



JAR 3 has arrived!

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You cannot rely on your government to tell you what the Intervention is or how it is happening or what it means. You cannot rely upon science, which is largely ignorant of this phenomenon. You cannot rely upon your religious leaders to counsel you about the reality of this phenomenon and what you should do, for they really do not know.

—Marshall Summers

A hard truth to hear. To all in the UFO community, the message is clear—When it comes to facing the UFO phenomena, you're on your own.

How can this be? Where is everybody? Human isolation in the cosmos is ending! It is the watershed of human history. Where are the men of God? The men of science? Above all, where are our government leaders?

More than any, it is they we expected to tell us—"what it means" and "what we should do." Yet government is nowhere to be found.

In the meantime, who is on the front lines? Who is leading the edge? It is us! Our little UFO community has stepped forward to embrace the gargantuan mystery.

Our little UFO community of ordinary citizens is grappling with the extraterrestrials in our bedrooms, our vehicles, our back yards.

Our little UFO community has chronicled the 60 years of the age of the dawn of the UFO. Without us, that history would be blank!

Our little UFO community is daily gathering intelligence on the phenomena as it moves across the face of the planet.

And our little UFO community has revealed anti-gravity field propulsion, the abductions, the milabs, the implants, the alien structures on the Moon and Mars. We have revealed that aliens walk through walls, that UFOs can be invisible.

We have done this. We are doing this. Not the men of science, not the men of God, and not the government. Us. Ordinary citizens. On our own. It seems history has assigned a great and important role to the UFO community.

And for whom do we do it? For the people. We do it to create a record of history and a body of knowledge, for the people, from the people. Without us, the people would have only press releases from the Pentagon or the Ashtar Command to rely upon.

Disclosure will come. All the knowledge of the phenomena we have accumulated, and all the traumas of realization the UFO community has undergone in 60 luxuriously long years, millions of others will be required to absorb in a day, a week, a month. We have much to offer them. That is the role history has assigned us.

—the Editors

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Letter to the Editor

Myself an ongoing survivor of Milab operations, an Alien Love Bite, Draconian-Reptilian rape, Grey-Insectoid abductions, a contactee of elusive blond silver-suited space people, an Inner-Earth journeyer, as well as the unwitting parent (at least not consciously) of several hybrid offspring, I warped through the latest edition of *JAR* like Star Trek fans with the *Trekkie Quarterly*.

My feedback? Beware quantum wanton. Such relativity has us neutralized, our minds fragmented.

Yes, cover-up operatives abuse and torture experiencers with psychic warfare, I can personally confirm that. And no doubt, there are other players with different interests than more intrusive ETs. Especially here in South America there's plenty of hype about 'saviour aliens', including several 'Mariana' group/cults who have tied the Virgin Mary in with handsome hybrids coming to save us from ourselves via holographic projections of Jesus and mass evacuations.

As such, the *JAR* e-zine starts off with Richard Boylan's 'Pro-Star Visitors vs. no-such Bogeyman!' pamphlet. Most unpleasant. To simply write off all negative encounters as strictly covert military, or the work of unqualified investigators, or even the mishaps of unstable personalities is evasive, polarizing, and thus, subjective propaganda.

Unsurprisingly, Grey matter makes for most of *JAR*'s alien content. Authors Bill Foster & Yvonne Smith contribute honest insights based on their own ordeals about our dreary role as mood food baby makers and, along with John Carpenter, uncover the already well-publicized hidden agendas. The ET presence is now so pervasive in all media, T-shirts and common lingo, that the term 'Alien-Nation' is too much of an irony.

Elaine Douglass's debunking essay on the gradual submission of Jim Sparks is sharp, poignant and even relentless. We are so complex to comprehend and too simple to conquer. Jim's story is a warning.

On the other end of the spectrum, based on my own sobering experiences, I was elated by Ray Fowler's offerings. His comments and dream-log notes were a 'ditto' with me. . .well, except for his ghost cars. I think he's right on the mark about our reality being an adjacent 'property' to another level of dimension. His perception of us as a variety of 'larva forms' of life-consciousness 'recycled back and forth between realities' is far telling.

During my own odyssey, I recall my transference from 'one universe to another.' It felt like my consciousness was encapsulated in some invisible trans-dimensional vessel as I was lifted, if you will, from one Petri dish to another. An omniscient voice said, "That's that universe, now you're going to another very similar, yet different."

Both realities were basically the same, yet being separate samples they were thus 'evolving' differently. It's unusual to come across anyone else coming to the same thesis-conclusion.

Rarely addressed was the spiritual dimension within it all. Only Eve Lorgen dealt with ancient Gnosis, counseling us to humbly ponder the real susceptibility of our emotions, which we so naively consider our own.

And that's what's most frightening, the violent vulnerability, feelings ripped bare naked, ones soul stripped open, and then howling silently amidst our world of herd-minded selfish individualism. The greatest enemy of expanding human consciousness is a callous human society. That's the true reptile complex.

Overall, I sincerely congratulate *JAR*, a crucial and noble anthology of transpersonal knowledge and true experience. It is imperative for our self-empowerment, discerning 'pre-emptive disclosure.'

Wiz Kininigin
Northern Colombia, SA

August 2007
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BOOK REVIEW—*I Forgot what I Wasn't Supposed to Remember*

by John S. Carpenter, MSW, LCSW
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Abduction by alien beings is hard enough for present day society to digest. In fact, many still doubt UFOs fly through our skies on a daily basis. We don't wish to believe in things unsettling, inexplicable, or beyond our control. Many who see strange things or have unexplained experiences just tuck them away— odd “quirks” or “weird” events. We then repress, or simply forget them as a matter of convenience

I am amazed. . .

As a psychiatric therapist, people often tell me about unusual events they *don't dare tell anyone else*—for fear they will be seen as crazy. I am amazed at how many people have supernatural experiences—encounters with ghosts, near-death experiences, psychic phenomena, and UFO/alien incidents. *They* know they are not crazy, but they also know they live in a world close-minded and judgmental about such topics.

We must first accept that UFO abductions and encounters with non-human beings are real. Given that, we must then be willing to believe encounters with such beings are *not a simple matter*. As a researcher, I wish the encounters were simple. I like collected data to fit neatly into logical boxes that enable us to predict the nature and purpose of these encounters. However, as a careful researcher I have learned not to throw out data I didn't like—but rather, keep it off to the side in a category of miscellaneous, *I don't know what to think about this* data.

Other researchers admit to this same pile of unusual, “non-fitting” data they would rather not discuss publicly. Yet, “out-of-the-box” information keeps turning up and developing patterns of its own, whether we like it or not!

A painfully wonderful reminder

Wouldn't it be easier if alien abductions were just a

scientific program being run by little Gray beings to produce hybrids and ensure the survival of their race? The book *I Forgot what I Wasn't Supposed to Remember* is a painfully wonderful reminder that the experience of dealing with non-human beings is complex and many layers deep.

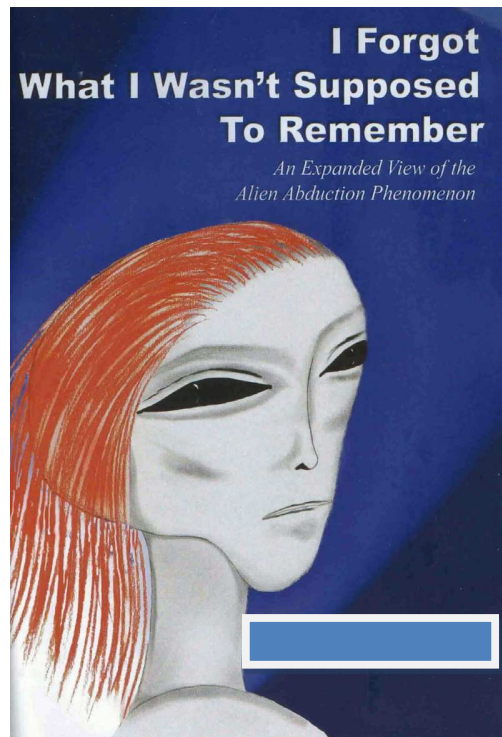
Her honest, candid, sincere effort to objectively comprehend her own experiences is to be highly praised and admired. It is not easy to share such confusing experiences as AJ's without fearing others will laugh, ridicule, or mock you. But she is dedicated to helping us all comprehend what is happening to this planet. The author readily admits her alien abduction experiences are confusing and complex; yet, her bold determination to help others and teach with her carefully documented journal entries and intelligent discussions is greatly appreciated.

Delusional?

Others in my field of psychology might conclude the author is simply delusional, fantasy-prone, or confabulating from dream material. However, fantasies usually go in the direction we *wish* them to go, to delight or to entertain ourselves. Not AJ's “fantasies.” Hers are often sad, angry, discouraged, or upset.

Delusions are created by the mind to escape present reality. A creative belief system explains everything and excuses certain behaviors. If the author is delusional, her delusions serve no coping function or productive resolution in her life. In fact, she is skeptical, and has subjected herself to many psychology tests and medical exams—*looking for logical explanations!*

People with delusions have an answer for everything; their minds create what they need. By contrast, AJ comes away puzzled, bewildered, perplexed, and determined to keep seeking the truth. She feels she does *not* have all the answers.



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Part 1

Don't apply for a job at the CIA— You might be interviewed by an alien

By Elaine Douglass, MS
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The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of James Carrion, MUFON International Director, in preparation of this article.

Kevin Marks I interviewed ten years ago, May 1997 to be exact. We met twice in my then-apartment in Washington, DC for a total of five hours. He told me that in January 1985 he interviewed for a job with the CIA and was given a lie detector test by a female who wasn't human.

I put those interview tapes away and did nothing with them until Budd Hopkins' article in *JAR I*. That article, about abductees lured into "job interviews" where paranormal events took place, sharply reminded me of the Kevin Marks interview languishing in my tape collection.

Why didn't I publish Kevin's story ten years ago when I still had contact with him and could ask him further questions? I don't know! Stupid, I guess. Not that my interview with him

wasn't thorough. It was. I went over his life with a fine tooth comb, intent on finding out two things: Was Kevin an abductee? And if he was, how did the CIA know it?

Based on what he told me, I am sure Kevin is an abductee, but I was not able to determine how the CIA knew that. I did determine the US Central Intelligence Agency used Kevin Marks in a most cynical manner, and when they had completed their experiment with him they cast him aside as though he had never existed.

An experiment

I say "experiment" because I see no other explanation for what occurred. When Kevin brought himself into the orbit of the CIA—and he brought himself there; the CIA did not reach out to get him—when that happened, the Agency apparently saw an opportunity to run a test-on-an-abductee to see how Kevin would react. They would have known Kevin could not tell anyone because no one would believe him.

Kevin Marks? Highly intelligent, ambitious, law-abiding, a college graduate, married with children when I met him, and I don't remember how we met. It wasn't in UFO circles and it wasn't in business. Probably I met him socially and told him I was a UFO investigator.

I can tell from our interview he wanted to get something off his chest, something he had not talked about in 12 years, something which bothered him greatly. When Kevin met this "person" at a CIA facility in or near Tysons Corner, Virginia—the person who gave Kevin the lie detector test—Kevin had convinced himself the person was wearing a "disguise." But now, 12 years later, Kevin was ready to admit to himself, and to me, that it hadn't been a "disguise."

Was she human?

After Kevin described the "person," and what had transpired, I said to him: "Kevin, bottom line, was this woman at the CIA a human being?" His answer was immediate and unequivocal: "No, absolutely not."

It took Kevin twelve years to face it and apparently it took me ten. Probably I did nothing with my interview with Kevin Marks because I didn't want to know that the United States

In January 1985 he interviewed for a job with the CIA and was given a lie detector test by a female who wasn't human.

government has programs working with aliens, or with hybrids—and a hybrid is what this "person" at the CIA probably was—much less that these programs could involve toying with, manipulating, and psychologically assaulting innocent, unaware abductees, which is what Kevin Marks was.

Kevin Marks [not his real name] was born [date redacted] in [redacted], the oldest of four children. He came from an enlightened, politically active working-class family. Kevin was exceptionally bright. He was, he told me, "a different kind of child," who was "never told to clean [his] room," and who won science and math awards at school. "I was always tinkering, drawing airplanes like a crazy person. I had an incredible scrapbook. I always thought I was going to Stanford to be a physicist."

Mysteries in the hills

Was it a good family? [Author's questions in italic.] Oh yeah! My parents took us every weekend to explore stuff and solve mysteries. *Like what?* Like the flashing red lights we saw in the hills above our house.

Kev said the family researched the red lights and concluded they were a firebox broadcasting a "code." He and I discussed that a lot and never could decide whether

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The power of hypnotic recall: A skeptic is converted

By Bill Konkolesky
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Abstract: What if you were 2 and a skull “with a gaze deep and horrific” materialized out of the darkness? Years later, the author struggled to remember and found out a startling truth about hypnosis.

I have lingering memories of early childhood, most are comforting. . . some are not. A smile lights up my face when I recall my mother playing folk songs on her acoustic guitar, my father wrestling with me and my four older brothers (all at once!), and me dancing through the lawn sprinkler on humid summer afternoons.

Other feelings well up within me, though, when I

It stared at me. . . This was nothing natural, and it was entirely real.

recall my very first memory in this life, the night the odd visitor came calling.

Just 2 years old

The memory has stayed with me always from the day it happened. There’s no question as to the when of the event. It was spring 1973 and I had just turned two. The weather had warmed enough to open the windows at night and I was still sleeping in a crib.

One night I awoke late. My parents and brothers had already gone to bed (my father, always one to stay up, often past midnight, to watch television, even he was in bed). In the still darkness, a bizarre sight approached me. A “skull” appeared through the shadows and “floated” up to the foot of my crib.

A gaze deep and horrific

I knew what a skull was. My brothers had ghost Halloween costumes with skull masks, but this was much more hideous than one of those masks. It stared at me with a gaze deep and horrific. The eyes seemed to see through me, and there was no body supporting the head. This was nothing natural, and it was entirely real.

I did what any normal two-year-old caught in a crib and being stared down by a skull would do—I screamed. I screamed for my parents. I screamed bloody heck.

My mother spoke calmly from her bedroom across the hallway, telling me it was all right and to go to sleep. There was no response from my father or any of my brothers. Why wouldn’t they come? The skull looked at me for another brief moment, then receded into the darkness.

The household ghost

Over the years, I occasionally recalled this event to my parents and brothers. They always listened intently, then just shrugged their shoulders. None of them had any memory of that night.

Two of my four brothers also had strange experiences at that house in which we all grew up, and the family agreed the house probably had a ghost. (My other two brothers claim nothing unusual has ever happened to them.) I think my family probably believed me and likely thought I was visited by the “household ghost.”

As time went on there were several more “ghostly” encounters, and on my 17th birthday I received Whitley Strieber’s *Communion* as a present in 1988. It made me question the “haunted house” theory. So much of what had happened to me fit eerily well into the category of UFO abduction phenomena.

I did what any normal two-year-old caught in a crib and being stared down by a skull would do—I screamed bloody heck.

I hungrily sought more information, and by the time I finished Budd Hopkins’ *Missing Time* and David Jacobs’ *Secret Life*, I knew there was more to what goes-bump-in-the-night than ghosts at that old house.

Convinced to try hypnosis

In 1993, I decided to seek help, and my search brought me to a member of the Michigan chapter of the

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Looking for professional help to recover memory, provide counseling, or find a support group to help integrate the abduction experience and get over the trauma? Call OPUS!



For the past 12 years, the California-based Organization for Paranormal Understanding and Support (OPUS) has helped abductee/experiencers find a local counselor or hypnotherapist. Now OPUS is expanding its “mental health provider network” to the whole United States, according to June Steiner and Les Velez, who head the organization. “We’ve been doing things locally in California for a long time,” says Velez, “but OPUS is now going nationwide.”

An OPUS-MUFON partnership

OPUS, a 501(c)3 non-profit, was recently enlisted by the Mutual UFO Network to provide help with MUFON’s abduction cases. The new affiliation between OPUS and MUFON has Les Velez scrambling to find therapists beyond California, while June Steiner, herself a therapist, is trying to persuade abductees around the country to start support groups to give other, often isolated abductees a place to “discuss their experiences and feelings freely without fear of judgment or ridicule,” Steiner says.

MUFON, under new leadership of James Carrion, is running a tighter ship to get all sighting cases investigated and on time, but has not had a formal protocol for dealing with abduction cases. A new abduction intake form is being developed for MUFON investigators to gather the initial data from experiencers.

In the event the experiencer is looking for help from a therapist, hypnotherapist or lay counselor, the new MUFON Director has called on OPUS to provide that assistance.

A mental health provider network

According to Steiner and Velez, both of whom are MUFON members, and Velez is an officer in California-MUFON, OPUS now has a list of about 100 persons ready to help abductees. About three quarters of these are credentialed professionals, including physicians, psychologists, certified hypnotherapists and social workers. The remainder is dedicated laypersons with experience working with abductees. An objective of OPUS is to identify and recruit such persons, vet them, and make referrals to abductees.

Both Steiner and Velez acknowledge that many experiencers do not want therapy or hypnotherapy, and for these individuals support groups are the solution recommended by OPUS.

Steiner, with a PhD in counseling psychology, is well established in the Los Gatos, California area as a therapist who sees abductees privately and offers regressive hypnosis. She and Les have also run a free abductee support group for fifteen years. The challenge for Steiner and Velez is to build a functioning nationwide network of trained helpers beyond California to support MUFON’s nationwide presence as a UFO investigative organization—and to do all this without sacrificing quality of services provided.

Chuck Reever, MUFON’s director of investigations, says MUFON will continue to investigate abduction cases internally via MUFON’s 50 state organizations and will refer cases to OPUS when an abductee asks for longer term, especially professional help, including hypnosis. Any MUFON state director or field investigator through the state director is encouraged to contact OPUS if they feel an abductee may need support group or long term counseling.

James Carrion looks to the future when MUFON will have an “abduction intake form” on its computerized case reporting system. When that is in place, Carrion says, MUFON will send abduction cases to OPUS and to the MUFON state directors simultaneously.

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Aliens, music and me

Abstract: Might the lyrics of America's most popular recording artists contain veiled descriptions of alien contact with the artist? Could there be messages and predictions of monumental events hidden in these lyrics? Musician and abductee Katharina Wilson talks about artists Kate Bush, Stevie Nicks and Neil Young, and reveals personal events where music was part of the alien encounter.

The aliens have used music to communicate with me. During my decades-long interaction with alien beings, they have used telepathy, but they have also used music to communicate, and this is perhaps not surprising since I am a musician.

I was born in the deep South and went to school there, as well as along the Gulf Coast. I spent many years of my life training to become a musician and eventually attended a university in the Midwest to study music. By the end of my third year I was close to mastering my fourth woodwind instrument. Unfortunately, an event that year changed my life forever.

I took a break from university and went home to the Gulf Coast. Sleeping in my old room one night, I saw a bright yellow light above my head where the ceiling met the wall. I remember watching the light move along the wall near the ceiling, and I remember being terrified.

The following day I could not stand being in my room and I left my house because I didn't want to be near that room. Before I left, however, I looked at my musical instruments and I had an "inner knowing" I was not supposed to be a musician.

Enough of my musical ability remained for me to complete my degree, but my talent—my *gift* as a musician—had been taken from me. It was devastating, and when I wrote about

this loss in *The Alien Jigsaw* in 1993, some 11 years later, it was still difficult to do so without holding back tears.

Since then, there have been encounters during which a Blonde (or Nordic) male being tries to calm my feelings regarding this loss that befell me. He and I sometimes listen to music together, and he will say, "They are just notes," or "It's only music," or "It's only an instrument," as if it is not important enough for me to fret over any longer.

I suppose when you compare a music career to the mission I am on now, he does have a point. I have been told

by the beings that my mission or purpose for being here is "to wake a sleeping world to the alien presence," and that is what I have been trying to do for nearly two decades. (1)

Alien Musicians

In my second book, *The Alien Jigsaw Researcher's Supplement*, I talked about another encounter in which music was involved: I was with the father of two female hybrid children—what many abduction researchers, including myself, believe are a cross between the Greys and humans. The father showed me the meal I was to feed the children. It was a brownish-colored liquid in a clear, rectangular container with a lid on it. In the liquid were two blue pills in the process of dissolving. The father said to me, "You must feed them immediately after opening it, and all at once. It cannot be reused or allowed to sit out."

At this point, I began to hear music and I turned around to see two hybrid girls playing what looked like a piano keyboard, but without the structural part of the piano attached. They were playing a very complicated composition, but nothing like I was accustomed to hearing. The closest I could compare it to would be Igor Stravinsky's

Rite of Spring.

As the girls played, I looked closely at their fingers and saw that the young hybrids had incredibly long and bony fingers. The older girl was playing mostly the black keys of the keyboard and

her part was rhythmically complicated. The younger girl was playing the melody and mostly on the white keys. The faces of the girls appeared void of emotion, yet they were playing this incredible music for me. (2)

In my new book, *I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember: An Expanded View Of The Alien Abduction Phenomenon*, the subject of the aliens' use of music for various purposes is sprinkled through the story. The theme of "aliens and music" is a small part of my life as it relates to this phenomenon, but I believe it is quite interesting.

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I had an "inner knowing" I was not supposed to be a musician. . . my talent—my *gift* as a musician—was taken from me. It was devastating.

(Continued from page 3)

Unwittingly entangled

Having met Katharina personally, I was impressed by how normal she seemed—bright, articulate, grounded, sensible, fun-loving, caring, open-minded. Like so many abductees I have known or worked with, she is a solid person with a good mind who finds herself unwillingly entangled in this bizarre and confusing phenomenon. Furthermore, if Katharina was delusional or simply prone to fantasy, then little to none of her reported information would match other reports. But. . .it does!!

Strange beings, alien to our everyday life, are interacting with humans on this planet. We learned first to accept that little Gray beings were landing in UFOs, encountering humans, eventually abducting them. Then we heard of Tall Blondes, Reptilians, and Praying Mantis types. It was a stretch to imagine six-foot tall insects leading an extraterrestrial expedition!

Despite my dislike for such an idea and its certain invitation to laughter and derision, the reports of such beings keep showing up—even in candid, private accounts from as far away as Australia. Researchers thought perhaps these were “screen memories”—images created by the Grays to distract, intrigue, or confuse abductees. But these reports are consistent, persistent, and steadily being collected worldwide.

Is this possible?

Katharina describes tan-skinned, bluish-skinned, mottled, wrinkled, and pudgy beings—even ones with red hair, striped faces, and other unusual features. Is this pos-

sible? After all, what is *too weird*? The bigger question—Are we ready to accept *even more* yet?

In my research I have collected details on nearly all the beings she describes—always wondering if anybody else had encountered these very different beings.

How would *you* describe a “typical human being” to an alien? We have dwarves, midgets, seven-footers, very thin to very obese humans. They have blonde, black, brown, red, white, orange, and gray hair of many shades and textures. Abduct a few teenagers, and add red, green, blue, and purple hair as well! We have hundreds of hair styles, not to mention shaved and bald heads. Humans are stocky, pudgy,

frail, muscular, wimpy, or well-built. We even have albinos! Skin colors include white, pink, tanned, brown, black, and yellowish. So *what* is a “typical” human?

I am a seeker of truth. The truth matters much more to me than making this phenomenon positive or negative. I choose to face reality and look it in the eyes.

—Katharina Wilson

It just isn't simple

We would like to keep it simple, easy, and less confusing. But that has just *not* been the case with non-human entities. Accounts of non-human beings similar to Katharina's are in my files, and their mood, attitude, or behavior is similar. As Katharina has described, the Blonde is usually tall, a well-built being with flowing hair, nice features, and piercing blue eyes. Communication is telepathic. Abductees often feel a benevolent, warm, caring presence. Some have felt the Blondes are protective, “like guardian angels.”

My research also contains about four types of Grays—as Katharina has described—who are short, medium, or tall and gray, white, or tan. Other unusual beings have popped up in my data matching some of her descriptions.

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Announcing Vacancy on JAR's Board of Editors

We are looking for an individual who is:

A writer/editor, familiar with abduction-encounter literature, responsive, cooperative, willing to work on the magazine.

OR

Capable & willing to assist in design/maintain a website for the magazine. These are volunteer positions.

Interested parties please contact:

Elaine Douglass edouglass@preciscom.net

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Along with Budd Hopkins, Dave Jacobs, and many others, Katharina believes the beings are creating hybrids through a breeding program. And she agrees hybrids may be mingling undetected with our human population.

Len Stringfield said. . .

Military involvement is a fact in UFO crash-retrieval research. The late Leonard Stringfield told with me in private that some 635 military personnel had revealed to him confidentially they had witnessed or otherwise been involved with 30 UFO crashes, encounters, and alien body incidents. Ryan S. Wood documents at least 74 crashes worldwide in his book, *MAJIC Eyes Only*. But why would the military abduct humans and interrogate them (often with drugs) regarding aliens?

Researcher Linda Moulton Howe told me years ago that crashed saucers and dead bodies don't answer many questions, but from abductees something can be learned about alien agendas, practices, procedures, and intent. I was intrigued when several of my abduction cases unexpectedly talked about "abduction by military" encounters. It was a surprise to me and to the subjects as well.

Fuzzy memories

I worked with Leah Haley—without a doubt one of the most famous cases in which governmental agencies were involved—and the events happened *as I worked with her!* Fuzzy memories of drug injections, interrogation rooms, experiments, and certain military personnel were clearly in Leah's experiences. Reading about the author's recollections was amazingly similar. And from a psychological perspective it is interesting neither Leah nor AJ can explain or fully recall these military encounters.

If this were delusional or fantasy-based, both would have had unique explanations or detailed conclusions. Instead, they are bewildered, uncertain, and angry that this might happen. Even if this were some elaborate screen memory employed by the beings, the details correlate, suggesting that *whoever*

is responsible is performing the same types of procedures.

Images of catastrophe

Katharina succeeds at presenting her experiences straightforwardly, without conclusions or judgments. She may present her own ideas, theories, or intelligent opinions, but she always allows the reader to derive his own conclusions.

At the end of her book of journal entries she presents a strong impression of what the future may hold for all of us. Though emotionally-charged and offered as the driving motivation for publishing these experiences, her recall of imagery of an alien war or world devastation is not unlike images shown to some of my own research subjects.

One abductee described a three-dimensional image of the Earth disintegrating in a glowing blast. Another was

shown images of poverty and suffering after a worldwide war with alien entities. Yet another described much warlike activity with an exodus in spacecrafts for a number of people. All these images seem to be of what *could happen* if

humans do not alter their present behavior. These abductees were moved by what they were shown and the vivid imagery remained memorable for years.

Only triggers more questions

In conclusion, AJ offers us much to consider as an "advanced look" at the phenomenon of encounters with non-human beings. I thank her for sharing her details, thoughts, painful moments, so others may benefit and learn. It is a clear reminder of the great complexity of these confusing encounters, the extent of military interventions, and the many further questions raised—whether we like it or not. As one researcher told me years ago, "Dealing with alien encounters is like walking into a maze of mirrors with a quicksand floor." It is an endless labyrinth of complex, confusing experiences which only triggers more questions.



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Our understanding and accepting our interdimensionality may in fact be part of the message involved in waking our sleeping world to the alien presence.

— AJ

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“firebox” was a reasonable conclusion.

The family discovered another mystery while hiking on a secluded fire road. We “saw missiles come out of the ground,” Kevin told me. “They came up and went down. My parents decided we weren’t supposed to be up there and we turned around and left.” *Do missiles in the ground in the urban area where you lived make sense?* He paused. “No. . .”

I never told Kevin I thought he was an “abductee,” nor did the words “alien” or “extraterrestrial” pass between us. When he said his wife had scoop marks and nosebleeds, and when he told me about the scratch marks he sometimes found on his back in the morning, I said, “That’s important, Kevin,” and he said, “You think so?”

I questioned him over and over for evidence government authorities had physically examined him in a way that might, I thought, have told them he was an abductee. I’d say, *We have to figure out how the government got a line on you.* And he’d say, “What do you mean, ‘a line’?” and I’d say, *That they could have ID’d you in some way as having interest for them.* He never pressed me until the end of our two meetings, when he asked me what I thought. *Unseen forces are operating in your life,* I told him. He agreed.

Lots of nosebleeds

Kevin loved those early years. *Why?* “Life was just so real,” he told me. “Students were protesting, my mom campaigned for fair housing. . .”

Any health problems in your first ten years? I was severely asthmatic and had lots of nosebleeds. I was notorious for nosebleeds. I had a preoccupation with my nose as a child. Constantly putting things up my nose—a peanut, little metal clips—and constantly picking at my nose and bleeding. In the morning my parents would find blood on my pillow.

Were you or your sisters ever missing as children? Did you sleepwalk? Any missing time? Conjunctivitis? Sinus problems? Noises in your ears? Sensations in your head? Wake up with dirty feet like you’d been outside during the night? Sisters? Phobias? Voices? No to all these. Instead, “I just didn’t like having the closet doors open. I always had the feeling something was in there. To this day, I fear doors left ajar, and when I sleep I want everything pitch black and the doors closed”

From age six, Kevin described “a traumatic experience I’ll never forget.” The family went to watch fireworks and Kevin “freaked out. I thought the flares were going to come down and kill us.” His parents laughed. Kevin got “hysterical” and screamed, “You don’t understand!” then “took off running, blindly.”

Psycho-kinetic

When Kevin was seven a marble disappeared. A marble rolled up to the wall and was “gone when I went to get it.” At 19, something “super spooky,” happened. “I made a card disappear. Doing a card trick for friends and in the trick I know what card they’ll choose, but when I went to pull the card, I couldn’t find it.

“My friends thought the ‘trick’ was to make the card disappear. They went through the deck 20, 30 times and could not find the missing card. I just played along and then [brazenly] said, ‘Now, the first card will be your card!’ The first card was not, but the second was.

What made you say that? You look through the deck 20 times and then announce the card would be there? “I don’t know!” Kevin said, “and a few minutes later I went to the bathroom and I heard voices!”

Saying what? I could not understand them. That upset me! Even now as I speak I get goose bumps. The voices were familiar, not threatening, but it was too much for me. My friends asked me to do the trick again, and I wouldn’t.

When Kevin was in grade school the family shared a “huge house” with Kevin’s grandmother. *Anything unexplained?* Lots! Weird stuff. We always said the house was haunted. It had a finished attic. No one lived up there, and my cousin and I took it over. We refused to sleep up there, though. *Why?* Things would happen. We’d chain the door to that attic closed at night.

In high school, Kevin continued to excel in math and science, and by age 17 he wanted to leave home. His parents were divorced, his sisters were away, he was depressed, and he wanted to get back to California where life had been good.

Kevin attended an elite college. His sisters attended an expensive boarding school. *How did that happen? Your family wasn’t well off.* It was due to the intercession of a woman named Janet Carlson, a friend of Kevin’s mom.

Getting into college at age 17

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Elaine Douglass is a board member of JAR and has been a UFO researcher since 1985. She is MUFON State Director for Utah and was State Director for Washington, DC for many years. In the 1990s she was an organizer for Operation Right to Know (ORTK), an organization which sponsored public protests against UFO secrecy. She holds a master’s degree from MIT in military policy.



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I'll tell you one weird thing nobody knows; it's a secret. I never took the SATs. *At the end of high school?* Yeah, but I never graduated from high school. Because somebody, a family friend involved in politics, fixed it so I didn't have to take the SATs and I could go to college early. Janet Carlson. She's dead now. She died a long time ago of cancer. She came from a wealthy family but chose to live in [redacted] with her alcoholic husband. She ran some kind of social program in which she made arrangements for low income kids to get opportunities. She told my mother, 'Your kids can go to these good schools, too, if they want to.'

She was well connected with certain politicians, especially in education. My mother told me just last week the Chairman of the Federal Reserve was a friend of hers. His name is-- *Greenspan*. Yeah, Alan. She used to telephone him. She would call high-powered people and say do this for me, give me that, and she could demand it.

I told Janet I wanted to go to Georgetown University. She said, 'No, you don't want to go to Georgetown. That's a CIA school.' Somehow she'd heard of USIU, and she said, 'How about *that* university.' I just wanted to get back to California. So I left high school to go to USIU.

Kevin went to a college in San Diego I had never heard of. USIU stands for United States International University. Today the school is called Alliant University. According to their website, Alliant was formed in 2001 by combining the Calif. School of Professional Psychology and USIU. Today the school has six California campuses and one in Mexico. At the time Kevin attended, there were two California campuses and campuses in Hawaii, Mexico, England, Mali, France, and Nairobi, Kenya.

USIU

What kind of school was this United States International University? A lot of government people, military people, the staff, professors were somehow connected with the military or international politics. We had interesting faculty. Viktor Frankl was there.

Did you have any physical tests there? Testing on me? I don't remember that. Basically the school was full of diplomat's children and US government employees at that time. We had people, like my first girlfriend at college, her father was the general or head guy in charge of missiles at the testing range in Albuquerque. People like that. Another

girlfriend's father was the biggest cattle rancher in Arizona. For such a school nobody ever heard of, it had some interesting people.

Am I the only one who's never heard of this school? No, lots of people have never heard of it. *Why?* There're 50,000 universities in the US, that's one reason. *Do you know anything about the funding for this school?* It was a for-profit university. They had 5000 students when I was there.

Very private and discreet

The government employees, they were there at the behest, uh, to meet the requirements for their professional designations in the government. Some of my classmates were Navy pilots, some had jobs they wouldn't tell us what they did, or if they told us a job we knew that was not their job. I told you about my girlfriend whose father was in charge of missiles at White Sands. We had quite a few children of military officers.

Why wouldn't they go to regular schools? I don't know other than that it was very private, very discreet. *What does that mean?* It was off in the middle of nowhere, nobody had

ever heard of the school, there was no community around the school at that time.

Viktor Frankl is a survivor of the holocaust, known for his work with humanistic psychology. Another of my professors, Dr. Kim [Ken?] he had been a CIA guy. There was a philosophy teacher who was strange, Orian Lee, from China. He was interesting. *Why?* We'd drink tea with him all day long, in his office, like 20 of us. But that tea would be so—we'd all get into such a mental state with this guy, for hours on end.

What kind of a mental state? Relaxed. At the end of the day he'd have 50 Styrofoam cups all over his office where kids had sat down. *This tea, was there anything novel about it, anything in the tea?* It was normal tea, he drank it. We liked him so much. He'd worked for the government. Now that I think of it, all those people had, my German professor, he worked for the government. Well, he never said that, but we wouldn't be surprised if he did. *Why?* Cause they were all, all my professors were like that.

Is this school still in operation? Sure. I even know the phone number. *You remember it?* I was a switchboard operator during the fall of Vietnam, a work-study job. I had some Vietnamese classmates—doesn't mean anything to people nowadays but this was before the Vietnamese came to America. I was on the switchboard when their families

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would send messages. Let's see, who else was there? A scattering of people from around the world. One kid from Kenya was the son of a member of parliament. These people, you could see they were there for a reason. A lot were basically higher class children of foreign government officials.

The school was "private, discreet, in the middle of nowhere." Is this an advantage? For the people from foreign countries, it was. *Why?* Wealthy kids from Kuwait, Saudi Arabia--the last thing people wanted was send their kids to a college where they might be preyed upon. Some of those students are probably in high government positions now.

So how'd you feel being there? I loved the school!

The CIA on college campuses

The CIA operates on US college campuses. That was disclosed in the mid-1970s through testimony before the "Church Committee," a US Senate committee chaired by the late Sen. Frank Church to investigate US intelligence activities after Watergate. I was a graduate student at MIT at that time, and I wrote about CIA activities on college campuses for the student paper.

The *modus operandi* was said to be university professors secretly working with the Agency to recruit foreign students to act as CIA assets in their home countries or elsewhere.

I confirmed for myself this kind of activity was real because I identified an African student at Harvard, one of whose professors had attempted to recruit her. An employee of the American Friends Service Committee in Cambridge, Mass. told me about this student, but would not give me her name. I worked for months to identify her and finally did.

When I called her I knew I had the right person and the right information because of her intense emotional reaction when she learned the reason for my call. But she refused to talk. I went to a Harvard dean with the story, and the dean eventually let me know Harvard was not interested in my information unless the student herself would come forward, which she did not do.

Therefore, when Kevin told me about USIU, with its many former military and intelligence faculty, I had a context. However, try as I would, I could not put my finger on anything which happened to Kevin at USIU that was anything more than provocative as far as, for example, whether Kevin was under surveillance, and whether it was

during Kevin's college years that the government learned Kevin Marks was an abductee.

College prank at San Diego campus

One event was an off-campus college prank the school (or somebody) discovered within hours. "Patty Hurst had just been kidnapped and everyone was sensitive about kidnappings," Kevin told me. "Me and my friend Sam Bowen were on the freeway driving the half hour to San Diego. I said, 'Hey, give me that starter gun,' and I put it to his head while he was driving." *A fake gun?* Yeah, like a toy gun.

And he drove kind of erratically and laughed cause people's eyes were bulging looking at us. Then I got the crazy idea to really scare 'em by hanging out the car door by the seat belt. The whole scene lasted no more than 5-10 minutes.

That evening Sam dropped me off at school and Mr. Bill Fields was standing there. He was Head of Security for USIU and former (I was led to believe) FBI. We knew each other and he said, 'Some gentlemen want

to speak to you, if you have a moment.'

He led me to this car and two guys with suits standing there with sunglasses on. He left, and they asked me questions. 'Are you

Kevin, bottom line, was this woman at the CIA a human being?
"No, absolutely not."

Kevin Marks? Do you know a particular guy (Sam)?' Yes. 'Where were you about 3 o'clock this afternoon?' In Sam's car. 'Did at any time you put a gun to Mr. Bowen's head and pretend to do this and this?' And I said, Yes I did. (I realized this was serious.) They said, 'You should be more careful; that's not what you want to be doing.' I said, It won't happen again. They said, 'Fine.' They got in their car and I walked away. *Did they show you any ID?* No. *Did they go after Sam?* No, they never spoke to him.

This Bill Fields, former FBI, what was his job at the university? Head of Security. Nowadays campus security is normal, even campus police. But not back then. I was a "security guard" on campus myself, a work-study job. All I had was a walkie-talkie and my job was trivial, make sure classrooms were locked or help somebody jump-start their car. But a guy retired from the FBI, had a job called Head of Security? What security? We're out in the boonies where nothing happens; we're not even allowed to drink. We need security? Yet, he was very visible.

Rumor the dorms were bugged

The rumor on campus was the rooms were bugged. We were not allowed to drink alcohol in our rooms and not allowed to have members of the opposite sex in our rooms

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except at certain times. *Why the rumor?* Because there had been busts on campus of people smoking pot, before I got there, and the only way anybody could have known was if the rooms were bugged.

Janet Carlson got you in this school. Yes. How was it justified you didn't take the SATs and left high school early? Apparently I took an IQ test which tested high, which was why she could present me to the college. They allowed me in provided I took a series of exams, which I did. Long grueling exams like SATs. *You said an SAT score was assigned to you. Who told you that?* Janet. She said in passing. 'Oh, you don't have to worry about the SATs; we've handled that for you.' *She told you a score you could quote?* Yes. *What'd you think about that at the time?* Nothing.

Before you left home, did you have any medical exams? To go to this school? I don't think so. *Any when you got there?* I don't recall any medical procedures. A funny thing happened, though, when I flew to San Diego. In Chicago this girl got on, sat next to me, we played cards. When we landed in San Diego I found out she was headed to the same school as me! *Did you see her on campus?* Oh yeah. She had been at the Hawaii campus.

Abduction dreams and memories

In the meantime, apparently Kevin was being abducted from the campus of USIU, and probably other students were as well. He described for me a mysterious memory from his college days and a bizarre dream that still haunted him at the time of our interview.

When I was in college I used to look up at the sky and think, *Why me?* I did that all the time. *Why me?* *Free associate, Kevin; see what you come up with.* All alone outside. *What's that mean?* Outside the campus buildings. *Who is all alone outside?* Me. *Night or day?* Always night. *What's happening?* I look up at the stars and wonder why I'm different. *Nothing ever happens out there?* No, nothing. Except that dream with that figure. *What figure?* A faceless figure with a hood and a gown. I couldn't see the face. Everybody was sleeping. *What's that mean?* Everybody was in their bedclothes. *Nightgowns, pajamas?* Yeah, their bedclothes.

It's funny, when I'm outside looking up, all alone,

why me? I have no clue where everybody else is. I'm outside. I may have walked out there, out of a building or down the hill, but I have no idea where anybody else is. *Who do you mean by anybody else?* All the other students. *Are they asleep in their dorms?* It isn't late enough for that 'cause it's maybe 9 or 10 at night. *And it's deserted?* Yes! It's completely quiet, no noise. I don't feel if I walk into a building there'll be nobody there. *Somebody will be there?* Yeah. It happened several times, like five or more. I'd be outside; I'm sure I walked out, and I'd say to myself, *Why me?*

There's no activity, nothing. It wasn't late, like 3 in the morning. At 3, I'd be in bed like everybody else. This would be like 9 or 10. You'd think people would be walking up and down, cars in and out. *Why me what?* Why must I be different—the word "chosen" comes to mind. *Does it?* Oh definitely. *Chosen means what?* Somebody deliberately picked me. Which leads to the question, *Why me?*

Who picked me?

Somebody picked? Yeah, picked me. *Who?* I don't know who. Somebody else, somebody from somewhere else. *What does that mean?* I have no idea, somebody out there. . . . *Like from LA, not San Diego?* No, nobody from LA or San Diego. *The Fiji Islands, not America?* Nobody from those places either, nobody from the earth. *You mean somebody from not earth?* Yeah. *Why is that?* Because it's not an earthly thing, it's not from earth. *What is it?* That picking part, if it was earthly it wouldn't be a puzzlement to me.

Very quiet, early evening, and nobody around? That's right. *Why me?* Stars. *What happens next?* I don't know!

Everybody in pajamas

Tell me about the dream. I dreamed of a figure waving its hand at me and telling me to come with it up into space, with all these other people. Seemed real to me, even after I woke up. That dream was vivid and had a message. People were streaming up to this thing, this figure. *Ascending off the ground?* Yeah, like they were on a path, but there was no path. And this thing was waving its hand for us to come forward.

Where was this happening? Going to another

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Contact any JAR board editor.

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place to start a whole new race of people or something. *Location?* Oh no! Out in the stars someplace. In space toward the stars. Earth was beneath us and you could see us going away from the earth, all floating, standing straight up, in our pajamas. We were all conscious, kind of awake, nobody talking, but conscious of each other as this figure was waving us forward.

Applied to the Navy

When Kevin was in college, he applied twice to join the military, once to the Navy and once to the Army linguistics program. There was nothing unusual about his contact with the Navy, but there was something unusual about his contact with the Army.

Looking back, Kevin felt 17 had been too young to go to college. "I was so immature!" he recalls. "I goofed off and started losing my scholarships." To find another way to pay for college, Kevin thought about the Navy. "I took a test. The recruiter called and said, 'You have aced this thing. You can go straight to officers candidate school.' The Navy test had questions about aviation and I'd been practicing flying since I was seven years old."

Practicing flying? I'd sit in a chair and pretend I was flying. Still do it to this day. *Any physical tests of any kind? With the Navy?* No. *Were you subjected to any electronic test? Was there anything applied to your body? Did you walk through any apparatus? Like an archway or between two bars, where you were zapped with an energy field?* No. *So everything seemed quite normal, this encounter with the navy?* Very normal.

He didn't join the Navy but after Kevin dropped out of college, at 19, he says, "I got it in my head again maybe I should go to the military."

Applied to the Army

I decided to try for Army linguistics 'cause I love languages. They sent me to LA for a physical and language test. Put us all up in a big hotel, a bunch of young men. I was 20 and one of the oldest. Except there was one older guy. He was my roommate and in his 30s. There is no doubt that man was put in my room as a plant!

The Army gave you a physical? Yes, along with couple hundred other people. But the roommate they gave me! *Is that after the physical?* No. Let me tell you what happened.

I arrive at the hotel, go to my room, and I had a room by myself with an extra bed. Later, this guy shows up. We were all supposed to be there at a certain time, on time,

but he gets there late in the day—and he's a grown man who's already been in the Army. He knows my name. We sat in the room and talked and joked.

Next day we have our physical. It took all day. The "roommate," he didn't hang out with me that night. He was not there. He didn't even sleep in that room. The next evening—and he didn't go for the physical, to my knowledge—the next evening everybody left, but I had to stay to take a language exam the next day.

I was 15 seconds late to the exam. The bus was late. They'd already closed the door. They said, 'This is the Army. Come back next month.' I said, Screw you, if you're that way I don't want to be in the Army.

I come back to the hotel and now that guy is there. He's jacking away and talking. I'm thinking to myself, This is all young recruits! What are you doing here? I never asked him. I sensed. I know he was government. He ended up giving me a ride back to San Diego. He yakked the whole way, dropped me off, and that was it.

My feeling was, I thought he was an intelligence officer. I felt he was. I should also tell you Army linguistics is part of intelligence work. But he was definitely there for me. He was not part of our group.

If the government discovered anything about Kevin Marks during the Army physical, that was not what brought the "roommate" into the picture. The roommate was assigned to Kevin before the physical took place.

Dropping out of school

At 19, Kevin dropped out of college. "That's when I had the dream of people going off into space. We had people on campus saying they saw UFOs. I thought I saw

I questioned him over and over. I'd say, We have to figure out how the government got a line on you.

one, one day, but not definite." Kevin got an apartment and a job in San Diego. During this period, Kevin said, he "ran the table in pool three times in a row."¹ At 21, Kevin went back to USIU. "I saw what life was like" in a dead end job, he told me, "and I had to get back to college."

And going back

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He enrolled at USIU's London campus. The director there was "Dr. Shot, a former OSS guy," Kevin told me. OSS refers to the Office of Strategic Services, the WW II precursor of the CIA. *Did that strike you as odd?* "It strikes me as odd now, but at that time it was just par for the course." After a year, Kevin transferred to a third USIU campus, from which he graduated. There he saw the same pattern of Americans and foreigners, government employees, former military and intelligence people, children of the wealthy, and children of government employees of various countries.

No effort made to keep him in school

If anyone tried to direct Kevin Marks to USIU—someone standing behind Janet Carlson, for example—they make no effort to keep him there. No faculty mentored him, and no one stepped forward to steady Kevin and keep him in school when his grades failed. No one tried to find him a job when he dropped out, or directed him to an apartment. And no one particularly welcomed him back to USIU, though he did obtain loans which, combined with savings he accumulated while working, financed the remainder of his education.

Delphina

Some abductees are watched by the US government. Not all, but some. In the mid-80s I met Delphina. She told me about an encounter she had with an intelligence officer in Washington, DC in 1965 or 1966, when she was 25.

At the time of the event, Delphina did not know she was an abductee; therefore, she would not have been talking on the telephone about aliens or UFOs. Nor was she, in that very political decade, involved in any political activity, such as anti-war or civil rights, which might have brought her to the attention of the government.

Delphina lived in Baltimore, about one hour north of Washington, DC. One evening she went with friends in their car to tour the bars in Georgetown, a fashionable Washington, DC neighborhood. "We were at a bar," she told me, "I went to the ladies room, got back, and my friends were gone. I was sitting there trying to decide what to do when this man came up to me.

"He said, 'Your friends have left and you're stranded here, aren't you? You shouldn't go out with people like that.' He scolded me. 'You're in a bad place here. Come with me. My name is Bob.' I asked him, Why should I go with you? He said, 'I'm a good person; I'm with intelligence.' "

Delphina apparently did trust Bob, and she did go with him. Bob took Delphina on an auto tour of Washington, DC, including a drive by of the Russian Embassy, where Bob pointed out various electronic

eavesdropping devices located in the vicinity.

To all Delphina's questions about the nature of Bob's activities and how he happened to become aware of her, Bob replied, 'I'll tell you what I want you to know. That's all.'

Bob took Delphina to an apartment where they spent the night. Bob made no advances to Delphina. She slept on the living room couch. She recalls the apartment looked sterile, as though no one lived there. She also recalls Bob wore a pistol. When they were driving to the apartment, Bob observed that he was driving in circles and that Delphina would not be able to find the apartment again.

Next morning, Bob delivered Delphina to a bus depot. 'Don't tell anyone about meeting me,' Bob cautioned. 'No one will believe you.'

How does the government know?

How does the US government find out who the abductees are? I'm shooting in the dark here—maybe there is more than one way they find out, and surely the government doesn't identify every abductee. In Kevin's

The CIA operates on US college campuses. I confirmed that for myself in graduate school.

case, I was looking for some juncture he might have undergone physical screening that would have located an implant or a chemical marker.

On the other hand, lots of people have claimed there is a "list." They claim the aliens provide the US with a list of people who are being abducted. No evidence has ever been presented of such a list, but then again, how could there be? Since Kevin eventually met a hybrid in a CIA building, should we assume the aliens gave Kevin Marks's name to the government? I don't know.

Jim Sparks says. . .

Abductee Jim Sparks believes he does know how the government identifies abductees. In his recent book, *The Keepers*,² Jim says the aliens employ "interdimensional fields" when they contact humans and these fields leave behind "a special traceable signature or residue" detectable with "appropriate monitoring devices. Without doubt," Jim says, "that is the. . . way covert agencies monitor alien activity." If Jim is right, maybe that is why streetlights flicker and electronic equipment malfunctions around some abductees.

Jim says he felt the "residue" lingering around him after a 1995 event. His "senses were extremely. . . sharp and

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clear,” Jim says, and he “felt magnetic.” Next day he was visited by a black helicopter. However, according to his book, the government already knew Jim Sparks. Jim was a “MILAB” victim long before he saw the black helicopter. That could mean Jim was on a list, and we need not evoke “interdimensional fields.” It’s all very confusing, isn’t it?

What Reagan was told?

One more item before we continue with Kevin’s story. In late October this year, UFO internet impresario Victor Martinez released a transcript he says he obtained from the US Defense Intelligence Agency.³ It is a purported transcript of a purported 1981 UFO briefing of Ronald Reagan, confirming a policy of US surveillance, capture, and interrogation of abductees.

“We can clearly prove some 80 Americans were abducted” between 1955 and 1980, the briefer tells Reagan. “We have a military intelligence unit keeping track of these abductions,” assisted by the FBI, NSA and CIA. “We

A faceless figure with a hood and a gown. I couldn’t see the face. Everybody was sleeping. Everybody was in their bedclothes, walking toward it.

interview the victim and place them under hypnotic trance,” says the briefer.

“We don’t have the technology to know” when an abduction will take place, and “we get the information afterwards,” the briefer continues. Yet, the briefer says, an “abduction incident was recorded by military intelligence personnel” in 1979.

This, like most of the purported deep black information leaks to which the UFO community is subjected, is only semi-coherent. Talk of “80” abductees is laughable. And whom might it be who provides “the information afterwards”? And if the US does not have “the technology to know” when an abduction will take place, then how did military intelligence manage to “record an abduction incident”?

Kevin’s first CIA interview

Some time after college graduation, Kevin “thought to apply at the CIA.” *What made you think of the CIA?* Oh, I don’t know, intrigued. *You initiated the contact?* Yes. They said, Go for an interview at this motel. A guy meets me, very friendly, middle aged, asks can he take my picture, talks to me about the application process. It was interesting he knew I’d taken the Foreign Service Exam in college. I told him I wanted to go forward, but I decided not

to. *Did you feel at that time anything was done to you?* No. *It all seemed completely normal?* Yes.

“I was turned off by all the hurdles they wanted me to jump through, plus I changed jobs and relocated to LA. I just put the CIA on the back burner.

But it never left my mind. What if I had followed through? So I decided to find out.”

Kevin reapplied to the CIA, and this would be his fateful encounter.

The second CIA interview

I made a phone call. *What year?* 1984. Again, they said meet somebody at a hotel. I went, and met a guy near the LA airport and I don’t remember at all what he looked like. Not one thing.

You don’t remember him? Not one thing about him. *Remember the hotel?* I remember walking in, going up to the room. *Remember what the room looked like?* Of course not, no. I don’t pay attention to those kind of details, but I do pay attention to what people look like, and I can’t remember what this person looked like. He met me with a smile, knew I had applied once before, said taking the photos is normal for us. And I dreaded that! I didn’t want him to take my picture, but I said ok.

Upset and can’t remember

Did he have papers from your previous interview? He had stuff about me. [lowers voice]. Ok, here’s the thing, trying to remember this really upsets me! The more I try to remember the mad—you know I’m mad, but the more upset I feel. *You look a little upset.* I am! I don’t know if it’s because something happened or because I can’t remember. I didn’t remember this meeting at the LA motel until just a few minutes ago. All this time I never remembered it.

The 3-day interview, that followed this meeting? Yeah, let me go on! I told myself, This time I’m going to follow through and pay attention to every detail. This is four years after the first time I applied, and I had grown. I was a newly wed the first time I applied; now I had a baby and a house. Wow! I was different and much more professional. For my own satisfaction, I said I’m going to pay attention to every detail.

The guy somehow indicated he thought I would be a good candidate. He probably asked me a few qualifying questions, said I’d need to take an 8-hour exam, and said they’d invite me to the next interview.

Next, I’m sure they sent me a letter. I saved every piece of paper they gave me, on purpose, but where did I save it? Must be in storage.

I said, I’m going to document my experience and remember everything. That’s what I told myself. No ulterior motive. I just wanted to know. I wanted to know

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what they looked like. I knew they don't use their real names. I wanted to remember what names they told me. I knew they'd give me information. I wanted to remember everything. Instead, I remember almost nothing!

I remember more about the guy who interviewed me the first time in a motel than about the guy who interviewed me the second time at a motel. *And that was after you made up your mind to remember!* That's my point. And it's disturbing me.

After the first time I applied, I was disappointed in myself for not following through. I had backed away from the naval thing, I backed away from the Army thing. I backed away from the CIA thing the first time. Now I decided I wanna know! You're right, why do I wanna know? Why do I even care? But I did.

Interview in Covina

The next meeting was in Covina. They instructed me, Don't tell people you're applying. They say that to everybody; it's in the literature. You can tell only your family.

I go to the door, which had a peephole in it. They let me in and there's bulletproof glass with a receptionist behind it. I went in and met this fellow. And you know I told myself—I'm

gonna remember his name!—and I don't. *It was quite a few years ago!* Let me tell you something—I've not remembered his name since I went to CIA headquarters. *And prior to that, you did?* Prior to that, I did!

The guy I met was—and by now I'd been in business and was able to read people better—he was polished, top executive material. I could tell he was a senior person from the moment we shook hands.

He told me about the eight-hour exam. If that went well I would be invited to headquarters for more examinations, a physical, language tests, and a meeting at Langley. That they would do an extensive background investigation and if that went well, I'd have the job. He described his career and he talked about running agents.

He went extensively into how the CIA doesn't make policy and discussed this as one professional to another, not condescending at all, not like an interview. He told me he intended to recommend me highly for the job. We shook hands and I went out.

I had to fill out a 10-year history of where I'd been, what I'd done, who I knew and all this data about my parents. So I put that together. It was extensive. Sent that in. And I took the eight-hour test, in LA.

Invited to Washington

Then I received the invitation. *To Washington, DC?* Right. They sent me a plane ticket, an itinerary, instructions on what to expect, where I'd be staying, and not to tell anyone, plus an 800 number to reach them if I needed anything.

Got to Washington. This is all in the wintertime. Frigid cold. And all I had was my raincoat. My mother lived near there, but she didn't even know I was in town. The instructions said, When you get to the airport take a taxi to the Tyson's Corner motel called Shoney's.⁴ It will cost you this much. Do not speak to anyone. They provided an hour-by-hour itinerary for the next three days, and vouchers for meals. A shuttle bus will take you to such and such a building. At 8 am you're gonna have breakfast, at this time you're gonna do this, at this time, lunch. For the whole 3 days. *So every part of the three days was choreographed?* Yes.

The taxi driver, he knew exactly what it was supposed to cost. I said, I want to go to the Shoney's motel at Tyson's. 'Yes, I know,' he says, 'and it shouldn't cost

more than \$8.' I get the feeling you've done this before. 'Yeah, a few people have come through here.'

I get there, must have been 6 pm. 'Oh yes, we're expecting you,' says the desk

clerk, and 'Your meals are at this certain time.' He knew the drill too. I do remember walking in that hotel and having five strong drinks. As I sat at the bar, I noticed the place was really boring. I went to bed, but didn't sleep well.

Next morning I was astonished to see all these military government type people in the restaurant. Guys like Manuel Noriega, guys from South America. Military in South American uniforms. They were being shepherded around by US military types. And I could pick out the recruits. They were looking all around like, What's this about? like I was. And they sat by themselves and didn't talk to anybody. They were following their instructions like me. The people on other business with their associates were more relaxed.

At the shuttle bus there's a whole line of people. I get on. My stop was a building in Arlington, Va. for a medical exam. Somebody escorted us recruits upstairs, about 10 of us. Some of the recruits were girls, a few military girls. *Was this a CIA bus?* It was a Shoney's bus. It went to all the buildings in Tyson's-Alexandria. Buildings like office buildings rented by the government.

It was an extensive medical exam. Extensive

I'm thinking to myself, This is all young recruits! What are you doing here? I never asked him. I sensed. I know he was government.

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means blood work, urine work, hearing—they put us in a booth where you hear tones. Complete vision work. Examination eyes ears and nose. Heart monitor, EKG. Blood pressure. I don't know if we had a stress test. Then we had lunch.

You're escorted to lunch; you're not in Shoney's?

No and the whole time in that building we had an escort. It was this woman. She was blond, older, and she had a purse with her. You could tell she kept a weapon in there. *How*

He said, 'You're stranded here, aren't you? You shouldn't go out with people like that. Come with me. My name is Bob.' I asked him, Why should I go with you? He said, 'I'm a good person; I'm with intelligence.'

could you tell? Because of the way she held on to it so tightly. Oh yeah, she was definitely armed. She had a gun, ha! So then lunch happens, and we recruits were conscious not to sit next to each other.

Lie detector test

After that we recruits went our separate ways. I had to take a lie detector test. By the way, nobody in that medical group was staying at Shoney's. I went to another building, by taxi. When I got there, there was a whole room of people waiting to take lie detector tests.

The lie detector test is an opportunity for someone to harass you if they want to. Because it's unreliable. It's so unreliable they ask, Have you trained yourself to defeat the test? That's one of the questions. Lots of people. Most were professionals. When CIA people go to their tours of duty they have to take lie detector tests every two years. So you had some field people in there, some home office people in there, almost 90 percent professionals. *They were already in the CIA?* Yeah, and some in a hurry, looking at their watches.

I checked in. The facility was all white, very sterile looking. I was surprised at how stark it looked. I looked around to see any recruits but I don't think I saw more than one or two. There must have been 100 people in that room. From this big outer waiting room they call your name, and you walk into the examination rooms in the back. The exit is somewhere else; no one goes back out through the waiting room. From where I sat, I could see 15 examination rooms but the halls went beyond what I could see. So there must have 20 or 30 rooms.

A long wait

I sat there for two hours. I thought, you know, I'm the new recruit. They must realize how upsetting this is to sit here for two hours not knowing what to expect. *Is that when you started feeling messed with?* Yes. Oh, definitely. I was mad. The people who do the lie detector tests are the security people and they have nothing to do with operations. They couldn't care less, at least that's their attitude.

So I waited. Finally we're down to about 10 people, and I'm madder than hell. I mean, I came in signed by name up at 11 in the morning, and people who came in after me had their interview before I did.

I thought you went there after lunch. I did say that, didn't I? *If I were trying to remember something that happened 12 years ago—* No, but this is important. *—I wouldn't remember.* Yeah, but did I ever remember? I'm telling you, from the day I walked out of that place I didn't remember a thing. And it got more and more fuzzy every day.

I did go to the cafeteria. Ok, let's say just for the time being, to get on with it, that it was after lunch, one o'clock. People came in after I did and they were called before I was. That pissed me off. But I thought, this is a test man, just be cool. There were 100 people in that room, reading magazines. I read so many magazines, it was unbelievable! Nobody said a word to each other. Do you know what it's like to be in a room with 100 people and nobody's speaking to each other? It's really hard. They called names and the room just emptied out. Only about ten people left.

Finally they call me. *Were you the last?* One of the last. I get up. I'm pissed off. They say, follow me. I follow

Jim Sparks says when the aliens contact humans they leave behind "a special traceable signature or residue" detectable with "appropriate monitoring devices."

them. Walking down the hall I see this room with a mirror, a window in it and a couple guys in there in white shirts working. On the walls a black wire where the microphone sits so people can listen in. The room they put me in had two chairs. One for the examiner, one for me, and a desk. Pure white.

So this is the lie detector test everybody talks about. This is going to be really interesting, I think. This

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girl walks in the room, this woman, she was attractive, soft, gentle. And she talks to me about how it works, what it does, what the procedures are gonna be. She says she wants me to be comfortable with the procedure. She says, 'I'll be doing this and this. Do you have any questions or concerns?'

Supposedly from the DIA, it is a purported transcript of a purported 1981 briefing of Ronald Reagan confirming a policy of US surveillance, capture, and interrogation of abductees.

No? Ok. I'm gonna come up with a list of questions I'm gonna ask you. Some are questions I have to ask you, everybody has to be asked these questions. Like, Are you loyal to the country? and stuff like that. Other questions are geared to your situation.' She says, 'We're going to devise these questions first.' That's what they do. It takes hours. They devise the questions, then they go through the questions to make sure you understand the questions.

They tell you the questions beforehand; they don't spring them on you?

Right. Really? Not like on TV. You'll see why in a minute. Go through them again and again and again. When I ask you this, you'll say what? And when I ask you this, you'll say what? *They discuss the answers you're gonna give?* Yeah, oh yeah.

'Now I'm going to wire you up.' They wire you up, put the thing around your chest, around your wrist and on your finger. And you can see the needles. She turns the machine up and the paper starts going through.

You're sitting in a chair. And she says, 'We're

going to go through the questions and you give me the answers we've discussed.' So she asks me this, and this. 'Fine. Now answer this question wrong. You said you are 30 or 29 years old. I want you to say 22. When we get to that question, say 22.' I say 22. See what they've done? They've established, here's what he sounds like when he's telling the truth, here's what it's like when he lies.

'Now I'm going to be really asking you the questions.' So we go through those questions, and she says, 'Now we're going through those questions one more time. Now she says we're going to go through the questions, but I'm going to change a couple of questions.' So she asks me a little variation of a question. Have you ever smoked marijuana? She changed that question to, 'How many times have you smoked marijuana?' She's drawing lines and making little notations. Ok, so we went through the questions 20 times or more. Then she said, 'Ok, thank you very much. Just stay here, I'll be right back.'

Non human examiner

She was gone about 10 minutes. Then I heard the door open and it wasn't her. That thing walked in, that woman walked in. And I thought I was going to faint.

Part II of this article will appear in the next issue of JAR.

Footnotes

1 "Running the table" in pool refers to a game in which every shot made by the starting player is perfect and the other players never even get a turn.

2 *The Keepers* by Jim Sparks, Wildflower Press, 2006, pg. 189-190.

3 Project Serpo, 4 of 7, posting #27a: The Regan Presidential ET Release. Released 10-30-07 by Victor Martinez (victorgm@

webtv.net). Transcript of purported classified briefing of Pres. Ronald Regan on 3-6-81 and 3-8-81. www.serpo.org/release27a.asp

4 Today there is no Shoney's motel in Tyson's Corner, Va. However, there was one at the time of Kevin's events, according to Jim Grout, the current president of Shoney's Corp. He told me the Shoney's Tyson's Corner closed in the early 1990s and was turned into a Days Inn, and the address was probably the 5000 block of Springvalley Rd.



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(Konkolesky continued from page 5)

Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), who happened to be a licensed hypnotherapist. It has been so long since I spoke with her I don't know if she would prefer I keep her identity anonymous, so I won't divulge her name (although many will know of whom I speak).

After a telephone interview, followed by a face-to-face at her home, she convinced me to undergo hypnosis to revisit some unusual episodes.

First hypnosis

On my way to her home, for my first of what would turn out to be many hypnotic regressions, I thought about many of my life's strange events and wondered which one she would want to investigate first. The event in my crib at age two was an obvious place to start, and I had previously shared the basics of this event with her.

Then a question popped into my head I hadn't previously considered: I remembered always sharing a room with one brother or another while growing up, so how come I don't remember which brother was sharing the room with me at that night, and why he didn't help me?

This puzzled me on the hour and a half drive to her home. I didn't know how hypnosis worked and I thought I'd better try to remember as much detail as I could, up front, or else risk skewing some of the results.

Where was my brother?

By the time I arrived for my session, I'd narrowed my roommate down to one of two likely possible candidate brothers.

After a brief chat, my hostess led me to her office and I sat in a plush recliner. The session began. After the

My mother said my crib did, in fact, have a flat board at its base and I could go in the attic and see for myself. I did. It did.

hypnotic induction, she asked what event I felt most compelled to revisit. I said I didn't know. So she suggested we start at the "beginning," and I found myself drifting back to my crib in 1973.

Eyes large, dark, glistening. . .menacing

The night was warm, the window open in my dark bedroom, and a soft breeze stirred the curtains. Quickly, though, the peace was shattered.

A small, strange being rapidly and silently walked into the room, with a face that looked like a cross between a human corpse and an army ant. "His" flesh (I got the impression it was male) was gray and his eyes were large, dark,

During the hypnosis, I tried to see his body. Something was wrong with my recall! Why wouldn't my memory do what I wanted it to do, and fix the scene?

glistening. . .menacing. He looked down at me from the foot of my crib with what I felt was no more than casual interest. Whatever he was here for, I was just a moment's distraction.

I tried, during the hypnosis, to see his body, and was annoyed that there appeared to be something wrong with my recall. For some reason, my mind replaced the bars I was sure were at the foot of my crib with a solid, flat board, shielding the being's body from view.

As hard as I tried, I could not "fix" my memory and turn the flat board into bars through which I could see the body.

I screamed and got the groggy-voiced reply of my mother—Go back to sleep. I tried to remember, Which brother must have been in the room during this event? My memory told me I was the only one in the room. Trying hard to visualize a brother, I came up with nothing.

The being, unaffected by my screaming, slowly walked out and headed in the direction of the bedroom down the hall where some of my brothers slept.

And, no, it clearly was much, much more than a costume-wearing sibling bent on playing a prank on his baby brother.

The crib looked wrong

My hostess awakened me and we discussed the session. A bit disheartened by the results of the hypnosis, I told her of the two sticking points in my mind: where was one of my bothers? and why didn't the crib look right? With regard to the "missing brother," she said maybe I couldn't accept that my big brothers couldn't protect me, and possibly it was just easier for me to erase them from the scene altogether.

About the crib that "altered its construction," she thought possibly my mind changed the bars to a flat board to protect me against seeing the being's body. She knew more about hypnosis than I did, so I tucked away her insights to chew later.

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Wrong memories?

I drove home confused. It *all* seemed so real, but why wouldn't my memory listen to reason, do what I wanted it to do, and fix the scene?

When I got home (still living in that same house with my parents at the time) I told my mother everything of the session. She had two things to say.

First, she told me that during that time in my life, none of my brothers would share a room with me because I would sometimes wake up screaming in the middle of the night (eerie!). Secondly, she said my crib did in fact have a flat board at its base and if I wanted, I could go in the attic and see for myself. I did. It did.

The power of hypnotic recall

Now I understood. As hard as I had tried to challenge the memories that came out under hypnosis, they would not let me get them wrong. I recalled many more bizarre events in ensuing hypnosis sessions, revisiting other episodes in my life, but since that initial session I have had faith in the power of hypnotic recall.

Bill Konkolesky is state director of Michigan MUFON, Inc. (www.mimufon.org). Konkolesky has appeared, recounting his personal abduction experiences, on ABC's "Peter Jennings: Seeing is Believing," and the SCI-FI Channel's "Abduction Diaries." He is a listed contributor to the books, *Filer's Files: Worldwide Reports of UFO Sightings*, by George Filer and David Twichell, as well as *Weird Michigan: Your Travel Guide to Michigan's Local Legends and Best Kept Secrets*, by Linda Godfrey. Konkolesky lectures regularly in the Detroit area on UFOs and the abduction phenomenon.



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On-line OPUS support group

To provide as much help as possible, Steiner and Velez are enthusiastic about a two-year-old on-line support group OPUS has fostered. The on-line group has, they say, about 40 participants, including some outside the U.S. It is not public and participation in the on-line group is by invitation after a call and conversation with Steiner or Velez.

"We are trying to find support groups around the country," Velez says, "because being able to join a local group is really important for people. Short of that, the on-line group is available and is totally confidential. When somebody wants to talk, they just get on and people respond, which is really great." Steiner says the on-line group is monitored "to create as safe a space as possible."

New support groups needed

As mentioned, Steiner is also trying to get experiencers to start their own local non-therapeutic support groups in places where no professional is available to lead a group. She says she had spoken to five abductees in the last three months about starting a group, but none has done so yet.

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Les Velez, OPUS
VP & Founder

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Opus President June Steiner

"I offer instructions as to how to run the group, how to create a safe space, and effective ways to talk about their experiences without causing harm to anyone," Steiner says. "No one should tell anyone else who's right and who's wrong or what it means or doesn't mean."

Steiner and Velez are looking to increase OPUS's list of support groups around the US. Right now they know of only a handful. "Support groups are hard to find," says Steiner, "and we have no way of knowing where they are unless someone contacts us."

More counselors are needed

As for OPUS's list of 100 people who are ready to help abductees, the list includes MDs, licensed psychologists, certified hypnotherapists, and social workers, as well as lay helpers.

Speaking of the lay helpers, Steiner says, "Many people who are excellent at working with abductees are not necessarily therapists. They are people who have big hearts and are non-judgmental, who have their feet on the ground and can help people face and integrate their trauma, accept what's happened to them and deal with it in a sensible way."

OPUS does not publish the list of helpers, since "some therapists don't want it widely known they are doing this kind of work," Steiner says. As for the vetting process employed by OPUS, there is a paper questionnaire which asks for information on colleges attended and licenses and certifications held.

In addition, Steiner says, she and Les "Do an in depth look at how long the individual has been involved in their work and the training they have for experienter work. We will not put them on a list until we are assured they are not only qualified, but qualified to deal with something as unusual as experiencers."

OPUS tries hard to put only good people on their referral list, but "OPUS is not responsible for the work done after the initial referral is made," Velez says. However, "When I make a referral I ask the experienter to get back to us and let us how it worked out and whether they were happy with the person we sent them to."

The services of the professionals referred by OPUS are not generally free. Although OPUS itself does not charge experiencers for services, the therapists and hypnotherapists do charge if there is a need for on-going private sessions," says Steiner. OPUS does not know, and does not ask, those on the referral list how much they charge, although Les Velez says he asks if the therapist will work on a "sliding scale." Nor does OPUS charge a fee for referrals to the mental health providers on their list. OPUS's only income is through donations, Steiner says.

The OPUS Board

OPUS is run by a nine-person board of directors, including June Steiner, President; Lester Velez, VP and founder; Bufo Calvin, educational director; Eugene Lipson, MD and founder; Mark Commerford, Esq., counsel; Victoria Jack, producer, Bay Area UFO Expo; Yvonne Smith, certified hypnotherapist; Farah Yurdozu, author and investigator; Ruben Uriarte, MUFON state director California; and Michael Buchele, MD.

Find out more at the OPUS website www.opus-net.org or contact June Steiner at junimoon7@aol.com and Les Velez at lesterv424@aol.com.  ([Click to return to Contents](#))

Write for JAR!

JAR's Board of Editors invites all members of the UFO community to write for the magazine. JAR will publish all cogently argued points of view concerning the nature and activities of the UFO intelligences and their impact on the human race.

Contact any JAR board editor.

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Three Coins in the Fountain

One night, while my husband was away on business, three hybrid beings appeared in my home, and I conversed with two males who appeared very different from one another.

One had small, liquid-like black eyes with thick eyelashes and two bones protruding from his neck, which he concealed with a scarf. The other male looked fairly human and had mottled skin. Both males were taller than me, and stood about 5'7" to 6 feet tall.

The third being was a female, slightly shorter than me, who seemed fairly human looking, so I surmise she, too, may have been a hybrid.

At the end of this encounter, the female spoke to the two males and myself. She said, "Look, we are here to help her and it's time to do that. AJ is one of the most isolated, lonely and despondent ones here. We have to help her."

She then looked directly at me and said, "You are going to die if you do not change your lifestyle." The last thing I remember of the encounter was hearing the song *Three Coins In The Fountain* playing over and over in my mind. (3)

I was not familiar with the song until that time, but since then I hear it frequently on the soft music TV channel I play for my pets to listen to during the day. And, I did, in fact change my lifestyle after this experience.

My husband and I relocated to another part of the county. I am eating better and exercising regularly. I'm writing again and am a much happier person. So, I guess you could say these three hybrids interacted with me to help me and used music to reinforce the message.

O-o-h Child

During a difficult time prior to our move I sought out the tall "Type Four" Greys, as I refer to them in *Alien Jigsaw*. These are the Greys I believe are heading the hybrid breeding program, which Budd Hopkins and David Jacobs first brought to public attention many years ago.

Late one night I found myself walking around the inside of an enormous gray spiral-shaped object. I felt I was near my home and that this object was in a large open field adjacent to our property. As I walked, I felt I had been inside this object before.

Desperately wanting to find the tall Greys, I finally reached an area where two females were standing waiting for me. One was about five yards away, the other about ten. I asked for and was given permission to approach the Grey closest to me.

I broke down in tears and the female Grey held me in her arms as if I were her child. I had an intense discussion with her about how distraught I was feeling over how

people treat animals as well as one another. I cried and she continued to hold me, telepathically tuning in to my thoughts.

At the end of the experience the Grey placed a song in my mind to give me a comforting message. Some of the lyrics are:

*Oh, oh child, things are gonna get easier. . .
Oh, oh child, things will be brighter. . .
One day, child, we'll walk in the light of a beautiful sun. (4)*

I have been told by the beings that my mission here is "to wake a sleeping world to the alien presence."

*I hear him before I go to sleep. . .he's there
when I turn the light off. . .Nobody knows
about my man. . .when I stay up late, he's
always waiting.*

—Kate Bush

The song gave me great comfort, and I sang it to myself many times during difficult days prior to our relocation. It was a message of hope from the tall female Grey. The thought of us "...walking in the light of a beautiful sun" together brings

me hope that one day we will peacefully coexist.

Alien Music

Another experience in which music was central involved two brown-skinned female beings with incredible eyes. One of these beings used telepathy and an unusual eye/mind scanning process to gather images from my past to relay an important message to me. They used alien music again, but it was so unusual I could not begin to write it out and by the second day after the encounter, I retained none of the melody. Along with the unusual melody was a mes-

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sage:

. . . Like honey to the bees they will come. You are the honey. . . They are the bees. . . You are like honey to the bees. . . They are coming

Just five days later, I had an incredible experience. It involved humans, hybrids, at least one blonde being, and an old family friend whom I believe is an abductee. During this encounter a female scientist--a *human*--said to me, "Many people carry the genetic marker we are looking for, but your body can create the actual gene. Your body produces the equivalent of gold for us." (5)

Friends with the Moon

Another experience with music involved missing time and I have only a fragmentary memory of it. I was at home cooking a meal and waiting for my husband to come to dinner, as I believed I had heard him enter the house some time earlier. After a search of the house and the garage, it turned out that whomever I thought was in the house was not my husband. He had not yet returned from work.

My only memory is a feeling I moved through the wall in our kitchen to the walk-in closet in our bedroom. In the closet I felt an alien presence and heard a melody inside my head playing over and over again. I was to find out later, by paying attention to the music station on my television set, that the song was an instrumental piece titled *Friends with the Moon*. (6)

Moonglow

Another song I hear and strongly associate with the aliens is *Moonglow*. I do not remember this song in association with a particular alien experience, but it always

reminds me of them. Whenever I hear *Moonglow*, I almost feel them "tuning" in to me, or looking in on me as if to say, "Hello! We're just checking on you."

I began to constantly hear the song, and finally looked up the lyrics in a songbook I inherited from my grandmother. This song will forever remind me of the beings. The first verse is:

*It must have been Moonglow, Way up in the blue,
It must have been Moonglow, That led me straight to you*

The refrain is:

*We seemed to float right thru the air,
Heavenly songs seemed to come from everywhere.* (7)

Other Musicians

In addition to my own experiences with aliens and music, I have often wondered if certain musical recording artists have interacted with alien beings. Some of the lyrics

I hear suggest to me they have and suggest that certain musicians may be abductees or close to someone who is.

The first person to wonder whether certain recording artists are abductees is Sean Casteel,

whom I call "America's first UFO journalist." Sean has been writing about UFOs, abductions and related phenomena for over 20 years. On his web site is an article titled, *Bob Dylan And A Possible UFO Connection*. "There have been," Sean wrote:

innumerable attempts to see past the artistic guise of Bob Dylan's lyrics and poetry to what underlies his genius--what the actual creative process is that results in Dylan's lyrical outpouring and what the bedrock of inspiration is that he seems to have drawn on so effortlessly for more than 30 years. I am here

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Write for JAR!

JAR's Board of Editors invites all members of the UFO community to write for the magazine. JAR will publish all cogently argued points of view concerning the nature and activities of the UFO intelligences and their impact on the human race.

Contact any JAR board editor.

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to suggest an explanation that has, to my knowledge, never been previously offered--UFO contact. I base this on a fairly rigorous study of UFO interaction with humans and a listener's fascination with Bob Dylan that I began as a 12-year-old in 1970. (8)

Most abduction researchers, and abductees, agree

"AJ is despondent. We have to help her." She looked directly at me, "You are going to die if you do not change your lifestyle." The song *Three Coins In The Fountain* played in my mind.

that the most remembered physical characteristic of alien beings, especially the Greys, the Blondes, or the Nordics, is their eyes. Often described as "large and liquid black" or "a beautiful, piercing blue," I find both eye types quite beautiful.

Kate Bush

Kate Bush's song, *The Man with the Child in His Eyes*, drew my attention early on.(9) When I heard it in the late 1980s, my impression was Kate Bush was singing about a Blonde/Nordic or a hybrid being.

The song has a haunting feel. The lyrics begin with, *He's here! He's here!* and follow with:

*I hear him before I go to sleep. . .realize he's there when I turn the light off and turn over.
Nobody knows about my man. . .and suddenly I find myself listening to a man I've never known before.
He's very understanding, and he's so aware of all my situations. And when I stay up late, he's always waiting, but I feel him hesitate.*

The lyrics describe a man she knows, yet she doesn't understand how she knows him, and he is always waiting for her late at night. The next verse is:

Ooh, he's here again. . .the man with the child in his eyes. . .

Did he disappear and then reappear in her room? The lyric suggests a partial mental block being used, as is often the case with abductees in order to calm the individual or avoid too-suddenly imposing an alien presence

on an abductee. The song is beautiful, and complicated, and I believe it could have been influenced by interaction between Kate Bush and alien beings.

Stevie Nicks

Another well-known artist whose lyrics suggest interaction with the beings is Stevie Nicks. In 1987, one year after Kate Bush's album was released, *Tango in the Night* by Fleetwood Mac became a huge success. (10) Two songs on this album suggest alien interaction and Stevie Nicks wrote the music and the lyrics to both songs.

The first is *Welcome to the Room. . .Sara*. At first hearing, most people would associate the song with *Gone with the Wind*, as the lyric seems to be about Scarlett O'Hara's southern Georgia estate "Tara." But these lyrics are anything but.

She has arrived at a familiar place, yet she is unsure. Have I been here before? she wonders.

It's not home, and it's not Tara. In fact, do I know you? Have I been here before? This is a dream, right? Déjà vu. Did I come here on my own? Oh, I see. . .Welcome to the room, Sara.

This is reminiscent of the way abductees feel onboard alien craft. They have a sense they have been there before, but at the same time they tell themselves, "This is a dream, right?" because it just can't be real. Then there is familiarity, and the realization it is real—"Oh, I see"—and the aliens welcome her to the room (or craft). Another lyric line goes:

Oooh Missionary. Well, I will be different when I get back. And you can take all of the credit.

One day, child, we'll walk in the light of a beautiful sun. The song gave me comfort. It was a message of hope from the tall female Grey.

A missionary can be interpreted as a "teacher" or a "messenger"—exactly what the aliens have told many abductees we are. We tell others about our experiences, we write books and articles, and we use the internet to spread the word about the alien presence on our planet. Some of us have been told we are emissaries between the human race and the aliens. And as the lyrics say, we *are* very different "when [we] get back." Experiences with extraterrestrial beings change the life of the abductee forever.

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Again, from *Welcome to the room*. . .Sara:

You say everything is fine, baby, but sometimes at night, where the first cut is the deepest one of all. . .and the second one, well, it's a worthless thing.

Does this represent the aliens taking blood, DNA, and other body tissues from abductees? Such procedures leave scoop marks, straight-line, and other anomalous scars. Taking tissue samples from me is something the aliens did occasionally during the 1980s, and during my childhood, but it has not occurred to me in many years. Nonetheless, speaking from experience, it's true that ". . .the first cut is the deepest one of all. . .and the second one, well, it's a worthless thing."

The first scoop mark scar I noticed was on my arm and it bothered me so greatly I was embarrassed for any of my classmates to see it. For years I covered it with clothing, or I would cross my arms if someone were near me so they wouldn't see it.

After my awakening, in which I became aware I had been interacting with the beings, the scar didn't bother me any longer, and scars I received later were curiosities, but they didn't bother me either.

In the last verse she goes upstairs, "where the stars laugh and shine," and also "Ooh, oh, well, I thought that you were mine." This part of the song makes me think about the baby presentations. Abductees often experience longing for the children we are not allowed to bring back with us. We are told they are our children—and if they are ours, why can't we have them? As the song says, "I thought you were mine."

Has she seen the Greys?

Stevie Nicks' second song that raised my curiosity is titled, *When I See You Again*. It strongly indicates to me she has seen the Greys. Some of the lyrics are:

When I see you again, will it be the same? When I see you again, will it be over? When I see you again, will your great eyes still say. . .What's the matter baby?

Hearing this, I can almost see her looking into the eyes of a Grey and wondering the same thing I have

wondered. She doesn't say, *Will I see you again?* She says, "When" I see you again. She knows it's not *if* but *when* she will see them again.

I have wondered at times, When will this be over? Their "great eyes" peer back at me with a look of care and concern for me, as if to ask, What is wrong? or What's the matter baby?

It has taken me years to reach the place, or "space," I am in today. For several years I felt neutral feelings for most of these beings, but after a lifetime of experiences with certain Greys, a bond has formed between us. There are certain Greys I see again and again, and they seem to care for me the way a parent cares for and loves their child.

Neil Young

I end with Neil Young's 1971 song *After the Gold Rush*. (13) which includes this lyric:

I dreamed I saw the silver spaceships flying in the yellow haze of sun. There were children crying, colors flying all around the chosen ones. All in a

dream, all in a dream. The loading had begun. Flying Mother Nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun.

. . .the silver spaceships flying in the yellow haze of sun. . .colors flying all around the chosen ones. . .The loading had begun. Flying Mother Nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun.

—Neil Young

I'd idly listened to *After the Gold Rush* for years. Then one day I really "heard" it and had a "eureka" moment. I was driving and had to

pull over, as I was so shocked I began to cry.

I see these lyrics as a direct reference to a mass landing of alien craft; the colors of the lights on their craft, and the possible fear or chaos that will ensue with the "children crying." Abductees may be the "chosen ones" and "Mother Nature's silver seed" may represent the hybrids.

Worldwide Transition

The lyrics sound like abductee visionary dreams I've heard concerning what many believe will be a dramatic transitional event for our planet in the future, probably during our lifetimes. This is a subject I write about in my new book.

Dr. Dave Jacobs says the Greys' hybrid breeding program "has a beginning, a middle and an end." (14) I believe we are reaching its end. My experiences with these beings over the past 12 years have led me to believe a major worldwide transition is going to occur to our planet.

Will the Greys and the hybrid race they have been

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creating from abductees choose to stay on Earth? Or will they leave, never explaining why they did this to us and where our hybrid children are? Will they save us from a contaminated planet or one doomed to destruction, perhaps by an asteroid? Or will they abandon earth, and—as Neil Young saw in his dream—take only the “chosen ones” with them?

The musicians I have talked about in this article may, or may not, be abductees. It is possible I am simply hearing their music and lyrics through my own “abductee filter.” However, one has to wonder if Neil Young has had the same “dreams,” visions and experiences that many abductees have had. Alien abductions and silver spaceships were not a theme of popular culture in the 1970s; not until the late 1980s did this subject really get into the public domain.

Was Neil Young—over 30 years ago—trying to tell us about extraterrestrial beings and this upcoming transition? I think it quite possible.

NOTES

(1) *EDITED OUT AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST*

(2) *EDITED OUT AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST*

(3) *The Greatest Legal Fake Book of All Time*, Warner Bros. Publications, Inc. 1985. *Three Coins in the Fountain*, © 1954 by Robbins Music Corporation © Renewed and Assigned to Cahn Music Company and Producers Music Publishing Company, Inc. Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by Jule Styne.

(4) *O-O-H Child* was a hit single of 1970 and sung by The Five Stairsteps. They are referred to as The First Family of Soul and were an American Chicago soul group made up of five of Betty and Clarence Burke Sr.'s six children. I was not

given the lyrics in the correct order, but these are some of the lyrics to the song.

(5) *EDITED OUT AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST*

(6) *Friends With The Moon* by Jim Chapell. CD: *Nightsongs and Lullabies*. Label: Real Music.

(7) *The Greatest Legal Fake Book of All Time*, Warner Bros. Publications, Inc. 1985. *Moonglow* © 1934 by Mills Music, Inc.

(8) UFO Journalist, Sean Casteel's Web site: <http://seancasteel.phantombookshop.com/> and <http://www.seancasteel.com/>

(9) Kate Bush, *The Man with the Child in His Eyes*, from the album/CD *The Whole Story*, EMI-USA, Capitol Records, Inc., Hollywood, CA., 1986.

(10) Stevie Nicks, *Welcome to the Room...Sara* and *When I See You Again* from the album/CD *Tango in the Night*, (Produced by Lindsey Buckingham and Richard Dashut), Warner Brothers Records, Inc. for the U.S., 1987.



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