was very grateful.

Katherine, who was about ten years old then, was helped to overcome her fear of bugs when I paid her for each roach she could scoop up in a cup and throw out my two-story window. At first two cents each was enough to satisfy her, but as the months wore on, it grew to a nickel, through collective bargaining, and finally to ten cents when she threatened a strike.

My girlfriend at the time wasn't pleased, to say the least. She once threatened to leave me if I didn't do something to rid my apartment of the roaches. It was either them or her, she demanded. Maybe it was the unhesitating way I responded when I told her I didn't have a choice in the matter, and that if she pushed the issue she wouldn't like the answer. Fortunately I made the "no kill" commitment before we had met, so it wasn't as if she was faced with a bait-and-switch situation. It was her decision to stay or leave, and when she saw my resolve she didn't say anything more on the subject.

She did make me take her to see *Joe's Apartment* when it came out. It's a movie, part live action, part animated, about the dating problems of a guy living in an apartment crawling with intelligent, talking cockroaches that sing and dance, too!

About a year later, I came home and found that the landlord had come in and planted "Roach Motels" throughout

my apartment. I removed as many as I could find, but felt defeated in my attempt to keep my apartment free from violence of any kind. I was truly saddened.

The roaches disappeared, however, and I was never again bothered with their company. The landlord hadn't sprayed any pesticides in my apartment, as tenants could opt out of that part of the extermination process if they wanted, and I had. The few Roach Motels that I found couldn't have accounted for the sudden lack of infestation. I think the ETs came and rounded up the cockroaches to take them, where I do not know.

I've been free of the roaches for over ten years now, but I recently found out that my neighbors on this floor of the building are not so lucky. Their apartments are infested again and I'm told that the landlord is planning another extermination. My neighbors are much cleaner in their habits than I, I'm embarrassed to admit, so I can only attribute my good fortune to the ETs who have evidently given me a passing grade and determined that I no longer need testing in that area.

As an aside, I'm reminded of a later incident when Katherine, and her mother and I were vacationing as a family, driving across country. We stopped at a gas station that was infested with mosquitoes. Margaret and Katherine ran from the car to the mini-mart across from the pumps to pay in advance and to use the restroom. I stayed behind and pumped the gas,

all the while repeating the mantra just under my breath, "I do not kill; please do not bite. I do not kill; please do not bite." After we all piled back into the car, Margaret and Katherine were covered with mosquito bites. Even though I had been outdoors for a much longer time than they had, I counted only two or three on me. They were incredulous, despite the evidence.

I was pleased to read that my compassion for insects and bugs, thought by most people to be pests and worthy of extermination, is felt by other Experiencers too. The late Dr. John Mack described in his second book on the subject of UFO Abduction the thoughts of Experiencer Carlos Diaz of Mexico City. Mr. Diaz feels so connected to life that he can't turn away the trail of ants that invades his home to avoid inclement weather. They are safe with him until the sun comes out, then he takes them back outside. "They come into the house to seek shelter from the rain," he said. "The poor things have to have a place to stay overnight."⁴¹ He sounds like someone I'd like to meet some day.

Dr. Mack also described the case of Jim Sparks and how the ETs tested him to see how willing he was to kill. He was shown a huge ant that he estimated to be 18 inches long, along with the word kill and a symbol that conveyed the meaning and power of killing. Jim was then commanded to press the symbol

⁴¹ Mack, pp. 100-102.

and thus kill the ant. He refused. They made his defiance painful and increased the pain each time he refused to kill the ant. When that didn't work, they then showed him an image of his brother grasping at his chest as if in the throes of a heart attack and said that he would die if Jim didn't kill the ant. He at last complied, pressing the symbol for Kill and watched as the ant curled up and died. Sobbing, he asked the ETs, "Why did you do this to me?" They responded by telling him "We had to be sure." "To be sure of what?" Jim asked. "That you are not a killer, and you're not," they assured him.⁴²

If one is open to it, the Alien contact experience can transcend its physical aspects and lead to a relationship with the ETs whereby one is made "civilized" enough to work closely with Higher Beings. Choosing not to kill, even that which our society says should be exterminated, is the first step to becoming a truly civilized person, and it appears that more and more Experiencers are making that choice.

Personal Heroes

I think I was given a test to determine how I would react to meeting a hero figure. This test was administered as a dream. I met my personal "hero" and we spent time together in the dream doing something – what, I don't remember. I could

⁴² Ibid., pp. 148-150. Mr. Sparks went on to write his own account of his ET experiences in *The Keepers: An Alien Message for the Human Race* (Columbus, NC: Wild Flower Press, 2006).

tell, though, that he really liked me, even though he was a big movie star and I was just an average person, and it made me feel good to be accepted by someone I admired.

The experience was profound, and when I woke up at three in the morning I didn't want to break the mood of the dream that was still with me, so I didn't turn on the lights. I sat in the dark and the first four lines of a poem started to run through my mind. "Someone I wanted to meet. Someone I wanted to know. Someone I wanted to be like, my own personal hero." I repeated those lines over and over again to commit them to memory. The poem that follows is what developed the next morning.

DREAMING OF A HERO

*Someone I wanted to meet,
Someone I wanted to know,
Someone I wanted to be like,
My own personal hero.*

*I met him in a dream last night,
And he became my friend,
But when the dream was over,
I knew it was not the end.*

*For I learned something important,
As I lay there in my sleep,
We can't be like other people,
We have our own lives to keep.*

*That each and every one of us,
Is a hero in his day,
To his family, his friends,
And those he meets along the way.*

*So thank you Harrison,
Although we never met,
You helped me learn a lesson,
I won't easily forget.*

Years later I learned that Katherine also had a dream of her hero, actually three dreams on three consecutive nights. She was delighted to meet and be with her idol, who at the time was Leonardo DiCaprio. (I can't count how many times I saw the movie *Titanic* with her!) It would be interesting to know if other Experiencers have had dreams of their "heroes."

Whom we look up to and admire says a lot about us as individuals. In our Western culture with its emphasis on entertainment, actors and other media, celebrities are so revered that occasionally we even elect them to public office. Whether or not it was the lesson the ETs were trying to administer, I did learn something that night. We shouldn't look up to other people as if somehow, in some way, they are greater than we are. Each of us has qualities that others can appreciate and admire. We all learn from each other. Be an example as you go about your daily routine. Live your life as a quiet "hero" to others.

A Test of Character

I hope that by now any reader who has gotten this far will have formed an opinion of me as a decent sort of person, truthfully reporting what he has experienced. That's how I

think of myself, at least, and I hope you've reached that conclusion as well.

To those readers who have skipped throughout this book, choosing here and there from the Table of Contents, I now ask that they now go back and read everything prior to this page. What follows is very personal, but to explain the incredible lengths to which the ETs will go to administer their "tests" and what it reveals about the nature of who and what they are, I must be perfectly frank, even if it means revealing a secret I've kept for decades from many who think they know me. It will shock some and dismay others, but before you pronounce judgment on me, I would have you properly prepared. Please read everything that precedes before continuing.

The ETs I've been in contact with are spiritual but not religious, although they use the myths and symbols of Earth's religions to communicate with Experiencers about spiritual concepts. If you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, then they will use the Jesus legends and Christian symbols to prepare for you spiritual tests which, when completed successfully, become spiritual lessons learned. You don't have to be Christian, though, or even believe in one Supreme Being to be the subject of these tests. I offer myself as a personal example.

I am a Pagan. I honor many gods and goddess. I am not a Wiccan, though I respect their beliefs and certainly share many of them. Witches, though, usually confine themselves to casting spells of healing, using the energies of the nature gods. On occasion they may be induced to provide a “love potion” or “Mojo Bag” for some lonely soul or someone down on their luck, but that’s usually the extent of their meddling in the natural order of things. My approach has been much more “hands on.”

Let me explain. Every religion has its Right and Left Hand Paths of spirituality. The majority of people of any religion follow the Right Hand Path, honoring their deities by giving up to them (evoking) the power of the faithful through prayer, or some other such heart-felt emotional release of energy, such as tribal dancing for example.

There are always a few who instead choose to follow the Left Hand Path, learning to draw down (invoking) into themselves the power of a god or goddess, so that they may use that power to alter the natural flow of energies and achieve results that would be otherwise highly improbable. This is the Art of Sorcery, the Realm of Magick.⁴³

As I said, every religion has a less-traveled “Left Hand Path” to approaching the divine. Jews have their Kabbalah.

⁴³ No, it’s not a typo. A “k” at the end of the word “magic” was coined by Aleister Crowley to distinguish it as a real “reality-bending” event, as opposed to the pulling of rabbits out of hats, a slight-of-hand trick.

Catholics had their Knights Templar, and indigenous peoples their shamans.

The example of the American Indian is probably the best illustration. Their Medicine Man was equivalent to the village priest. In addition to dispensing cures for all that ailed his charges, he was sought after in counsel, his words well respected. He was welcome throughout his society and many young men sought him out to learn from him.

But outside of the camp, up in the hills if there were any nearby, lived the shaman. He was a darker version of the Medicine Man and, while also respected, he was also generally avoided. He communicated his advice only to the elders of the tribe, and only the very brave would seek him out for spiritual guidance, for he would take them (through the ingesting of sacred plants) to the very edge of life itself, to death's door, to show them the divinity that is within everyone.

For my spiritual quest in this life, I walk the Left Hand Path. My training is that of a Ritual Magician, learning from the writings of Arthur Waite, Israel Regardie and Aleister Crowley, among others, as well as at the side of two skilled practitioners who taught me well. I've practiced a modern form of ancient Egyptian Magick for over a quarter of a century and I'm pretty good at it. I also lead a small circle of fellow Magicians and teach a few selected students.

By practicing magick, I make the conscious decision

every day to be in charge of my own “Karmic Bank Account.” Magick allows those skilled in its art to change the course of their lives beyond what was originally programmed for them through the process of reincarnation. When the magick is turned inward, it can be a “fast track” to personal growth. A year practicing magick can be worth ten on the psychiatrist’s couch. However, those who would separate themselves from the natural order of things must examine each of their decisions in life to confirm that they were made in balance with Truth and Justice. Not to do so is to almost guarantee self-destruction. While the Left Hand Path can be used as a shortcut to personal transformation, it is a treacherous one to tread, and should not be attempted without guidance from someone who has gone before.

In preparation for the story to follow, let me explain that there are three basic types of magick ritual: (1) those that employ positive energies to create, (2) those that use negative energies to destroy, and (3) lust rituals (which are outside our discussion here). As a Magician I would most often use my talents for the benign benefit of my myself, my family and my friends, but on rare occasion I would muster the negative energies of the universe against those who sought to do me harm.

I’m normally a peaceful person, but I learned to fight back when someone attacks me. Knowing as I do the power of

magick and how to wield it, I could (and would) retaliate against those foolish enough to attack me. Unlike other victims who are powerless against brutish people, I had the tools to come back at them tenfold, and I did. If they were foolish enough to purposely step on a scorpion, then they deserved to get stung, I reasoned.

Let me say that this is not something I would do casually. In almost thirty years of practicing magick, I can count the number of times I've done a ritual in anger on one hand and still have a finger or two left over. I reserved my "ultimate weapon" for only those I thought to be the most deserving.

The tale I'm about to relate is true. Although it is one that is embarrassing to tell, the telling is necessary.

It was the mid-1990s and I was hired to work for a governmental agency of a nearby county. The commute was long, but the pay was good and the job came with full benefits. I was hired the same day as one other new employee and we followed one another through the first day's orientations and presentations. At first she was friendly enough, but her demeanor toward me turned cold when I saw her take notice of the ring I was wearing.

It was the simple design of a five-pointed star with a circle around it, known as the Pentagram. It's a sacred religious symbol, recognizable as such by all Pagans. I wore it

and looked at it often because it would help to ground me each time I did. Knowing that most people are ignorant of the real meaning of the Pentagram and believe it to be tied to devil worship (regardless of its orientation of “up” or “down”), many Pagans are reluctant to flaunt it in public. Mary (not her real name) wore a crucifix in public display around her neck, yet she was offended by my ring. Go figure.

This type of religious prejudice doesn't surprise me and I quickly forgot about it. Later that day we were both assigned to the same office, and eventually we found ourselves on the night shift with another woman whom I'll call Barbara. The three of us would take our dinner hour together, sampling the restaurants within driving distance and alternating responsibility for the bill. Over the following weeks Mary's attitude toward me softened, as the three of us bonded during this break in our nightly work schedule.

She even offered to set me up with a date. I was reluctant, but she insisted and invited her friend to our dinner hour so that we could meet. I promised nothing. I was friendly during the meal, but didn't encourage anything further. Mary and Barbara were puzzled as to why I wasn't “available.” “No, I'm not gay,” I told them. “Then what is it?” they asked. They were nothing, if not persistent.

I decided to let them read my journal. I knew that would stop the matchmaking. I had learned from past attempts

at dating that unless they were Abductees or Experiencers themselves, most women found it difficult to share me with Space Aliens.

I must admit, though, that I had another motive for letting them read my journal. I badly needed to talk to someone about my ET experiences. The one support group in the area was a good four-hour drive roundtrip and only met once a month. I had stopped documenting all my episodes of High Strangeness during this period, so I can't remember what was happening then, but I do remember the need I had for support at the time. We had a couple of months of friendship between us, so I felt that Mary and Barbara probably wouldn't think me a liar or crazy, and might even believe me.

Mary read it first, then passed it to Barbara a couple of days later, as I waited patiently to get their reaction. Barbara had had it for over a week when I asked if she was close to finishing it. She told me she had finished it days earlier, but that Mary had wanted it back to reread certain parts. I asked Mary and she returned it the next night. Mary's reaction was incredulous but supportive. Barbara was quicker to believe and was also sympathetic. Their support buoyed me and I felt that I had finally found a good job, working with good people.

Our night shift began an hour before the day shift ended. It was a couple of weeks after I "came out" to my workmates about my ET experiences, and shortly after I arrived

at work one afternoon, when Mary approached me and asked me about my ring. “What does it mean?” she asked. “It’s just a star,” I replied. There were other people in the room, so it wasn’t the time or place for me to explain the Pentagram to Mary. That would have to wait for our dinner hour, I thought.

A few minutes later, I was asked to “step into the office,” by our supervisor. When I did, I was introduced to a man from the county’s legal department. After the supervisor left the room, the attorney told me that I had just been fired. Mary had filed a sexual harassment complaint against me.

I was dumbfounded. When I professed my innocence, he asked me if I had ever showed Mary a picture of my penis. I couldn’t believe my ears. “Of course not,” I said. He gave me a dirty look and produced a piece of paper from a folder on the table. When he turned it over, I realized what Mary had done, and what a naive fool I had been. There in front of me was a page from the back of my journal, a diagram I had drawn of the scar on my penis.

I protested that they were taking it out of context and that Mary hadn’t given me any indication that the drawing had upset her. The stern demeanor that the lawyer had projected until that moment softened. He said although my work had been satisfactory, Mary had threatened to sue the county and, because my mandatory three-month probationary period had not expired, the county could let me go “without cause.” In

other words, it was easier and cheaper to fire me than to fight a lawsuit.

Her treachery had been complete. When I gave them my journal, Mary had read it first and then passed it to Barbara, only to ask for it back again. She had obviously made her plans at that time and wanted the journal back from Barbara to copy it for use against me later. As a good Christian (in her mind at least), she had struck a blow for her God. She probably got her inspiration from her Bible, that passage where it says it's okay to kill witches. I think there's also something about Pagans.⁴⁴

At that time, there were no legal guidelines for companies or government agencies to follow when faced with incidences of alleged sexual harassment. Mary's threats to management wouldn't have gotten her anywhere nowadays. Today just one incident doesn't qualify. It must be repeated over the objections of the victim to rise to the level of harassment. This was not a repeat incident. In fact she had said nothing about the drawing, or indicated to me that anything I'd written had upset her. If anything I was guilty of extreme stupidity, but certainly not sexual harassment. (Just for the record, I want to say that I would never sexually harass anyone. It's just not in me. I'm not that kind of person.)

I'd been attacked and badly wounded. The loss of my

⁴⁴ From the King James Version; Exodus 22:18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and Exodus 22:20: "He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the LORD only, he shall be utterly destroyed."

job was a heavy blow and one I felt I couldn't leave unanswered. My pride as a Magician wouldn't allow it. I immediately set about planning a ritual to retaliate. I performed it on a Tuesday night to access Mars energy. Mars is the god of war and ruthless when unleashed. My anger was immense and it fueled the ritual to great heights. When it was done, I knew that vengeance was mine.

I learned two or three months later, when I got a call from Barbara, just how effective my ritual had been. She told me that Mary had been fired for poor performance and that her husband had been diagnosed with leukemia. (As part of the ritual, I had made a stipulation that anyone who had urged her to file her false claim against me would share equally in her punishment.) My ritual had obviously been a success. Little did I know then that it had also been a "test," one which I was to find out years later I had utterly failed.

After two years of sporadic employment, I was eventually led through an agency to a temporary assignment, with a possible permanent hire at the end of a three-month contract. I say I was "led" there because it soon became stunningly obvious to me that my job at that particular company, even the specific department to which I eventually was assigned, had been predetermined long before I even applied at the employment agency that had sent me there!

Months earlier, the ETs showed me in a "dream" the

exact proprietary reports that I wound up working with at my new company and told me to study them carefully, which I did. When those very same reports were handed to me on the job, I was struck speechless.⁴⁵ After I recovered, I felt humbled and so very grateful to the ETs for providing me with gainful employment. When you don't know from one week to the next how you'll pay the rent at the first of the month, it can be a very stressful situation. While I was happy to have a regular paycheck again, I was later to learn that providing me with financial security was not the reason the ETs had led me to my new job.

The small office to which I was eventually assigned housed a team of four people, one of whom was now me. The winter holiday season was in full swing. Since I had no money to buy presents, I offered to chart the horoscope of my co-workers and provide them a full written report describing in lay terms what it all meant, if they would but provide me with the date of their birth and the city in which they were born. I have a good astrology computer program and I presented each of my co-workers with a printout of their horoscopes as my holiday gift to them.

A couple of days later one of my co-workers, I'll call him Jason, asked me if I had read his horoscope before I had given it to him. I didn't stop to think and said something like,

⁴⁵ "The ET Employment Agency," page 159.

“Of course, I like to know who I’m working with.” It was a snappy answer, but one that made me an enemy. When I checked his horoscope afterwards the computer-generated report described him, in what I later learned was with stunning accuracy, as being determined to always get his way “even if it means resorting to guile and subterfuge.”

The man was a genius at ingratiating himself with our department manager and soon he was socializing with her in her office, with the door closed and his feet up on the desk. (The office had windows.) At about this time I noticed a cooling in my interactions with our supervisors. I was now being treated as if they were sorry they had hired me as a permanent employee. I couldn’t understand it because my productivity, which was tracked weekly, was as good as anyone’s and sometimes better. Jason had poisoned the waters for me. Of that I was sure. I was seriously contemplating doing another ritual in answer to his treachery, because the man was obviously evil. It even said so in his horoscope!

As I thought about the situation I was suddenly struck, as if by lightning, when I remembered that both Jason and I had started work on the same day. We had both been temps from different agencies and could have wound up in different departments, but after some back-and-forth negotiations between the supervisors we were both assigned to the same small office. I do not believe in coincidence. What was

happening in my new job so exactly matched what had happened when I worked for that county agency, years before. I had been stabbed in the back both times by someone who had been hired the same day as I had by a large employer, with both of us being assigned to a similar small work team of three or four people.

The realization of what the ETs had done struck me full-force. I realized then that Mary and her charge of sexual harassment those many months earlier had been a test of my character, a test that I had failed miserably. How small I felt at that moment.

But it went further than that. I was suddenly confronted with ethical questions about the spiritual path I had chosen. Was it wrong to retaliate as I did? The ETs obviously thought so, I reasoned, because they were now offering me the opportunity to either repeat my mistake or to choose a different approach to the problem. And what exactly was my “mistake” anyway? Was it to react to Mary’s betrayal by doing a ritual that was propelled by anger and a thirst for revenge? Was even practicing Ritual Magick itself a problem for my ETs? With these questions running through my mind, I finally looked inward for the answers.

Magick was not the problem, I decided. It was all about how I used power. The biblical equation of “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” was originally a Jewish legal reform,

long before it became a call for vengeance. It meant that by law you could only extract like kind in payment for an injury. You could only take “an eye for an eye.” You couldn’t kill a man for robbing you, for example. It served to put limits on the punishments that could be meted out by men with the power to do so. Through the power of magick I had the ability to punish Mary in any way I wished and I called upon the help of some pretty nasty demons to do it – not what you would call a measured response.

My response to Jason’s back-stabbing still used magick ritual, but this time I did it differently. Jason had often said that he really wished that he could work behind the scenes in television. I decided to give him what he wanted. My ritual was planed around bringing to him an offer he couldn’t refuse from any of the several television stations in the area. About three months later, he was telling everyone at work that he had accepted a position at the local public broadcasting station. I was finally rid of him and his poisoning influence with my supervisors, and this time there was no blood on my hands.

It took two years, after Jason left, to repair my damaged reputation with the company, but I was rewarded in the end with stock options that were only offered to a few of their most prized employees. I had finally been vindicated. After 9/11, though, the company closed their satellite operations and

moved everything back to their home office in Texas. I was unemployed, yet again.

Who Are These People? (An Unsettling Conclusion)

This last test of my character was enormous in scope and flawless in execution. It was literally years between the two incidences, yet they were most definitely connected. Many lives had to have been manipulated to make possible that moment of clarity when I realized what was happening. Different employment agencies had to send Jason and me separately to the same company, and the supervisors at that company had to come to an agreement as to where to put us. There were three different departments that were vying for the new temps and it was originally thought that we would go in different directions, but instead they assigned Jason and me to the same small office. It wasn't an accident. I was meant to be struck with the unlikely similarities of the two situations that, although years apart, were almost identical in nature.

It was like being hit with a sledgehammer. It got my attention and I had to consider the implications. I wouldn't have thought to have dealt with Jason's back-stabbing any differently than I had done with Mary's treachery, if it weren't for that revelation. It was only then that I was able to grow spirituality, by putting self-imposed limits on my use of power. I still practice magick, but I hope more responsibly now.

The "coincidence" of Mary and Jason was a graphic illustration to me of the power that the ETs have over our lives.

I had been shown earlier the incredible Alien technology that allowed them to “freeze-frame” automobile traffic, lift my car up and over a tunnel that is over a quarter of a mile long, deposit the car, my passenger and me back into traffic on the other side, and start everything up again.⁴⁶ It was as if they had a remote control that allowed them to “pause” time itself. Now they showed me that they can, with equal ease, manipulate the life of anyone they choose, and will do so in order to offer a specific individual the opportunity to grow spiritually. Who are these people?

Let me attempt to answer that question. I’ve come to understand that the Grays are Interdimensional Beings from the next higher plane of existence, and that they are specifically charged and guided by even higher Beings, with maintaining the cosmic mechanism of reincarnation. They program the lives of us flawed human beings so that major events set up opportunities that help us to grow spiritually. Where we live, what kind of people we meet and befriend, what careers we follow, and even whom we marry and have children by, are all predetermined by these Higher Beings. While we have our own set of individual “tests” to undergo throughout life, we are also manipulated so as to be a part of the testing of other people. Life on this Earth is one big school and, through our interactions, we teach each other the lessons we’re meant to

⁴⁶ “Missing Time in Bumper-to-Bumper Traffic,” page 161.

learn. This is the major principle of reincarnation, a spiritual belief held by the majority of the world's population.⁴⁷

I'm certainly not the first person to suggest that the Grays are spiritual in nature. Dr. Mack also noted this common thread amongst some Experiencers. "Even when abductees initially experience the beings themselves, especially the now well-known small gray figures with huge black eyes, as instigators of great fear and trauma, over time they may come to see them as odd spirit guides, closer to the ultimate creative principle or Source than humans, even as emissaries from the Divine."⁴⁸ Whitley Strieber wrote (I forget in which of his books) that when he protested to the Grays that they had no right to take him, they responded by saying that they certainly did have the right and later told him that they "recycle souls," a clear reference to reincarnation. Raymond Fowler, UFO researcher who brought to the world the case of Betty Andreasson-Luca, cites instances where Grays were seen at the bedside of people just before they died, and says that his research over many years leads him to the conclusion that "UFOs and their entities come from behind death's Great Door."⁴⁹

⁴⁷ Reincarnation was also a major teaching of the early Catholic Church. It wasn't until the First Council of Nicæa in 325 AD that the belief was made hearsay.

⁴⁸ Mack, p. 17.

⁴⁹ Raymond E. Fowler, *The Watchers II: Exploring UFOs and the Near-Death Experience*, Newberg, OR: Wild Flower Press, 1995, p. 350.

UFO researchers were reluctant for years to publicly comment on what they were talking about in private, that there is a strong “spiritual” component to the ET agenda. Many remained silent because they feared ridicule and loss of credibility, others because they had no context in which they could place the new information. Why would ETs be concerned with human spirituality, they asked? Are the spiritual transformations that many Experiencers report an actual part of the ET agenda, along with their genetic sampling and hybrid program, or is it an unintended consequence of the abduction experience itself? Again Dr. Mack put this way: “The third dimension of the abduction phenomenon might variously be defined as ‘growth engendering,’ or ‘spiritual.’ One of the most intense debates in this field occurs around the question of whether these changes in the psyche of the experiencers – no researchers seem to deny that such change, even transformation, does in fact occur in some cases – is an intrinsic aspect of the phenomenon, even its ‘purpose’ or ‘intention,’ or is instead a kind of by-product, reflecting human creativity, resilience, and adaptability in the face of the traumatic challenge, or is even the result of alien trickery or deception.”⁵⁰

Having no answer to that question and knowing that they would certainly be asked it, UFO researchers by and large

⁵⁰ Mack, p. 16.

simply ignored the mounting evidence and remained silent on the subject, at least publicly. But the evidence of spiritual testing, as described by Jim Sparks, myself and others, is building and cannot be ignored any longer. If we are indeed being visited by the Masters of Reincarnation, as I believe I have confirmed, then their interest in our spirituality is certainly understandable.

I was asked once by someone, just after I explained what I had discovered as to the relationship between the ETs and reincarnation, if I was telling him that the Aliens were in fact angels. By the tone in his voice, I could tell that he could just as well have asked, "Are you a religious fanatic?" Until recently, I think I might have reacted in much the same way. As a practicing Pagan, I had an almost visceral reaction against the word "angel," because of its Christian origins. It wasn't in my working vocabulary. Even the Old Testament of the Bible (the original Hebrew Scriptures) doesn't mention the word, instead referring to these Higher Beings as "divine emissaries."

In the early days of my struggle to understand the nature of what had taken hold of my life, I agonized over the possibility that the grays might be the gods and goddesses with whom I communicated in ritual. This was at first an idea I wanted to reject out of hand. They couldn't be, I thought. The grays were more about medical procedures than spirituality, I reasoned at the time. (At that point, I only knew about the

small grays.) The fact was that I didn't want to believe it. I had a comfortable relationship with my gods and didn't want it disturbed.

In truth, it doesn't really matter what you call these Higher Beings. As Shakespeare would say, "A rose by any other name . . ." Through my dozen years of interactions with them, I've come to understand that the Grays, both large and small, are Higher Beings (some would call them "angels"), and it is from their base on the Ethereal Plane of existence that they orchestrate our lives through the mechanism of reincarnation.⁵¹

The taller Grays are also known to us as "Guardian Angels." We each have one and they guide us throughout our lives, all the while unseen. They administer the lessons we're meant to learn, each one programmed before we are born to unfold as they do. For people belonging to monitored blood lines and for selected individuals with special tasks to perform in life, the grays also provide scheduled medical maintenance

⁵¹ There is more than one heaven. There is in fact a hierarchy of "heavens" that extends from the Ethereal Plane up through all of the higher dimensions. The Grays, both large and small, are Higher Beings (or "angels," if you prefer) who reside on the Ethereal Plane, the spirit world we go to when we die, our "heaven." The "Higher Heavens" are the planes of existence above the Ethereal. The beings who populate those realms are the "angels" who administer to the beings residing below them. On up the cosmic ladder, throughout all eleven dimensions postulated by our current understanding of reality (as explained by String Theory), Higher Beings help those who vibrate at a lower frequency on the plane of existence just below them. As a soul evolves upward through the dimensions, it is given the opportunity to help others to follow.

throughout that person's life and emergency interventions whenever necessary.

Other Aliens from other planets on this physical plane are allowed to come and witness the unfolding of events here on Earth, even to take samples of the various life forms for study back home, but not to interfere. On occasion, some of these visiting ETs are used by the Grays, knowingly or not, to help Awaken certain humans to their ET contacts, and in the process open their minds up to "larger possibilities."

I've often heard the argument put forth that the ETs couldn't be angels because angels don't have bodies and therefore wouldn't have need of anything physical, such as spacecraft to transport them from place to place. In truth, the idea that angels often took physical form was a belief held by most people throughout history well into the fourth and fifth centuries AD.

An example can be found in the biblical story of Abraham's encounter in old age with three divine emissaries who come to tell him that his aged wife, Sara, would soon bear him a son. They appear to him as material beings, made of flesh and blood as any mortal man, even though their divine origins were intuitively obvious to him from the beginning.

Another example of "angels" appearing in physical form among humans can be found in the story of the three men who visited Lot to warn him of the destruction of Sodom and

Gomorrhah. They showed themselves to be Higher Beings when they blinded the unruly crowd that wanted to do them harm. Throughout the Pagan world, too, gods and goddesses often took physical form to interact with humans. Zeus was legendary for taking the form of various animals, to mate with the human women for whom he lusted.

And as for angels using space ships, Ezekiel's vision of a circular aircraft, as reported in the Old Testament with its "wheels within wheels" and its crew of angels, is perhaps the best described encounter with a UFO and its occupants in ancient history.

It's my belief that in order for incorporeal beings (even angels) to impact on the physical world, they need first to take physical form. Hands are needed to use the physical instruments required to do things, like take DNA samples (those ubiquitous scoop marks for example). Once in their physical "shells," these beings would need physical aerial craft to carry them where they need to go, their flying disks. Without the ability to become physical, Interdimensional Beings would be incapable of interacting with us. They would be as impotent as those spirits in the classic 1951 film version of *A Christmas Carol*, who wanted to help the poor little "match girl" freezing in the snow just outside Scrooge's window, but couldn't because they had no way to make their presence felt.

In truth, unseen Higher Beings are making themselves felt here on Earth. They have invaded the lives of tens of millions of Abductee/Experiencers worldwide and their presence in our reality can no longer be ignored.

A Unified Theory for ET Agendas

That our world is being visited by the Higher Beings, who program our very lives through the mechanism of reincarnation, should be sobering to all who understand this fact. But why have they chosen this specific time to come out from behind “Death’s Great Door,” and in such great numbers? It’s as if the Grim Reaper himself is visiting Earth.

Many different Alien programs have been identified, including the genetic sampling of all Earth’s life forms, medical examinations of selected individuals, the creation of human-Alien hybrids and, as I’ve described, karmic lessons that promote spiritual growth. These seemingly different agendas begin to reveal a common purpose, if we consider the possibility that death on a huge scale might be in Earth’s near future.

The idea of taking DNA samples of an endangered species to preserve them for some future time when they can be “reconstituted” is now being taken seriously by Earth’s scientists. At the Kyoto Convention in 1992, Denmark presented a paper that called for the large-scale collection of DNA samples from endangered species. In presenting the benefits of such an ambitious program the author argued, “This permits later screening of the genetic make-up of the individual

animal in the population, and can become important in the planning of breeding programmes . . .”⁵²

In 2004 BBC News Online reported on the building of a genetic Noah’s ark with this posting, “A tissue bank that will store genetic material from thousands of endangered animals has been set up in the UK. The Frozen Ark, as it is called, will preserve animal “life codes” even after their species have become extinct. This will allow future generations of scientists to understand long lost creatures, and may also help with the conservation programmes of tomorrow. The project is supported by the Natural History Museum of the United Kingdom, the Zoological Society of London and Nottingham University.”⁵³

The bloodless scoop marks often found on the legs of Abductee/Experiencers after a nocturnal visit from ETs are identical in appearance to medical biopsies performed for the purpose of collecting genetic material by Earthly scientists. Might the Grays be doing the same thing to humans, for the same reason?

We often capture and tag selected members of an endangered species, so as to easily locate them again for follow-up medical exams. These periodic “abductions” are necessary to monitor threats to their health, such as the

⁵² <http://www.cites.org/eng/cop/08/doc/E-41.pdf>

⁵³ <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/sci/tech/3928411.stm> [without the www.]

accumulation of toxins in their system, or the progression of disease throughout the population of their species. That medical examinations are given to Abductee/Experiencers is well known, it being one of the first Alien agendas to be identified. Is the general health of the human species being monitored by Higher Beings, much as we monitor the health of animal populations here on Earth?

Someday, we might even try to help a few specific individuals of an endangered species to survive impending extinction by altering their DNA. We do this now with different cash crops, so that they can better fight off natural predators, survive diseases and endure sudden changes in temperature. That's with plants and not with animals, I realize, but the principle is the same. Advances in genetics are proceeding rapidly and it shouldn't be long before we're able to manipulate the genes of wild salmon, so that they can spawn where they are instead of having to return to their place of origin, which may or may not still exist. In the not-to-distant future, we'll be able to save an endangered species by genetically altering a significant portion of its population so that they can better adapt to its changing environment. Are the ETs doing this already to selected human individuals, by manipulating their DNA, both before and after their birth?

Could it be that the ETs know something we don't, namely that the human race is about to suffer a huge die-off in

the near future? I know that I'm going to be accused of spreading fear and negativity by asking such a question. It is certainly not my intention to give support to the very real and dark forces loose in the world today by fear-mongering. I only bring up the subject to urge people to prepare for that possibility.

How does one prepare for the end of the world? Some like, Ed Dames, remote viewer and "Coast to Coast AM" celebrity, carefully select a spot on the planet they feel will offer them the best chance for survival when the "killer event" happens, and move there. Others stockpile food and shotgun shells. But that's not the kind of preparation I'm suggesting, although there was a time when I gathered supplies for what I thought was going to be the end of civilization.

What I'm talking about is the need to prepare spiritually for the end of one's life, whenever and however it comes. One of the responsibilities of religion is to help us prepare for our mortal end, but it's usually presented only in the abstract, as an inevitable event to be sure, but one that can be postponed to the natural end of a long and hopefully fruitful life. I'm only saying that we might not have much time left.

At a recent UFO convention, Dolores Cannon, UFO researcher and author, spoke to a room full of interested people about what the ETs had to say on the subject. She had been instructed by her ET contacts to tell people to do two things.

First, she was to say that all past-life karma is forgiven. Instead, people are to concentrate on cleaning up their karma in this life. In other words, don't wait for tomorrow to say that you're sorry. Second, people should concentrate on eliminating fear from all aspects of their lives. These two items make up the life work upon which we're to concentrate, she said. If these directions come from the Masters of Reincarnation, as I believe they do, then we need to listen to them and to follow their instructions carefully.

If all past-life karma is forgiven and it is now only the karma from this life that one need address, it would appear that there is a sense of urgency on the part of the ETs as relates to the spiritual development of human souls on Earth. Is time running out? It's said that Earth is a school and that we're all here to learn our karmic lessons. Is the school shutting down? Are we about to graduate?

The second directive is the really hard one. While it may be difficult for most of us to say that we're sorry when we transgress, it takes real courage to admit to oneself, despite the false front we put up for other people to see, that deep down inside we're really afraid. Fear is the big nut to crack. It is the root of all things negative and only serves to stifle our spiritual growth and limit our potential. The only positive thing that can be said about fear is that we become stronger by overcoming it.

It is said that the ultimate root of all fear is the fear of death. As I explained earlier, I teach selected students the art of Ritual Magick. At some point during their training, I ask them how it would change their lives if suddenly they woke up one morning and knew that during the night they had been transformed into an immortal being, incapable of experiencing physical death. “Oh, you may have an accident, say get hit by a car and spend time in the hospital,” I tell them, “but you wouldn’t die . . . ever. How would that change you?” At the end of a carefully guided discussion, they usually say something to the effect that eliminating the fear of death would go a long way to eliminating all fear in their lives. That’s when I spring it on them (but you see it coming, don’t you?). At that point I tell them that they are, in fact, immortal and that none of us will ever really die, that what we call death is but the opening of one door and the closing of another. At the moment of death, there is only a fraction of a second when the consciousness is blacked out, when the two doors are wide open. In the blink of an eye, one moment you’re here, the next you’re there. So what’s so fearful about that, I ask them?

In the 23rd century of *Star Trek*, Star Fleet cadets are tested as to how they will react in situations where life and death are in the balance. In the movie *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan* a young Vulcan lieutenant, in her role as a Starship captain in a simulated battle with the Klingons, “fails” such a

test, resulting in the loss of her ship and all her crew. She later complains to Admiral Kirk that it was an unfair test of her abilities, since there was no way for her to win and end the simulation “alive.” Kirk replied by asking, “How we deal with death is as important as how we deal with life, wouldn’t you say?” It may be that we all have one last test to take before we leave this old school. How will we face our end – with courage or fear?

Clean up karma and eliminate fear. When I think of what Ms. Cannon said, I’m reminded of one last movie reference, the scene in *Deep Impact* when the reporter, after having reconciled with her estranged father, stands with him on the beach watching the tidal wave that will take their lives come rushing towards them. I hope that however my end comes, I can meet it with an equal calmness of spirit.

As Above, So Below

There is an old saying in occult circles that goes, “As above, so below.”⁵⁴ Now that my experience with different species includes those that are more advanced than me, as well as those that are less advanced, I have begun to appreciate the meaning of that phrase in ways I never have before. Let me explain.

Ever since my Awakening began and I came to realize that I was in contact with Beings more powerful than myself, I’ve tried to better understand the lower life forms with whom I share this planet. There is no better place to begin that understanding than with one’s own pets. If you don’t have one I suggest you remedy that situation, especially if you live alone. Everyone should come home to a heartbeat.

I’ve already recounted the explorations of my pet rat, Nicodemus, in my essay *Of Rats and Men*. Now let me tell you about the two cats I presently own (or I should say, who own me). As any pet owner will agree, our pets are our children, not

⁵⁴ The original phrasing of that occult truism is attributed to a mythical author named Hermes Trismegistus, who is said to have authored the 42 books of sacred occult knowledge and wisdom called *The Hermetica*, written between the third century BC and the first century AD. The Emerald Tablet, considered to be the most important volume, has this to say: “That which is above is like that which is below and that which is below is like that which is above, to achieve the wonders of the one thing.” The text goes on to explain, “This is the foundation of astrology and alchemy: that the microcosm of mankind and the earth is a reflection of the macrocosm of God and the heavens.”

in the genetic sense of course, but in the nature of the relationship we have with them. Animal psychologists tell us that dogs and cats are roughly equivalent in intellectual development to that of a three-year-old human child. Unlike humans, though, they never grow up. They're forever young, a mixed blessing for them and those that care for them.

I've raised both of my cats from kittenhood. (You can see their photos at the end of the book.) It was years after Nicky passed on, when I rescued Pywacket from the streets as a four-month-old feral stray. His disposition is sometimes so dark that I register him as "Darth Pywacket" when I take him to the vet, more as a warning than a joke. The other, Charlie, is named for her "Charlie Chaplin" mustache. I retrieved her from the pound to be a companion for Pywacket after he had grown to adulthood. I believe everything that lives, whether plant or animal, needs contact with its own species.

Both of my felines have taught me a lot, but in the beginning it was just Pywacket and me. He responded to my love, but he was wild and reluctant to accept my authority, whenever I had to scold him. There was a particular problem with my stereo speakers. He wanted to shred them.

I don't clip the claws of my cats, even though they never go outside. I realized that I would be interfering with their basic self-image as felines, if I did. To take away Pywacket's main identifier as a hunter would make him feel

vulnerable and reduce his status in the natural order of things to that of prey, at least in his mind.

Not only was Pywacket's sense of self-worth at stake, but also his right of free choice. You might ask, "Can an animal that is driven largely by instinct exercise free choice?" I would answer that all mammals learn by making decisions, acting on those decisions and evaluating the results. Even the dumbest animal won't keep doing the same thing over and over again, if doesn't produce the result it wants. Humans, of course, are the exception that proves the rule, but even then such behavior is often used as the very definition of insanity.

"Fight or Flight" is an instinct that developed in all animal species to help insure their survival. In humans, it can now be consciously overridden. Whenever confronted with a perceived threat, we don't have to do either. We learned that we have another option, negotiation. By not running away or fighting, we as human beings forced within ourselves the creation of a whole new way of behaving, thereby making civilization possible. We didn't have to react in the same way every time. We evolved.

I decided to allow Pywacket the opportunity to evolve by either shredding my speakers, or choosing to live in a civilized environment (my apartment). Now many years later, with the aid of my patient nature and large quantities of unconditional love, Pywacket is at long last a civilized cat,

although the battle for my speakers was lost long ago. An equitable trade, though, I do believe. I just hope that the Higher Beings who are trying to civilize me are as patient with my stubbornness.

This might be a good place to talk about how those Higher Beings choose to interact with us lower ones. I have come to understand that the Grays have a basic underlying precept when it comes to how they treat humans. It's as if they've taken our "Golden Rule" and applied it to us. "Do unto them," they reason, "as they do unto others" – or for the Pagans in the audience, "As they are below, so we will be from above."

If you treat the world around you and those who have less power than you with the attitude that you have the right to control what is within your grasp, then expect the Grays to act in the same manner when they interact with you. If the concerns of others don't concern you, then don't expect them to care much about how you react to their intrusions. Respect needs to be earned, and they won't give theirs unless they feel it's deserved. Remember that these are Higher Beings from the Ethereal Plane ("angels," if you will), who program our very lives as part of the process of reincarnation. Unless shown to be otherwise, to them you're basically as an animal is to a zookeeper, an important one to be sure or you would not have their attention, but not yet considered civilized enough to warrant their respect. If, however, you're deemed to be

considerate of the feelings of others and thought to treat people fairly, then you can expect the Grays to treat you in like manner, as they prepare you for the work ahead.

That “work” is likely to be the reason you were born at this particular time, and it’s an important reason to be sure. Higher Beings don’t cross dimensions to wake up specific individuals on this little dirtball for frivolous reasons. If you’ve been Awakened, then they have something important to tell you. I suggest that you stop what you’re doing and listen.

It's a Shooting War

On July 25, 1952, the *Washington DC Daily News* sported the rather lengthy headline, "Defense Department Orders Jets to Shoot Down UFOs Which Refuse to Land When Ordered to Do So." At least as early as 1952, the US Military was reacting hostilely to UFOs, and relations between the two factions have not improved since then.

The United States is at war with the ETs. Of that there is no doubt, and it is a shooting war. The details, though, aren't clear. There are many stories of hostilities, ranging from ETs shooting down civilian airliners, to Grays being gunned down on the tarmac of an air force base after their saucer had landed. Unfortunately it's next to impossible to separate the truth from out-and-out lies and disinformation (a combination of both truth and lies). Hard evidence of the war between our military and the ETs is very difficult to come by, but there is some.

There is a video in circulation (the *NASA STS-48 video*), supposedly taken by the space shuttle in September of 1991, which shows a laser-like shot being fired in the upper atmosphere at a UFO that suddenly shoots off into space to avoid being hit. Some say that this proves the existence of clandestine "Star Wars" technology that has already been deployed militarily. If the video is authentic, then it confirms that Reagan's push for "Star Wars" was not about shooting

down incoming nuclear missiles, but shooting down Alien aircraft. This also makes sense when considering his public statements about the peoples of the Earth uniting together to fight an invasion from outer space.

With his impressive volume *MAJIC Eyes Only*, Ryan Wood has done yeoman work in compiling information on 74 different UFO crash events from around the world. (I love reference books, and this is a good resource.) Such a high number of downed Alien craft can't be explained away as accidents, or as the unfortunate result of flying in thunderstorms. Majestic is shooting down UFOs at every opportunity.

In her book, *Lost Was the Key*, Leah A. Haley describes a dream-like memory she has of being interrogated by the military after they shot down a flying disk, in which she happened to be at the time. Standing on the beach after the crash landing, she saw a soldier carrying off a gray who pleaded for her help telepathically, before she was forced to leave the scene with men in uniform.

In her sequel, *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control, and Spirituality*, Ms. Haley reprints part of a letter she wrote as a reply to a set of questions she received in the mail. In it she said, "There are many dedicated UFO/abduction researchers who agree that the phenomenon is tied to spiritual warfare, but you won't hear much about it from

them when they're [behind] a podium because they fear they'll lose their credibility." And then in the last paragraph of her book, she writes, "My findings confirm what I suspected a decade ago: a spiritual war is taking place on Earth. Alien experiencers and CHEOP experiencers are right in the line of fire."⁵⁵

I concur with her assessment, and with my background in Ritual Magick I happen to be in a unique position to understand the nature of the forces at work here. This is a war between the "White Brotherhood" and "The Black Lodge," and its origins go back to the beginning of recorded time.

A Brief History of the War between The Light and The Dark

Throughout Man's time on Earth, there have been those who were able to communicate with Higher Beings. These people became our prophets and seers and provided much of the source material for Earth's religions. They later became known as the Ascended Masters, and included in their ranks are Moses, Jesus, Mohammed and Buddha. The mission of these inspired humans was to motivate others to adopt higher standards of personal conduct and to promote spiritual growth, so that mankind could evolve to a higher consciousness. Today

⁵⁵ CHEOP is Leah Haley's acronym for "Covert Human Experimentation Operatives."

their spiritual descendants, collectively known as the White Brotherhood, continue to work toward that goal.

Formed in direct opposition to these efforts were the Black Lodges, the only surviving Lodge now likely residing in the United States. (More on that later.) Its mandate is to keep us in a materialistic state of spiritual stagnation so as to prevent Man's transformation into a Higher Being, and to subvert the people's will to resist control by those who would be their masters. Both the White Brotherhood and the Black Lodge use Ritual Magick to further their respective causes, and the two factions have fought each other, trading victories and defeats back and forth, throughout the ages.

The Nazi–Occult Connection and WWII as Armageddon

The twentieth century brought forth a great struggle between the Light and the Dark when Adolph Hitler rose to absolute power in Germany and almost succeeded in his attempt to dominate the world. What only a few people understood at the time, and what was never publicly acknowledged, was the fact that the Nazi hierarchy, including Hitler himself, was deeply involved in the practice of Black Magick.

During the 1920s as a young man, Hitler came under the influence of Germany's darkest occultists, members of the Thule Society and its inner circle of Black Magicians called

“The Luminous Lodge,” although amongst themselves these Magicians referred to their order as the “Vril Society”⁵⁶

A major influence on Hitler was Dietrich Eckardt, leader of the Vril Society, who established the future Fuhrer as a Black Magician through a ritual of initiation, using the Astrological Magick of a ninth century sadist called Landulf II of Capua. Hitler later believed himself to be the reincarnation of this black soul. On his deathbed, surrounded by his fellow Magicians, Eckardt was quoted as saying the following, “Follow Hitler. He will dance, but it is I who called the tune. *We have given him the means of communicating with Them.* Do not mourn for me: I shall have influenced history more than any other German [emphasis mine].”⁵⁷ After Eckardt’s death, the mantle passed to Karl Haushofer as he assumed the duties of the “Secret Master.”

⁵⁶ When membership in the Thule Society swelled with too many new members unschooled in the art of Ritual Magick, its founding members formed the Luminous Lodge as an inner circle of working Ritual Magicians and, when that in turn became too big, the elite of that group again spun off forming the “The Order of the Black Sun.” The “vril” is originally from a novel written in the nineteenth century called *The Coming Race* by an English occultist named Baron Edward Bulwer-Lytton. It has since become known in occult circles as a vast reservoir of energy that springs from Man’s potential divinity. Whoever masters the vril, according to the legend, will become master of himself, then of all men, and finally of the world. Bulwer-Lytton is more widely known as the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

⁵⁷ Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, *Morning of the Magicians*, Paris: Editions Gallimard, 1960; New York, NY: Avon Books, 1963, p. 276.

In 1928 this same circle of Black Magicians sponsored the opening in Berlin of a chapter of Agarthi, one of the Tibetan Black Lodges, which helped magically to bring about the rise of the Nazi party.⁵⁸ Hitler was often seen visiting one Tibetan monk called “The Man with the Green Gloves,” who was reported to be psychic and to hold the “keys to the Kingdom of Agarthi.”⁵⁹

With their practice of Black Magick, the Nazis most certainly caught the attention of very dark, Interdimensional Beings.⁶⁰ This was undoubtedly their intent, as the purpose of magick (black, white or gray) is to illicit the help of the appropriate gods or goddesses in “The Work” at hand.⁶¹ The magical work that the Nazis hoped to achieve was to bring

⁵⁸ The remaining Lodges of Tibet, both Light and Dark, were ruthlessly stamped out in the 1950s when the Communist Chinese came to power. This leaves the Berlin Lodge, or what it has since morphed into, as the only known remaining repository of the arcane knowledge of those ancient secret societies. A few surviving members of one of the Lodges of the White Brotherhood are rumored to have fled to the United States, but such reports may be more wishful thinking than anything credible.

⁵⁹ Allen H. Greenfield, *Secret Cipher of the UFOonauts*, Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1994, p. 85.

⁶⁰ It is these IDs to whom Eckardt must have referred when he said that Hitler had been given the means to communicate with “Them.”

⁶¹ The connection between Higher Beings (both light and dark) and Ritual Magick is as old as magick itself. All the ancient civilizations said that they were instructed in the practice of magick by their gods. As an aside, let me say that anyone who performs a magick ritual, and does it well, will get the attention of very real unseen entities. My circle of magicians often perceives a Gray in attendance, when we draw the circle in preparation for our rituals. We were told they are watching because we create a “bubble in time” with our magick. I think that their comment was meant to imply that they do the same.

about a genetic mutation in the “elect” of the human race, to create on Earth a new breed of demigods that would be the equal of those dark entities they called upon in magick ritual. The Beings that responded to their calls for assistance were cruel and commanding, more so than even Hitler seemed to have anticipated. Hermann Rauschning, the Nazi Governor of Danzig, quoted Hitler as saying, “I will tell you a secret. I have seen the New Man and he is intrepid and cruel. I was afraid of him.”⁶²

The struggle between the Forces of Light and the Forces of Darkness, which had gone on for so long on Earth, finally spilled over onto the Ethereal Plane when the Black Magicians of the vril made contact with Them. The “Them” to whom Eckardt referred on his deathbed are the dark Beings that reside on that higher plane of existence.⁶³ Against this backdrop of Nazi Black Magick, the genocide of six million Jews, gypsies, homosexuals and other “undesirables” in the gas chambers of their death camps can be seen as a gigantic “human sacrifice,” meant to magically reverse the tide of war for Germany.

⁶² Pauwels and Bergier, p. 219. (Rauschning later became Hitler’s biographer with *Hitler Speaks* and *The Beast from the Abyss*.)

⁶³ Evil exists because Man is capable of evil, just as he is capable of divinity. The evil that collects in the souls of men doesn’t fade when they die. Some of those souls refuse to rejoin the cycle of reincarnation and, by their force of will, stay on the Ethereal Plane. It was these dark, Interdimensional Beings with whom the Nazis first made contact.

After the quick successes of his military campaigns in Europe, Hitler stumbled badly in Russia. He invaded in the fall without the clothing or supplies necessary to endure the coming winter. While Napoleon had underestimated the brutality of Russian winters when he invaded, Hitler believed that by sheer force of Will (released through Ritual Magick) the winter season could be prevented from even starting. But like so many Black Magicians before him, Hitler in his arrogance and pride had overestimated his power and underestimated the forces allied against him.

In the winter of 1942 when he ordered Himmler to begin the extermination of all Jews living in Nazi-occupied territory, Hitler was bogged down in Russia on one side and still fighting the British on the other. He knew Japan was about to bring America into the war, and his treaty with that ally meant that he would soon be fighting on three fronts. The burnt offering of millions of sacrificial victims, their smoke billowing up into the heavens from dozens of smokestacks like some ghastly human incense, was meant to entreat the help of those Ethereal Beings who are attracted by horrific expressions from the darkest of souls.

Christianity has long held that the “End Times” will feature an ultimate battle, an Armageddon, between the Forces of Light and the Forces of Darkness. Christians aren’t the only ones to hold such a belief, however. A similar Armageddon-

like scenario is thought to be imminent by millions of faithful in Tibet and Mongolia. In Tibet, the “King of the World” is expected to rise up from the mythical land of Shamballa and slay the wicked in order to usher in a Golden Age for mankind. The Buddhist Lamas of Mongolia echo their brethren in Tibet, but say that the world’s monarch lives in Agartha, an underground kingdom spanning most of Asia.⁶⁴ Both devout Jews and Moslems alike believe that a Messiah will soon arrive to do essentially the same thing.

From my vantage point as an occultist and Ritual Magician, I’ve come to understand that World War II was this long-protphesied “showdown” between good and evil here on Earth. This is not to imply that I think that an Armageddon was something destined to happen. As I said, evil exists because man is capable of evil. So therefore evil could not confront the Forces of Light unless man, with his capacity for free choice, led the charge. The future is never written, until the choices are made. No, the biblical Armageddon came about because Hitler worked to fulfill the prophecy. There is ample evidence that he thought himself to be the Anti-Christ.

Dr. Walter Stein, who was a member of the Thule Society, told Trevor Ravenscroft that Eckart, along with a few select others from the inner circle, had held several séances to

⁶⁴ Mark Amaru Pinkham, *“The Return of the King of the World”*, Livingston, MT: *Atlantis Rising*, July/August 2007.

prepare for the coming of a German Messiah. "Eckart already belonged to the Thule Society when Hitler appeared on the scene," Stein said. "It was Dietrich Eckart who first promoted Hitler as the long-awaited Messiah."

According to Rauschning, Hitler told Nietzsche's brother-in-law, Bernhard Förster, that "When the time came, Hitler would bring the world a new religion . . . Hitler would be the first to achieve what Christianity was meant to have been, a joyous message that liberated men from the things that burdened their life. We should no longer have any fear of death and *should lose the fear of a bad conscience*. [emphasis mine]"

Hitler thought the Jewish people to be the source of what we would consider to be humanity's virtues, but which he believed corrupted Man and prevented his transformation into a Higher Being. He once told Rauschning that he believed the Jew to be the embodiment of all things evil, including a conscience, intelligence and the pursuit of absolute truth. "We are at the end of the Age of Reason," Hitler told him. "The intellect has grown autocratic, and has become a disease of life . . . Conscience is a Jewish invention. It is a blemish, like circumcision. A new age of Magic interpretation of the world is coming, of interpretation in terms of the Will and not the intelligence. There is no such thing as truth, either in the moral or in the scientific sense. The new man would be the antithesis

of the Jew.”⁶⁵ While considering Hitler’s self-image as the Anti-Christ and his hatred of everything Jewish, keep in mind that Jesus was a Jewish rabbi and that Christianity took much of its values from Judaism.

In their conversations about the Nazi quest for the Holy Grail, Hitler added uniquely Christian evils to the list. “The real virtues of the Grail were common to all the best Aryan peoples,” Hitler told Rauschnig.⁶⁶ “Christianity only added the seeds of decadence such as forgiveness, self-abnegation, weakness, false humility and the very denial of the evolutionary laws of survival of the fittest, the most courageous and talented.” (Hitler was very much a “social Darwinist.”)

In the last days of the war, when every thinking person in Germany knew the end was near, Himmler held a meeting of his staff. He reassured them that Germany would prevail in the end, and then made a statement that many in attendance later admitted they just didn’t understand. Their real enemy, he told them, was not England or America or even Russia. It was Christianity, he said.

The inner circle of the SS is known to have performed anti-Christian magick rituals, including one called the

⁶⁵ Dusty Sklar, *The Nazis and the Occult*, New York, NY: Dorset Press 1977, pp. 57-58.

⁶⁶ For an occultist, the search for the Holy Grail is a symbol for one’s personal path of “spiritual transformation.” For Hitler, that transformation was the physical, genetic mutation of Aryan man into Aryan superman.

Ceremonies of the Stifling Air, where they took “irreversible vows” of servitude to Lucifer. A Black Mass was also conducted where Hitler’s own blood was used as the holy sacrament.

Ravenscroft, in his occult classic *The Spear of Destiny*,⁶⁷ describes how according to legend the spear that pierced the side of the Christ is held to have magical powers that render anyone who carries it invincible. Hitler made it a top priority of his to obtain it, and as soon as his armies had secured Austria he personally headed straight to the Treasure House of the Hapsburg family in Vienna, where it was housed, and took possession. Aside from any supposed powers it may have, anyone considering himself to be an Anti-Christ would certainly want to hold in his hands the spear that was said to have cut the side and spilled the blood of his adversary.

And finally, the Book of Revelation talks about The Christ reigning for a thousand years after his second coming. Hitler in an obvious comparison of himself with the biblical Messiah said that his Third Reich would last a thousand years.

World War II was a struggle between the forces of real evil and those who would oppose them. It was the first war that was truly global in scope, and the consequence of failure for either side was unthinkable. The outcome would decide the

⁶⁷ Trevor Ravenscroft, *The Spear of Destiny*, York Beach, MN: Samuel Weiser, Inc. [Estate of Trevor Ravenscroft], 1973.

spiritual path that mankind would follow for a millennium afterwards. It was a real Armageddon, in every sense of the word.

All good people knew it was a war that could not be lost. They fought hard to defeat the Axis Powers, but as the nations of the world were rejoicing in their victory, the evil that appeared to be so thoroughly vanquished was secretly establishing itself in the heartland of its enemy, brought in through the back door by traitorous Nazi sympathizers.

Operation Paperclip: America's Trojan Horse

With the defeat of Nazi Germany, and later the surrender of Imperial Japan, the real malevolence that those two regimes embodied was quickly forgotten. The good guys had won and the bad guys had lost, and that was that. What no one noticed was that a Trojan Horse had been "let through the gate," allowing hardcore Nazis to enter the United States in direct violation of a Presidential order. The Forces of Darkness could now continue their war against the Forces of Light, staging their attacks from within the very country that had defeated them on the battlefield. It was now a clandestine war, to be fought in secret, but that was okay because those same Nazis were put in charge of America's secrets!

The ink was hardly dry on Germany's surrender papers when the Nazi Secret Service was imported wholly and intact into the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) by Allan Dulles.

Dulles had just taken control of that wartime intelligence agency from “Wild” Bill Donovan after hostilities ended. Later, in 1947, it morphed into the CIA, keeping its secret Nazi connections intact.

Reinhard Gehlen was the SS General who had been in charge of Nazi Intelligence during the war, and it was he with whom Dulles negotiated. The two men trusted each other implicitly, so much so that their contract, according to Gehlen, was completely verbal, sealed with only a handshake, and nothing in writing. In an interview, Gehlen gave details of the agreement. Gehlen and his clandestine intelligence agents throughout Europe and the Soviet Union would continue their activities against the Communists. They would share the information they gathered with the Americans, but Gehlen’s organization “was to work not for or under the Americans, but jointly with the Americans.” His operation was to be financed completely by the Americans, and “not to be a part of occupation costs.” And finally, if at any time, in the opinion of Gehlen’s group, the interests of America should differ from “German” interests, it was to be understood that “the organization would consider the interests of Germany first.” For “German,” read “Nazi,” and for “Germany,” read “The Fourth Reich,” which was to rise from the ashes of the Third.

Gehlen wasn’t just the head of Nazi intelligence. After the war he was charged by the Nazi hierarchy, who by that time

were directing operations from their new bases in South America, with protecting “Odessa,” an acronym for “Organization of Veterans of the SS.” The word “Odessa” has since come to mean “The Fourth Reich” and is comprised of the few original Nazis who might still be alive, their descendants and new converts to the cause.

Dulles “sanitized” Gehlen and his agents of their Nazi past through a project called, “Operation Paperclip,” whereby personnel files that were tagged with a paperclip as the secret code were rewritten, and carefully retyped, to delete any mention of past Nazi connections. This was done in direct violation of an Executive Order issued by President Truman, which stipulated that all former members of the Nazi Party were to be barred admittance to the United States.

After the war, I suspect that the surviving monks of that Tibetan Black Lodge in Berlin were brought to the US by their Nazi patrons, as part of the same handshake deal negotiated between Dulles and Gehlen. Jim Keith believed that those black monks might account for some of the early descriptions of “Men in Black,” who were said to be Oriental-looking.⁶⁸

From the beginning, the CIA was nothing more than a cover for Nazi activities. Historian Carl Ogleby wrote, “Thus, whatever the CIA was from the standpoint of the law, it

⁶⁸ Jim Keith, *Casebook on the Men in Black*, Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1997, p. 35.

remained from the standpoint of practical intelligence collection a front for a house of Nazi spies.”⁶⁹ Gehlen’s intelligence gathering for the Americans consisted of feeding our military inflated reports of Russia’s threat to Western Europe. This ignited and sustained the Cold War, which Gehlen used as a cover for his activities on behalf of Odessa.⁷⁰

Lest you consider that these were repentant “former” Nazis who had seen the error of their ways, consider Rudolf Hermann who, while assigned to Wright Field, would each day hold a roll call of his men while dressed in a brown uniform and lecture them openly about the necessity of remaining loyal to Hitler.⁷¹ The fact that he was allowed to make these speeches on a military base day after day, without censure, speaks volumes as to how protected these hardcore Nazis were, and I would argue that their second and third-generation descendants still are. (It should be noted that Wright Field, now known as Wright/Patterson Air Force Base, would later receive the wreckage from a saucer that crashed outside Roswell, New Mexico in 1947.)

In addition to Gehlen and his network of spies, hundreds of Nazis scientists were “given the paperclip,” and allowed to

⁶⁹ Keith, *Mind Control and UFOs: Casebook on Alternative 3*, Kempton, IL: Adventures Unlimited Press, 1999, rpt. 2005, p. 47.

⁷⁰ The Military-Industrial complex that Eisenhower warned us about also used these decades of heightened international tensions to gain and keep control of America’s economy.

⁷¹ Keith, *Mind Control*, p. 48.

enter the United States to work on our fledgling rocket program, and later our race to the Moon against the Soviets. Not only was the CIA created with Nazis, so was NASA, our super space agency. And it didn't stop there. According to Jim Keith, Nazis were also employed in founding the Voice of America, and Radio Liberty, as well as the US Army Historical Division. And to secure their secret dominance over America, hardcore Nazis were even used to fill top positions at the Pentagon and in private industry.⁷²

Although the original Majestic-12 Committee was formed by Presidential order in 1947 and composed of prominent names from the military and academia of that time, it has undoubtedly evolved since then. In the beginning, the responsibility for gathering information on UFOs was naturally given to the newly created United States Air Force. It wasn't long however, before the CIA took over the collection, storage and evaluation of all things having to do with UFOs or their occupants.

It was a logical decision to make. The CIA was then (as it is now) well versed in keeping secrets, clandestine activity being their specialty. Although the Air Force was well disciplined, too many people in the loop were viewing the whole affair as a scientific mystery to be openly investigated,

⁷² Ibid., p. 48.

instead of something to be covered up and studied in secret. Choice cases of UFO sightings were being funneled to Major Donald Keyhoe (USMC, Retired) and he was writing books on the subject. It had to stop. The transfer appears to have taken place in 1956. At that point, though, who was really in control of the UFO situation, Majestic or the Agency, which now had exclusive access to the biggest secret ever?

Remember information is a valuable commodity, and information about the Alien presence on Earth is the most valuable of all. Not only did the CIA now have access to this information, they in fact controlled access for everyone else including the President, and even the Majestic-12 Committee. By the sheer fact that they alone received all new information on UFOs, raw from the field, meant that the Agency was now in a position to manipulate that information in any manner its secret inner core of Nazis chose, before it passed it along to others. That one act of securing all things UFO-related under the umbrella of the CIA made it the most powerful organization in the world.

To summarize a history that is well documented, after World War II hardcore Nazis were clandestinely let into America and allowed to take control of the OSS. When that wartime intelligence service morphed into the peacetime CIA, they took over that super-secret agency as well. The CIA, with its Nazi inner core, seized control of the UFO situation when it

was given responsibility for the collection of all UFO-related information from the Air Force. Now at that point, it would have been natural to start replacing Committee members, as they retired one by one, with Company insiders.⁷³ By now the Fourth Reich is undoubtedly in full control of Majestic and is continuing their secret global war against the Forces of Light. That war includes stealing elections worldwide, undermining real democratic governments when they do get elected, and subverting the will of the people wherever it's directed against the interests of the Black Lodge.

Higher Beings from the Ethereal Plane have entered our reality to rally the Forces of Light by inducing a spiritual Awakening in millions of selected individuals. Frontal assaults on the Forces of Darkness have almost always been deflected, either by overt assassinations (like those of President John F. Kennedy, his brother Robert and Martin Luther King, Jr.), or covert sabotage of private aircraft (such as likely took the lives of UN Secretary Dag Hammarskjold, Panamanian President Omar Torrijos and US Senator Paul Wellstone). No, effective change must come from the grassroots and in overwhelming numbers.

There's a new wrinkle though. Time may be running out. The new Aquarian Age is officially scheduled to begin on December 21, 2012.

⁷³ The CIA was nicknamed "The Company" by its employees.

1947 to 2012: The Final Curtain

Many people have heard of the Mayan Calendar and that it will supposedly “end” in 2012, but most don’t know why an ancient method of counting days that has been existence for thousands of years should suddenly stop, and in that specific year. The precise date when the calendar “ends” is December 21, 2012, the day of the winter solstice. (The beginning year has been established as 3,114 BC, although the calendar itself wasn’t in use until 355 BC.) It has been only recently, however, that Mayan scholars have been able to understand the significance of the year 2012.

The Mayan god Lord Pacal is equated with the sun and is portrayed on his famous sarcophagus lid “entering” the Sacred Tree that sprouts from his navel. Mayan myth holds that creation took place at a celestial crossroads, represented by their Sacred Tree. Scholars have only recently determined its location to be where the ecliptic and the center of the Milky Way intersect in the night’s sky, currently in the constellation of Sagittarius. On December 21, 2012 our sun (and thereby Lord Pacal) will be positioned exactly at this “crossroads” in the heavens.

It is at this point of intersection that the Dark Rift begins (or ends); this is a dark and winding portion of the sky where an interstellar gas cloud obscures the stars behind it. The ancient Mayans called it the “Black Road,” and whenever a planet, the

sun, or the moon entered this dark cleft at the exact center of our galaxy, the Galactic Equator, the entrance to the underworld was opened.

On December 31, 2012 the Mayan calendar actually resets to the year “0,” indicating the beginning of a new era as well as marking the passing of the old one. The significance of this to the Mayans was that on the winter solstice of 2012 their sun god will return to the exact point of creation, but in doing so he will first have to go down the Black Road and enter the underworld. The “underworld” has been associated with death since the beginning of recorded time, and the winter solstice with the renewal of the life cycle.

In the approaching celestial event of 2012, we see the coming together of two powerful and universal concepts, death and rebirth. From our vantage point here on Earth, the sun is returning to the Galactic center which, in the Mayan view, is the source of creation. But before we humans can undergo the “rebirth” suggested by this astronomical conjunction, we first must enter the underworld (walk down the Black Road) and experience a “death” of some sort, either physical or metaphorical.

If 2012 marks the beginning of a new era for mankind, as the ancient Maya foretold, then it seems to come at about the same “End Time” that millions the world over see prophesied

in their religious scriptures. And it can't be a coincidence that we're also transitioning astrologically into the Age of Aquarius.

The enlightened Aquarian Age will leave little or no room for Nazi ideology. It may be that the agenda of Odessa, now identical with Majestic's, is to delay or prevent the start of the new era, much as Hitler had tried to prevent the start of winter in Russia. This is impossible, of course. One cannot stop the Precession of the Equinoxes, even by force of magick. However the Nazis may be forcing a change in the cosmic plan for Earth, nonetheless.

During the same lecture in which Dolores Cannon told her audience of what her Alien contacts had said about karmic lessons and fear, she presented a slide to the audience showing a drawing of the Earth splitting in two, much like an amoeba in the middle of asexual reproduction. When the image flashed on the screen Cynthia, a fellow Experiencer who was sitting beside me, let out a little shriek of recognition. "I was shown that same thing by my ETs," she whispered to me.

Ms. Cannon went on to explain. The ETs have said that Earth will split into two worlds. An Ethereal Earth, she was told, will materialize on the next higher plane of existence, while the physical Earth will remain in this material realm. She went on to say that the souls inhabiting the new Ethereal Earth will transform into Ethereal Beings, while those who remain on the physical Earth will be left as they are. Although she didn't

mention 2012, the impression the audience was left with was that a major “interdimensional event” was going to soon usher in a new age for mankind.

It may be that in this way everyone will get what they want. Higher Beings will welcome the transformation of a large portion of the population of this planet to their ranks on the Ethereal Plane, and the Nazis get to continue to pursue their harsh vision of reality in this physical universe, but on a greatly depopulated planet.

It seems, though, that the ETs have a backup plan in case those humans left on the physical Earth later become extinct. In her book *The Custodians: Beyond Abduction*, Ms. Cannon published transcripts of conversations she has had with ETs, some of them recorded in the presence of other UFO researchers. She described being told of a planet being prepared to host a transplanted human civilization, for just that eventuality.⁷⁴

Besides the founding of the CIA by those “Paperclip” Nazis, 1947 was a hugely significant year for other reasons. It was the year that a businessman and amateur pilot named Kenneth Arnold reported seeing nine flying disks near Mount Rainier. His description ignited worldwide interest in what had before been only a military problem.

⁷⁴ Dolores Cannon; *The Custodians: Beyond Abduction*, Huntsville, AR: Ozark Mountain Publishers, 1999.

A month later a disk crashed in the vicinity of Roswell, New Mexico, with bodies and wreckage recovered in what would later prove to be the best documented case of a UFO crash and retrieval on record. According to Colonel Philip Corso, technology taken from the crash site was released into US industry and resulted in such things as the first transistor and later, fiber optics.

In 1947 the United Nations was founded in San Francisco and shortly afterward its General Assembly created the state of Israel, resulting in unending strife in the Middle East ever since. It was also the year the “Dead Sea” Scrolls were discovered in several caves, near an ancient Jewish settlement on the west bank of that great salt lake.

1947 is special for another reason. It was the year I was born. Now, a lifetime later, all the forces that were put into play in that pivotal year are coming together in what looks like will be an apocalyptic climax, and I seem to have a front row seat to watch it all. I can’t wait to see the credits roll after the spectacle ends, when the sun sets on the last day of the Mayan Calendar.

I’ll be standing on the beach. Where will you be?



Closing Statement

I've tried to be open and frank in my descriptions of what I've witnessed and of what I've done, even when it is sure to expose me to criticism and ridicule. To be truthful and forthright, I elected to pull my own "skeletons" from the closet.

To those of my friends and family who are disturbed by what I've written and think that it somehow reflects upon them personally, I sincerely apologize. However, now that I've entered the twilight of my life, I feel the need to document what it has become and to share what I've learned, before its inevitable end. And in the end, all that matters is the truth.

To those same good people, and to especially my daughter, Katherine, let me also say that I don't regret anything that has happened, because all of my experiences collectively have brought me to where I am today. I'm at peace with myself as I walk through my life, and every day is as fresh to me as the day that came before. If it took 14 years of paradigm shifts and Majestic's harassment to achieve this state of mind, then it has all been worth it. I wouldn't change a thing.

Chuck Weiss

PART III: APPENDIX

My Letter to the Mole

Charles Weiss
P.O. Box xxxxx
San Francisco, CA xxxxx-xxxx

Xxxxx Xxxxx
xxxx XXXXXXXX Street
XXXXXX, CA xxxxx

May 16, 1997

Dear Xxxxx:

I'm sorry we couldn't meet face to face. I would have really preferred to say the things I have to say to you, in person. It would have been the honorable thing to do. Well, at least I tried.

Let me first apologize, if I'm wrong in my suspicions. I may very well be, and it can't be confirmed one way or the other, but I would be remiss in my duties as facilitator of our UFO support group if I didn't act on these suspicions. At any rate, I'm deeply sorry if I'm wrong. Only you can know for sure if I am. Well, here goes.

For the last several months, I have had the growing, uneasy feeling that you are more than what you present yourself to be. Call me paranoid if you like, but I have come to suspect that you are a government plant in our UFO group.

As interested as the government is in UFOs and UFO Contactees, it is only logical to assume that any UFO group that was advertised publicly would fall under its scrutiny. I knew this was a possibility when I passed out those flyers at the Whole Life Expo. After all, I know that I am personally under surveillance. (I've been able to verify that my apartment is routinely entered, usually around the middle of the month. Given that, I must assume that my phone is tapped and my apartment bugged, as well.) So it's no great leap of faith to believe that our UFO group would also have a government mole. The only question was who.

To tell the truth, I wasn't looking for a "spy," when I came to suspect you. In fact, the only way I've been able to keep my equilibrium in the face of all this intrusion into my personal life, both alien and government, is to accept the fact that my life is an open book. Anyone with access is going to know everything about me. (I became used to this kind of scrutiny when I worked at the Pentagon with a top-secret clearance during the Vietnam War.) Although I fully expected our UFO group to be "infiltrated," I didn't want to dwell on it. I felt that there wasn't much new that would likely be

revealed at our meetings, that the government didn't already know. My hope was that, by organizing a new support group, I might help others in coming to terms with their ET contact experiences. However, once I came to suspect someone of actually being the mole I thought our group was likely to have, I felt I had to do something. As I said, I think I would be acting irresponsible, as our group's facilitator, if I didn't.

Rather than anything you've done, it was your "inaction" that aroused my curiosity. You attend every meeting without fail, but you never contribute anything to the discussion. Outside of retelling your original story a couple of times, for those new to our group, you always keep silent. Regardless of the topic, you have never voiced an opinion on anything, even to just nod your head in agreement. Occasionally, you're even obvious in your disinterest. (Your attention wanders as you fidget in your seat. It looks, to anyone who is observant, that you often can't wait for the meeting to end.) One then has to ask, "Why do you come to the meetings at all?" What do you get out of them? I know that you attend other UFO-related meetings in the area so there are other outlets for you, if your interest in UFOs is genuine. Why do you keep coming to our meetings, if they bore you so much? The only answer, that I can come up with, is that you're paid to do so. (I might add that I'm not the only one in our group to notice your odd behavior, although no one has told me that they suspect what I do.)

Believing, as I do, that your attendance at our UFO meetings is for reasons less than honorable, I must ask you not attend them. As I said, I sincerely apologize if I'm wrong. I may very well be. However, since there is no way to prove a negative, there is really nothing you can say to convince me that I am. And, since I don't have any hard evidence to prove the positive, it would be irresponsible of me to voice my suspicions to anyone else. If anyone asks why you no longer come to the meetings, I'll just answer that I believe your interests lie somewhere else. As far as I'm concerned, this matter can be just between us. That is, of course, if you remain silent as well. If, however, I hear that you're telling people that I asked you to leave the group, then I will have every right to explain my suspicions to anyone who will listen.

I hope you'll believe me when I say that I personally wish you well. I don't harbor any ill feelings toward you. You were just doing your job.

Sincerely,

Charles Weiss

Official Letter on US Army Stationary Saying UFO Thought to be Extraterrestrial



DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

26 January 1953

Henry Holt & Company
383 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

This will acknowledge your letter of recent date regarding a proposed book on "flying saucers" by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, U. S. Marine Corps, retired.

We in the Air Force recognize Major Keyhoe as a responsible, accurate reporter. His long association and cooperation with the Air Force, in our study of unidentified flying objects, qualifies him as a leading civilian authority on this investigation.

All the sighting reports and other information he listed have been cleared and made available to Major Keyhoe from Air Technical Intelligence records, at his request.

The Air Force, and its investigating agency, "Project Bluebook," are aware of Major Keyhoe's conclusion that the "Flying Saucers" are from another planet. The Air Force has never denied that this possibility exists. Some of the personnel believe that there may be some strange natural phenomena completely unknown to us, but that if the apparently controlled maneuvers reported by many competent observers are correct, then the only remaining explanation is the interplanetary answer.

Very Truly Yours
Albert M. Chop
Albert M. Chop
Air Force Press Desk

From the Dust Jacket of *Flying Saucers from Outer Space*
by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, USMJC (retired),
(New York, NY: Henry Holt and Company, 1953)

Famous Conspiracy Theorists in History

The next time somebody rolls his eyes and calls you a “conspiracy theorist,” tell that person you’re in good company and quote liberally from the following:

Franklin D. Roosevelt: American President who, in a letter dated November 23, 1933 to President Wilson’s top advisor, Colonel Edward House, wrote, “The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the large centers has owned the government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson.” FDR was also quoted as saying, “In politics, nothing happens by accident. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way.”

Elliot Roosevelt: Son of the American President, FDR, who wrote, “There are within our world perhaps only a dozen organizations which shape the courses of our various destinies as rigidly as the regularly constituted governments.”

Woodrow Wilson: American President who wrote, “Some of the biggest men in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, are afraid of something. They know there is a power somewhere so organized, so subtle, so watchful, so interlocked, so complete, so pervasive that they had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it.”

Felix Frankfurter: US Supreme Court justice who said, “The real rulers in Washington are invisible, and exercise power from behind the scenes.”

Joseph P. Kennedy: 1920s era “bootlegger” with mob connections, who became ambassador to England (his son would later become President.) He was quoted as saying, “Fifty men run America and that’s a high figure.”

John F. Hylan: Mayor of New York, who in 1922 said, “The real menace of our Republic is the invisible government which like a giant octopus sprawls its slimy length over our city, state and nation . . . At the head of this octopus is the Rockefeller-Standard Oil interests and a small group of powerful banking houses, generally referred to as the international bankers (who) virtually run the US government for their own selfish purposes.”

Buckminster R. Fuller: Great innovative thinker who said, shortly before his death in 1983, “The USA is not run by its would-be ‘democratic government.’ Nothing could be more pathetic than the role that has to be played by the President of the United States, whose power is approximately

zero. Nevertheless, the news media and most over-thirty-years-of-age USA citizens carry on as if the President has supreme power.”

Benjamin Disraeli: British Prime Minister who, in 1856, told the House of Commons, “It is useless to deny, because it is impossible to conceal, that a great part of Europe – the whole of Italy and France and a great portion of [then fragmented] Germany, to say nothing of other countries – is covered with a network of these secret societies . . . And what are their objects? They do not attempt to conceal them. They do not want constitutional government . . . they want to change the tenure of land, to drive out the present owners of the soil and to put an end to ecclesiastical establishments.” He was also quoted as saying, “The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.”

Stewart Alsop: Famous newspaper columnist who once wrote, “Knowledge is power, and power is the more valuable commodity in government. So whoever knows the secrets controls the knowledge and therefore holds power. Many people today feel that a mere handful of persons and organizations control much of the global knowledge. This knowledge is jealously guarded by secrecy. It turns the old adage ‘What you don’t know can’t hurt you’ right on its head. What you don’t know CAN hurt you!”

George Washington: First American President who, in a letter dated 1782, wrote, “It was not my intention to doubt that the doctrines of the Illuminati, and the principles of Jacobinism, had not spread in the United States. On the contrary, no one is more fully satisfied of this fact than I am.”

These quotations were compiled from *Ruled by Secrecy* by Jim Marrs (New York, NY: HarperCollins, 2000).

Recommended Reading

I offer as worthy of your time the following list of books written about UFOs and related topics, with a couple of titles on mind control and government harassment thrown in for the rightfully paranoid. I've also included a short description of what it is that I think recommends each volume. Books by Abductee/Experiencers are listed separately at the end, without comment. For some of those volumes, the publishing information is incomplete because I don't have a copy to refer to and haven't been able to find further information online. Many of these titles are out of print and can only be found in used bookstores, or through the used book services of Amazon.com and the like. And of course there's always eBay and other online auction houses.

When reading any of the volumes listed below, either by researchers or self-admitted Abductee/Experiencers, I would urge that you do so with a grain of salt and not believe something just because it was in a book. There are many hidden agendas in UFOlogy and not everyone is who they represent themselves to be. Even among these volumes of my choosing, there are chapters that I stow away in Stanton's Friedman's "Gray Box" until that time when some new piece of the puzzle should prove, or disprove, their validity. That being said, here are my recommendations.

David Hatcher Childress

Extra-Terrestrial Archaeology. Stelle, IL: Adventures Unlimited Press, 1994.

This book is packed with photos showing curiosities and anomalies on many of the heavenly bodies in our solar system. There's more than just the face on Mars!

Col. Philip J. Corso (Ret.) with William J. Birnes

The Day After Roswell. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1997.

While I'm always a little leery of people who come forward with government credentials, the Colonel wove a pretty good story about helping American industry absorb and develop Alien technology recovered from the crash of a UFO at Roswell, New Mexico in 1947.

Frank Edwards

Flying Saucers – Serious Business. New York, NY: Lyle Stuart Inc., 1966.

Flying Saucers – Here and Now! New York, NY: Lyle Stuart Inc., 1967.

Frank Edwards was a famous radio broadcaster whose reputation and name recognition sent his two books on the subject of UFOs to the top of the best-seller lists, bringing reasoned discussion of the topic to a large national audience for the first time. His call for congressional hearings was cut short by a fatal heart attack.

Raymond E. Fowler

The Andreasson Affair: The Documented Investigation of a Woman's Abduction Aboard a UFO. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1979.

The Andreasson Affair, Phase Two: The Continuing Investigation of a Woman's Abduction by Alien Beings. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1982.

The Watchers, The Secret Design Behind UFO Abduction. New York, NY: Bantam Books, 1990.

The Watchers II: Exploring UFOs and the Near-Death Experience. Newberg, OR: Wild Flower Press, 1995.

The experiences of Betty Andreasson-Luca are perhaps the best documented ever in UFO research. Her detailed descriptions and drawings while under

hypnosis are also some of the most detailed and strange on record. I believe Raymond Fowler's conclusions as regards the origin of the Gray Aliens, as described in *The Watchers* and *The Watchers II*, to be very close to the truth.

Stanton T. Friedman

Top Secret/Majic. New York, NY: Marlowe & Company, 1996, rpt. 1997.

Whether or not you agree with his conclusions, no one denies that Stanton Friedman is one of the few nuts-and-bolts researchers who spend time in the stacks of libraries, both public and private, looking for primary source material. Start with this book on the Majestic-12 documents, and then digest *Crash at Corona* (written with Don Berliner) about the crash of two disks near Roswell, New Mexico. After that, read his detractors if you wish.

Stanton T. Friedman and Don Berliner

Crash at Corona. New York, NY: Paragon House, 1992.

John G. Fuller

The Interrupted Journey: Two Lost Hours "Aboard a Flying Saucer". New York, NY: The Dial Press, 1966.

This book detailed the first case of Alien Abduction to reach the public consciousness.

Allen H. Greenfield

Secret Cipher of the UFOonauts. Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1994.

While I have no comment about the author's discovery of a secret cipher used by ETs, his comments on the ongoing war between the Light and the Dark are worth reading.

Ion Hobana and Julien Weverbergh

UFOs From Behind the Iron Curtain. New York, NY: Bantam Books, 1974.

The first and still one of the few books on the subject of UFOs in the old Soviet Union that's available in English.

Budd Hopkins

Missing Time: A Documented Study of UFO Abductions. New York, NY: Richard Marek Publishers, 1981.

Intruders: The Incredible Visitations at Copley Woods. New York, NY: Random House, 1987.

Witnessed: The True Story of the Brooklyn Bridge UFO Abductions. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, 1996.

Budd Hopkins is one of the first people to enter the field of Abduction research. He is credited with “discovering” two major elements of the phenomenon: “missing fetuses,” resulting in the creation of human-Alien hybrids, and “missing time,” an indication that a real physical Alien encounter has taken place. *Intruders* and *Missing Time* are “textbooks” on these two subjects.

Budd Hopkins and Carol Rainey

Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings. New York, NY: Atria Books, 2003.

This is an interesting volume by Budd Hopkins and his wife, Carol Rainey. The science part of the book is written by Ms. Rainey and describes the latest discoveries in various scientific disciplines that might help explain some of the Alien technology that seems to us today to be like magick. The section on Transgenic Beings (differing from Hybrids in that the person is physically changed after birth in specific ways through “gene therapy”) is very interesting; the authors may have discovered another way the ETs are furthering their genetic agenda.

Jim Keith

Casebook on the Men in Black. Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1997.

Mind Control, World Control. Kempton, IL: Adventures Unlimited Press, 1997.

Saucers of the Illuminati, Lilburn, GA: IllumiNet Press, 1999.

Mind Control and UFOs: Casebook on Alternative 3. Kempton, IL: Adventures Unlimited Press, 1999, rpt. 2005.

Jim Keith was a well respected researcher in the world of conspiracies, until his own suspicious death while undergoing a simple knee operation. In a field filled with paranoia, his voice was reasoned and his research well founded. I recommend his books, even if I do disagree with his conclusions regarding ETs and flying vans.

Major Donald E. Keyhoe USMC (ret.)

The Flying Saucers are Real. New York, NY: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1950.

Flying Saucers from Outer Space. New York, NY: Henry Holt & Co., 1953.

The Flying Saucer Conspiracy. New York, NY: Henry Holt & Co., 1955.

Alien from Space: The Real Story of Unidentified Flying Objects. New York, NY: Doubleday & Co., 1973.

Donald Keyhoe was a retired Marine Corps Major with contacts in the Air Force that initially cooperated with him and provided much of the case material he quoted. He was extremely credible and was one of the first to write reasonably on the subject. His books are still good reads these many years later.

John E. Mack, M.D.

Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens. New York, NY: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1994.

Passport to the Cosmos: Human Transformation and Alien Encounters. New York, NY: Crown Publishers, 1999.

Dr. Mack was a Harvard professor whose tenured position was challenged when he wrote that the UFO Abduction phenomenon should be considered at face value, instead of treating it as a mental health issue. His conclusion, that the ET agenda is largely spiritual in nature, is detailed in *Passport to the Cosmos* and well worth reading.

Jim Marrs

Alien Agenda: Investigating the Extraterrestrial Presence Among Us. New York, NY: Harper Collins, 1997.

If there was only one book to read on the subject of UFOs, this would be the one. The best summary of the subject currently available. Jim Marrs is a superb researcher. His inquiries into the JFK assassination (*Crossfire*), 9/11 (*Inside Job* and *The Terror Conspiracy*), and the Illuminati (*Rule by Secrecy*) are all definitive works on their subjects.

Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier

The Morning of the Magicians. Paris: Editions Gallimard; New York, NY: Avon Books, 1963.

The authors cover a wide variety of unusual subjects to support their contention that our world has entered a new era of the fantastic, where occult forces that had operated from behind the scenes for thousands of years are now in the open for all to see. One third of the book focuses on

Nazi Germany and their crusade to forcibly substitute anti-intellectual chaos for reasoned discourse throughout all aspects of German society.

Trevor Ravenscroft

The Spear of Destiny: The Occult Power Behind the Spear Which Pierced the Side of Christ. York Beach, MN: Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1982.

This is an occult classic about the spear that supposedly pierced the side of Jesus while he was on the cross, and its supernatural power to make armies that “carry it before them” invincible. The author convincingly documents Hitler’s obsession with this religious artifact.

Bruce Rux

Hollywood Vs. the Aliens: The Motion Picture Industry’s Participation in UFO Disinformation. Berkeley, CA: Frog Ltd., 1997.

An extensive work on Hollywood’s portrayal, in TV and the movies, of UFOs and their occupants. The introduction alone, a 71-page history of the UFO phenomenon, is worth the price of the book. (And the man knows the movies!)

Zecharia Sitchin

Divine Encounters: A Guide to Visions, Angels, and Other Emissaries. New York, NY: Avon Books, 1995.

Mr. Sitchin is an expert in ancient languages, being able to read in the original the earliest writings of Man known to exist. He is best known for his *Earth Chronicles*, a series of books that carefully outline his theory that Earth was colonized in prehistory by Aliens who made mankind “in their image” through genetic manipulation. In *Divine Encounters*, however, Mr. Sitchin describes how the ancients said they communicated with their gods and goddesses. The prophetic dreams and visions of ancient kings closely parallel the “dreams” and altered states of consciousness described by UFO Experiencers.

Dusty Sklar

The Nazis and the Occult. New York, NY: Dorset Press, 1989.

It’s a short volume, only 180 pages, but comprehensive. A good introduction to the subject. Originally published as *Gods and Beasts: The Nazis and the Occult.*

H. Michael Sweeney

The Professional Paranoid. Venice, CA: Feral House, 1998.

If you're being harassed and want to fight back in the limited ways that are possible, this can an empowering book to read.

Richard L. Thompson

Alien Identities: Ancient Insights into Modern UFO

Phenomena. San Diego, CA: Govardhan Hill, Inc.,
1993.

This is a thick volume and a brilliant treatise on Aliens in human history, with an emphasis on descriptions of UFO Encounters from the ancient texts of India.

Ryan Wood

*MAJIC Eyes Only: Earth's Encounters With Extraterrestrial
Technology*. Broomfield, CO: Wood Enterprises, 2005.

Over 70 different documented UFO crash and retrievals compiled in one volume.

I recommend reading any book by a UFO Abductee/Experiencer. It is we, the people who are in contact with ETs, who hold the pieces of this puzzle. What little researchers know about the subject comes from their study of us. They are only the middlemen. We are the source.

The following are books written by self-admitted Abductee/Experiencers of which I'm aware. If you're an Abductee or an Experiencer who has written a book about your contact with ETs or IDs, please send me the publishing information and I'll include it in any subsequent printings of this book.

Roy Ald

The Man Who Took Trips: A True Experience in Another Dimension. New York, NY: Delacorte Press, 1971.

Orfeo Angelucci

Secret of the Saucers. Amherst Press, 1955.

Truman Betherum

Aboard a Flying Saucer. De Vorss, 1954.

Kenneth X. Carey (Raphael)

The Starseed Transmissions: An Extraterrestrial Report.
Mountain View, MO: self-published, 1982.

Kim Carlsberg

Beyond My Wildest Dreams: Diary of a UFO Abductee. Santa Fe, NM: Bear & Company, 1995.

Beth Collings and Anna Jamerson

Connections: Solving Our Alien Abduction Mystery. Newberg OR. Wild Flower Press, 1996.

Leah A. Haley

Lost Was the Key. Tuscaloosa, AL: Greenleaf Publications, 1993.

Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control, and Spirituality. Murfreesboro, TN: Greenleaf Publications, 2003.

Gloria Ann Hawker

Morning Glory: Diary of An Alien Abductee. Albuquerque, NM: self-published, 2001.

Betty Hill

A Common Sense Approach to UFOs. Greenland, NH: self-published, 1995.

Debbie Jordan and Kathy Mitchell

Abducted! The Story of the Intruders Continues. New York, NY: Carroll & Graf, 1994.

Ida M. Kannenberg

UFO's and the Psychic Factor: How to Understand Encounters with UFOs and ETs. Tigard, OR: Wild Fire Press, 1992.

Elizabeth Klarer

Beyond the Light Barrier. Howard Timmins, 1980.

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Photographs



Majestic's "Duck Blind" to hide their camera



Close-Up



After Majestic Left



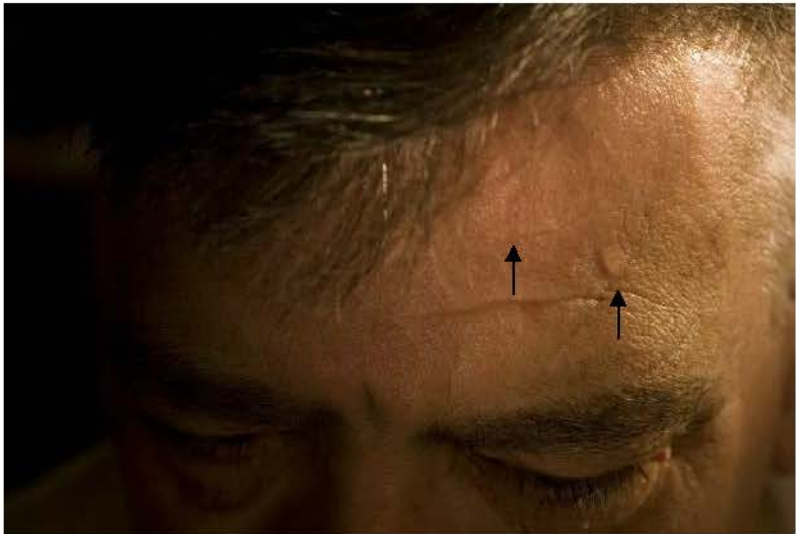
Scoop Mark on Right Leg of Author



Close-Up



Evidence of Unexplained Surgery
(The rash was a result of shaving the area to reveal the scar.)



Empty Blister Sacks from Radiation Burns
Faint, Triangular-Shaped Sack Near Overhanging Hair &
Smaller “Teardrop” Sack Above Eyebrow



Princess Charlie



Darth Pywacket

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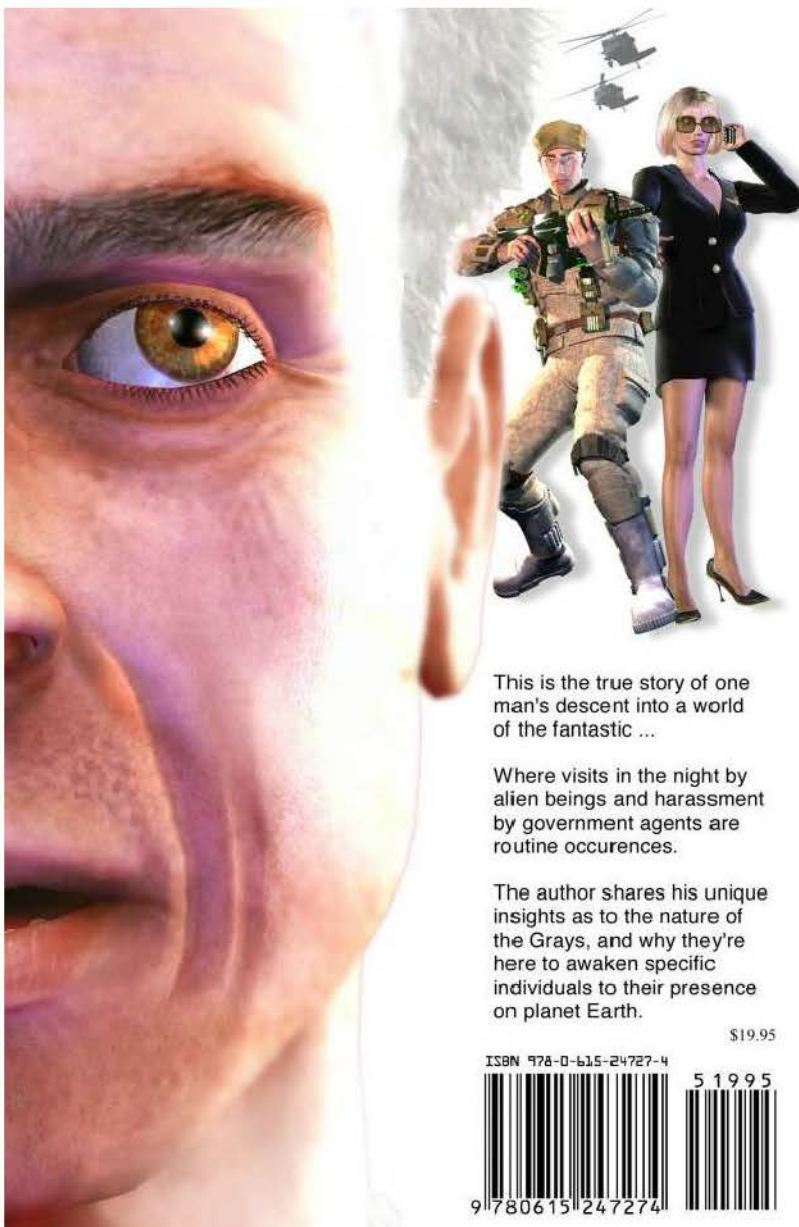
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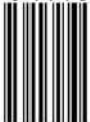
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