

# “I CAN’TEAT!”: THE ALIEN THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

by J.D. Frodsham ©

**The extremely distinguished author of this article, Professor J.D. Frodsham, MA, PhD, FAHA, is, among many other things, one of the most brilliant scholars in Classical Chinese in the Western World.**

He went up to Cambridge as a Major Scholar of Emmanuel College, graduating with *quintuple* first-class honours in English and Oriental Languages. Since then he has held fellowships, chairs, and deanships, in numerous universities in Europe, America, the Middle East, Asia, and Australia. Well-known throughout Australia as a broadcaster, he is also the author of a dozen books and numerous articles. Among the books we will mention two that are well-known to us and that we hold to be absolutely outstanding: (1) *The First Chinese Embassy To The West* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1974), and (2) *The Poems of Li Ho (790-816)* (Oxford University Press 1970). This second book, translations of the work of one of China’s very greatest poets, has also recently been re-issued by North Point Press, San Francisco, under a new title: *Goddesses, Ghosts, And Demons: The Collected Poems of Li He\** (1983).

Professor Frodsham is also the Foundation President of the Australasian Society of Psychical Research, and he maintains that unquestionably “our subject” of “Ufology” (a ghastly term) is closely linked to Parapsychology. On which point I personally have no shred of doubt whatsoever, and I am delighted to hear that at the big recent U.S. hush-hush Conference on UFO Abductions there was immensely strong evidence to indicate that numerous scientific researchers and academics are at last beginning to perceive that the “multidimensional theory” (*which we have been among the very first to espouse and promote*) is by far the most likely explanation for this whole pesky (and boring) “UFO Phenomenon” with which mankind has already been beset for nearly half a century.

As for Professor Frodsham, I declare without hesitation that he is one of the most important academic figures who have yet had the gumption and the courage to stand forth and range themselves with us.

**Thank you, Professor Frodsham! We need folk like you! EDITOR.**

Sabrina Foden (pseudonym) first came to my attention in January 1990. She had been a friend of my daughter-in-law since she was six years old. The two girls had gone through school and college together, and were still firm friends. One evening, she went to the cinema with my third son and his wife to see *The Abyss*, a film which features a helpful alien who lives in the Marianas Trench, some 30,000 feet down. The film disturbed her sufficiently for her to confess, after the show, that she had had contact with aliens regularly since she was quite young. My son advised her to get in touch with me.

Sabrina turned out to be a charming, intelligent young lady in her late twenties, with an engagingly easy manner, and a fine sense of humour. Certainly, there was nothing about her that suggested the wild-eyed, credulous contactee of the fifties. I found her matter-of-fact, somewhat sceptical attitude towards her experiences very reassuring, since it spoke volumes about her general emotional stability. Yet she not only asserted that she had been abducted; she maintained that her alien acquaintances pestered her in her work-place, as well as her home, to such an extent that the manager once had to reprimand her because of their comings and goings! Furthermore, these aliens were mostly - though by no means all - quite human in appearance, **apart from their three-fingered hands**. They bore no resemblance whatever to the Grays commonly encountered in American abductions. She referred to them as Blues, on account of the pale-blue cover-alls worn by their rank and file, almost like a uniform. Most importantly, she had not only conscious recollection of her encounters: she produced a lengthy diary in which she had painstakingly recorded her impressions for several years. It turned out later that she remembered about 40% of what had actually occurred. Given the numerous objections to the use of hypnosis by many Ufologists (e.g. Vallée), this written material is of the utmost importance. To invalidate it, one would have to prove that Sabrina was mentally disturbed; and this has been refuted by psychological testing.

After I had read the diary, I arranged for her to undergo thorough psychological testing by a distinguished clinical psychologist, who holds the

\* The “amended” name of Li Ho according to the ridiculous new Communist Chinese system of romanisation of Chinese characters. G.C.

Chair of Psychology in one of our local universities. He reported that Sabrina was enviably normal in every respect, except for a sensitivity to human relations which was quite exceptional. She would have made an outstanding diplomat. Far from being psychotic, she was not even neurotic - a rare achievement these days, when one bed in four in our hospitals is occupied by victims of mental disorders, and Academia itself swarms with certifiable Marxists.

Thus encouraged, I began a series of hypnotic explorations with Sabrina, which ran from early January until early July, 1990. Sabrina turned out to be an excellent hypnotic subject, as one would have expected from her intelligence and powers of visualization, so over fifty sessions were held in all. The following excerpt is taken from Week 12. By this time, Sabrina was effortlessly attaining very deep trance in a matter of minutes. (Interestingly, during trance her body temperature would drop sharply, necessitating her needing blankets in Australian summer temperatures). As a matter of routine, I would suggest that if she attempted to fantasize, she would promptly wake up at once. On not one occasion did such premature awakening occur. As far as Sabrina's subconscious was concerned, she was telling the truth.

The events narrated here may seem startling, because they differ in many respects from the type of narrative we have grown used to hearing from the United States. Perhaps aliens behave differently in Western Australia. In any case, as I remarked earlier, these aliens are themselves unusual, being neither the usual reptilian type, nor yet the blond "Nordics" sometimes encountered.<sup>(1)</sup> **But let us remember that Betty Andreasson was told there were no less than seventy different races of aliens visiting Earth.** I am tempted to believe, from certain other evidence found elsewhere in Sabrina's narrative, that we may be perhaps dealing here with no less a race than Sitchin's *Anunnaki* themselves. This will be discussed in my forthcoming book.

Perhaps the most disquieting feature of this extraordinary report is the abduction of Sabrina in broad daylight from a crowded Mall. If this is true - and her story has never varied an iota in repeated tellings, often with weeks in between - then none of us is safe, anywhere. Is it any wonder that so many people go missing every year? One may note, incidentally, that the fact that her normally reliable watch was some two hours slow when she came back from her jaunt, completely scotches the theory, dear to J. Randles and others, that such abductions are merely psychical or mental events. (See J. Randles, 1988, *Abduction, London, Headline*, 222. "What we experience as an abduction is a vision. It is not really happening"...). Either Sabrina had been moved into another dimension, where time ran much more slowly than in ours, or else she had been travelling at considerable speed (superluminal, perhaps) during her absence.

Readers will note that the little farce about the alien's lost glove has the high strangeness and absurdity characteristic of so many of these stories. Perhaps Sabrina's glove will go down in UFO lore with Joe Simonton's famous pancakes! I suspect that even if she had refused to give it up, it would have vanished anyway. Why, one wonders, do they play these games? Is it part of the control system to which Vallée refers? Or do they, like djinns, have a devilish sense of humour?

The implications of this whole story reverberate disturbingly through the mind. Such is our ingrained refusal to have the comforting stage scenery of consensus reality shaken, that it takes several readings before the enormity of these events, recounted with such artless candour, strikes home. Ponder, for a while, for instance, the Visitor's remark, that "*she could not eat*". And then conjoin to this her statement that she "*was not really one of them.*" Perhaps the Visitor was lying - unlike Matilda's famous aunt the aliens are not known for their 'strict regard for truth' - and this statement was part of her theatre of the absurd. But she may have been telling the truth. In that case, is it possible that we have here either a hybrid, or else an abducted human, used as a contact, who has been physically altered in such a way that eating (and drinking, one assumes) is neither possible nor necessary?

*"Sometimes such cogitations still amaze*

*The troubled midnight, and the noon's repose".*

Only Mr. Adrian Berry, or a skeptic with nerves of iron and a skull to match, could fail to be disturbed by Sabrina's story.

In the following excerpt, names of places have been altered, in the interests of confidentiality. Note that all of this encounter, except for the actual abduction, had been remembered by Sabrina, and recorded *in detail* in her diary. She was almost as amazed to recall the abduction itself as I was to learn of it. Note also that my own comments are inserted in italics, within square brackets, to distinguish them from the verbatim transcript of this session.

#### **Excerpts from the Verbatim Transcript of Session 34. (April 12, 1990)**

J: I want you to tell me about the time when you met the woman during your lunch hour. The one who asked you about Strieber's *Communion*. [*This incident has been described, in part, in the diary*]. And you'll remember everything that happened. Can you remember how she approached you?

S: As I was just walking through the doorway out of the lunch bar. She approached me from the right side where the steps were. There were a few people around the foot of the steps before she came.

J: What street was this?

S: This was downstairs in X Arcade, just at the base of the steps from the Y Street Mall down to the

Z Street level. And she just came up and she was there at my side. I don't remember seeing her walking down the steps. Just that she took a step towards me and asked me what I thought of Strieber's novel. [*So the aliens and their aides-de-camp read Strieber! I refer the sceptical reader to Bruce Lee's alarming encounter with two small aliens reading **Communion** together in a Lexington Avenue bookstore. See Ed Conroy, 1989, Report on Communion, New York, Avon Books, 17-21. Lee, who was badly shaken by the meeting, compared them to "maddogs".*]

J: Did she call it a novel?

S: No. She actually said, 'What do you think of Whitley Strieber's books?' The bluntness sort of took me aback a bit, and I had to think for a few seconds. [*Sabrina is disturbed by the woman's omission of the usual polite formalities that precede a conversation of this sort, with a stranger. Normally, only the mentally deranged behave like this*]. I just replied that I thought they were a lot better than some of the rubbish that's written. [*Her critical acumen is as refreshing as her scepticism.*] She never actually said 'his books on the alien visitors'. She never referred to them directly. It wasn't until much later that I thought, well he does write horror novels as well. But I never even thought of them [*at the time*]. She just assumed that I seemed to know what she meant. She then said she wanted me to go with her. And I said 'But where?' And she said, 'You know where.' And I said, 'Well, I couldn't possibly. I've just finished my lunch hour and I've to go back to work.' Then I said could we meet for lunch perhaps, another day. That's when she said, 'I can't eat.' That comment took me aback again. I thought how did she know? [*that the aliens don't eat. S. knew because they had told her earlier.*] How did she know unless she is one? But I still didn't really think she really was.

J: Had she indicated she was an alien at any stage? Did she use the word 'alien'?

S: Not at that stage.

J: Can you describe her?

S: She was about my height, [5'6"] slender, pale-olive skin, dark brown, sort of wavy hair, just below the shoulders. Just an oval-shaped face, I suppose. She didn't have a short nose or a long nose. Just balanced features. Brown eyes, they weren't small. They were average to large. I think she even had a few freckles over her nose and cheeks. [*This is clearly not one of Hopkins's hybrids*].

J: Can you see her?

S: Sort of. It's not very clear. I can see her hair more than anything else.

J: Can you describe it?

S: It was layered, it was wavy. About shoulder length. Had a fringe and layered sides, and quite thick and wavy. Light-brown or mid-light brown. [*Ms. Randles should note Sabrina's powers of observation; this is not typical of an ASC, and hence another nail in the coffin of her theory.*]

J: What is she wearing?

S: She's wearing a sort of chequered shirt or

blouse, and jeans.

J: Does she look normal?

S: Yes.

J: Did she know your name?

S: No, she never said my name. [*Illogical. She may well have known it, even though she did not utter it.*]

J: And what happens now?

S: She then said, 'Wouldn't it seem odd if I didn't eat?' and I said, 'Oh no, not at all.' [*The woman does not want even to risk attracting attention. They operate like spies moving in enemy territory*]. And then she walked towards the steps [*up to the Mall*] and she said, 'Don't follow me, because the contacts will see.' Someone will see. Something like she's got people around the place, and they would see someone was following her. [*A disquieting remark! How many of these aliens were there in the Mall? And why should they not be allowed to see that someone was following her, unless she feared that swift, retributive action might follow?*].

J: Did she say 'the contactees'?

S: No. She said 'the contacts'. [*Note S's precision.*]

J: [*Somewhat bemused by this*] 'Don't follow me or the contacts will see'?

S: Yes. I'm sure she used the word 'contacts'. And then she took a step up. And then she turned around, and she said, 'I'm not really one of them.' [*Alien?*] And I said, 'I didn't think you were.' No, even before she said that, she said 'You're one of us'. [*Puzzling. Unless she is implying that S. has also been enlisted in the service of the aliens.*] And that took me aback, because I've only ever heard that once before, in 1979, [*during an earlier abduction*] and that really made me think, 'Well, maybe she is one of them.' And then I thought about what she had said. And then I said to her, 'Well, I'm not really one of you; but if seeing your craft and seeing your people,' I said, 'makes me one, then yes, I am, I guess. It's like it becomes, not an obsession in your life, but it becomes a big part of your life.' [*Litotes! S. has devoted hundreds of hours to reflecting, very intelligently and lucidly, on her experiences. She has written over sixty letters to me, in two years, discussing various facets of her experiences.*]

J: You said this to her?

S: Yes. I was trying to tell her that I didn't physically feel I was actually one of them. And then she seemed to refer to something about my not going with her. She said it was a pity. She said 'I'd hoped you would this year.' I don't know what the year had to do with it.

J: What year was this?

S: '89. She wanted to see it happen in the year that she was there. [*On earth? Or in that particular city? Why this odd request? Are they rewarded for enlisting recruits to their cause? We should not overlook this aspect of voluntarism. It may be important. It occurs repeatedly in contactee reports.*]

J: What month? Do you remember the month?

S: February or March. Either late February or

early March.

J: And she said she wanted to see it happen?

S: Yes. She wanted to see it happen while she was there.

J: Did she seem very friendly?

S: Yes. But not overly friendly. Almost neutral.

J: Yet she was concerned about you?

S: Well, she said after that she or they would give me a year and then they would have to take me. [*Luckily, they have not kept their word. But why this threat?*]

J: Within a year?

S: After a year. She said I'd have no choice next time. They'd have to. But I don't know whether she meant for good, or just for a short amount of time and then... I'm getting this image of being in the Y Street Mall with her, but I don't remember going up the steps with her.

J: Never mind. Just follow the image.

**Up to this point, most of the material that emerged under hypnosis was simply an expanded version of Sabrina's conscious recollections, as contained in her diary. This includes the whole of the conversation with the woman, reproduced above. But from this point on, the diaries are silent. As far as Sabrina remembered her disquieting conversation had ended with the woman walking up the steps, and telling her not to follow her, because of 'the contacts'. Sabrina had then returned to work. But under hypnosis, a very different story emerged.**

S: We're standing in the Mall, we've walked over from the X Arcade entrance, down and across to the other side. There's people standing around and walking past us. It's crowded because it's early afternoon. And then she's saying to jump, and I have to jump with her, but I don't remember jumping, though I must have done, I suppose. If that's how they go up. They jump and then the vacuum that's there sucks them up, but the jumping gives them the impetus to be sucked up. So I'm just seeing myself very clearly standing in the Mall with her, and she's telling me to jump.

J: Now I want you to remember only exactly what happened. I don't want you to fantasize or to tell me a dream. [*At this trance depth, such a command is impossible to disregard.*] You'll have to keep strictly to what happened. Are you sure, absolutely sure, that this incident really occurred?

S: I remember seeing how sunny it was. [*Australian summer weather*]. It was so clear and sunny, and people were everywhere. It was very crowded. I noticed how crowded. And no one seemed to even notice us standing there. [*Had Sabrina been in an ASC, and talking to herself, as Jenny Randles and others would have us believe is typical of these cases, she would most certainly have attracted attention*]. And she said they wouldn't notice because, when I said they would see us just suddenly go up or disappear or whatever, she said, quite calmly, that no one would notice. [*Implying complete control over what they want us to see or not see*] And I just remember how sunny

the Mall was at that time.

J: Did you jump?

S: I don't know. [*An honest admission of ignorance*].

J: When I count to five, you'll remember everything very clearly. You won't be able to fantasize or dream. You'll tell me only what really actually and truly happened. [*'Wie es eigentlich gewesen', as the great historian, von Ranke, used to say. The UFO investigator must remember he is partly a historian.*]

And you're back there in the Y Street Mall, close on a year ago. [*Counts to five*]. Now you'll remember very, very clearly.

S: [*With astonishment*] She leaps up, and she just disappears!

J: And you?

S: [*Still amazed*] I try it, and then I remember looking down and I'm twenty feet up from the Mall, and that's all. [*Meaning, she hasn't disappeared?*] The next moment, it's gone very dark and there's a small, darkened room and a voice is saying, 'You won't remember much.' [*As so often in these cases, S. does not recall entering the craft*]. He said, 'Just remember you can do whatever you want to do.' That's what he was saying. 'All you have to do is to put your mind to it, and you can do whatever you want.' [*And ye shall be as gods...*]

J: So you were in a darkened room?

S: Mmm. The room is very dark. [*Her eyes have not yet adjusted after the sunniness of the Mall*].

J: Are you sitting up, standing or lying?

S: I'm standing, I think.

J: Who's talking to you?

S: It's a man.

J: Can you see him?

S: Yes. I can dimly make him out. He's Egyptian-looking, and he's got dark hair and large, black eyes. He's fairly tall, above average height, not overly tall, about six foot. He's not wearing pale-blue overalls [*like most of the Aliens Sabrina met*] but a slightly deeper blue, and it looks like there's some sort of pleat or something going down from his shoulders to the centre. [*Perhaps one of the upper echelons in this highly hierarchic and strictly disciplined society. One wonders what they make of modern democracy, football hooligans, royal divorces, et alia.*]

J: Is there anything on his head? [*To indicate his rank. S. had mentioned such headgear before.*]

S: No.

J: Is the room really dark?

S: Dim. Dim like this room. There's a doorway on the other side of him, and that's fairly bright. It looks as if the light's coming from there into the room and there's the old table [*i.e. familiar to her from previous trips*] there on the left, between him and the doorway. I think they were showing me how they just put their hands over things and the things worked...

**(Here follows a lengthy account of the conversation with the alien. The narrative then resumes.)**

S: It's time for me to go and I don't really want to go. It's fascinating watching them use their hands and their energy. And I want to stay and learn how to do that. They're saying for now I have to go back. [*Sabrina's ease is born of long acquaintance with them. She has been repeatedly abducted since she was around twelve months old.*]

J: How do they get you back?

S: I don't know how, but I'm seeing the picture of another room and the same square hatch-opening. And down there I can see the Mall. It's quite close actually, we must only be about twenty feet above it. It's strange that they're that close, and no one's looking up or even noticing.

J: If they did look up, what would they see?

S: Well, I would think [*unintelligible*]... Of course, if they've got the power to bend light then the people in the Mall should see [*nothing but*] the sky.

J: Exactly.

S: It's just unbelievable how close they can be! [*And also disturbing!*] And everyone is just carrying on like normal, walking up and down the Mall. I don't remember going back in the Mall, [*she did, later*] but I do remember going down the steps and going into the office.

**From now on, most of the material that followed had been consciously remembered by Sabrina, and duly noted in her diary.**

S: I don't have any recollection of any time passing. [*Typical of these trips to Magonia, c.f. Rip van Winkel*]. As far as I'm concerned, I'm on time, and I just walk in and go behind my desk and start work again. And then, about an hour or two later, my boss said to me - he has a very gentle nature about him - and he said, 'O.K. Tell me why you were late.' And I just looked at him, and I thought, 'I wasn't late'. I said to him, 'What are you talking about?' And he said, 'You're a couple of hours late, what happened?' And he said, 'Where were you and what were you doing?' And I started saying, 'I wasn't late.' As far as I knew, I was on time. And I said, 'I don't remember.' That's when I looked at my watch. My time was out to theirs by about two hours. [*A vital detail! Normally, in missing time cases, watches remain unaffected.*]

J: Your watch was slow?

S: Out. Mine was two hours or something behind theirs.

J: Did you show him your watch?

S: Yes. Because I said, 'Well look, you know, this is my time,' and he said, 'No, it's not. It's such and such a time.' [*Again confirming the objectivity of her experience.*]

J: I see.

S: And it was a new watch, so it couldn't possibly have been out. I thought perhaps the timing wasn't too good. [*Later she told me that the watch was still keeping perfect time.*]

J: You remembered nothing?

S: No. I thought he was having a joke at first. And I said, when I realised he wasn't, and that my watch was out, I said, 'Oh look, I'm sorry. I didn't do anything. I don't remember doing anything. All I did was eat my meal and come back.' But I didn't apologise because I still wasn't convinced that I'd been two hours away, and he wasn't entirely satisfied, though he thought it was a bit of a joke because I hadn't given him an adequate explanation. But I couldn't. It was funny. I mean, we were all laughing a bit about it, but I just couldn't work out why I was so late. I hadn't done anything [*untoward*].

**(A short break followed).**

J: I want you to go forward to the time when another man came into the office and showed you his hands. Do you remember that incident?

S: Oh, at the airline company in 1985.

J: Yes. Just tell me in your own words.

**Here again, Sabrina possessed conscious recall of virtually all the following material. Hypnosis simply brought out further details.**

S: I don't remember him coming into the office. All I remember is suddenly looking up, and there he was, on the other side of the counter. [*The aliens frequently materialize like this*]. And I suspected something was going on, because he had on the pale-blue uniform. Or someone had found out about the uniform and they were playing a practical joke. He looked sort of Arabic, or Anglo-Indian.

J: Or Egyptian?

S: Maybe yes. Sort of pale-olive skin though. It wasn't dark. [*In a case reported by Cynthia Hind, 1982, African Encounters, Salisbury, Gemini, 172-98, the aliens who invited Meagan Quezet to go off with them are described as dark-haired, with olive skin.*]

J: Like the girl in the Mall?

S: No. [*Note how she refuses to accept my suggestions. I was testing her. So much for those who assert that hypnotized subjects are simply complying with the hypnotists's wishes. S's strong character and independence were evident throughout these sessions. There was no leading her. She knew exactly what she'd seen and experienced, and stuck to her guns.*] He was darker than her. She was a lot lighter. And he said he wanted me to go with them, or go with him to the craft.

J: Do you think other people could see him or just you?

S: No, others could see him, because later when I was showing him around the office, one of the bosses came up and said, 'You shouldn't show strangers around the office. You shouldn't show people you don't know around the office.' [*Especially aliens! Another blow to Randles' theory that such encounters are purely subjective events*].

J: Can you describe the office? Was it an inner office or the general reception counter?

S: Well, initially he was in the reception area with me and then we walked into the inner office.

J: Yes.

S: And I kept thinking it was just a joke. But before I showed him into the inner office (where all the other offices were and the sales bench was - that was a semi-circular shape), he said he wanted me to go to their craft. I said, 'Where is it?' And he said it was out in the bush, but not too far away. And I said, Oh no, I couldn't because I was at work and I thought I couldn't possibly go. [*Invited to abscond, S. refuses because she has work to do! This is again curiously reminiscent of Cynthia Hind's case, where Meagan Quezet refused a similar invitation on the grounds that she had to look after her children. We may well be dealing with the same group.*] Then we got talking, and he showed me his hand. That's right. He had gloves on, and he took one off; and in fact he left it behind.

J: He left the glove behind?

S: Mmm.

J: Can you describe that glove?

S: It was pale-blue, and it was like a thick cloth, or like it was sort of knitted. But it wasn't knitted, it was woven. [*How would Ms. Randles explain this, one wonders?*]

J: Did it feel like cotton or some other material?

S: Yes. Sort of like a cotton, a thick cotton. [*Not Star Trek synthetic, note.*]

J: It is usual for a man to wear pale-blue gloves?

S: Yes. [*Not in my circle!*]

J: What did you do with the glove?

S: Well, I looked at it. Then he got talking about his hand and I said, 'Oh, you're missing a finger on both hands.' He said he had had them surgically removed to look like one of them. [*Implying he was a human being in their service?*] And I had a look at the side of his hand, and there was absolutely no scar at all, and I pointed that out. [*Note her common sense. This is no credulous contactee.*] I said, 'Oh, there's no scar.' And he said, 'Well yes, the surgeon did a good job, did an excellent job.' [*Why are these people so often such unconvincing liars? I suspect one has to be human to lie really well.*]

J: Was there a stump instead of a finger perhaps?

S: No, there was nothing. I mean, you'd think there would be a stump. It was smooth like yours.

J: It didn't have a gap or anything you'd have expected?

S: No.

J: [*Bemusedly*] So he really had only three fingers naturally on his hand. And the side of the hand, or the side of the palm flowed naturally out. Afterwards, when I wake you up, I want you to draw this for me. [*She did*].

S: It was like he had no little finger, and the third finger was a bit shorter than ours.

J: And the thumb?

S: It was normal. He had sort of stocky fingers.

J: Did you look at the palm of his hand at all?

S: I saw the palm. It was just normal like ours.

[*Later S. told me she had seen but not examined his palm.*]

J: Did he have lines on each palm?

S: Yes. I think so. Yes. Just quite normal-looking, except for that one missing digit.

J: What happened then?

S: I think he just left. [*After telling her nothing. This is no contactee's 'space-brother', but a real Trickster.*]

J: Did he say anything else of importance?

S: No.

### [**Break here, for conversation with alien visitor**]

S: ...But he forgot his glove.

J: An absent-minded alien.

S: Mmm. And I remember the next day two investigators came and they...

J: How did you know they were investigators?

S: Well, I don't know who rang because I didn't ring [*the local UFO society*].

J: Clearly, nobody rang. [*Because she had told nobody of her experience*]. They were there even though nobody knew except you and you hadn't rung [*the UFO society*].

S: Unless the manager did; but I couldn't imagine him doing that.

J: Did the manager know that you were entertaining an alien?

S: No.

J: No. So the manager would be the last person to contact the UFO society. Let's just have a look at these investigators.

S: Well, two of them were the same as those after the '80 sighting that wanted to see the marks on my back. [*These two characters had turned up at her house after a sighting, claiming they were doctors from the local hospital. At their request, she undressed, and allowed herself to be examined. They then told her she had marks like Arabic writing on her back! Note the reference to 'ancient, Arabian weave', below. They are behaving like djinns from the Arabian Nights! What esoteric game is going on here?*].

J: [*Sarcastically*]. Oh, the so-called doctors?

S: Yes.

J: Did one have red hair?

S: I think so.

J: Well, we've seen him before, haven't we? He's a versatile chap.

S: There's the same blond one.

J: All right. And this time they're not doctors, they're investigators. [*Who appeared not to have aged a day, or even changed their clothes, in five years! We may envy them their perennial youth, even while deploring their sartorial impoverishment.*].

S: I'd thought they'd be journalists.

J: [*Unimpressed by the versatility of these tricksters*]. Journalists this time? And is there somebody else with them?

S: Yes, there's a third one.

J: What does he look like?

S: He's tall and he's got dark hair, dark-brown eyes and olive skin. He seemed more like a

scientist. I don't know why he seemed like a scientist. [*Telepathic suggestion to that effect?*]

J: And how did they introduce themselves to you?

S: They just came in and started talking. [*Like the woman in the Mall. As always, no manners! Either they don't understand us, or are contemptuous of our rituals. Perhaps they need courses in interpersonal communication.*]

J: You were at the receptionist's desk, were you?

S: Yes.

J: Did anyone else see them? Did anyone comment on them?

S: No. [*Nevertheless, pace Ms Randles, Persinger, et alia, they had an objective existence. Receptionists holding long conversations with void air soon attract attention in a busy airline office. Why, oh why, do these academic theorists never use their common sense?*]

J: They were just customers were they, as far as the staff were concerned? [*Ironically, this was an airline office! Had they come about a flight?*]

S: No. One of them, the scientist, came from the other doorway. [*Sabrina is inclined to split hairs at times. She is arguing that this man could not have been a customer, since he seemed to have had business with the manager. Note that deep trance does NOT dull the critical faculties.*]

J: Which other doorway?

S: The entrance into the reception area. And there's the doorway into the inner office and he came from that doorway.

J: As though he'd been where?

S: With one of the managers.

J: I see. He came from the manager's office.

S: Yes. Or from the inner office. [*Note her precision.*]

J: Did you see him go into the inner office?

S: No. [*Yet everyone had to be approved by S. before being admitted.*]

J: How do you think he got into the inner office?

S: He could have got into it from two other doorways. Unless he just materialised and appeared from that doorway. [*Precisely!*]

J: And the other two came in like customers, did they?

S: Yes.

J: And did they come together at the counter as a trio?

S: Yes. First of all the first two started talking, and then the third one came in after. I can't remember how they started the conversation.

J: Would you like to remember? Let's go back and try.

S: I'm not sure they... I'm starting to get a bit tired. I think they said that they believed I'd seen someone or something unusual yesterday. [*Really? A pity she didn't ask them how they knew.*] And then they wanted to know all about it.

J: Yes. Did they introduce themselves? Did they give you their names? Show you a card? Say where they were from?

S: No. [*'Manners makyth man'. Not aliens.*]

J: Did they dispense with the formalities?

S: Yes.

J: And what did you tell them?

S: I just told them what I saw, and then I said, 'Oh he left behind his glove,' because it was still there on the desk. So I gave him the glove, and that's when the scientist came in. And he said they'd have to take it to study it.

J: [*Sarcastically.*] Of course! What else?

S: And I said, Oh well, I didn't know whether he'd be coming back for it or not. And they seemed to think he wouldn't ever come back. [*Indeed? How did they know?*]

J: They knew that he wouldn't ever come back?

S: Yes. So they took the glove and that was it. They left after that.

J: Do you think what they had come for was the glove?

S: No, because they didn't mention it. Although they did ask if anything had been left behind, or if I had any evidence or proof. [*Had they been reading Ms Randles?*]

J: And when they'd gone?

S: Well, a few days later I was just thinking about it, thinking 'I wonder what they found out?' when the blond one came in. [*As though on cue.*] And he said, 'I shouldn't be telling you this, but the weave is a very ancient weave like the ancient, Arabian style.' [*The second allusion to Arabia. Is he trying to tell her something, in coded form?*] And he said, 'It matches up with that.' And then he went. And then a week after the first visit, the one in pale-blue came back asking for his glove. [*How they wander around our cities, these intrepid travellers! Is this their way of spending their off-duty hours, on R & R?*]

J: How embarrassing for you that you hadn't got it!

S: Yes. Well, I told him that some guys came round and they took it to study it. And he wanted to know if there was any way of getting it back. And I said I didn't know where it would be or... I said 'It's probably in the United States by now.'

J: [*Puzzled by this surreal conversation*] Why the United States?

S: I don't know.

J: Did they have American accents?

S: No.

J: It just occurred to you it might be the United States?

S: Yes. Maybe they said they were going to send it there. Or take it there. So he was a bit put out, because he said that was part of his uniform [!!!] and he had to have it. [*Perhaps he'd had his name taken on parade for being improperly dressed.*] And then he left. He really wasn't upset about it. He must have

had a spare one, or something. Then he left, and that was it. He was only there for a short time, only about five minutes.

J: Concerning all these interviews that you have with the alien who lost his glove and the three fearless investigators, I want you, when you wake up, [*she was in very deep trance*] to remember anything that was said that you consider particularly significant or important. It may be something quite small, some detail; or not just simply anything that was said, but also anything that may then have struck you as off. Or any missing time when you were talking to them.

S: [*After some reflection*] No, I can't.

J: [*Counts to five*]. All quite normal?

S: Yes. Quite normal, except I couldn't understand why the blond-headed one came back the second time. Why I wasn't supposed to know the results of the tests? Because he said, 'I shouldn't be telling you this. You're not supposed to know... It's all very hush-hush.' But I couldn't understand why they would want me not to know. I was the one that gave it to them. Surely I had a right to know. And I wasn't upset by it. It didn't worry me - the fact that it was an ancient, woven cloth or whatever. But I couldn't understand why they felt they had to keep it hush-hush from me. That annoyed me. [*She had taken the three men at face value*].

J: I'm going to ask you one more question, and this time it will be your subconscious that will answer. Your subconscious will answer through your fingers. You'll raise one finger if the answer is yes. Were these three men aliens?

S: Yes.

J: Were they friends of the man in the pale-blue coverall? Were they working with him, associated with him?

S: Yes.

J: Is there anything in that incident which you haven't remembered because it has been blocked or censored, which you haven't been able to tell me about?

S: No.

\* \* \*

This remarkable session ended here. On reflection, I was struck by the sense of theatre displayed by these Visitors. The woman accosts Sabrina outside her place of work, utters dramatically enigmatic remarks ("*I can't eat*") and then abducts her in the midst of a crowd. She could just as easily have picked her up on a lonely road after dark, or from her own bedroom. Why then this little melodrama? Similarly, Three Fingers and the Wandering Trio could have stepped straight out of a play by Eugene Ionesco, perhaps entitled, *The Absent-minded Alien*. This sense of the absurd pervades most UFO literature. Re-reading *Flying Saucer Occupants* or *The Humanoids*, for example,

one is left with the impression that many of these apparently chance meetings give the appearance of having been carefully staged by devotees of the theatre of the absurd. The Joe Simonton case (April 18, 1961), which I mentioned earlier, would itself provide a suitable title for such a play. (*Alien Cookies on the Chicken Farm*).

In short, Sabrina's narrative not only gives us a disquieting insight into the proximity of our alien Visitors; it also leaves us with the uneasy feeling that they have a sense of humour, which is being exercised at our expense. This humour, like the theatre of the absurd, can at times be truly diabolical, mutating into the theatre of cruelty. When one thinks, for example, of all the stress laid in today's society on human rights - especially women's rights - and the sacredness of the individual; on the enormity of rape, sexual harassment, and child abuse; on freedom, dignity and self-determination - when one contrasts this overblown, fashionable rhetoric with the brutal realities of the abduction situation, one is left with the impression that, in this alien theatre of the absurd, the joke is definitely on us.

<sup>1</sup> NOTE BY EDITOR, FSR Unusual, but by no means unknown. As long ago as March 1954, a Brazilian named Rubém Hellwig met five people from a machine shaped like a rugby football, all of whom could have easily passed as human beings. Perhaps they were Sitchin's *Anunnaki*. See G. Creighton, "*The Humanoids in Latin America*", in *The Humanoids*, 1974, Charles Bowen ed. Futura Publications, London, Case 5, 91-92. ■



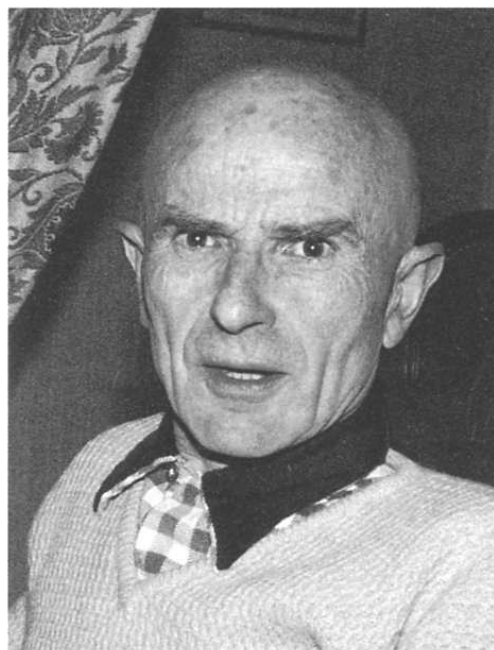
"Knocks you all of a heap, it does!"



# OBITUARY: AIMÉ MICHEL

*By Dr. Pierre Guérin, French Astronomer, recently retired from the Institut d'Astrophysique, Paris; and Maître de Recherche in the CNRS (French National Centre For Scientific Research).*

*(Translated from French. G.C.)*



FSR readers will be aware of the recent death, at the age of 73, of Aimé Michel, in his village of St. Vincent-les-Forts, in the Alpes de Haute Provence, in the early morning of December 28, 1992. He had been born there, on May 17, 1919, into a modestly placed farming family. Having suffered from polio in childhood, he was left with life-long physical effects, the growth of his lower limbs having been stunted, while his arms and torso remained unimpaired apart from some degree of spinal curvature. (He used to say that, had he not had this illness, he would have had the same athletic build as his brothers and would no doubt have been more inclined towards the material pleasures of life rather than towards philosophical introspection and scientific reflection.) He had the usual classical secondary education, and learned to read Latin and Greek texts. In order to overcome his physical handicap he forced himself to undertake difficult mountain climbs during his youth.

For a while he taught in a private school. Then he qualified as an acoustics engineer and went up to Paris where he worked as a journalist with the French Radio and Television Services.

At a very early date he began to take an interest in the “accursèd” subjects so fiercely rejected by the “rationalists” — paranormal phenomena, mystical manifestations — and, finally, *flying saucers*, which were just beginning to be talked about in Europe and became his favourite subject of study.

He became my friend, and remained my friend until his death. Among his other friends there were also a few other scientists who, for a time, and to varying degrees, “fellow-travelled” with him. We formed what was later called “*The Invisible College*”.

It was during the summer of 1954 that, having been greatly intrigued for several years past by

the flying saucer mystery, I bought Aimé Michel’s first book, *Lueurs Sur Les Soucoupes Volantes*,<sup>(1)</sup> published by Maime.

In it I found some sighting reports that were completely convincing and some that were not and that related either to bolides or planets, but, above all, I found a writer, with an alert style and a lucid mind, who had the gift of knowing how to confront the “rationalist” with the evidence of his own contradictions, his own mental blocks, and his own dishonesties.

I considered that I absolutely must meet the author of the book, even if only, as a scientist myself, to advise him of certain errors to be avoided. But I also wanted to get some sort of idea of the validity of his sources.

I shall always remember our first meeting, when I saw, coming towards me, this little man with limbs withered by polio, but broad-chested despite curvature, and with an impish and forceful face lit by piercing and bright, intelligent eyes that put me in mind of Picasso. Our friendship dated from that moment, and never would it flag.

As I have said, Aimé was interested in all the “accursèd” subjects: the paranormal, the manifestations of mysticism, of which there had for some years been a good deal of talk in Europe, and which were his favourite subject of study.

His second book, *Mystérieux Objets Célèstes*<sup>(2)</sup>, was concerned with the critical study of the French UFO Wave of 1954 and based on the innumerable press reports of the period. And there were in due course two further, enlarged, editions of it.

Aimé also wrote the “*For*” booklet of a “*Pro And Con*” discussion of flying saucers, in which he completely demolished his opponent who could produce no effective argument. Aimé also pub-