

CLOSE ENCOUNTER IN CAMBODIA, 1971: (ABSTRACT)

© By Peter A. Bostrom (St. Louis)

[This interesting report appeared originally in *The UFO Enigma*, Vol.10, No.4 (December 1989), which is the monthly newsletter of the UFO STUDY GROUP OF GREATER ST. LOUIS., MO., U.S.A., and we are especially indebted to Mr. Bostrom and to Mr. Ken Hanke, Editor of *The UFO Enigma*, for their permission to reproduce it now, as well as to FSR reader Mr. Joseph F. Dundovic of Minneapolis who had kindly sent us a copy of it in the first place. The address of *The UFO Enigma* is Box 31544, St. Louis, Mo.63131. EDITOR]

The following is word-for-word as transcribed from a taped interview by myself with a retired military "Special Forces" Officer who served in Thailand during the Vietnam War. This is an account of a close encounter with several EBEs and their space vehicle.

Unlike other countless reports of similar "high strangeness" meetings with extraterrestrials, this account is maybe even more interesting because it happened in "war time" surroundings in Cambodia, a country out-of-bounds for U.S. troops at the time. Plus, there is mention of *MJ-12* as a government entity that was involved with the gathering of information about Unidentified Objects in the air space in and around Thailand and it shows how determined the government is to extract all information it can on the subject. Also there is mention of another strange encounter from the same general area.

I will use the name Joe in place of this gentleman's real name. I spoke with Joe off and on for several weeks. When he spoke about this encounter he never changed his story and I believe he wants to give the true account as he himself believed it happened. As my conversations continued with Joe he said he had been contacted by an officer friend still on active duty to relay a message that he could freely speak about the subject of his encounter with the extraterrestrials in Cambodia and anything else concerning the subject "*since this information will be made public in the near future anyway*", but he was not to specifically indicate the true reason why he was in Cambodia. This "other officer" also talked about the UFO subject in general saying such things as that the Roswell crash really happened, and described precise methods of how people are taken to see the alien vehicle and bodies using high security procedures in transporting these people who need to go there for various reasons. **He also talked about two different alien beings. One name he used was the Greys and the other was the Nordics.**

TRANSCRIBED ACCOUNT

JOE: Basically I will describe what happened. In September 1971 I was stationed with the Army in Thailand. Originally a routine mission in Cambodia close to an area called Tonie Sap, just south of Angkor Wat, where the temples are. We had gone on a previous mission in answer to some problems and had gone back in on a search -and -destroy mission. This area we were mainly concerned about was insurgents from the Khmer Rouge — Pol Pot's people. they were really wreaking havoc at the time with the local indigenous personnel. We were after one group and when going through the jungle we heard some noises coming from an area hidden. It sounded like equipment running. We came into a clearing.

BOSTROM; You heard a noise?

JOE: We heard some noises that sounded like generators or machinery. Something with a hum.

BOSTROM: So that's what attracted you.

JOE: Yes, we assumed they had some kind of refuelling station or something out there. It's quite common for the Khmer Rouge and Phaphet Lao to use a high clearing in the jungle to make an artificial clearing for refuelling helicopters, things like that. They didn't have too many. Most of them were Russian-made — and they could refuel them — and we thought we really struck on a good one this time or thought they were building equipment buildings or bunkers or such. When we came into the clearing we were quite surprised to find something quite unlike what I've ever seen before. At the time I held the rank of Lieutenant. We had with us approximately fourteen Special Forces, of our country, and several dozen Thai Rangers with us.

BOSTROM; So you were in Special Forces.

JOE:: Yes I was originally with the 101st Airborne Special Tactical Unit. We were re-assigned to the 506th Air Cavalry and sent to Thailand. They were with the auspices of a group we won't discuss for obvious reasons. During this time there had been several reports of some strange incidents. We more or less "poo-pooed" them, thinking they were people getting scared in combat. You have a few guys taking drugs. We didn't have anybody in our unit that was. You just don't really know. Things come out of the jungle. You see them flying through the trees and it looks quite different than it would in broad daylight in an open area. We entered the clearing. The vehicle was almost spherical in shape suspended on four legs, the base of which looked like it touched the ground. I couldn't really tell if it was actually on the

ground or not **and there were a number of what the best description I could say, were humanoids.** It's difficult to remember for a couple of reasons that we'll get into a little later. There were at least as many of them as there were of us.

BOSTROM: How many do you think?

JOE I would say there was anywhere between 16 - 21. There was quite a few. There wasn't just a handful of fellows out there in the jungle. Their appearance was not that of any human being I'd ever seen on earth. Skin was a greyish-whitish color. They were wearing what appeared to be a one-piece jump suit which was silver in color. Much like the metalized mylar — like a heat suit. It didn't appear to be a pressure suit of any kind. We found out later that it was quite a strong material. When we approached they really didn't notice us at first and when they did they turned toward us. Some of the fellows were carrying things, which, the only way I can describe, are some type of instruments. Didn't see any weapons anywhere. Made a quick judgement. It didn't look like any weapon I'd ever seen so I thought it could be safe. We had a young corporal with us. Well, it was his second time in combat and he didn't react very well. These, well, I'll call them aliens. One of the aliens turned towards him with something in his hand which the corporal evidently thought was a weapon of some type and he felt threatened and he let loose a short burst of fire from a Browning FNFAL which is literally a three way Winchester. It has a 150 grain slug, the same hitting power as the 30-0-6, out to 150 yards. About the shortest burst you could fire one full auto is somewhere between 8 and 12 rounds. Which from a distance from 30 to 35 feet, where it struck this fellow, would devastate a normal human being. The only thing I can justify. We wear flack jackets most of the time. The material, whatever it was, is of the same material as the "second chance" like we had, which was a compact, lightweight, bullet-proof vest. I've been struck several times with slugs with those - rib cage broken, you get bruised very badly, you feel like you're going to die, but as a general rule, unless it's an armor-piercing slug or some type of teflon sliding jacket, they don't penetrate. I've never seen one penetrate. I've seen 50 caliber shells go through but nothing much smaller than that. Nothing except for that high caliber and high velocity will pierce it. Occasionally a tracer will burn a pretty good size hole in it. When it struck this fellow he went down — dropped like a stone, like he was dead, we assumed he was dead. Out of the group, most of them were all approximately the same height. I would say some were five-foot or less, maybe four-foot eight inches, in that range. They were very, very small people. More like dwarfs in nature and perfectly proportioned. The arms didn't seem to be any longer than they should be. Except for one fellow who was about five-six or five-seven. He intervened at this point. I pushed the weapon down that George had in his hand. I thought "God — this guy is going to kill us." At this point I was terror stricken. We didn't know who these guys were. Something like this happens — all the science fiction movies you've ever seen in your life run

through your mind. You think "oh my God" are they going to pull out ray guns, are they going to atomize us, or are they going to turn us into rabbits or pigs or something like this.

BOSTROM: Did any of them ever say anything?

JOE: **Never heard a single word. This fellow turned to me evidently knowing that I was platoon commander. He raised his hand with palm out and fingers up in just a peaceful gesture of stop, and walked over to George and struck him on the cheek, and it wasn't a real heavy blow. It was something like you'd smack your child to get his attention but the effect was devastating, George went down like a limp rag, just like an electric shock had gone through him. the only thing I could figure is either this fellow is a lot stronger than we can imagine he was or he did something else. You've seen blows even in martial arts that don't appear to be very heavy but have a devastating effect. He went down like a stone — just a limp rag. He recovered very quickly. About the time I was trying to pull him up I didn't know what we were going to do at that point. I didn't want anybody else to fire because I figured if we open fire on these guys — we were dead. I was scared. I soiled my pants at this point — a nervous reaction, I didn't know quite what to do. With the exception of George, we were all veterans of at least 20 to 25 fire-fights. We were relatively well-seasoned combat veterans. It could have been George's third time out, it must have been his first or second. I would say probably second and he was green and he panicked and I thought, well, he just paid the price for it. This fellow just killed him. He recovered. I tried to pull him up and turned around about the time the fellow being shot got up, and brushed himself off - and I thought "oh shit" these fellows are going to wipe us out. If an FNFAL didn't take him down in 8 - 12 shots that is one tough little hombre. The only thing I could figure is that the material is tough enough that it acted as a cushion just like a vest. The fellow was visibly shaken. He didn't seem to be in tip-top shape but he obviously wasn't dead and there weren't any marks on him. We spent many times picking slugs out of our flack jackets and they'd get too worn and we'd just replace it. It smarts. It will knock you out cold sometimes from the impact. It's like having a very large electric shock run through your body. What takes people out, knocks them out flat, is not the actual impact of the bullet but the nervous reaction of the impact and it will literally lay you out flat before you hit the ground. Every muscle in your body goes rigid. So they have basically the same physiological reaction that we do. When he turned around again and placed his palm up toward me again to stop and I had a feeling that everything is going to be alright. George recovered and he turned around again and placed his palm up toward me again to stop and I had a feeling that everything was O.K. I had a very strong impression. I'm not going to say that it was some kind of telepathic mes-**

sage. It didn't really seem like anything like that. It seemed like "Hey its cool, he panicked and I understand the situation." At this point they packed up all their little instruments, packed themselves back into the craft and left almost soundlessly. There was a little noise. It sat there on the ground as the, what looked like a quadruped with four legs resting on the ground with pads on them, retracted back into the body of the craft, which was spheroid and then it just lifted straight up off the ground. I didn't see any visible means of propulsion. There was a little noise. It was hard to tell if it was just the wind blowing through there or what. It was just like an instaneous burst of speed.

BOSTROM: What do you think the diameter was.

JOE: It's hard to judge because we were a little distance from it. I would say that it was at a bare minimum 50 feet. It could have been as far across as 150 feet. It was very difficult to judge. It was a mirrored surface. So you're looking at something and the jungle is being reflected and it's really hard to judge the size. I know it was at least as tall as a five-storey building. What didn't make any sense is why it should be spheroid. Whatever propulsion system it required, I don't know. Perhaps its some type of anti-gravity drive and you'd have to have everything centered.

BOSTROM: Was it round like a ball?

JOE: Round like a ball. Perfectly round as far as I could tell. There was one symbol on the side which appeared to be, I would say in black paint. Either this, or there was just no coating on this area, of a simple symbol of an arc. Almost like a pyramid with a line drawn underneath it. We returned to base. The Thais of course weren't going to say anything to anybody. They saw nothing. They heard nothing. They were just along for the ride. Which was a typical reaction for the Thais. They didn't want to get involved. They were quite shaken by it, as we were. It took us approximately three days to get back to the border.

BOSTROM: What did everybody talk about on the way back?

JOE: Absolutely nothing. We decided on the way back that nobody saw anything. We didn't hear anything. We didn't know anything about it. We got back to the base and the first thing we did was head for a hot shower, because you had to pull all the lice off you and everything else, and you felt pretty darn dirty.

BOSTROM: The guy that got knocked down, was he alright?

JOE: He was alright at that point. At that point he was fine. He seemed to be just fine. He was a corporal and went to his barracks. I was in the officers' barracks. A fellow from the provost marshal's office came in and informed me that I had to report to the Captain's office immediately. I said, do I have time to rinse off? He said, just barely, He said put on some clothes and get over there. They want to talk to you right now. I asked him what it was about. He said "I don't know, they won't tell me, just get your tail over there, its something

very heavy." He said they were quite confused about something. I walked into the captain's office. We were met by the captain, a couple of majors, a colonel and some civilians. If you've ever worked with anybody with the "firm" they reek of it. You generally expect them in grey flannel suits and white socks but these fellows just reeked of the "firm" and (name withheld) was in it.

BOSTROM: — (name withheld)

JOE: —(name withheld) This gentleman rode with *M.J.*

BOSTROM: The what now?

JOE: *MJ, Majestic 12*

BOSTROM: *MJ-12?*

JOE: The only way we ever heard him call it was *MJ-12 or MJ*. We knew he worked for that. We didn't know what the heck it was. The only thing we knew was that any enemy aircraft that was sighted had to be reported to him. Any photographs we took had to be given to him. They were overly concerned about enemy aircraft, unusual sightings, things like that. Just anything out of the ordinary. So we dealt with him sometimes almost on a daily basis. He'd call us in occasionally to look at photographs and say, what is this. And we'd say that's a Russian gun-ship, it has so much armament - ok that's what I want to know thank you very much, discuss this with no one and have a nice day. He was very single-sided with information. We gave him everything. He told us nothing. Absolutely nothing. He was a cold-blooded man. I don't think I ever saw the man sweat. Most of the time he wore a black suit or a dark gray flannel suit. When you're in Thailand and it's at that point in the year it's somewhere between 97 and 100 degrees, 100 to 110% humidity. It's so hot you get heat that's like fog. And he was cold-blooded. I've never seen another human being in my life like that. I don't think I ever saw him sweat except for this incident. And he had a cold sweat going into this. He ended up taking his jacket off. You never see him outside of a jacket. They sat us down and they grilled us for that day at least 3 1/2 to 4 hours. And they kept asking the same questions over and over. And I was trying to find out who it was that had told them because when we got back together later nobody had said anything. So something or somebody snitched and said - well you don't tell anybody you told.

BOSTROM: Someone would have had to run in immediately and tell them.

JOE: We hadn't been back more than an hour. We usually took a shower, got cleaned up and got a little rest before we were debriefed because that could sometimes take many hours. It was very interesting. They even sequestered us in our quarters. We were told not to have any outside activities at all and meals would be brought to us. We were not to talk to any unauthorized personnel which meant only with them or someone directly with authorization from the provost marshal's office. Then we spent the next 3 to 3 1/2 weeks talking to

various people, some of which I don't know who in the heck they were. Several were psychologists. It was very obvious by the kind of questions we were being asked and they started dragging out the ink-blots. If you're familiar with the military, when they generally bring in the ink-blots and try to make it sound like something of a sexual nature they leave you alone. They figure this guy's healthy, this guy's fine and get out of my office, you're all right. **We went on with this for 2 or 2 1/2 weeks. Then they started using narco-hypnosis**

BOSTROM: *How did that operate?*

JOE: Essentially they sit you in a chair. Make sure you're nice and comfy. Hook up the sphygmomanometer, blood pressure tape, and get you highly relaxed using soothing music sometimes and give you an injection of a basically what is called a hypnotic drug. There were drugs like Seconal, Scopolamine, the type that have a tendency to reducing what they call psychic resistance. You get your body as relaxed as possible and you lose your will. They actually hypnotize you at that point. It's a combination of drugs and hypnosis. It's my understanding we were trained in our training to go through tortures and things like that. There wasn't a one of us that couldn't pass a polygraph test and lie about his age, the color of his mother and the color of the sky. They had us as well covered as they could in case we were captured. We knew how to respond. **The only thing I can say that occurred during that time was that in one way or another they altered our memories. Now I do not know whether they — we saw something else or they gave us a different memory and that's what we ended up with, or what we saw was much worse than occurred and I toned it down. I do know that everyone of us still has occasional nightmares about it and we get flashes of things that were just an incredible blood-bath. George was re-assigned from our unit after we had all cleared through medical and psychological. I was called into the captain's office, approximately what would have been 6 or 8 weeks after the incident, to identify a body they told me was George. Now I'd seen the man on the base a few days before. The body they showed me was far, far decomposed. Even for in the jungle where you have rapid decomposition.**

BOSTROM: But you couldn't positively identify the body?

JOE: I couldn't identify it as George. The flesh was all liquified.

BOSTROM: So for all you could see it may have been someone else.

JOE: The only thing I can say is his tissue had seemed to suffer from some kind of extreme disruption - like every cell wall had been broken. Like you see with a cold sore. It's called lisodumine when the cells rupture and the virus comes out or some kind of bacteriological agent in it that effected it. I don't think it was the latter. I think whatever happened to him - whether they transferred him to show me the body and say that's George.

BOSTROM: Why would they show you a body

you couldn't identify?

JOE: The people we were dealing with were very, very careful about covering all avenues. They never left a thread hanging — and I don't know — I lost all track of it at that point. As far as I knew he was dead. Why, I was called in to identify the body and sign the papers. The only way I could identify was his dog-tags. The usual thing was that during combat, because of the nature of our unit, dog-tags were retrieved by a ranking officer and returned to you when you returned to base. We carried what was called T8407 - ? - T101 which was called a get-out-of-jail-free card. It was a cardboard card with two sides and department logo on one side to say the individual was allowed to be carrying strange and unusual weapons, may or may not be in uniform, and not to be detained for any reason whatsoever. If this card is found on a body it is to be burned with the body and reported to a telephone number State-side and a group to contact and it went back to combat.(sic)

BOSTROM: Is this about all you can remember?

JOE: Well that's the problem. If we really sit down and try to pressure us through it, you get confused. I talked to a couple of fellows that were involved in it and they have the same kind of problem. Slowly but surely, things emerge and over the years more and more has come up. It was years before I ever had a desire at all to talk about it. Not because it was frightening, because the "firm" told us not to or that they were going to place it under the national security end, but because I absolutely had no desire whatsoever to talk about it.

BOSTROM: Do you remember any other details such as how they entered the craft?

JOE: It was like a section slid down. Like it just created itself on the side and slid down.

BOSTROM: Do you remember a ramp?

JOE: It slid down and it tilted down to the ground and had a stair on it and formed a ramp for them to walk right up with steps on it.

BOSTROM: Did it look like they were walking on steps?

JOE: It had steps on it because they were stepping and it wasn't like they shuffled up the ramp. Their gait was very smooth, almost unerring and they covered a lot of ground in a little bit of time. But the main problem is like I said, if we sit down and try to really go through the details and think hard about it I end up almost with an anxiety attack. Whatever it was that they did to bury those things is pretty permanent. Over the years, I still occasionally have nightmares about it. I wake up in a cold sweat and I'd remember for a while. It's frustrating. I find myself angry because I don't know what the heck they did to us.

BOSTROM: Do you know one or two of the people and can you get a hold of them today?

JOE: Yes there's five or six I could get a hold of. Most of them just refuse to talk about it at all. Two of

them I know still work for the “firm”. They are active so they’re not going to talk about it. Bill suffers from delayed stress syndrome and when he came home he was never the same.

BOSTROM: Has someone contacted you lately on this?

JOE: I still have some friends with the “firm”. They are active so they’re not going to talk about it. Bill suffers from delayed stress syndrome and when he came home he was never the same.

BOSTROM: What is the “firm”?

JOE: When you hear people involved in security. I’ll let you in on a little secret here. They never call a certain agency of the government the company. They like to call it- that’s referred to as the “firm”. Again, what we were with was literally a front for that agency’s military part which we are not supposed to have one of. It had one. Recently there have been little leaks about that. I did find out that a few weeks after we had our incident there were at least two more. In one of which, some fellows were pinned down and two of those little fellows stepped out of the woods. One of them threw a small object out between them and the Phaphet Lao that had them pinned down. They described it as a “darkness grenade” instead of a smoke grenade. It put up enough of a partition of darkness that they were able to escape and they came back. Regardless of how tight security is on a base like that, everybody more or less sleeps in the same bed. Many things get out. These guys came back and immediately came down — what the hell did they do to you guys when you saw that thing and they went through the same procedure. Recently I was talking to a good friend of mine who was in Thailand with the Air Force and we were talking about it and laughing about the fellow from the “firm” calling me and he said what happened when I told him and he looked at me and said “oh you boys” because he’d heard about the incident and people took it either with great hilarity - it was the funniest thing they had ever heard, or quite a few people were scared and we never did find out what Uncle Sam had determined about it. I can well imagine what they determined about it. We were all on drugs or swamp gas, but they never released that information to us.

BOSTROM: Did you hear of any other cases like that in the region?

JOE: There was quite a few. They were always seeing them. Even back in World War II in Burma. They had the Foo Fighters. Fellows kept seeing them follow along the aircraft. The only thing I can say is that, whoever or whatever these humanoids are, they are very interested in our work here.

BOSTROM: What did the guys that saw the smoke bomb say about the craft?

JOE: They didn’t see a craft. All they saw was the fellows that we had seen - some of the smaller ones.

BOSTROM: They just appeared there?

JOE; They heard a noise out in the jungle and

these two fellows came in and they heard it over the gunfire so evidently whatever it was — was very, very loud. These fellows peeked out — looked around - looked at them and they could see them clearly. They turned to each other and whatever discussion they had — one of them reached up and threw a small object and they said it was small enough — it couldn’t be any smaller than a tennis ball and it went off with a loud pop. Not an explosion but a pop. It’s just like a dark gas. It came up like smoke does but it was darkness and they looked at each other and said “what the hell is this”, and one of them said “I don’t care, lets get out of here.” So they high-tailed it out. It took the Phaphet Lao back far enough that they couldn’t pursue them. They’d never seen anything like that and neither did we.

BOSTROM: Did they take their clothes to check for residue?

JOE: They’d done that several times. They took our fatigues. Other than that one of the most interesting things about this — our memories were never exactly the same. Whatever they did, it altered our memories— affected it with great permanence, but there is no such thing as a total block. Those things come in surges. I know that up to that point in time I’ve always been fascinated with the idea — had always wanted to believe in it, but never really saw enough that really made me believe that there was any such things. **Whoever or whatever, I’m convinced that they’re not present populace of this earth.**

BOSTROM: You don’t care about my recording this?

JOE: I have no problems with it at all.

FOOTNOTE BY AUTHOR

“Joe” has returned to active duty, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

NOTE BY EDITOR OF FSR

The attention of readers is drawn to a number of very interesting passages or features in this remarkable report. First of all, there is mention of two species of Aliens — the “Greys” and the “Nordics”. We have all heard of both of these before, and many times. For that matter, we have all seen reports, or versions of reports, which claim that “many types of aliens” are visiting here. Some reports have spoken of “four or five species” others of “nine species”, and, as I expect everyone knows, some reports have mentioned “thirty species” or even “seventy species”!

With one single exception —the alien who was estimated to be “5ft 6 inches or 5ft 7 inches” — all the critters, numbering somewhere between 16 and 21, seem to have been much too small (“4ft 8 inches to 5ft.”) to be the *Nordics*. Their height seems right for them to have been “Greys” but they are also described as “well-proportioned and well-shaped”, and that, to my mind, doesn’t seem to fit the “Greys” who are always described as having such weak and spindly looking limbs. “Linda Cortile” claimed — did she not — to have bowled one of them over with a pillow! In any case I think that the “Greys” are often said to be “not three-dimensional”.

Another feature is that in this story the Aliens are shown, whoever or whatever they are, as remarkably forbearing and merciful towards the American soldier who had panicked and opened fire on them, knocking one of them down but — miraculously — not killing or even injuring him. **(But who was “George” who later died so horrible a death? Was he not the corporal who had fired on the Aliens? It certainly looks like it. (‘Merciful’?)**

And then we have the curious and interesting reference to Aliens, as well as their craft, seen in the Burma Theatre of War in WWII. “They were always seeing them. Even back in World War II in Burma.

They had the Foo Fighters. Fellows kept seeing them follow along the aircraft. The only thing I can say is — whoever or whatever these humanoids are, they are very interested in our work here."

Finally, I think we should take careful note of the references to "the firm" — a term we have so often heard before, and indicating presumably, either the N.S.A.. (The American National Security Agency), or the C.I.A. who — if my understanding is correct, are subject to the over-all control of the N.S.A. What sounds odd, to my mind, is to hear of front-line combat troops referring to "the firm"!

And, last of all, there is the astonishing reference to "MJ", and "Majestic 12" and MJ-12", terms which to my way of thinking would sound even more unlikely, even more improbable, in the mouth of a front-line combattant than "the firm".

As for the story as a whole, I feel that it reads as though it has the ring of truth. And the talk of "Nordics" and "Greys" reinforces the feeling that I sometimes have that there might be a great cosmic war going on, between two species or two confederations of species. Many folk, of course, maintain that "Greys" and "Nordics" are working closely together, but is this absolutely certain? It would be a good thing to get the point clarified, if we can. G.C.■

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Dear Mr. Creighton

Your translation and publication of excerpts from the work of Dr. Daniel Rebisso Giese, "Extraterrestrial Vampires in the Amazon Region of Brazil" (FSR, 39/3 and 41/2) were excellent. Is it not just one more piece of evidence of the vampiric - and demonic - character of the aliens? Whether or not the blood they take is "from women's breasts," we already know of the alien interest in human sex organs and reproductive material from the works of Hopkins and others, and of the alien interest in blood from the reports of the surgical animal "mutilations" and blood-draining.

The article of Florin Gheorghita, "UFO With Occupants Seen to Produce Crop-Circles in Roma-

nia," was also outstanding.

On the other hand, I believe that the assertions of Command Sergeant-Major Robert Dean in "We Are in Contact With Several Extraterrestrial Civilizations" (39/3) are full of alien deceptions, whether or not Sgt-Major Dean is personally aware of them. The simple fact is that the aliens create illusions and delusions in the minds of their human victims. See the enclosed article of Budd Hopkins, "Abduction and Deception" and my critique of it. I believe that a discussion of this subject of deliberate alien deceptions is long overdue in UFO research.

With all best wishes for the continued health of yourself and your wife, and also of FSR,

I am, sincerely, Cyril Marystone,
New York 10467, NY, USA, February 28, 1995

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1. ABDUCTION AND DECEPTION

© By Budd Hopkins

Budd Hopkins, author of *Missing Time* (1981) and *Intruders* (1987), is Executive Director of the Intruders Foundation (Box 30233, New York, New York 10011).

In January 1988 two young women students at American University in Washington, D.C. attended a party in a suburb of the city. Around 2:00 a.m., while driving home through an unfamiliar area of warehouses and small factories, they realized they were lost. But then they suddenly came upon a most peculiar sight: a six-car pile-up in the middle of an intersection.

Six vehicles lay smashed together, and yet there was not a soul in sight: no police, no paramedics, no spectators, no drivers, no passengers, no injured people — nothing but a deserted six-car pile-up in the middle of a traffic-free intersection. There were no emergency vehicles, no flashing lights, no flares, no sirens, no sounds.

The two women felt uneasy about the eerie stillness of this abandoned tableau, and though they slowed down at the scene of the accident, they did not stop. They arrived home unusually late that night, puzzled and confused by an experience that made no sense.

A few months later, in the spring, the young woman who had been driving that night read my book *Intruders* and wrote me a letter. In her note Kerry (pseudonym) described only a childhood missing-time experience and a later series of disturbing, UFO-related dreams. We met, I worked with her, and eventually a number of UFO-abduction encounters emerged, events that had taken place at intervals throughout her life. We had known one another for at least a year before she told me about the late-night drive in Washington and the peculiar six-car accident she remembered having seen. She remarked that this incident had always bothered her and