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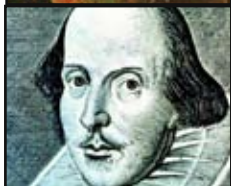
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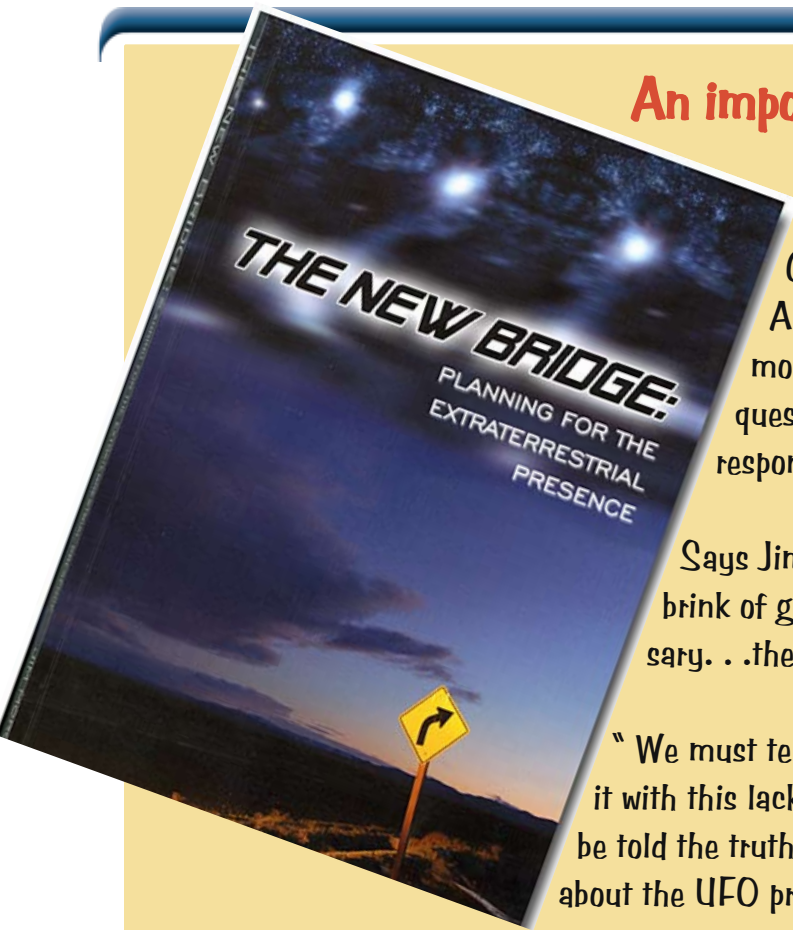
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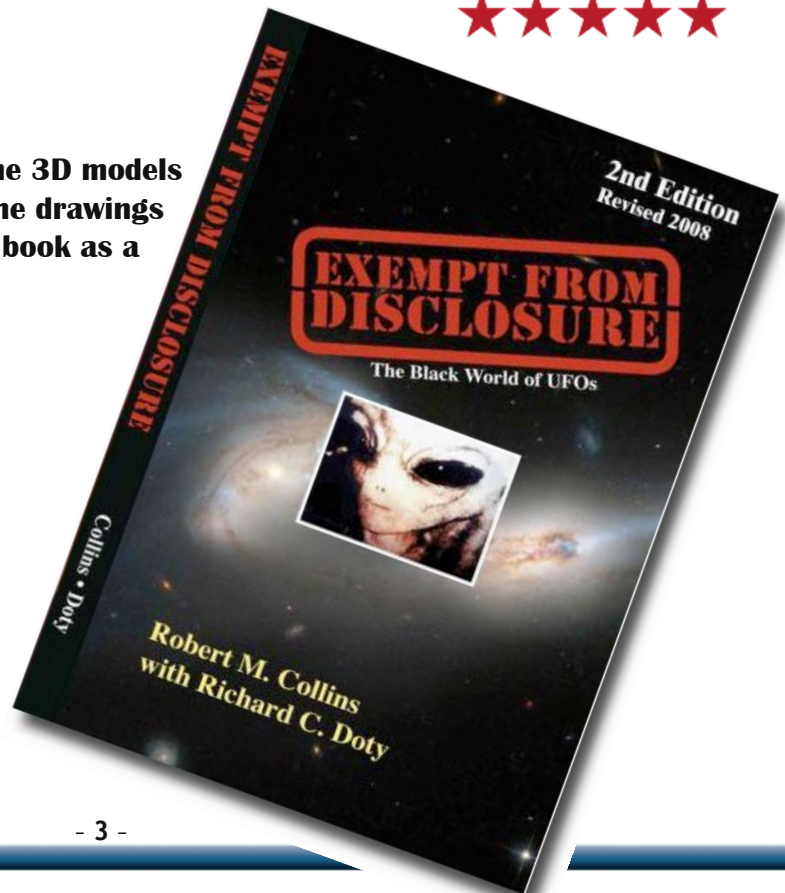
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Barak Obama an experienter?

According to Dr. Richard Boylan, moderator of "UFO Facts," that's exactly what he is. And how does Dr. Boylan know? The Star Visitors told him. That's what Dr. Boylan says.

Boylan has expressed his views on Obama in a series of emails beginning last summer and directed to the members of UFOFacts@yahoogroups.com.

Obama is a "Star Seed," according to Dr. Boylan, defined as "a person of both human and extraterrestrial origin."

"I first determined this by using a dowsing rod to analyze his energy signature. Then I later received confirmation from Star Nations that he is indeed one." Furthermore, Boylan says he "has received information from the Star Nations Council for the Watchers" that Barak Obama "is aware and he has been contacted."

In other words, according to Boylan, not only is the President-elect an experienter, but he is consciously aware of his contacts with ETs. Barak Obama is "the object of intense Star Nations positive attention," Boylan adds.

If Barak Obama is an experienter, what might that mean for U.S. policy? Boylan says Obama will "give appropriate attention to the matter of bringing the UFO cover up to an end. I expect signals will be given when circumstances are right," Boylan said.

Boylan, who is an experienter himself, holds a PhD in psychology and describes himself as being a representative of the ETs to the human race and one who works continuously to communicate the ET's views and objectives.

Asked what he meant by "signals," Boylan replied "I expect Barak Obama will not encourage continuance of the UFO cover up." Boylan says he looks for "deliberate leaks from somewhere associated with the American government when the Obama Administration is ready to accelerate the public acclimation program that has been in place for a number of years (in slow gear) under the auspices of the National Security Council."

"I do not expect the public acknowledgement to be foremost an American event but an international event. . .announcing to the world in a formal setting," Boylan wrote.



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Are you ready for Armageddon?

By Jayna Conkle
jayna_conkle@yahoo.com

ABSTRACT The author writes with clarity and authority about her encounter with a human-like hybrid, Ethan, and wonders whether the aliens' plans may trap abductees into guilt by association.

Late September 2006, at about 2 am, a strange, blond man, tall, broad shouldered, and handsome, walked right into our living room in the middle of the night. We were up and alert at the time because someone had awakened us out of a dead sleep by rapping loudly on our bedroom window. A few minutes later, while my husband, Gerick, and I were shakily trying to figure out what was going on, Big Blond Guy just opened up our front door and strode on in!

The day after this event, Gerick and I remembered hardly any of it. But through a combination of personal effort, dreams and flashbacks and, ultimately, two hypnosis sessions a year later, substantial portions of what was to unfold that night came back to memory.

Someone at the door

I now recall I became terribly frightened when I heard someone large walking on our deck, and that I hastened to re-lock the front door (which we'd opened when trying to figure out who had knocked earlier.) Out in the country, if you have a home invasion, you're toast, and we were living in rural Hocking Hills of southeast Ohio at the time.

I heard the screen door squeak open, and, already standing next to the door, I pushed my full

weight against it, struggling to lock it before whoever it was came in. Gerick, only a few feet away, watched in dismay. He had heard the same things I heard. We'd called out and looked around after the knocking sound, and received no response, so this bold visitor's beeline for the front door was more than a little ominous.

I was not quick enough, because just as I grabbed the door handle, the mystery man on the other end did as well and turned it easily against my grip,

then began to push open the front door. I had bare feet to grip the linoleum, and I gave my all to keep that door from opening, but the person on the other side was bigger and stronger. Gerick, for his part, seemed too stunned to

move.

Later I remembered the set of events involving that door in a repeated nightmare, where I was so

terrified of what was coming that I groaned and whimpered at the same time in an eerie sound I think few but abductees have often heard. That nightmare was part of what led me later to remember what happened both before and after the door opened.

Someone awakened us by rapping loudly on our bedroom window. While my husband, Gerick, and I were shakily trying to figure out what was going on, Big Blond Guy just opened up our front door and strode on in!

Later I remembered. . . in a repeated nightmare where I was so terrified of what was coming that I groaned and whimpered at the same time in an eerie sound I think few but abductees have often heard.

I knew him and his name was Ethan

The man came in, not at all hampered by my efforts to stop him. As soon as I saw who it was, I rec-

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Jinn or ET? Three generations of a Turkish family's paranormal experiences

By Farah Yurdozu
farahyurdozu@yahoo.com

ABSTRACT This article takes up a major question confronting ufology: Are traditional paranormal manifestations different from contemporary UFO manifestations? Are they separate phenomena using the same 'highway'? Are the traditional phenomena evidence of ancient ET involvement with the human race?

My native country, Turkey, has always been a land where spiritual, paranormal, or unexplained phenomena are considered normal. Turkish history goes back at least 6,000 years and is full of stories about beings who came from the sky bringing higher knowledge to the human race.¹

Knowledge about our remote ancestors who married the visitors from the sky is written in our history, traditions and literature. That is why beings from other dimensions, from space, and the existence of a spiritual universe, are facts for us—not science fiction.

It's the same in my family as well. I come from a family whose members can see ghosts, communicate with spirits, see the future, and whom I believe have often been visited by extraterrestrial beings.

I don't remember when I first thought about extraterrestrial life or interdimensional beings. From the time I was aware of myself as a tiny child in Istanbul, I was aware of the existence of different life forms around us. Even though they weren't visible to us in the physical sense all the time, they used to make themselves obvious to me using other, subtle means of communication.

Sometimes it would be the soul of a deceased family member, sometimes the spirits of strangers. I would feel a kind of vibration, the pressure of their energy, and then I could usually see them as well. Sometimes I would recognize a departed spirit who was appearing as a normal, physical being.

This activity became pronounced in my early teens, and at 13 I was taken to Istanbul's Center for Metaphysical Research, a very old institution where I became their hypnotic trance medium. As I grew up these spirits became my "guides" and later they spoke to me through my family and its history.



How it began

In the late 1890's, something happened to my family. Since then, for three generations our destiny has been shaped by unknown visitors. This very real life story is still going on. I heard it from my mother. And she heard it from her mother. It was never a secret in our family. It was talked about openly without fear of ridicule, just as other personal stories of the paranormal are accepted in Turkish society.²

I used to spend hours with my grandmother and mom listening to their fascinating stories. Often, around the dinner table or over tea, they would talk about spirits, ghosts, mysteries of the unknown world. There was always a story about a family member, an uncle or an aunt who had a paranormal or unexplained experience. It was from them I learned my great-grand father's story.

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Book Review

***Alien Experiences* by Barbara Lamb and Nadine Lalich, 206 pages, Trafford, 2008, \$19.95, available at www.alienexperiences.com**

Alien Experiences is a significant contribution to the literature on close encounters. Written with commitment and clarity and drawing on the great deal of experience both authors bring to the table, this book will benefit all struggling to understand how first contact is playing out in the lives of individual human beings.

Californians Barbara Lamb and Nadine Lalich have co-authored this book, and it is a fruitful collaboration emphasizing one positive theme: helping people who have the phenomena in their lives and must cope with it. The authors' desire to help abductees shines through every page.

Alien Experiences covers a lot of territory: 25 case histories provide the all-important close look at unfolding personal dramas of alien contact.

Portions of the book explain the dynamics of hypnotic regression in abduction cases, and help individuals analyze whether they may have been involved in such experiences and have reason to see a regression specialist.

While this book should be first pick for readers just getting into a study of the abduction phenomena, it will be no less valuable for experienced readers. They will find something new in *Alien Experiences*. I did.

The Authors

Barbara Lamb

Regression therapist and experiencer Barbara Lamb has devoted 17 years of her professional life to working with abductees. She is a leading therapist in the field with a huge body of case work amassed since 1991—1800 regressions of some 560 individuals. With *Alien Experiences*, Barbara begins to share with us what she has been doing all these years.

Trained in past life regression therapy in the 1980s by the Assn. for Past Life Research & Therapy, Barbara holds a masters degree and is a licensed marriage and family therapist and certified hypnotherapist. She has trained and taught other regression therapists and she is President and a leading light in the Academy of Clinical Close Encounter Therapists. Barbara is also an editorial board member of The Journal of Abduction-Encounter Research. Here at JAR, she is our very own Barbara Lamb!

Barbara has lectured widely in the US and Europe and appeared on many media programs concerning close encounters and crop circles, Barbara's other area of ex-

pertise. She is co-author of *Crop Circles Revealed*, 2001, available on Amazon and www.cropcircleworld.com.

In *Alien Experiences*, Barbara acknowledges an "eternal" debt to John Mack, the late Harvard professor and UFO abduction researcher. Dr. Mack, Barbara writes, "encouraged me in my work and validated my findings of



spiritual transformation" among abductees. He "substantiated and enlarged my perspective of a multi-dimensional, paranormal cosmos, and of other-dimensional beings. We were collaborating on bringing forth the reality of reptilian interactions with humans when he suddenly met his death" a few years ago. Barbara's 2005 talk at the Int'l UFO Congress was based on her collaboration with Dr. Mack.

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Whether reward, or punishment, is equal mystery— Reflections on the abductees' predicament

By Vince White
vinceomni@aol.com

At JAR we believe a great magazine deserves great art, so we proudly present Vince White, the "Bard of Ufology." The following prose poem captures the dilemma of the experiencer. It is meant to be read aloud. Read it aloud, with the passion the poet intended.

The night is a wide place. For some,
a width unspeakable, region of
lessened pace, of deserv-ed pause
for replenishment, often in the dear
company of loved ones. In scant
hours night remakes fatigue into a
charge for new day's beginning. This
time of communion with infinity,
the silent sound of body and soul,
a nightly miracle, that to miss does
remind, is a precious friend.

But for others, not. For them, night
descends to an interior suffering,
a portal to pain brought by he who
finds his prisoners, wherever they
hide. There is no rescue, no solace,
save madness or mortal exit. Dante
would have been proud to depict this
place, had he known of it.

For these, sleep is no balm. For these,
hours vanish into troubled torpor
as odd memories and exhausted
mornings are speckled with mystery
stigmata, tattoos of trauma, terror
from an unknown zone.

Recall is a noxious, fractured fog, that
refuses to focus, a long covered
mystery which grows, and questions
which mount achingly—Where was I?
Who did I see? Why is this happen-
ing? When will it end? What is this
strange foreign thing placed inside
me? I feel it speak—and watch?

On and on, the thieves of time slice hours
away. A week shrinks to a withered,
weary, loss leaving only a shell of
purpose and daggers of doubt.

Morning-dropped chunks of memory echo
a blurred babble. Images break in
a memory surge of so many faces,
of great ships curved and cruel, of
chilling naked on exam pedestals,
of faces sitting at conference tables,
gray cheek next to pink cheek, of
earnest discussions subject forgot,
of clouds of conversation garbled
by mind masters into a whirring
confusion.

Indignity grows as minds are used as
cosmic post office boxes, they

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Science efforts to bring the woolly mammoth and a Neanderthal back to life provide clues to alien hybrid creation

by Elaine Douglass, JAR board editor
edouglass@preciscom.net

Scientists speculated in earnest in November about what it would take to genetically engineer and bring back to life the woolly mammoth, an extinct elephant-like species that roamed the northern hemisphere until 10,000 years ago. In so doing, they offered UFO researchers insight into the state of the art in genetic science, and provided clues to help ufology better understand the genetic engineering allegedly being used by aliens to create alien-human hybrids.

In articles in the scientific journal *Nature*, and in *The New York Times* ^{1,2}, (Nov. 20) some scientists said they are tantalizingly close to being able to recreate not only a living woolly mammoth, but also a living Neanderthal. The Neanderthals were an early human species, extinct for 22,000 years.

Neanderthal resurrection

Speculation about such recreations was sparked by the soon-to-be-published “full genome” of the Neanderthal, as well as large parts of the genome of the woolly mammoth. ‘Genome’ refers to the DNA hereditary blueprint contained within the cell nuclei of all living creatures on earth. This genetic information for the mammoth and the Neanderthal has been derived from fossilized remains and, in the case of the mammoth, remains found in extraordinarily good states of frozen preservation in Siberia and the Canadian north.

Close relatives lend a hand

The other reason for scientific focus on the mammoth as a candidate for recreation is, as the *Nature* article put it, “the mammoth has close living relatives to lend a hand.”

The “close living relatives” of the woolly mammoth are the African and Indian elephants, and the effort to fashion a viable reconstructed mammoth genome would use the elephant genome as its starting point.

If a satisfactory mammoth genome were achieved, it would then be transferred into an elephant egg and placed in an elephant womb, where it would be carried to term.

According to *The New York Times*, the same process could be used to recreate a Neanderthal. Although *The Times* was not explicit, presumably human genetic material would form the foundation of a viable Neanderthal genome, and then the egg would be implanted in a human female and brought to term.

Scientists are tantalizingly close to recreating not only a living woolly mammoth, but also a living Neanderthal.

Just as elephants are close living relatives of the mammoth, humans and chimpanzees are the close living relatives of the Neanderthal.

An ethical violation

Rather than fully sketch out these implications, *The Times* reverted to a discussion of the ethical obstacles to such a course of action, and raised the possibility that instead

of the human genome and a human surrogate mother, chimpanzee genetic material and chimpanzee surrogate mothers could be used to resurrect the Neanderthal.

Just as elephants are close living relatives of the mammoth, humans and chimpanzees are “close

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My great-grandfather

The first contactee in my family was my great-grandfather, Refik Kiris. He was one of the first French and mathematics teachers at Istanbul University and a well known author.

In the late 1890's he was a young teacher, married with five children—two boys and three girls who inherited his passion for writing, teaching and academic careers. But there was more. They also inherited a strange destiny which caused our family to experience heightened spiritual consciousness as well as extreme pain and sorrow, in later years.

Refik Kiris was a talented and idealistic teacher, but

Who was the stranger?

Though he was a stranger, the old man knew my great-grandfather's name, knew about his family, his job, even his financial problems. The stranger insisted he was ready to help and told to Refik that late in the night he would have some visitors, visitors he should not fear. As a scientific young man my great-grandfather didn't take this conversation seriously. He quickly forgot about the funny old man and busied himself at the university with his students.

That night he came home and went to bed. Before he fell asleep the bedroom door opened. Two visi-



Refik Kiris (front row), his wife (left), and children, 1930s

the salary he received from the government was meager, and from time to time his family had financial difficulties. According to my mother, in those days my great-grandfather felt completely helpless about his financial situation.

One day when his wife and children were away visiting relatives in another city, something unusual happened. As my great-grandfather stepped out of his house to go to the university, he saw an old man smiling at him from the opposite sidewalk. The old man approached Refik and spoke to him.

tors entered, the visitors the old man had mentioned. But there was something he had not mentioned: these visitors weren't human. They were tall, and though they walked on two legs my great grandfather later insisted they had reptilian characteristics such as elliptical pupils.

Who were the visitors?

My great-grandfather used the word "monsters" when he described these visitors. He recalled they wore no

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clothes; their skin was dark, oily, and partly covered with hair. They had horns and tails.³

This was in the days long before movies and mass media, so the only things that might have informed his descriptions of these beings would have been traditional depictions of “monsters” and “devils,” or, the reality of their appearance itself.

Though the stranger had said not to fear the visitors it was impossible not to, especially since they looked at my great-grandfather through the elliptical pupils of a snake’s eyes.

Refik tried to move, scream, do something—but it was impossible. He was under a total paralysis. The reptilian visitors were trying to communicate with him. He felt a heavy pressure over his body. At the same time a strange vibration filled the room. His bed started to shake. One of the reptilians stood at the headboard of the bed while the other stayed at the foot.

Refik fought against them mentally. He repeated again and again that they were not allowed to be in his home, and commanded them to leave. Refik was unaware how much time elapsed.

“From you to three generations. . .”

At the end of the night, the two reptilians left him. While they were going they looked at him and said something about his family. He remembered these words spoken telepathically in his mind: “From you to three generations. . .” And they were gone.

Refik was in shock. He couldn’t sleep the rest of the night. He dressed and decided to leave for the university very early. Outside another surprise was waiting: there was the old man he had met one day before. The stranger looked at him with disappointment and said, “I believed you were an intelligent man. . . you lost a big chance.” After these words he left.

No available interpretation

Refik preferred to forget about this incident, and there was no one to talk to about it anyway. This was decades before science fiction had filled people’s imaginations with this kind of incident. In those years no one knew about UFOs, extraterrestrials, grey or reptilian races. For Refik, these two visitors were demons coming from a dark source. Angels, demons, jinn—they were known in the spiritual and religious fields in Turkey. But reptilian extraterrestrials would be discovered only much later.

This case has some familiar and some different aspects compared with other well known reptilian encounters. The case starts with the intervention of a normal-looking human, the old man. We don’t know anything about him except he apparently had control over the reptilian visitors

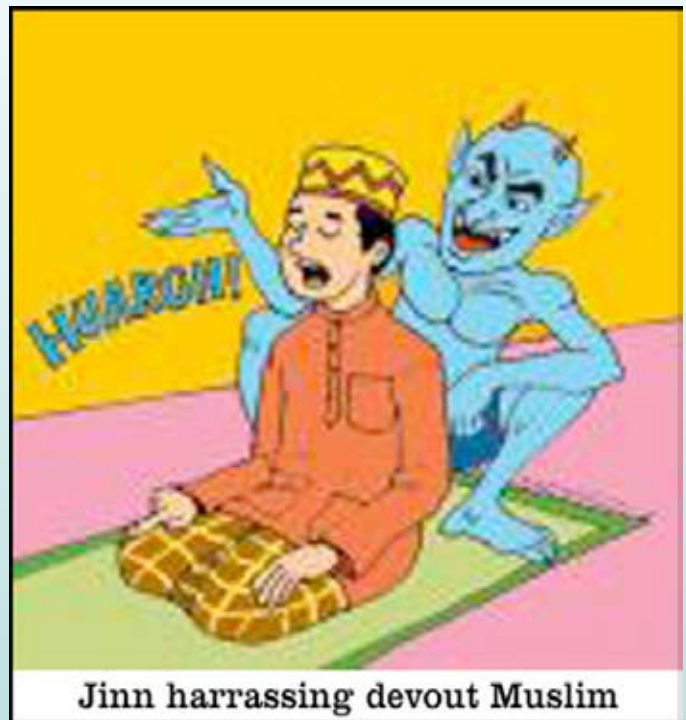
as it seems he sent them to Refik’s house. And the next morning the old man knew everything that had happened in my great-grandfather’s home.

Did this man send the reptilians on a mission to help my great-grandfather? Today, in some contact cases, abductees and contactees mention the presence of normal-looking humans who work together with ETs. Did the same thing happen in Refik’s case over 100 years ago?

A lasting impact

The reptilian visitors never appeared again to my great-grandfather. But soon he noticed they had left him and his family with something that would stay with us through the years, until today.

After the frightening visit, Refik’s wife and chil-



dren came home. He told everything to his wife. They were convinced the beings were evil visitors and they decided to try to forget about the case. But it would be impossible to forget.

Our family changed

After a while they noticed their five-year-old son was able to see ghosts. Wherever he went he saw beings, heard voices, communicated with people only he could see. The other children also suddenly developed psychic abilities. For instance, one of the daughters, my grandmother, became a capable psychic medium. All her life she dealt with ghosts, apparitions and spiritual contact just like her sisters and brothers.

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Madam, the lady

One night my grandmother woke in her bed and saw the figure of a lady in the room. Although this happened in 1940's, the lady was wearing an outfit typical of World War One years. The spirit was young, tall and beautiful with her dark eyes and tan skin. The image was so real my grandmother had enough time to look at her elegant hat, brown long skirt and jacket. She had a nice purse and gloves.

The visitor came closer to the bed, took off her gloves and extended her hand to shake my grandmother's hand. My grandmother had the telepathic feeling the lady was there to thank her. When their hands touched, my grandmother screamed in terror as the visitor's hand was dead cold. At that moment the elegant lady disappeared.

After that the family did some research, speaking to other family members and neighbors, and looking through neighbors' photo albums, and they found the visitor was a Greek woman who used to live in the home and had died in the First World War. My grandmother has called her "Madam" since then.

My grandmother and her siblings were the first generation of psychics in our family. Something made them psychic. Something was given to my family which opened their spiritual "third eye" to the unknown. When the Reptil-

ian visitors said, "From you to three generations. . .," did they mean these psychic powers?

Aunt Kevser's double

As the children grew, psychic and paranormal activity around them persisted and their power affected others. On one occasion everyone in the family witnessed a daytime doppelganger and shape shifting phenomena. This happened during an open air family picnic in the yard of their home. It was summer and family members were visiting.

While they were sitting and having lunch with elderly aunt Kevser, they also saw her walking out from the home! The same woman was at two different locations at the same time!

As they watched aunt Kevser's double, the apparition shape-shifted into a black dog. The dog barked a few times and disappeared. The family searched for the dog, but it was gone.

Paranormal and poltergeist activity became part of the family's daily life. Although they changed their home and lived in Morocco for a while, the activity didn't stop. The activity was connected to *them*, not to the location or house in which they were living.

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Farah Yurdozu, www.farahyurdozu.com, is Turkey's first female UFO researcher-writer, and author of several best-selling books in her native land. Fluent in Turkish, English and Spanish, she is known on several continents as an authority on UFOs, the paranormal and the metaphysical. Now living in the New York City area, Farah continues her work as a UFO researcher, writer and lecturer, and she has been a speaker at major UFO conferences in the US at Roswell, N.M., Los Angeles, San Jose, Nevada and New York City.

Farah's gifts as a psychic medium were recently featured in TLC's paranormal investigative TV series "Dear Tenants." She is a columnist for the leading monthly publication *UFO Magazine* and a journalist/ producer at Jerry Pippin Internet Radio. Though her work reflects a passion for all aspects of the paranormal, her main area of study is abductions and close encounters.

Farah is co-author, with Richard Day Gore, of two books in English: *Confessions of a Turkish Ufologist*, 2007, and *You are Your Soulmate*, 2007, both available at www.farahyurdozu.com. Her books in Turkish include: *UFO Yasak Bölge [UFO Forbidden Zone]*, 2008; *UFO Gerçekleri ve Yalanları [UFO Truths and Lies]*, 1999; *Yasam Bir Korku Filmidir [Life Is A Horror Movie]*, 1999; *Madrid'te Metafizik Ask [Metaphysical Love in Madrid]*, 1995; *UFOlar Geliyor [UFOs Are Coming]*, 1993.



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Years passed. Refik's two sons became lawyers, and his three daughters teachers. Throughout their lives they investigated paranormal and psychic phenomena and performed spiritual channeling as hypnotic trance mediums. Neighbors and strangers would come to them to receive messages from departed loved ones. Meanwhile, nobody was talking about UFOs and extraterrestrial visitors. All were focused on the spirits, ghosts and other aspects of mediumship.

The second generation

That was the first generation of psychics in my family. My mother Taylan and my aunt Ümran were from the second generation and they were psychic too. And I am the third generation psychic-paranormal researcher from my family.

What happened that night to Refik Kiris is a big mystery. Did the reptilian visitors really want to help him? Was their gift to him a psychic talent to be passed to his children?

Maybe the help or gift was the ability to communicate with beings from other dimensions. Maybe the richness wasn't material, but something spiritual, such as understanding the cosmos, such as understanding the possibilities of a cosmos peopled with endless numbers of beings, such as being open minded and accepting the truth.

Many abductions

Thinking back on all the stories of strange experiences I heard in our family, I am convinced my grandmother and her siblings were abducted many times—although they had no idea about alien abductions—because what they described fits well with today's alien abduction cases such as sudden trances, mysterious abortions and unexplained physical marks on the skin.

As we see in many abduction cases today, the phenomenon influenced them in both positive and negative ways. They became successful in their professional lives, but there were always problems in their personal lives, such as unhappy marriages, problems with having children, or financial difficulties.

Of Refik's five children, only my grandmother and her older sister were able to have children. The other two brothers and one sister were childless. And in their time medicine didn't offer much help. I have observed today that many abductees remain childless. Did they lose their ability

to have children due to medical experiments or procedures conducted by their extraterrestrial abductors?

My grandmother married in 1935. From this marriage my mother Taylan and my aunt Umran were born. At very young ages, both manifested psychic talents.

My aunt had constant "visitors" she wasn't able to find words to describe. She used to pass into a trance by herself and stay in that state for hours. She never married and died young from a puzzling liver ailment in 1975. As for my mother, she was a sleepwalker since she was a little girl and had strange UFO-related encounters.

For instance, following what I believe was an



"Trace of the jinn"—unexplained brown substance found on hands of the author and other family members

abduction in 1990, my mother found (and the family observed) white spots on her arm, as if the pigment had vanished from the skin. Her doctors weren't able to determine what caused the white spots which remained for many years.

Brown palms

When Taylan and Umran were little girls, they would wake up with a strange brown color paint on their palms almost every morning. The "brown color paint" is well known in Turkish tradition, and is considered "the trace of the jinn." People believe the jinn come to visit young children in the night, take them somewhere, and

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early in the morning bring them back to their beds. The brown paint is believed to be a remnant of the jinn visitation. The “jinn” are supernatural entities in Turkish culture. We’ll see more about the jinn later in this article.

And it happened to me as well. At a young age I started to have night visitors who came through the closed windows of my third floor bedroom in the early hours of the morning. For some reason I always woke up just before they appeared.

First I would see grey clouds in the sky. The clouds would come through the closed window, change shape, and become three people: a young woman, a young man, and an old woman.

When my mother saw the brown paint on my palms for the first time, she smiled and said, “Just like we had when we were little. The jinn took you away last night.” I was two or three years old.

I remember the brown paint well. It was so difficult to wash away. I used to wake up with these marks almost every morning. I was an only child and spent a lot of time playing by myself. One of my favorite games was something I believed I invented: going out of my body with my soul.

I don’t remember how I discovered I could perform this astral projection or out-of-body experience, but I used to lie down and easily let my soul leave my physical body. Being able to fly out of my body was a wonderful sensation. Complete freedom. It was the easiest thing to do and lots of fun!

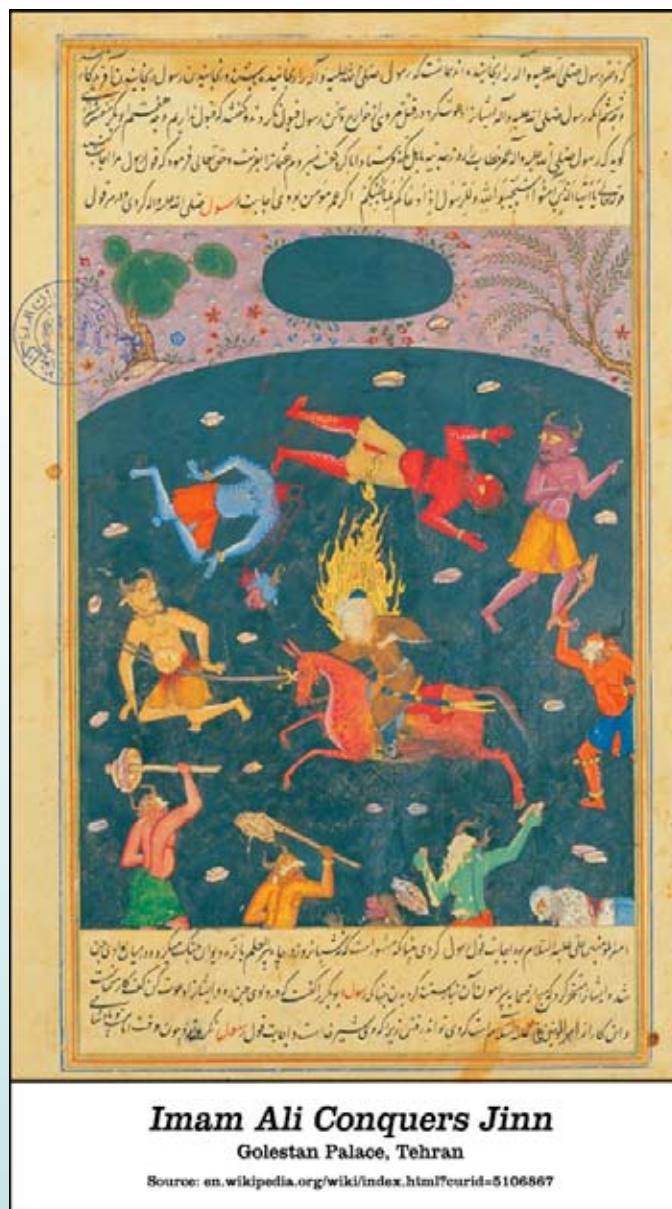
The year 1975

In time I started to predict future events. Some were good, some very sad. In 1975, my aunt, grandmother and grandfather died and this was a period of pain and sadness. But despite those years of emotional difficulties, I believe being able to communicate with other dimensions, to know we are not the only intelligent beings in the universe, and that ETs and interdimensional visitors are a part of universal reality, were worth the pain.

Following my family’s heritage, I have chosen to keep on the path of being an investigator-writer on the paranormal and UFO field. I started to write professionally on UFOs and paranormal subjects in the late 1980’s in my native Turkey.

My cousin, a psychic

I am not the only psychic in my family’s third generation. One of my cousins began experiencing severe abductions about ten years ago. Almost twice a week, she woke up with bruises and cuts on her skin. A short time after this, my cousin began to spontaneously see future events, such as an accident, somebody’s death or a cheating



husband. And during this very period of my cousin’s abductions and psychic manifestations, her wealthy husband lost everything he owned in a short time.

At my suggestion, my cousin read one of my books on abductions published in Turkey, but she and her husband interpret abduction and contact cases as evil jinn attacks. They blamed the jinn, or whatever beings gave my cousin her psychic ability, for her husband’s financial disaster.

In the last two years the abductions of my cousin have reduced and she no longer practices psychic readings. She and her husband have founded a new business together and have started a new life. A sudden and unexpected spiritual/paranormal experience became a severe life lesson for this young couple. Now they don’t want to hear anything about paranormal cases and they deny the ET abduction possibility. For them everything was the work of the evil jinn.

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Throughout Islam

I have mentioned “the jinn” several times in this article. Here is some history: Before Islam, the Turkish nation’s religion was Shamanism. Today in various parts of Asia there still are Shamanic Turkish groups. Shamens are gifted spiritual leaders who are said to be able to communicate with the jinn.⁴

According to Shamanic Turkish and Islamic beliefs, the jinn are interdimensional beings who were created by the same God who created the universe, galaxies, planets, angels, humans, animals and plants. The jinn are referenced numerous times in the Qur’an, and belief in the jinn is everywhere in the Islamic world, not just in Turkey.⁵

For example, in the Qur’an God says, “I have only created jinn and man that they may serve me.” (C 51: V 56). And elsewhere we find, “And indeed: We created man from dried clay and altered mud. And the jinn, We created aforetime from the smokeless flame of fire.” (C15: V 26-27)

1001 Nights

Anyone who doubts the Islamic world holds closely to belief in the jinn should take a look at the cover story in the current issue of Smithsonian magazine. The article features Sufi religious practices in Pakistan, including wild dancing “intended to purge evil spirits known as djinns.”⁶

The jinn became known in the western world in the 18th century with publication of 1001 Nights, a collection of ancient Middle Eastern folk tales popular in Europe and America. Perhaps the most famous of the tales is about Aladdin and the “genie” who lived inside Aladdin’s magic lamp. “Genie” is the English translation of the Arabic word “jinni.”

Exorcising the Jinn

Current day Islamic religious authorities continue to assert the reality of the jinn,⁷ but for Muslims to form relationships with the jinn is frowned upon, and the Qur’an prescribes specific procedures for exorcising jinn since it is believed evil jinn have the power to take possession of human beings.⁸

Since Islamic resources make it clear the origin of the jinn is “fire which has no smoke,” is it possible the jinn were made from a kind of energy? According to popular belief in Turkey, the jinn have no physical body. It is said they can shape-shift and can assume a physical body temporarily when they visit us in our dimension. They can manifest as a man, a woman, or an animal.

They don’t belong to our world. They can spend only a limited time among us. People believe the jinn can easily make themselves visible or invisible, and it is written

the jinn can see us even though we cannot see them.

In ancient drawings, the jinn are represented as half human, half reptilian-looking beings with horns, tails, reptile eyes and claw-like hands.

What are the jinn?

According to Turkish belief, the jinn have gender, female and male. Jinn marry and have their own children and families. Although they have no physical body, they are very interested in human sexuality. They often have sexual relationships with human men and women. Since ancient times, night visits by the jinn are a well known paranormal aspect in Turkish society.

Today in Turkey there are men who claim they have a jinn wife, and women who claim they became pregnant by their jinn husbands.⁹ They also claim to have half human/half jinn offspring. But, according to them, these hybrid babies live in another dimension with the jinn and they cannot spend much time in our physical dimension.

The jinn are very interested in human children. As I mentioned earlier, they take them somewhere in the night, and at the end of the night bring them back. Or sometimes they exchange human children with jinn children, as if they are trying to create a new hybrid nation.

In some close encounters with jinn, the visited humans develop psychic and paranormal abilities, such as remote viewing, spiritual healing, telepathy or mediumship. But getting close to the jinn also has physical effects on the contactee’s body.

After a jinn visit, the human contactee may wake up with bruises or cuts. In Turkey we call this “beaten up by the jinn.” Another aspect of jinn visits I discussed earlier. It is the brown-colored substance found on the skin of the visited children. The same brown-colored paint or substance has been found on the body and clothes of some contemporary abductees in United States and Israel. And on me.

Jinn and ET, the same source?

As you can see, contact with the jinn causes many similar effects as contact with ETs. There is so much similarity between the cases that I have to wonder—Are the jinn and the ETs coming from the same source? Or are they the same beings? We really don’t have the right answer at this moment.

And I am not the only one who has thought about this. The American ufologist Ann Druffel¹⁰ and the British ufologist, the late Gordon Creighton,¹¹ have written about the jinn in books and articles. They believe the jinn and the ETs do come from the same source.¹²

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Still learning

One thing is sure: with experience we learn better and faster. And personally, I believe I have a reasonable amount of practice and experience on this subject thanks to my family's three generations of contact. For some reason our family was chosen and given a certain amount of knowledge. I believe every piece of information about this phenomenon is going to help us understand better the reality of the extraterrestrial presence.

The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Eddie Bullard and Elaine Douglass in preparation of this article.

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Nadine Lalich

Nadine Lalich is a Renaissance woman and a voice in her own right. Entrepreneur, administrator, writer, natural health advocate, student of mental development, artist, designer, it is Lalich's vivid and mysterious painting which adorns the cover of *Alien Experiences*.

Inside are several more of Nadine's drawings in B&W. They illustrate her close encounter story told under the name "Marie"—and Marie's story, based on journal entries since 1991 and transcripts of regressions with Barbara Lamb, is well worth the read.

Nadine is a keen observer of the aliens, she made tremendous efforts to remember her experiences, and she is not impressed with what she sees. "They try to make you believe it's the right thing and the abductions are ok. There's nothing ok about it." Nadine doesn't like the way the aliens look, she doesn't like the way they smell, and she doesn't like having her body meddled with. "It's a real bad situation to do that to me," she says.

Like most abductees, Nadine has been told things the aliens plan to do. In one startling example, she recounts the aliens informed her they plan to deposit enormous burrowing machines near large cities, machines which will dig themselves into the earth and emit fields of energy to pacify the people living in the large cities.

After 19 years of being closeted with her abduction experiences, Nadine writes of her relief at finally getting the story out in the open. "I was fed up with the isolation,

so I took charge by speaking out." Now, she tells us, she is no longer tormented. This is an important lesson for all abductees.

One bone to pick

Along with Nadine's story, *Alien Experiences* presents 24 other cases in short form, but highly interesting. However, I have a bone to pick with how one of these cases is presented.

Under hypnosis, Ken unwinds a long story about getting in his van one day, picking up other California abductees, driving to Ohio to a large field where hundreds of cars are parked. All the people are loaded on to a disc also parked in the field and transported for an extended period to an off-planet location.

I called Barbara excitedly: "Did this really happen?" since the book makes it sound as though it did. No, it did not really happen.

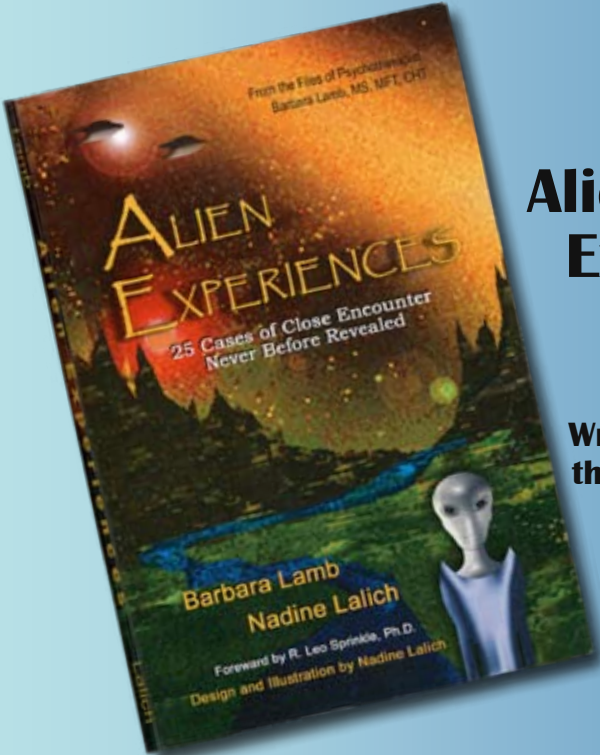
Hypnosis, we recall, is supposed to help abductees remember real events. Instead it appears the aliens placed an elaborate, full-length movie in this abductee's mind which he then spun out to resemble a memory. This is the first time I have heard of this exact manifestation.

Instead of allowing a mis-impression to accumulate in the reader's mind, Barbara should have carefully characterized Ken's account and commented on it.

That is the only bone I have to pick in this otherwise excellent book. *Alien Experiences* is highly recommended.

—Elaine Douglass

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Alien Experiences

is a significant contribution to the literature on close encounters.

Written with commitment and clarity, the authors' desire to help abductees shines through every page.

— Journal of Abduction-Encounter Research (JAR)

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(Continued from page 5)

ognized him, as did Gerick. The blond guy's name was Ethan—I knew it as soon as I saw him. He calmed me down and apologized for scaring me as he grabbed my shoulders and looked into my eyes for a second—that standard calming procedure so many of us are familiar with. . .

Ethan had the physique of a bodybuilder, was easily over 6.5 feet tall, had wavy dark blond hair to

his shoulders, deep blue eyes, and a snub nose that looked a little too short for his long, smooth, face. He looked entirely human, though hardly typical. He was not like those Grey-human hybrids with whom I've had re-

peated encounters. His behavior, voice inflections, and appearance were all very human. We knew beyond all shadow of doubt, however, that he was not.

Later, under hypnosis, I remembered I had seen him before when we were both still toddlers. At that time he was surrounded by Greys and hybrids. No adult humans could be seen. So, though he may appear to be what some call 'Nordic,' I am not at all convinced of his origins.

Strange reactions

Gerick's and my reactions weren't nearly as pronounced as what one might expect in such a situation. Perhaps, inexplicably, once we realized the home invasion was alien related, we *stopped* panicking.

Both of us have known we're abductees since 1986, and after 20 years of regular experiences, it just wasn't that shocking anymore. It was the thought of a huge *human* man showing his way into our house that made me panic. I may not know the agenda of an alien intruder, but a human intruder means definite mortal danger.

Adrenaline pumping and still gasping for breath, I excused myself to go to the bathroom to run

water over my face, because, though calmer, I was still a mess. Ethan was fine with that, and he and Gerick began talking while I tried to get a hold of myself.

I told myself to remember

In the spare bathroom, I looked at my reflection and told myself to *remember*, because I knew Ethan was either an alien of some sort, or working for

them and able to use their tricks. I wanted to have a 'bookmarked moment' that would be triggered later when next I looked in that particular mirror, thus getting around the artificially induced amnesia to some extent

(I hoped). It bothered me that something so important could happen that I would be required to forget.

I am always trying new ways to get around that amnesia thing—and sometimes, my techniques succeed. The trigger moment technique I had used before. It works pretty well, and the aliens (or whoever they are) haven't caught on yet. So I looked into my eyes in that mirror and commanded myself, over and over again: remember this night! I even tried to trance out a

little to embed my self-command more deeply. I hadn't thought to use a mirror before, but it seemed worth a shot since it was right there.

Another challenge faced me, for I would have to forget consciously what I told myself in the mirror *before* I was back in

Ethan's presence. Otherwise, being telepathic, he'd pick up on it and, I feared, override it. Luckily, with so much happening, it was easy to move on to other things mentally and totally sidestep a conscious train of thought. So I purposely shifted my attention to how this visit made some sense, given that 2006 had been such a 'high strangeness' year after almost a decade of

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His behavior, voice inflections, and appearance were all very human. However, we knew beyond all shadow of doubt that he was not.

I looked at my reflection in the mirror and told myself to *remember*. I wanted to have a 'bookmarked moment' that would be triggered later when next I looked in that particular mirror. . .

normality.

Active again after being on ‘stand-by’ status

Bizarre things had been occurring ever since we moved into that cabin out in the Ohio woods: Grey alien visitations, poltergeist phenomena, and several close-up UFO sightings. It had been an interesting year, to say the least! But this walk-in by a tall blond dude was altogether a bigger deal, and I knew it.

Many years before, Gerick and I and several other abductees we knew of were apparently put on some sort of ‘stand-by’ status. We were all told the same thing: that we were prepared and ready now, so we’d mostly be left alone (except for brief check-ups) until “it was time.”

Time for what? For something to start. Something big. Something that had to do with the whole world changing. . .

Speculation ran high among us as to what that big something was. We were never told for sure, although there were hints aplenty, and everyone was pretty certain the aliens would be present for whatever was to happen. At times, debates got ugly and divisive, perhaps because it was easier to argue than to wonder.

With this firmly in mind, I re-entered the living room where Gerick was sitting on the sofa and Ethan was standing listening to Gerick report news of our recent life. I sighed sadly, wondering what was coming next, resigned because I knew I couldn’t avoid it.

Shocking words in a cheerful tone

Ethan turned and saw I’d entered the room. He then asked us both in a light-hearted, even downright *joyful* voice, “Are you ready for Armageddon?”

I was floored. Yeah, Gerick and I had both been told, (apparently by the aliens), since we were kids, that excrement would hit the whirling blades at some point in the distant future—but part of me could never quite believe it. Not really. Now a large man was saying this outrageous thing as if he knew—and

he didn’t even sound upset!

The thought ran through my head, ‘He did NOT just say that!’ Ethan spoke so cheerfully; it was damned eerie, given his actual words.

Gerick delivered an, “Are you kidding me?!” with a cynical air of disbelief, tinged with fear. I knew why. Can you believe this sort of thing, or not? Was it some sort of manipulative trick? That’s what I was wondering, and for a change rather hoping the guy was lying—but honestly?—I didn’t think so.

No, Ethan said, he wasn’t kidding. He seemed to be trying to convey scary information to us in a way that would *not* scare us, using humor and a light manner. He said *it* was getting close. I think he said “a few years” was when *it* would all start. So, not right away, don’t worry now! But tonight there was a meeting

where all this would be discussed, so—time for a ride! (On a UFO, I knew he meant.)

Years before, Gerick, and I, and several other abductees we knew of were apparently put on some sort of ‘stand-by’ status. We were all told the same thing: that we were prepared and ready now.

I can’t believe this is happening!

I assumed this meeting had to do with Gerick alone, because Gerick works more with the human-looking ones, whereas I get

the Greys and hybrids more. (Lucky me, huh?) It’s not a hard rule; my husband sees Greys, and I see human-looking ones too. Still, I just assumed and began to excuse myself to go back to bed.

But no, Ethan said we were both to go to the meeting, so we needed to get dressed. (Its awful to be with aliens wearing a nightshirt or underpants—or, in summers, totally naked!—so I deeply appreciated the courtesy.)

I asked Ethan, were we being “beamed” by that bluish-white ray thing, or going through a “doorway,” or walking, or. . .? Because if there was any walking, I was going to go get my shoes on! Ethan said, “Yeah, put on your shoes,” because we’d be walking along the gravel driveway and that wouldn’t feel too good on bare feet.

So Gerick and I went to our bedroom and got dressed. We heard Ethan open the front door and talk

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to people outside on our deck. I said to my husband, “Oh my gawd, I can’t believe this is happening. . . !” and he agreed, though he was short with me, and apparently much more stressed out than even I was.

Once we were back in the living room, I asked if I could brush my hair. Gerick scolded me, saying they couldn’t wait, but Ethan smiled and said sure, so I gave the messy bed-hair a few strokes before heading out the door. Again, appreciated. The Greys don’t care about these sorts of details, which is one reason I prefer the human-looking ones overall. You can talk them into things, sometimes, if you’re persuasive and lucky.

More Blonds waiting outside

On our deck, there was another man and a woman. Ethan was wearing earth clothes, I guess you’d say (a tan mock turtleneck long-sleeved shirt and tan slacks) but the man and woman were wearing close-fitting coveralls.

I looked them over nervously, searching for visible signs of ‘otherness,’ but, though it was too dim to see much detail, they both seemed normal enough. The woman (also a tall ‘Blond’) saw me staring at her and smiled warmly. I smiled weakly but was interrupted by the sight of a large disk type UFO turning on it’s lights right before us.

It was coming down over the hills behind our

The term ‘Oz Effect’ went through my mind bemusedly and the woman walking next to me apparently heard my thoughts, for she asked me what that phrase meant. I was happy to explain it to her (the term means the eerie atmosphere that tends to surround paranormal events, including alien abductions), but was disappointed by her lack of reaction when I did.

We were told we had to move out of Ohio and back to the West Coast.

A meeting still poorly remembered

To this day, and despite hypnosis, I remember little of how we boarded the disk, or what happened once we were in it. A few fleeting images of sitting around a brightly lit room with sofas and chairs and people, maybe 40 in total, either talking or milling around, is what I recall. Human-looking aliens were there, and other abductees besides Gerick and myself, but no Greys—although there may have been some obvious hybrids. We discussed this future event Ethan had referred to when he said, “Are you ready for Armageddon?”

It’s hard to say whom I trust less, people or aliens.

house. It was the same one we saw the month before, only *much* closer! I was excited and curious, and awed—I couldn’t help it. Gerick was more wary, but also visibly reacting.

Noticing the ‘Oz effect’

We left the deck and walked down the driveway about an eighth mile to meet the now hovering UFO. Ethan went first and Gerick and I were flanked on both sides by the other two. I noted that the normally loud nocturnal insects were totally silent, highly unusual at that time of the year since we’d had no frost yet. The noise should have been very loud.

I remember coming home. We were put down in the field next to the driveway, and from there walked back to the cabin. Ethan was in charge and the other man and woman were still with us as ‘escorts,’ though this time we were all quite relaxed and even chatty. Gerick was talking animatedly with the escort couple, while I walked alongside Ethan.

Avoiding ‘side effects’

I was puzzled about the long walk; why didn’t they just pick us up and drop us off from the cabin deck directly? Ethan displayed his telepathic abilities

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by answering a question I had not even voiced, saying they were avoiding unwanted ‘side effects’ by giving things a little distance.

I got excited when he said that, because I’ve so often noted other, seemingly unrelated, strange events occurring within proximity of alien encounters. I’m

I informed the hypnotist I would not tell *myself* what happened on board the ship and therefore I could not tell her.

not the only one who wonders if the alien’s advanced technology can open a temporary paranormal window into our physical reality. Were his words a confirmation that this was, in fact, true? Ethan’s answer was only a vague, “Something like that,” and he seemed amused by my enthusiasm over the idea.

Report of horrible abductions dismays Ethan

Since he seemed open and friendly, I leaped on the chance to ask Ethan about a series of horrible abductions I had been subjected to earlier that year, climaxing in the spring. I consciously remembered more about those abductions than I usually do, perhaps because the Greys who took me weren’t my ‘regulars,’ didn’t know me, and didn’t know about any of the techniques I used to enable me to remember more than I was supposed to.

I told him about the weirdness of the encounters— weird even for the Greys—and of my ill health, and disappearing pregnancy. I told him I didn’t know the Greys who took me, and that I didn’t like them—they were “mean, cold, and freaky.” I told Ethan their methods were much more harsh and twisted than ‘my’ Greys.

I looked over to see Ethan’s reaction to all this, just able to see his face in the dim light (was it moonlight?). He seemed worried, confused, even alarmed. Clearly, he didn’t know about the abductions I was talking about, and he didn’t seem pleased. I pressed him for answers. I was still feeling angry and con-

fused, and wondered just who the heck was in charge regarding these things anyway?

He said only that he didn’t think they were supposed to do that. Not now. I got the distinct impression something had changed recently regarding such things.

I also knew he would be telling others what I had told him. I don’t know if he gave me that impression on purpose, or if I was just ‘tuning in’ telepathically to his thoughts. Since our conversations were typically a mixture of telepathy and verbal speech, it was difficult to tell. He was surprised and preoccupied enough for a few moments that perhaps he forgot to mentally censor himself and gave away more than he meant to.

Told to leave Ohio by a certain date

When we were nearly at the door, Ethan reminded Gerick and I of something we had been told earlier on the ship: we had to move out of Ohio and back to the West Coast within a couple of years. He made it clear it wouldn’t be safe for us to remain

I felt what we discussed at that meeting should remain secret. . . Not that I wanted to protect the *aliens*, for I believe they can take care of themselves. Neither did I fear alien reprisal for blowing their cover. I was more worried about what might happen to abductees if the ‘wrong people’ (military black ops? intelligence agents?) found out what we as a group were being forced into as ‘co-conspirators.’ As far as I’m concerned, abductees like myself are innocent victims in all of this. . .

where we were for too much longer, and I can’t remember why, although I *know* I asked.

We were escorted to our door, told to dress for bed and go back to sleep—which we were only too grateful to do as it was 4-something in the morning. I

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do *not*, however, remember the actual good-byes.

Aftermath

The next morning, as we got ready for work, Gerick asked me if I remembered someone pounding on our bedroom window in the middle of the night. I did, but only when he reminded me of it. I recalled three loud bangs, hard enough to almost break the window. We both suspected something alien-related had happened, for how could we *possibly* go back to sleep after such a loud and intelligently directed noise? Yet we remembered nothing more at the time.

However, over the next few weeks I had nightmares and dreams about the event. Bits and pieces leaked out, though in no particular order. I also had several waking flashbacks, where I remembered our reaction to the loud knocking on the window, talking to someone in our living room, and seeing the disk UFO outside close up.

Then one day I happened to use the spare bathroom to wash my face, and I remembered, quite suddenly, telling myself to remember while looking into my own eyes in the mirror—and that a strange man was in the house when I did it. That's it. That's all I could recall. I was frustrated and angered and determined to have some answers.

Searching for answers

Almost a year later, I found an alien abduction researcher and traveled quite some distance to be put under hypnosis. I had to have more than those random bits of memory! I'd been just as desperate for answers in the early 90s when I first tried hypnosis, finding it quite useful, and I wasn't to be disappointed this time around.

Remembered events were put into order and additional details filled in. That, and under hypnosis I reported I'd "get my memories back" and "know what I was supposed to do" in October of 2008. That I came up with this date was shocking to me and, quite

frankly, I don't know if I believe it myself.

Forced into a conspiracy

About two hours of the night are still unaccounted for. Under hypnosis, I flat-out refused to delve deeper into my memory regarding the all important meeting. I informed the hypnotist I would not tell *myself* what happened on board the ship and therefore I could not tell her.

Even under hypnosis, I felt what we discussed at that meeting should remain secret for a while

longer. I was afraid premature disclosure might prove dangerous to myself or others like me—that informing on the aliens' plans was a breach of security for which there might be dire consequences.

It wasn't that I wanted to protect the

aliens, for I believe they can take care of themselves quite well. Neither did I fear alien reprisal for blowing their cover. I was more worried about what might happen to abductees if the 'wrong people' (military black ops? intelligence agents?) found out what we as a group were being forced into as 'co-conspirators.'

As far as I'm concerned, abductees like myself are innocent victims in all of this, and don't deserve additional grief from our own government. Yet there are many MILAB victims who can attest that more grief is indeed given to some of us. I fear what humans in power might do in retaliation or as a counter-plan for which we abductees may become 'acceptable casualties.' It's hard to say whom I trust less: people or aliens. They can both be very selfish and frightening.

A big, worldwide event?

I have experienced alien abductions my entire life, and the unanswered question that frustrates me is *not* why are they here? What I've always wanted to know is: Have the aliens been *truthful* when they've told me, and seemingly prepared me—since my childhood—for some major, mysterious, world-wide event?

I'm not the only one who has been told this,
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Have the aliens been *truthful* when they've told me, and seemingly prepared me—since my childhood—for some major, mysterious, world-wide event?

and trained for it, and I'm sure we all wonder. Are these lies told to gain our cooperation, as some assert? Or are the aliens genuinely planning for something?

A new M.O. for the aliens

And this encounter with Ethan was different than earlier encounters regarding that very question. Always, in the past, the 'Big Change' was spoken of distantly as some vague event that will happen in a timeframe somewhere between "someday" and "soon." However, in our 2006 abduction, Ethan's words suggested a much more imminent event, and I even spontaneously blurted out a date under hypnosis.

I'm not saying I believe the date, but I can't help but note it represents a definite change from the alien M.O. I'm used to. Ethan was clear: The mysterious event we have been preparing for our entire lives, which he referred to so cheerfully as 'Armageddon,' was now about to happen.

What sort of event or set of events do the aliens think represents 'Armageddon?' That's what I want to know. Multiple abductees have been shown many different scenarios by the aliens over the years, so we really have no idea. All we know is the aliens themselves sure seem hung up on the concept! Or perhaps this is just a new twist on one long, sick, joke perpetrated by them for reasons only they can fathom.

Time for a confession. . . Gerick and I *did* move back to the West Coast at the end of 2007, right on time, as directed—and we made the plans for this move before I even remembered we were told to do it. After I did remember, furthermore, we declined to change our minds.



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The Author



Jayna Conkle had her first conscious, fully-recalled experience in 1986 when she was 16 and came face to face with a Grey alien in her bedroom. Several months later, she saw both Whitley Strieber's *Communion* and Budd Hopkin's *Intruders* for the first time in a book store. The discovery that such things could be physically real caused profound existential panic, to say the least!

When Jayna was 19 she had another experience. On a bright, sunny day she saw a Grey in the forest near the camp where she was a Girl Scout counselor. "There were girls nearby laughing and talking, and I was walking along," Jayna says, "when I saw an alien simply standing in some brush. He ran off when he saw me."

She wrote to Budd Hopkins in 1988 and worked with him briefly in the early 1990s. Through Budd and another abductee, Linda "Cortile," Jayna met her husband and they have been together for 17 years.

Over the years, Jayna says she developed contacts in the abductee community in New York and Ohio and met many people caught up in circumstances similar to her own, including her husband. Jayna continues to explore the issues surrounding anyone who may undergo such bizarre intrusions. She leads an otherwise rather calm and conventional life in the Pacific Northwest.



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trained as interpreters for unknown diplomacy in unknown tongues. Great rooms with rank on rows of studious fellow inmates staring into magic screens which teach pupils a script so packed all 'round a Shakespeare play can display as one inky bush stroke in this classroom with a view of staggering beauty, a brushed blackness in soft rainbow fields of stars.

A chain of clues dangles and twists through the lives of the long suffering. It snakes intertwined past the rows and lines of suffering on tables, or face to face with "case officers" who drop hints to light the weary victim's path, who are told, or vanity fed, over and over, "You are special," or "You have a unique destiny in the stars," or other ego-combing flattery—"You chose to be here," or, "You are one of us "

Victims wonder as mind doctors of skilled century practice peddle appeals to egos, pulling pride apart from hubris as minds buzz with cryptic mystery missions, speak of locks of masterful cunning which wait for sky-borne keys and what the hosts call "the great game," or "the night of lights." Then minds will open as fields of flowers, a dazzling day of divide, a bulletin from the deep surfaces above, and humans will read and weep.

Minds ready for a time-encrypted

moment, a surprise with ancient purpose, a goal long striven, to a world instructed and protean with tools that can now be constructed. What once was taught in starry space now is pounded out in inked rivers on plain paper, evoking a stream of recall of crowded curvy rooms, lined in benches of stone-faced naked strangers waiting for unknown task or test. Now these pain's price is paid in full.

Until that day, the star sprinkled deep touches with indifferent cold exam, and suffering still multiplies, as mind melding staring great black eyes invade the brain, plucking thoughts, a mind harvester—and yet returning, as payment, visions of crystal cities and galactic hub glories.

With subtlety of swinging sledge-hammer, a message hammered home, and those who envious watch the watchers when the taken glimpse sun moon earth in one moment and yet within an hour are smitten by double suns and strange, different earth, beauty that taunts our physics, vistas impossible, with return before our sun rises.

This invasion of gray ghouls, Nordics with high foreheads, even leaping lizards sift through and grab the unwilling in homes, workplaces, from cars, from the shores of clear lakes or 12-story condominiums, beam softly through glass windows as easily as smoke through a screen door.

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These clever sky farmers of the genome,
swift demons, silently strike in
unearthly skill. Ghosts of genome
gathering, the stealthy horde does
lift, float, walk and beam the victim
on what must seem as vehicles for
vampires and interstellar ghouls.

If they would just. . .ask.

With a clever most cosmic, a wizardry
plants counterfeit memories woven
into the mind's own truths, layers of
lies, circuses of false memories, a
camouflage of great deer eyes sad
staring, to clowns, to owls, to dead
parents, to Jesus, to cute puppies.

So these star-born mind magicians shape
minds to unknown form. Such
afflicted souls, brains beaten in a
long storm of strangeness, bend in a
dizzying
accumulation of celestial insult.

This stealthy horde in magical mode view
human volition as a state to quash
and extinguish, above all else,
feared.

This power wave of predation sweeps
across the planet, every
rotation, from worlds swinging
around far stars, dimensions
unknown, scrambling the serene
roots of sanity, peace, dignity, rest,
honor, and safety.

A high price. If this be of other lives, other
worlds, other choices of other
incarnate selves, why wait till a black
scraping of madness has taken root

in the soul itself?

A parade of pains stretches from weary
dawns, balefully the stars' bright
disinterest stares at ships their cargo
frozen with fear, in the march of
missing times.

Whether reward, or punishment, is equal
mystery. Unexpected, unasked, such
arrivals as pregnancies uncaused by
joy of physical union. Added insult
finding self as vehicle for these same
tormentors. In final torment, this
unwanted gift vanishes as the starry
ghosts themselves, a bloodless
emptying out.

Then, a pain capping, a hurt greater than
all the parts, the heart's hole of
unspeakable injury, the greeting,
electric recognition of flesh familiar
to see through tear-stained windows
or stand before the sad eyes of small
brave beings, a middle child, middle
genome, blessed or cursed, neither
us nor them know—a new strength, a
doubled destiny, knowing earth that
feels, and yet with minds that hurtle
with flying thoughts.

Boys and girls, wispy threads of hair
on heads filled with a billion
memories, the look of wise
immaturity so detailed on innocent
faces. In a stillness that screams,
this heart's hollow does stand before
such suffering parents who see the
joint issue of odd, frail, gray beings

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and on and on a million of star crossings of flesh. An ancient purpose? These meetings, in numbers legion, a road stretching from earth past our nights, light of luna paved with bricks of tangled threads of hearts aching and minds weeping inside.

The parade stings. Parents yearn to see, yet cannot bear to see, portions of their flesh standing before, great bright eyes staring with crystal awareness keen, knowing both the heart link and the gulf between.

These little ones, living bridge, minds thinking as great bee hive bright buzzing soft lightning logic that hums a hundred thoughts between blinks, and yet feels the humble hammer blows of power and pain of loss and longing, a soul reaching across spaces and places of anguish.

To part, to not see again, or touch, these little ones that straddle both worlds is a sharp shining that illuminates an infinity. A long festival of fears buried under the pride of a place in this new creation that connects stars across a void, beings of blood and brooding human heat yet mixed with minds so abstracting, exacting, which soar in mind spaces incomprehensi-

ble to ones less wing-ed of thought, even eclipse our greatest geniuses. Gifted with lives unimaginable in length, who may see and walk on worlds whose suns a barely visible speck in the night sky. Yet, they will remember all they ever saw, felt, heard or thought, and who with bright furnace minds feel a sadness not measured in terms we yet encompass, contemplate their Earth parents.

Parents who cannot break bread with, or share times or understand their middle genome's cosmic destiny in great projects stretching from galaxy's edge, little ones incomprehensible to earth portion parents, who will be in spirit before the bridge child is middle aged, centuries on tomorrows shores.

Who can be aware and knowing and sane with these paradoxes of parent-age, and the barriers to connection strewn in the middle ground between us and them?

In this night, who can sleep?



[Click here for bio](#)



The Author

Vince White has understood the reality and the extraterrestrial nature of UFOs since he was in high school. After reading Donald Keyhoe, Vince says, “it became obvious to me these objects were solid physical craft traversing our skies.”

Raised in Kansas City, Missouri., where he still lives, Vince graduated from the University of Missouri at Kansas City with a BS in physics and math in 1972. Following graduation, Vince backpacked in Europe for a year. In his youth, he was also a long distance runner and competed in more than 100 races.

Vince embarked on a career in software design in the mid-1970s and worked until 2002 at financial firms and defense contractors. Throughout these years, Vince continued avid study and research into the UFO phenomena. He joined APRO and later MUFON. He made the acquaintance of leaders in ufology, including Stan Friedman, Walt Andrus, and Len Stringfield.

In 2002 Vince fell ill with Parkinson’s disease and was forced to retire on full disability. For two years he was wheel chair-bound, but his health has improved. Despite his disability, since 2002 Vince’s research on UFOs, and his creativity, have boomed.

Vince’s background in science and government operations led him to do research on the US government cover up in an effort to determine what scientific and technical progress the government may have secretly achieved as a result of studying alien technology. Vince’s answer: “Plenty.” For example, Vince speaks of “a hidden harvest from crash retrievals.” He believes the US and five other nations operate a “secret space fleet.” He says the US has built and operates “gravity controlled aircraft.” He says NASA has concealed evidence of alien occupation of the moon and Mars.

In addition, Vince is becoming known for an outpouring of creative writing on what he calls “disclosure dynamics.” This passionate writing, a blend of prose and poetry, captures the strangeness and the drama of human-alien contact experiences and is a running commentary on what widespread disclosure of the alien reality may mean for the human race.



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living relatives” of the Neanderthal—they could “lend a hand.” By contrast, the articles pointed out, resurrecting a *Tyrannosaurus rex*, as in the movie *Jurassic Park*, would be more difficult because there are no close living relatives of *Tyrannosaurus rex*.

The scientists interviewed disagreed on how close they are to being able to perform these feats of resurrection, and the details are complex.

What follows below are some of the highlights; interested readers can access the full information on the net.

1,2

Reassembling fossil DNA

The first problem confronting scientists is that recovered fossil DNA presents itself in degraded form. However, great progress has been made in reassembling such material, permitting scientists to now come forward with the Neanderthal genome and parts of the mammoth genome.

The next step would be to take the genome of the “living relative” and splice into it those mammoth or Neanderthal genes that are different. For example, the chimpanzee genome is only two percent different from that of humans, according to *The Times*.

50,000 corrections at a time

Some 400,000 sites on the mammoth genome differ from that of the African elephant, says *The Times*, and a technique soon to be announced would inject 50,000 corrections at a time. “The cell would then be grown and tested and its descendants subjected to further rounds of DNA modification until judged close enough

to that of the ancient species,” *The Times* says.

In other words, the splicing would be done over and over until scientists got it right. In each of the two articles, *The NY Times* and *Nature*, we find the theme of reiterating steps and discarding unsatisfactory results at each of the several stages needed to resurrect the woolly mammoth.

Human genetic material could be the foundation of a Neanderthal genome. The egg could be implanted in a human female and brought to term.

An elephant-mammoth hybrid

Since the modified result is not expected to ever be 100 percent correct (i.e., precisely identical to a natural mammoth), scientists refer to the

resulting product as a “hybrid elephant-mammoth.” They use the same terminology—“chimp-Neanderthal hybrid”—to refer to the result of a Neanderthal resurrection via chimpanzee.

Next, scientists would like to obtain an unfertilized elephant egg—one that had been released from the elephant ovary. They would remove the normal elephant nucleus from the elephant egg and insert the modified nucleus (genome) in its place. However, getting elephant eggs is not easy.

Getting elephant eggs

According to *Nature*, “In other creatures, it would be quite straightforward to get the follicle in which an egg is developing out of the ovary after the surge of harbingers hormones; you use ultrasound to guide a harvesting implement up the reproductive tract,

or, perform a laparoscopy during which the abdominal cavity is inflated to make room for the job to be done surgically.”



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Scientists have made a thorough study of the elephant hormone cycle and they already have an instrument, used for artificial insemination of zoo elephants, which will get as far as the elephant uterus. The problem is the elephant's ovaries lie far beyond where the instrument reaches.

Transplanted ovaries

As for laparoscopy in elephants, that cannot be done because it would collapse the elephant's lungs and kill the animal.

One proposed solution could be to surgically remove an elephant's ovaries and implant this tissue in other, smaller animals where it could continue to function producing elephant eggs, provided appropriate immuno-suppression treatments were administered to the host animal.

This procedure has already been successful in Japan, reports *Nature*, where mouse ovarian tissue is functioning successfully after being transplanted into rats.

Converted skin cells

Still another route would be to "take skin cells from an elephant and convert the skin cells into the embryonic state with a method developed last year," according to *The Times*. Into this converted skin cell the modified genome would be inserted.

The process of modifying a nucleus and inserting it into another cell is called "nuclear transfer of a synthetic nucleus," and it "remains," according to *Nature* "a fickle and inefficient way of producing

new mammals. . . only a few of the transfers result in embryos and not all of those manage to establish a placenta. Of those, many abort spontaneously and the few successful live births frequently have developmental abnormalities."

Obviously, the UFO research community's understanding of the alien genetic program is extremely limited.

A source of stem cells

However, the *Nature* article points out, embryos which do not survive could be a source of stem cells, and "these could be introduced into normal elephant embryos to

create *chimaeras**—in which some cells are mammoth and some elephant.

Such chimaeras may stand a better chance of developing to term, and although they [the creatures

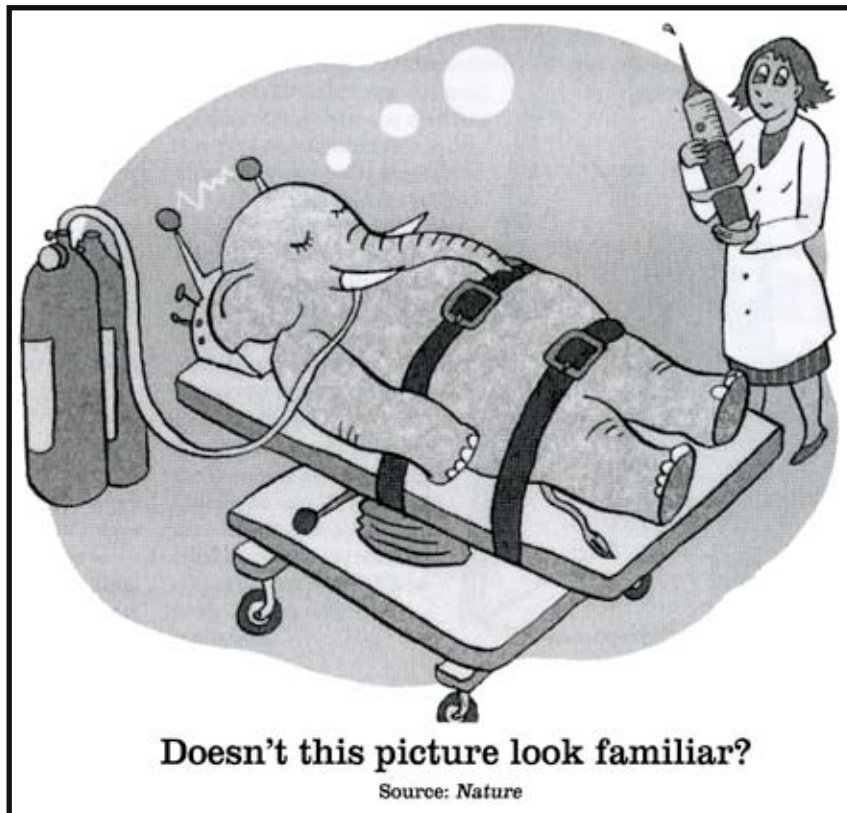
born] wouldn't be mammoths, they would be a way by which mammoths might then be made."

"If enough chimaeras are created," the *Nature* article continued, "some should end up with mammoth cells in their ovaries or testes, giving you elephants that produce mammoth eggs or sperm. 'Germ-line chimaeras' of this type have already been created in several species. In 2004, Japanese scientists made salmon with trout cells in the testes

that produced sperm capable of fertilizing trout eggs and producing bona fide baby trout."

Compared with alien hybridization

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The task of resurrecting an extinct species from degraded DNA is a different task from the one the aliens appear to have set for themselves. In the alien project, there is no problem in obtaining the intact genetic material with which to begin. Numerous reports show the aliens removing human eggs from female abductees, and removing sperm from human males.

If the mammoth-creation scheme above is a guide, the aliens' next step would be to modify the human cell nucleus before or after fertilization, and insert alien genetic material into it. If human scientists have the ability to insert 50,000 modifications at a time, then presumably the aliens have similar capabilities.

A nucleus from scratch

Alternatively, the aliens may be removing completely the nucleus from a given human egg or sperm cell and installing a different nucleus, a "nuclear transfer of a synthetic nucleus," as described above. Or, perhaps they build a nucleus completely from scratch. According to *Nature*, human scientists recently announced they have succeeded in fabricating a totally synthetic genome of a certain bacteria.

The report from *Nature* that skin cells can be converted into an embryonic state, i.e., capable of being implanted in the uterus, may be important. Perhaps this is why so many abductees turn up with scoop marks on their skin.

Abductees "lend a hand"

As for the gestation process the aliens use, we have more insight into it, via abductee reports, than we have into genetic modifications the aliens are employing. Reports suggest alien hybrid fetuses are removed

from female abductees prior to viability of the fetuses. Reports suggest removal after perhaps only two months of gestation, and the immature hybrid fetuses are placed in a fluid material where presumably they continue to grow.

Trial and error

The trial and error and discarding of inadequate results which would characterize human efforts to resurrect the woolly mammoth are obvious in the alien reproduction program.

The trial and error and discarding of inadequate results which would characterize human efforts to resurrect the woolly mammoth are obvious in the alien reproduction program. The abductee reports suggest at least six decades of trial and error in the

alien program. Many abductees report hybrid babies which are infirm, lack vigor, and do not appear to the abductee likely to survive and prosper. Occasional abductee reports hint these inadequate results are discarded by the aliens.

The goal of the alien hybridization program is unknown. However, veteran abduction researcher David Jacobs has suggested the goal is to create individuals who look exactly like human beings but who have

Perhaps the aliens fabricate a nucleus completely from scratch.

the mental capabilities of the aliens.³ Recent reports suggest this goal may have been achieved.^{4,5,6}

The latest hybrids

Over the years, many abductees have

described apparent hybrids who were healthy, some of whom were functioning, doing jobs, participating in the alien hierarchy. But the appearance of these individuals was not fully human.

Increasingly, however, there are reports of individuals functioning with the aliens who do look entirely human and who, reportedly, are telepathic and who can command the obedience of human beings.⁴ These individuals are seen in the company of aliens, and occasionally they are seen on the ground.

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Report of pregnant grey

In her recent book, experiencer Katharina Wilson presents the only known report of a pregnant alien. Katharina's drawing is below:



Katharina writes: March 4, 2005. . .I found myself with. . .a male and female grey. I realized the female was pregnant. Her stomach was not large. . .the male was touching her stomach . . .When the baby would move, I could see dark areas through her skin.

Her skin was very thin and she was frail looking. She was leaning back to accommodate the weight of the baby and holding her tummy to help support the skin and baby inside. She looked to be in physical discomfort. Because her skin was so thin, I cannot imagine she could walk without physically supporting her stomach.

I watched, amazed. . .the father of the child gently touched her stomach. I felt. . .them being proud of their child. I sensed it was very rare for them to conceive and carry a pregnancy this far.

From *I Forgot what I Wasn't Supposed to Remember*, pg. 36. The book is available at www.alienjigsaw.com, where it can be downloaded for free.

Finally, the “chimaeras.” *Nature* says stem cells from failed mammoth-elephant hybrids could be “introduced” into normal elephant embryos to create chimaeras; the resulting chimaeras would have some cells which were mammoth and some which were elephant.

It is not clear whether stem cells “introduced” into the elephant embryo would be a modification of the nucleus or would be introduced into the blood stream of a developing embryo. In any case, there is a recent report of the aliens injecting a human fetus in the womb.

The report—newly published in the book *Alien Experiences*, by therapist Barbara Lamb [see Book Review, this issue of JAR]—involves a pregnant female abductee, carrying twins. Through the abdominal wall, the aliens injected one of the twins. The twins were later delivered in a normal manner in a human hospital.⁷

Another look

There are many abductee reports of being who look half human, half alien, and it is these reports which have led to the idea in the UFO community that a hybridization of aliens and humans is taking place. In the meantime, the idea of hybridization is highly improbable since the germ cells of two true species would not combine and there are easier ways to genetically engineer characteristics than such a blunt approach.

A simpler scenario is the one presented here in which male and female genetic material is combined and the aliens modify the nucleus by adding alien genes. On reading an early draft of this article, one of my colleagues said she assumed the alien process was a straightforward combining of alien sperm and human eggs or vice versa. It struck me my colleague's assumption was based on a great deal of information we do not have.

We do not know the nature of the alien hereditary material in their tissues, whether for example, it resembles human DNA. We do not know in what sense the aliens may be male and female. Even though abductees constantly speak of male and female aliens, this may be primarily a social construction rather than a fundamentally biological one, as it is with humans. Alien male and femaleness is expressed subtly and sexual organs are not obvious.

Another misapprehension may be our use of

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the word “species” in connection with the aliens. This word has meaning in the context of earth biology where it describes the natural reproductive isolation of each species from all others.

Since we know nothing of alien reproduction, we have no reason to refer to aliens as species since other possibilities exist. For example, the possibility aliens are genetically engineered “designer beings,” neither male nor female who do not reproduce but who *are* reproduced by entirely synthetic means. Some abductees report seeing nothing between the legs of “male” greys, while other reports do portray aliens with genitalia.

It may be that sexuality in alien cultures is naturally present or engineered for a subset of them, while many others may be created as neuters.

The idea of “designer beings” should be explored further, including the notion various so-called alien “species,” such as the reptilians, may have been designed by the aliens based on figures from human mythology.

Another observation regarding gestation and the greys; Because of the greys’ large heads and slender pelvises, they could not give birth to themselves as humans do by carrying a fetus to term. The head would be too large to pass through the pelvis. Only if the immature fetus was removed and nurtured in a synthetic environment could the greys “give birth”—and that is the pattern we see with the abductees.

There is one report of a pregnant grey (see Sidebar this article) from Katharina Wilson. Wilson reports the female “appeared to be in discomfort,” and she probably could not walk without physically supporting her abdomen.” Wilson’s impression was the grey pregnancy was a “rare event.”

All this suggests what we already suspected, namely that the grey aliens do not employ their own bodies in the process of gestation and instead reproduction is a technology with them. We have no idea of the genetics they employ but the skin cells being con-

verted to an embryonic state reminds us that sexuality is not necessary for reproduction.

It seems likely the aliens are using many different approaches. We contemplated the insertion of alien genes into an entirely human fertilized egg. What about the insertion of human genes into an entirely alien fertilized egg?

In connection with the book *The Excycles* by Mia Adams, I am told the child produced was based upon a human egg with mitochondrial DNA intact but without a nucleus, an inserted human nucleus, and then gestated in a human surrogate mother. The resulting child was said to have “three mothers.”⁸

Because of the improbability the aliens are actually engaged in cross-species hybridization, some researchers have suggested alternative hypotheses. In the year 2000 report “Genetic Analysis of a Hair Root from a

Reportedly-Alien Blond Female,” the researchers said the DNA they found was of ancient human origin.⁹

Again because of the improbability of cross-species hybridization, another researcher, Bruce Cornet, PhD, has suggested the aliens are attempting to alter the genetic make-up of mankind and the appearance of hybridization is simply a deception.

Obviously, the UFO research community’s understanding of the alien genetic program is extremely limited.

Footnotes

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2. www.nytimes.com/2008/11/20/science/20mammoth.html?th=&emc=th&pagewanted=all
3. <http://www.ufoabduction.com/index.htm>
4. <http://www.alienjigsaw.com/I%20Forgot/I%20Forgot%20What%20I%20Wasn%27t%20Supposed%20To%20Remember%20-%20Wilson.pdf> Chapter 40
5. JAR 1 Jacobs, David, “A picture we may not wish

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We contemplated the insertion of alien genes into an entirely human fertilized eggs. What about the insertion of human genes into an entirely alien fertilized egg?

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to gaze upon”; Hopkins, Budd, “An alien agenda involving hybrids.” www.jarmag.com

6. JAR 6 Conkle, Jayna, “Are you ready for Armageddon?”

7. Lamb, Barbara and Nadine Lalich, *Alien Experiences* 2008, pg. 112-113. See: <http://www.aliensexperiences.com/>

8. Lorgen, Eve, “Scavengers of Passion,” JAR 2, pg. 26, www.jarmag.com

9. Report by the Anomaly Physical Evidence Group. See IUR, Spring 1999.

* Chimaera: an organism, organ, or part consisting of two or more tissues of different genetic composition, produced as a result of organ transplant, grafting, or genetic engineering; a substance, such as an antibody, created from the proteins or genes of two different species; an individual who has received a transplant of genetically and immunologically different tissue.



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